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When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

My first proper introduction to lucid dreaming was in London when I attended one of your (Robert’s) workshops. I had friends who were practicing lucid dreaming who recommended I attend, and I’m very glad I did as that really was the beginning of what is turning into a beautiful and continually inspiring journey.

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while to learn how to induce them?

It took me a while to learn how to induce lucid dreams, or should I say it took a while for my intention to strengthen. My early lucid dreams happened spontaneously in that I would become lucid during the dream state, usually at an hour of the morning close to waking, by something strange or very surreal happening. I think I willed these lucid dreams to happen out of sheer determination by thinking on it often, plus setting a very clear intention, and setting specific questions I wanted to find the answers to just before falling asleep.

What happened in your early lucid dreams?

My first lucid dream was beautiful. I remember becoming lucid in a large airy room filled with people celebrating or having some kind of festive gathering. The whole of one wall was glass and the ceiling was high so the room was filled with the brightest sunshine, and it was due to the intensity of the sunshine that I became lucid — which in hindsight I realize was pretty apt! I walked around through the crowds, until I spied a serving platter covered with different foods. I picked up a strawberry and in eating it could not believe how amazing it tasted; it was sensationally heightened beyond anything possible of a physical waking life strawberry. Somehow I managed to leave the platter, I think because there were other wonderful things to try out. Flying, for a start!

I flew straight out of the huge window and into a beautifully sunlit garden filled with huge green houses. Inside the green houses were fig trees laden with ripened fruit. They were so tall they were pushing
against the glass. I flew around the greenhouses until I noticed a pond with lilies floating on the surface. Knowing that I should be able to “breathe” underwater, I dived straight into the pond between the long lily flower stalks. I could indeed breathe underwater, though in actuality I wasn’t physically breathing outside of the pond either. Plunging below the waterline, I felt the coolness and drag of the water on my body and I completely lost control of my flight trajectory and start spinning and thrashing about in the water. I quickly resurfaced and flew out of the pond, where I regained complete control. (I now realize that my fear-based thought process just on entering the pond, I’m not sure I can fly in the pond but maybe need to swim, produced exactly that confused experience.)

On dry land, I asked the dream to show me my future children and then, on a path, holding hands and walking towards me I saw a set of identical twins of about two years old. Their features and colouring slightly resembled my own and I was astonished; I don’t yet have any children, so whether this was a projected mental overlay or not remains to be seen, though I can’t imagine I would have assumed a set of identical twins!

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about your experiences.

In 2017, during an intensive period of writing my first book and thinking about multidimensionality and consciousness, I was surprised to have a lucid dream where I become lucid in a science lab. An “inventor” is there and tells me to follow him outside, where he shows me a huge suspended glass sphere the size of a room with steps ascending inside it. We climb the stairs together and enter the sphere via a door cut out of the glass. A low row of leather seating, maybe eight or so seats, lines the edges of the sphere.

I ask the inventor what this represents and he says, “consciousness.” He tells me the fact that the sphere spins and has a center of gravity is important to the development of consciousness. I got the sense that the seats around the edge of the sphere are a balance system, though the inventor is very insistent that it is the center of gravity balance point that creates consciousness.

As we go deeper into lucid dreaming, many of us begin to explore areas of personal interest. From your book, I see that you have an interest in using the unconscious to seek out precognitive information. Have you ever used lucid dreaming to seek out precognitive information?

I often use lucid dreaming to seek out precognitive information, particularly regarding the books I’m working on and ways to get and stay lucid in dreams.

The night after my first meeting with my publisher, HarperCollins, I had an interesting lucid dream where I asked to be shown something I needed to know, when opening a door. Instead of the door opening, my perspective suddenly shifted to the very top of the door frame where the colourful letters ‘H C T’ were positioned, as if they were the key to my stepping through the door and moving forward in life. I realized the next day, ‘HCT’ is short for HarperCollins Thorsons, the latter being the imprint under which my book is published.

When you seek out precognitive information in lucid dreams, it may come in symbolic form or literally. Have you noticed this in your lucid dreams? Any advice on dealing with the symbolic responses?

In the same lucid dream, I asked again to be shown something I need to see and was shown a diagram of a heart with arrows going in and out of it. I tried to read the small text next to each arrow but the dream collapsed. After that I learnt not to stare too long at dream text and to keep looking away and back to keep the dream stable.

However, another time I made this same mistake was after I published my first book and was looking for information on my next possible project. I asked the dream to show me, when I opened a door, my next published book, and behind the door was a billboard with ‘The Red Book’ HarperCollins and a lot of other jumbled letters printed on it. In trying to read the jumbled letters, the dream collapsed.
It took me a few days to work out that ‘The Red Book’ was my lucid dream and OBE diary, although a friend of mine also pointed out that she thought Carl Jung’s *The Red Book* was also informed by the author’s lucid dreams and OBEs. Because I am often given text to read in LDs, one of my reality checking techniques is to read physical waking life signs by looking for only a couple of seconds, then looking away and looking back again to continue reading the rest. So now I remember not to stare at signs for too long while I am lucid to keep the experience going longer.

**Any advice on dealing with the symbolic responses in lucid dreams? Or using the symbolic response to make changes in your waking life?**

The message of the heart with the in-and-out arrows was repeated in another lucid dream where I asked, as I was going to sleep, to be shown something in a dream which would help me have and sustain more LDs. That morning I became lucid and was in the most beautiful garden where I saw in the distance an olive green disk flitting about, obviously trying to get my attention but from the periphery of my consciousness — which made me laugh as I shouted at it, “Oi you! Come here!” after which it spun over and revealed itself to be a rubber disk with ‘Mini Bouncer’ written on the side. So of course I jumped on it and bounced and laughed and bounced and laughed harder, which made me super lucid.

In waking life I then bought a mini rebounder to bounce daily, as they are supposed to help with circulation, which in turn keeps your energy body clear enough to have such nighttime adventures as lucid dreams and OBEs. I believe this is what these dreams were getting at, that my energy body was a bit too crinkled and needed straightening out by increased circulatory exercise to induce more consciousness and dream lucidity.

In that same LD I then found myself in a field full of a seemingly unending flock of pelicans and flamingoes running from one direction at and around me; it was quite something when lucid! Then a teacher’s blackboard appeared with the word ‘Wabet’ written on it, which the following day I discovered was the specific area of ancient Egyptian temples dedicated to what we would describe as lucid dream and out-of-body experience.

In another lucid dream which turned into an OBE, I was told by a voice in the sky, ‘You are the Ennead’, which was then spelt out to me by a character who gave me the correct spelling of it in my dream diary. I discovered the next day in my research, the ‘Ennead’ were the eight ancient Egyptian priests who resided in the Wabet and helped the soul of the high priests/king/queen to travel to the underworld on festival days. I recently discovered that the *Enneads* were also the writings of Empedocles, Pythagoras, and Plato about the soul’s travels out of the body.

**Because your current book focuses on the tarot, do you ever have lucid dreams in which tarot images come into play?**

I often get information in LDs for whatever book/subject I am pondering. For instance, I was travelling in Egypt and had a lucid dream where I was in an old childhood home and given a bright, shining gold coin by a disembodied hand. The coin was like the Ace of Pentacles from the Rider-Waite tarot deck, and shone so brightly it made me lucid. I suspect, as my invisible guides/helpers know I like tarot reading, that this was their expert method of getting my attention!

After taking the coin, I see a TV in the corner of the room come on and on the screen is the main character from a novel I was plotting at the time. She looks like something out of the Mad Max films. After telling me about her life, as the fictional character in the novel, she shows me a scene of herself cutting off the head of a dragon, which to me represented the dissolution of the ego-self. She then showed me a series of strange markings, after which the dream collapsed, again, due to my staring too long at the text.

A few days later, I visited the Karnak temple in Egypt and was shown a
whole wall full of these markings, and was told they represented numbers and records of time. The numbers correlated to roughly that date but three years in the future, when I published my first book Modern Day Tarot Play or Positively Tarot (in the US/Canada from June 2019).

It seems lucid dreamers often feel amazed by the wonderful sights and incredible concepts and creativity in their lucid dreams — seeing things, or experiencing things completely outside of their normal life! Besides looking into future information, have you ever had lucid dreams that brought ‘past information’ or past life information to you?

The symbols of Ancient Egypt often seem to appear in my lucid dreams, so I suspect I spent many past lives there. Just before my first book was published, I had a LD where I passed by a London underground sign saying 'Old Road' and then entered a garden where I saw a golden sphere fly out of the side of a pyramid which was grounded under a layer of grass. I got a download that the pyramid depicted where I was on the scale of liberation, and the golden spherical orb was the imperishable soul that can dip in and out of physical reality once you reach a certain level of consciousness; i.e., halfway up the pyramid (to be at the peak would mean a permanent exit from physical human or earth plane existence).

Do you think lucid dreaming can help us heal from past traumas? Tell us about that.

In terms of the healing potential of LDs, I had a podium speaker take me off for a healing session in an LD, which seemed to cure my fear of public speaking in front of strangers! I also became lucid in the assembly hall of my old school and saw my six-year-old self sitting in an assembly. The sadness coming off me was palpable, sadness from my parents’ recent divorce, so I sent myself love and peace in that moment. The sadness I felt, which had in a way dictated many of the negative choices and actions I made in my life regarding relationships in particular, was then lifted and I felt a pain barrier had been broken through which allowed me to love more deeply and sincerely.

Any advice for our readers about increasing their awareness, and the likelihood of lucid dreams?

If I have one bit of advice for the readers of this article on how to increase your waking and dream life lucidity it would be this: spend at least twenty minutes a day looking at the world around you as if you were a child again; i.e., with fresh, innocent, inquiring eyes that look with perpetual awe and wonder. During those twenty minutes, occasionally ask yourself, “Am I dreaming?” It’s like cultivating that same mentality we have in a lucid dream, or when viewing a piece of art. I would never ask a white rose in a garden what it represents in waking reality because it’s something so familiar to my adult eyes; when I asked this in a lucid dream, I was told it represented “February” which, incidentally, was the date I handed the finished manuscript of my first book to my publisher, a time in my life that a lucidly-aware friend called my blossoming!

This technique works best for me in unfamiliar environments, so try and take a walk on the wilder, unfrequented side of where you live with this technique, and, of course, don’t forget to read all signs along the way, slowly, and two or three words at a time.

The last piece of advice I would have — and this one’s for the ladies — is to try becoming a man in a lucid dream; you won’t believe what it feels like! 😊 I now have greater compassion and understanding for all the men out there who think with their c**ks, which in a roundabout way could also be construed as a form of healing, by putting yourself in others’ shoes!

Do you have any creative goals that you would like to achieve in a lucid dream? And if people want to learn more about your work, where should they go?

My future creative goals in my lucid dreaming practice are to retranslate the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs to create greater understanding of lucid dreaming and astral projection or out-of-body experience practices. If anyone wants to help, or learn more about my work, please go to www.emmatoynbee.com or email emma.toynbee@gmail.com.

Have fun! Sending you all lots of love and lucidity! ▲
I’ve been lucid dreaming since I was a young child. As a result, I’ve had well over a thousand lucid dreams. Among those, there are two dreams which stand out among the rest, and both could be described as nightmares.

Due to my lifelong interest in lucid dreaming, I ended up teaching a course on the subject at North Star: Self-Directed Learning for Teens in Massachusetts. It was a relatively popular course, and its popularity is a testament to the profound curiosity most people have about the topic.

Teaching this course taught me about the most common mental blocks which prevent people from learning how to lucid dream. These include the difficulty of committing to performing reality checks or keeping a dream journal. For those who do persist through these initial steps, there comes another tier of difficulties to overcome, such as waking up immediately once lucid.

The hardest roadblock for many, though, comes when they face the phenomenon of sleep paralysis. This natural physical phenomenon is a state of full-body paralysis, which occurs during R.E.M. sleep, and affects all sleepers whether they are aware of it or not. Becoming aware of your body’s state of paralysis, however, can be extremely terrifying.

Once in a state of sleep paralysis, you can focus all your energy on moving your body, and you will eventually be able to. But this can take several minutes of anxious struggling. Another option, which many people find impossibly frightening, is to relax and fall back asleep into a new dream.

It’s not surprising that learning to lucid dream can cause you to experience sleep paralysis. Lucid dreaming is, after all, a state of awareness. It is the awareness of your body and mind’s true state of being while asleep.

You dream every night, but you are not always aware of it. Similarly, you are paralyzed every night, and usually do not realize it. Becoming aware during the dream state, as well as during the transitions from wake to sleep and vice versa, can cause you to be aware of sleep paralysis.

As I said, this information can be enough to turn off potential lucid dreamers from pursuing this skill. Those who do end up experiencing sleep paralysis tend to want to avoid the experience at all cost.

I think that is a shame, because the two most profound lucid dream experiences I’ve had have both been difficult, frightening ones — and one of those involved sleep paralysis.

The first lucid dream which I want to relate did not involve sleep paralysis, but it was a lucid nightmare. After keeping a dream journal and practicing lucid dreaming for many years, I started to have more and more lucid nightmares. What essentially happened was, I became all too familiar with the ways that a dream could become suddenly frightening. My lucidity started to trigger these frightening experiences immediately.
In this particular dream, I became lucid at my childhood home and decided to walk down the street and merely observe. But soon after, I started to feel anxious, and sensed a presence behind me. I turned around and saw a horse. (There is a horse barn on this street in real life.) Many of my nightmares involve being chased by wild animals, and I was extremely frightened, even though I knew I was dreaming and that none of my perceptions were real. Luckily, I remembered advice which I had read in Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming by Stephen LaBerge, which, to paraphrase, recommended that dreamers confront the source of their anxiety. LaBerge specifically recommends asking frightening figures “what they want.” So, I asked the horse what it wanted.

The horse didn’t answer me in words, but I understood telepathically that it wanted me to ride it. I got on the horse, which no longer scared me, and began to ride. I never would have thought to seek out a horse in a dream, and I found riding it to be a thrilling activity, worthy of any lucid dream. Then the horse lifted off the ground, and we both flew into the sky. This experience taught me that I had the ability to turn a dream from frightening to beautiful, all through facing my anxiety head on.

If I had given in to fear, if I had run from the horse, I never would have ridden it into a gorgeous dream sky. I believe this is analogous to shying away from sleep paralysis, whether that means avoiding lucid dreaming altogether in order to avoid it, or fighting against sleep paralysis when it occurs until your body manages to move. As someone who has experienced sleep paralysis hundreds of times, I understand viscerally how terrifying it can be.

That being said, though, the most vivid and in-control lucid dream I ever had began as a bout of morning sleep paralysis: I assured myself that I was in no real danger. I had to withstand some difficult physical sensations and perceptions, including a high-pitched sound which increased in volume to a piercing level. But, by relaxing and focusing my attention instead on my breath, and the act of falling back asleep, I was able to generate a dream from scratch. This made it easier to create the scene I wanted, as I didn’t have to override existing visual material. I built a beach in my mind, complete with all the sights, sounds, feelings, and scents I had stored in my memory associated with beaches. It was perfect, and aligned completely to my expectations. Once I entered the dream, I found that I had an unprecedented level of awareness and control.

The lesson I would like potential lucid dreamers as well as sufferers of sleep paralysis to take away from this article is one and the same: Don’t give in to fear. Don’t be so afraid of lucid nightmares that you never learn to lucid dream. Don’t be so afraid of sleep paralysis that you always choose to fight it until you wake up. What lies on the other side of your anxiety may be the most vivid lucid dream you’ll ever have.

Elliot Riley’s work has appeared or is forthcoming in Halfway Down the Stairs, This Zine Will Change Your Life, Moonglasses, Bone Parade, Waxing and Waning, and The Wire's Dream. Elliot’s chapbook, Self Talk, is forthcoming from Plan B Press.
Winner in the 1st Annual Body Mind Spirit Book Awards!

Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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Saint Theresa of Avila called the Christian mystical practice of Contemplation the Prayer of Quiet. If you feel you are called to learn more about it, I wholeheartedly recommend The Cloud of Unknowing, With the Book of Privy Counsel by Anonymous, A New Translation by Carmen Acevedo Butcher. Also essential, in my opinion, is Practicing the Presence of God and the Spiritual Maxims by Brother Lawrence. Both books together have proved the ideal combination for me. In fact, it was when these two works came into my life (in that mysterious way books do that makes them feel like gifts from the Holy Spirit) that I finally understood what Saint Theresa was talking about, and was able to more fully comprehend some recent lucid dreams.

**Lucid Dream of December 1, 2016—The White General**

I find myself walking down a dark sidewalk at night, past a large house on my left, around which grow tall and dense but neatly landscaped bushes and trees. I notice this because abruptly heading straight toward me is a group of people angrily protesting something. Instantly, I know I can’t let them see me, so I turn left, and enter the grounds of the house. I become semi-lucid as I glance over my shoulder and realize my dog, Arthur (who has been followed me around in dreams half the night!), has lain down at the base of a narrow tree, apparently exhausted. I call to him, urging him to get up, because I detect what looks like a shortcut to our house that brings back memories of childhood. Arthur gets to his feet reluctantly, and moving closer to him, I pick him up while the angry group passes by on the sidewalk without noticing me, thank God! I still want to get away from them, but when I turn around, instead of darkly merging lawns there is a steep overgrown hill. What? Oh... Okay... Pleased to be lucid, I say in my mind Thank you for the hill as I look around me.

It remains night, but abruptly I’m no longer in a residential neighborhood. I’m standing in a large flat open space, and the ground feels solid. I look down and see not grass but a smooth white surface. My impression of having been transported to some sort of official Base is reinforced by the chalk-white man now standing directly in front of me. His skin and his hair, and his short-sleeved official looking shirt, are all entirely white. I can see him clearly, which makes the fact that he’s as white as a ghost rather odd. I’m aware of a handful of other figures milling around wearing similar “uniforms.” Stepping even closer to him, I ask, “Who are you?” and in response, he extends one of his hands toward my heart. Is he telling me he’s inside my heart? Is he telling me he’s inside my heart? I can’t be sure. It makes sense, but I don’t know. I then ask him, “May I touch you?” feeling it might help root me in the dream. Then sensing from his expression and everything else about him that he won’t object, I reach out and touch his left cheek with the fingertips of my right hand. He feels like a real person. I ask him more questions, and even ask him to help me not wake up. He has the aura of a “General” yet he appears relaxed and his smile is friendly, so that I feel I can ask him as many questions as I want to.
As I talk to him, I jump up and down and glance around me, feeling the need to keep moving in order not to wake up. But since it appears to be a one-sided conversation, I eventually turn away from him. As I walk along the edge of a low wall, it crosses my mind to ask him if it really helps to pray in a dream. But that's a stupid question, because I know that of course it helps. Following me, the “General” informs me, “What you need is a bolt of lightning.” In that same moment, a woman walks briskly past me as she says, “You’re empty now, and only that bolt of lightning can refill you.” I don’t exactly understand, but I feel they might both be referring to God, and to being filled by Divine grace. Yet there’s nothing I myself can do to make that happen, is there? I also sense it’s probably a good thing I’m an empty vessel now, because this puts me in the position to be filled up from above.

Looking around me, I cry out, “Oh my God, what happened to the hill?” For some reason, I feel dismayed by the sight of a vast open space which only ends far, far away in a chain of tall and gently undulating mountains hundreds of miles below us. The stunningly distant peaks are a hazy blend of pale dark-blues, grays and off-white hues. I don’t feel the dream is stable enough for me to fly such a great distance, so I’m essentially grounded here in this place located above even the highest mountains as all the world below is obscured by a dark cloud. And I don’t see any stars in the sky, which feels very close, almost as if we’re at the very edge of the atmosphere.

Moving quickly counterclockwise around the perimeter of the place, I jump up onto a smooth edge of “concrete” which forms a lip around a circular black “hatch” at my feet, just big enough for one person, and around which the “base” containing this “ship” is built. It appears to be inactive, but I sense it is invisibly initiating something almost unimaginably powerful and life changing... I wake.

Dream Notes:
In my dream, I had been wondering if praying in a dream was effective when the White General told me what I needed was a lightning bolt. John Piper writes, “Prayer is the splicing of our limp wire to the lightning bolt of heaven.” I had never heard of John Piper, and did not realize—until after my dream prompted the search—how often Jesus’ appearance, and that of His angels, is compared to lightning. For example:

Luke 9:28-29—About eight days after Jesus said this, he took Peter, John and James with him and went up onto a mountain to pray. As he was praying, the appearance of his face changed, and his clothes became as bright as a flash of lightning.

Matthew 28:3—His appearance was like lightning, and his clothes were white as snow.

Luke 24:4—While they were wondering about this, suddenly two men in clothes that gleamed like lightning stood beside them.

Not only were the clothes of the “General” in my dream white as snow, so was his skin and his hair. I think of Christians as akin to soldiers spiritually fighting for the Light of the World, Jesus Christ, which may be why I got the impression of being on a military base.

A vessel must be empty to be filled, but such emptiness is an openness, a receptivity that is in keeping with its nature as a vessel that invites filling—the fulfillment of what it was created for. As often happens, it is only years later that I can understand this lucid dream. I believe it was letting me know that I would be called to Contemplation. My dream body was literally in contemplative space—the Cloud of Unknowing above me and the Cloud of Forgetting below me:

“Nobody's mind is powerful enough to grasp Who God is. We can only know Him by experiencing His love... To the cloud of unknowing between you and God, add the cloud of forgetting beneath you, between you and creation... Look up joyfully, and say to your Lord out loud, 'I offer myself to you, Lord, for you are my essence.' Then rest your mind...Your naked blind being is your God and your goal.”

I now see how the “ship” around which the “base” was built is this form of prayer, and how it helps heal and transform us.
I slept well and deeply and was lucid at least once for a long time, during which I led people—specifically a young woman who stuck close to me—out of the confines of the place we were in. This involved lots of windows we had to get through, and I showed her how, since this was a dream, they weren’t solid barriers, but that we could pass through them as if they were only air. Perhaps because she was with me, the windows resisted more than they should have, but I simply removed them and we kept moving.

The final dream of the night is the gem:

I’m driving on a broad highway, following not too far behind Sean (a lucid dreaming friend) but not too closely. I know he’s not aware of me driving along behind him. We’re heading in the same direction, or so I hope; I can’t be completely sure. Then, as a soft golden light manifests inside his car, I hear Him declare, “There’s Jesus! That’s Jesus!” He has spotted Jesus somewhere on the street to our left. I look in that direction, and there is the Lord! He’s a young man in the prime of life, with short and straight dark-brown hair, and he’s dressed in white clothes that evoke an ancient tunic but are also a cleanly cut white shirt and pants. I know He is deliberately showing himself to Sean as He keeps his eyes fixed on my friend’s car as it passes Him and, veering gently to the right, drives away.

Extending his right arm toward me, Jesus steps off the sidewalk onto the street just as I stretch one arm longingly out toward him. As we reach for each other, His expression mirrors my own love and longing. But for some reason, I think I can’t get out of the car here. These moments of seeing Him, of expressing our desire to be together, seems wonderful enough.

Before I lose sight of Jesus, I clearly see Him take a position in the center of a busy intersection. He’s looking down at something in his hands made of intersecting rows of fine golden-brown lines forming a grid pattern. He is focused on these “strings” while swiftly touch-strumming them, and as people walk all around Him without seeing Him, I feel I know what He’s doing—He is “programming” circumstances, events, experiences, etc. in order to bring as many souls as possible with Him into the Kingdom of God. I distinctly feel the love and determination He is constantly exercising and dedicated to—bringing as many souls as possible into His saving embrace.

Dream Notes:
As I drove toward Him, Jesus reached out to me from a bend in the road even as I reached out to Him. But I didn’t stop, instead I just kept driving after Sean. I took it for granted that I couldn’t stop the car and get out to be with my Lord. But in my heart, I know now that He wasn’t merely waving at me—He was hailing me, urging me to stop thinking too much about Sean and dream sharing, and to put Him, God, above everything and everyone else. For there is a way I can be with Him before my soul “gets out” of its physical vehicle.

At the end of my dream, I saw Jesus holding an instrument in His hands He was silently and intently “playing.” I looked up images online, and essentially recognized a miniature version of an ancient zither, which made me think of what a voice said to me in a dream years ago, “Her soul is a song on the wind.” I believe this “instrument” my Lord showed me is a form of prayer, and that He is calling me to it. And just yesterday, I came upon this paragraph in the book I’m reading by Saint Hildegard:
"Heaven’s my home, and God’s love is my desire. I will seek to yearn for my Creator above all things. My greatest wish is to do what You ask me, God. Give me wings of determination and kindness, so I can soar above the stars of heaven, doing Your good will. You and Your holiness are all I need. Make me Your zither of love!” iii

Lucid Dream of June 8, 2018

Sitting below the space where I was just dreaming—at the back of the entrance hall of a building with a white staircase to my left—I decide to try and re-enter the dream. Fully lucid, I run up the steps and into the room, but the people I was with are all gone, replaced by figures in bright-red hooded robes. I remember fleeing from them earlier in the night, and race out of there. But as I’m jumping down into the lobby from the white balcony, the robe I’m wearing—which also seems to be red now—gets caught on something. I make the effort to pull myself free and, landing naked on my feet, run outside.

It’s night out, and I promptly launch myself up into the starry sky. It is a stunningly beautiful sky brimming with large white stars all evenly distributed. There are no clusters of stars, and the individual circles of silvery-white light shine in a universe that is not completely black but slightly bronze in hue. The peaceful yet vibrantly living splendor of this dream sky is just WOW!

I’m ascending with my arms raised over my head, yet I also notice that I use my legs once or twice as if I’m swimming up. Directly above me and slightly to my right, I feel and see a movement in this splendorous sky I perceive as a flock of geese passing overhead. I didn’t see them right away because they are also bright silvery-gold circles—a flying constellation! I never knew geese could fly so high! I recall how the ancient Egyptians referred to Pharaoh’s children as the “eggs of the Goose” the “Great Cackler” who laid the egg of Creation—a metaphor for God, Who alone existed before everything He created.

I don’t actually need to act like Superman to fly, so I lower my arms and, simply willing myself higher, I discern other smaller constellation-flocks. The sky is just so absolutely glorious! It feels more alive than any other starry night sky I have ever seen. There is no sound, and yet the silence itself feels alive; is inseparable from the awe-inspiring quality of the universe. Attempting to rise up to the level of the birds in this mysteriously dynamic dream firmament, I sense that no matter how high I fly, I will always be seeing this same sky, for even though I’m dreaming, I’m still confined to my physical body.

"Silence is so powerful a language that it reaches the throne of the living God. Silence is His language, though secret, yet living and powerful.”—Saint Maria Faustina

"In your will, you’ll feel a simple reaching out to God... Make your home in this darkness, stay there as long as you can, crying out to him over and over again because you love Him. It's the closest you can get to God here on earth, by waiting in this cloud." iv ▲

Excerpt from Dreaming with the Lord — A Christian Key to Understanding Dreams by Maria Isabel Pita

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i  From Practicing the Presence of God and the Spiritual Maxims (Brother Lawrence)
ii  From The Cloud of Unknowing With the Book of Privy Counsel by Anonymous, a New Translation by Carmen Acevedo Butcher
iii  Hildegard of Bingen: A Spiritual Reader (Butcher, Carmen Acevedo)
iv  From The Cloud of Unknowing With the Book of Privy Counsel by Anonymous, a New Translation by Carmen Acevedo Butcher
Be Sure to Wear Some Flowers in Your Dream

Next year will mark the 55th anniversary of a little-known but important event in the history of lucid dreaming.

In 1964, at the Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute of the University of California at San Francisco, Dr. Joe Kamiya was able to train sleeping subjects to recognize they were in REM dreaming and indicate this by pressing micro switches on their thumbs (other research has shown that dreamed movements of the fingers can manifest as small physical movements). Using tones and mild shocks as cues, the experiments showed that the subjects were able to signal knowledge of their various sleep stages, including dreaming. By bribing the subjects with monetary rewards, the dreamers could further learn to recognize dreaming and signal REM-knowledge without the cues, proving once again that, although money cannot buy love, perhaps it can buy lucidity.

References:
- Gay Gaer Luce, Current Research on Sleep and Dreams, National Institute of Mental Health, 1965.

Where’s Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner in 2019

April 6, 2019 — New York City
Watch for details at: www.LucidAdvice.com

May 9–18, 2019 — Taiwan
Watch for details at: www.LucidAdvice.com

June 21–25, 2019 — Rolduc, The Netherlands
36th Annual International Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams
Watch for details at https://iasdconferences.org/2019
Before I begin this article, I need to define the parameters of a “shamanic journey.” There are two competing views of how shamanism is defined in the field of anthropology. The first defines a shaman as a healer from indigenous animistic tribes. The other approach makes a clear distinction stating that the word “shaman” should only be used in context to the Manchu-Tungus speaking peoples where the word originated. I agree with the latter.

Having worked with the last shamans of the Ulchi people, a Manchu-Tungus speaking people from the lower Amur River region, my research led me to theorize that the layers and nuances of the practice may suggest that the stages of hypnagogic, hypnapomic, wake-induced lucid dreaming, and REM Sleep Behavior Disorder may be the foundation of the practice. These may be the very keys in unlocking the process.

First, let us examine how they enter into a controlled trance state (different than the types of possessive trance states found in other indigenous tribes). Rather than constructing a contrived creative visualization of going deep into some type of cave, they speak of the process in this way. “First you close your eyes. It is just like when you are falling asleep but don’t go to sleep. You will see all sorts of forms and shapes and strange images of all sorts of things. You might see something frightening — if you do, then drive it away with the drum! All of these things may appear in bright or grey colors that are changing their shapes, but just keep following where they lead you. When you see that your spirit helpers have arrived then focus on entering the spirit world at this intersection. If your helpers do not show up, then do not travel any further.”
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>REM Sleep Behavior Disorders as defined by <em>Psychiatry</em> — A peer-reviewed journal providing evidence-based information to practicing clinicians</th>
<th>Processes in Ulchi Classical Shamanism</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>REM sleep behavior disorder is more common in the elderly. The onset is typically between 50-60 years of age</td>
<td>Although hereditary shamans can begin their vocation early in life, most people are chosen by the spirits in their 40’s, 50’s, or 60’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In individuals with RBD, the mechanisms responsible for normal skeletal muscle atonia is not functioning, and individuals act out their dreams</td>
<td>Physical movements throughout the journey which expresses the geography and topography of the otherworldly travels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RBD individuals do not seem to enact their customary dreams: dreams that end up being enacted are altered and more threatening</td>
<td>Entry into the dream world and the land of spirits is contextual, somatically, and visually different than the normal dreaming self when asleep in bed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behaviors in individuals with RBD include limb and body jerking, punching, kicking, talking, shouting, swearing, leaping from bed, running into walls or furniture, and striking or choking the bed partner</td>
<td>Singing, dancing, and describing the journey along with verbal discussions with the spirits they meet during this dream episode; here there is an awareness in the environment, and physical accidents or violent actions do not occur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Since episodes occur during REM sleep, behaviors may recur in a cyclical fashion, every 90 minutes or so throughout the course of sleep</td>
<td>Journeys are conducted at night, usually after 9 or 10 PM. After one episode, the shaman will rest for 60-90 minutes, and begin again. 4-5 journeys can take place in a night with the same amount of rest time between a session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After being awakened, individuals are able to recall and describe vivid dreams, usually of a threatening nature</td>
<td>Shamans sing the journey while it is occurring but can provide more information after the episode and before their resting period. Destructive spirits who try to block or harm the shaman are a common theme.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
They seem to be describing a hypnagogic state of awareness followed by entering into a wake-induced lucid dream.

Now let's examine how the Manchu-Tungus speaking peoples of eastern Siberia define the dream world.

“The dream world is a real world where our ‘wind’ soul travels to and from all of the time. This ‘soul’ lives between the waking and dreaming world. We have no shaman school. No one can make you a shaman. Ba (a term with various meanings about Nature) decides who will become a shaman.”

In examining how they explained to me the entry (hypnagogic) into the spiritual (dream) world, I wondered how they were able to bypass REM sleep atonia. This, of course, led me to the current research in REM sleep behavior disorder. The correlations are remarkably similar to the practice of Ulchi shamanism, including the anecdotal physiological and psychological experiences as reported by the elders.

The classical style of shamanism is defined by three distinct sections: entry into the other worlds (hypnagogic), taking the journey (wake-induced lucid dream), and the return to the human world (hypnopompic experience). In my many discussions for almost 30 years, the key to the practice is about learning to control the process while allowing the natural course of the dream to unfold without interfering. When a shaman may find themselves lost in the landscape, they will ask a question of the dream about where or how to proceed, and return to the “waking world” is only undertaken when the intent of the journey has been accomplished. Their ability to overcome skeletal muscular atonia may actually be a controlled version of REM sleep behavior disorder. Who knows? I just find the correlates compelling, but one thing I can be sure of is that the “shaman’s journey” is related to the conscious awareness in the land of sleep and dreams.

Jan Van Ysslestyne, M.A. is a fluent speaker of the Manchu-Tungus language spoken by the Ulchi culture. She lectures on Classical Shamanism through the University of Washington, Burke Museum, Antioch, and Bastyr University in Seattle, Washington. Her publications have appeared in Shaman's Drum and Sacred Hoop magazines. She is a contributing author to the book First Fish, First People: Salmon Tales of the North Pacific Rim, University of Washington Press. She continues her research into the pre-technical medical practices of indigenous cultures in the territories of southeastern Siberia. Her current book Spirits from the Edge of the World: Classical Shamanism in Ulchi Society is available at local bookstores or though Amazon.
Ela Asks About Losing One's Voice When Asking a Question of the Dream Awareness

Dear Robert,

Thank you for all your amazing books. I have them all and they have changed my life.

Many times in different lucid dreams, I want to ask a question to the dream awareness but I cannot speak or breathe, or I can say some words but not others. For example, in one dream, the dream awareness urgently asked me to go live in the same city of my mom, but [in waking reality] I am encountering a big challenge to move there. So yesterday I wanted to ask: Dream awareness, what do you advise me to do with the big challenge I’m facing to move into my mom’s city?

When I asked that question, I completely lost my voice and couldn’t breathe or speak at all. I don’t see anything wrong with the way I am asking the question. Why is this happening? It has happened to me many times. Thank you.

Robert Responds:

Thanks for your question.

In lucid dreams, we ‘see’ that the dream state is mentally reflective and also mentally dynamic. By mentally reflective, I mean that in the lucid dream, we often see our beliefs, emotions, intents and expectations ‘reflected’ in the experience. For example, if I ‘expect’ to have a hard time flying through a wall, then I may hit the wall and bounce off — even though it is a dream wall! Or if I am lucid and ‘fear’ that the river will get bigger, then suddenly the river seems much bigger. The lucid dream reflects our ‘thinking in that moment.’

So to your situation, I sometimes hear from people who have noticed the same thing: they wish to ask a question of the non-visible awareness behind the dream (as I talk about it my books) — and suddenly, they cannot speak! They lose their voice.

Because of the mentally reflective nature of lucid dreaming, a person needs to look at their beliefs, emotions, intents, and expectations. For example, do you have a concern about asking a question because you ‘fear’ the response? If so, it may become very hard to ask a question.

Or do you have some ‘belief’ about the non-visible awareness behind the dream, which makes it hard to ask a question (e.g., some people believe in the ego self, but have a very difficult time believing in something ‘beyond’ the ego)?

Or does the ego self feel conflicted about asking a question — that is, one part of you wants to ask the question, but another part of you resists? That is the classical psychological situation called ‘approach-avoidance’ conflict (which Wikipedia states is this: “Approach–avoidance conflicts occur when there is one goal or event that has both positive and negative effects or characteristics that make the goal appealing and unappealing simultaneously. For example, marriage is a momentous decision that has both positive and negative aspects.”)

By resolving the belief or emotion or intent or expectation in the waking state, you have a much greater chance of resolving it, and then easily being able to ask a question of the larger awareness.

Now for beginners to this aspect of lucid dreaming, I suggest that they start out with something simple: For example, ask the larger awareness, ‘Hey dream, show me something funny to see!’ or ‘Hey dream, show me something important for me to see!’ These ‘open’ questions are simple and normally do not bring up concerns or fears about the response.

Please realize the response may be symbolic or it may be quite literal. Also, when we ask to ‘see’ then we normally receive a visual response. If we ask to ‘hear’ then we may get a vocal response. The exact wording of a question or a request is very important.

Finally, you may wish to look at the dream where you felt like you were ‘asked’ to go live in your mom’s city. If you wish to send it to me, I will take a look at it. Sometimes people are ‘literal’ about things that are actually ‘symbolic’.

Lucid wishes!
Dear Robert,

I often dream about family that passed away, which I guess many people do. Some people say that it’s our own minds projecting those people. Some might even say that we’re interacting with their spirit. I don’t know. I have an open mind. But a thing I wanted to experiment with is something that I read people did, which is asking the “dream character” to tell something that we don’t know, so that we can validate in the real world.

So, as I often dream with my deceased grandmother, I asked her to tell me something that only she and her daughter (my mother) knows, so I could validate it with my mother.

The problem is that for the third time I asked this, when she is about to tell me something, I wake up suddenly. I often wake up slowly from a dream, with the dream fading away, not suddenly with my heart beating fast. But I always wake up after asking that question.

Why is that? Coincidence? Is my subconscious preventing me to know the answer?

Robert Responds:

Hi Gustavo,

Thanks for your question about deceased dream figures in lucid dreams.

Yes, sometimes they may be merely projections of our own mind. In some instances, though, they may say something which later we can verify or confirm — and then realize that we received information outside of our own knowing.

Why are you waking up? I can only suggest a possible reason:

Most people wake when they feel too much emotion. Therefore, it may be that you feel too much excitement that the deceased dream figure of your grandmother may actually tell you something which is outside of your own knowing (because if true, then this would have significant implications for your view of the world). So you may have a strange desire to know, and also not to know! This might explain it.

So your subconscious is not preventing you — it seems your own conscious mind and its emotional response that is either fearful or conflicted about hearing a response.

Best wishes!
Anna Racicot • Looking For My Mother

In a long dream I’m at my father’s house with my husband, Steve, and several people, only it’s larger and more rambling than it really is. … Then that place changes and the area in front of the old fireplace becomes a little library nook. Someone mentions there are lots of small Dorjes piled up in this house. I’m in the main part of the house with Steve who, I believe, is wandering around lucid. I go into the nook. People are studying there and I see lots of thick books, many on lucid dreams.

I start talking to an older guy there and I begin to wonder out loud if I’m dreaming. He says I should test it. I step out of the alcove and try to fly. It’s very difficult and I’m not doing too well. The guy calls out to me that obviously I’m not dreaming. But I have flown a bit and I am convinced I am dreaming. I start flying in the room and Steve joins me.

We are going to fly up through the ceiling. There’s an exhilaration that goes with this effort. I want to see my mother and my Aunt Nettie, both of whom are deceased. I decide when we get on the other side of the roof we will be where they are. When we fly through the ceiling we come out into an upper story with a big post in the center. It’s a kind of meeting place or even a bar. As we walk around toward the center where a man is serving drinks or food, I say to Steve how wonderful it is to be lucid in a dream together.

I go up to the man and tell him I am looking for my mother and my aunt. “They are not here,” he says. This is Turkistan or something. As I walk away I overhear someone make a remark about us to the man, and the man replies that he knows Steve and I are just here in spirit.

A small terrier-type dog or puppy is nipping at our heels. Steve has already started going back through the floor by sliding down the post as if it were a fire pole. I follow him, thinking at least we’ll get rid of this puppy. As we slide down I think I should be careful not to slide into hell. We end up back in the big house and, to my amazement, the puppy has followed us. Maybe my dad will take him, I think. The dream goes on, but I lose lucidity at this point.

Shawn Selders • Walking On A Lake

I have flown hundreds of times in lucid dreams. I’ve flown many different ways and it is usually pretty easy. I have even made cars and boats that I’m in fly. It never gets old, and I feel extremely lucky that dream flying


In Your Dreams!

has come so naturally for me. By contrast, other seemingly simple lucid dream goals have proven quite elusive for me. Although I wish the number was much higher, I have only managed to walk on water six or seven times. I have only breathed underwater three or four times. Part of the problem is when I become lucid, I rarely remember these two goals, whereas flying always seems to quickly pop into my head. Also, I need water around, whereas flying I can do anywhere, indoors or outside. Anyway, here is one of my favorite walking-on-water lucid dreams:

My father and I are walking in a fairly wide, swift Florida river with a bridge behind us. In front of us, two elderly men swim or walk upstream, each holding an infant (their grandchildren) to their chest, facing forward. When they get to shallower water they stand knee-deep. I wonder if largemouth bass live in this river, which I mention to my father. But bass need fresh water and I think this might be a saltwater river. I notice a crowded beach with big crashing waves in the distance. I figure this means the river must be saltwater with no bass in it. Dad agrees and says something about a nearby city (maybe Miami).

Suddenly, I start flying about 20 feet above the water, which is now more like a vast bay than a river. Up in the air I become lucid and decide at once to come down to try to walk on the water. There is a ripple on the surface and I really feel the breeze on my face as I fly very low and then glide all over the surface on my feet. I am not walking. I'm gliding fast with some control, but not total control.

The next thing I know I am on my favorite New Jersey lake. And now I really, truly, am walking on water with ease and complete control! The one island on the lake is to my left. As I walk by it, I think of my friend, Harry, who died three months ago. I turn to look at the island, wondering if I'll see Harry. This was his favorite lake as well. But there are no people on the island that I can see.

I notice a small group of people (a man, two women, and a child or two) on the mainland, so I playfully walk and run over to them. I skid to a stop in front of them (like stopping on skis), causing a little splash in their direction. They seem a bit amazed, but I don't think we talk at all about the miracle I'm casually performing. We chat about the lake as I stand on its surface. I tell them what an amazing lake it is and that I frequently fish here from my rowboat, but that today I'm just enjoying the water. They make some interesting comments, but I cannot remember what they were.

I want to go off and walk and play around on the water some more, but then a lady shows up on the dirt road that circles the lake. She is carrying an odd wooden chair for some reason. I say, “Nice chair!” which seems to make her quite happy. I also talk with a few other random people around the lake.
Daryl3d • Adventure into Infinity

I wanted to provide my fellow dreamers with a sample of one of my preparations for lucid dreaming. This one was back in June 10, 2018. It demonstrates how our abilities evolve over time.

I go to sleep at 1:00am and get up around 1:40am. I’m rested but need to clear my mind, so I lie down and fall asleep again and wake up around 3:50am. I think about my approach and best plan of action; because I’m focused on healing, I feel if I want to find a “solution” I need to deal with my blockages and resistance directly in the dream and I am determined to do so.

I’m experiencing some ringing in my ears and pressure. I focus on relaxing and lie on different sides of my body. Eventually my mind clears and I look into the darkness under my eyelids. At first, I feel something — a blob of energy — connected to me, holding onto me. I try to separate from it, but can’t. I’m struggling. I physically turn my body and lie on the other side and start to see images. I’m able to “roll out” and stand up. I don’t see any other energy in the room, so I walk outside and look for a solution. I end up sending energy to myself which represents a healing.

With that complete, I’m now thinking about another goal, which is to become a bear (transforming into an animal is something I’ve always wanted to try.) I get down on all fours and tell myself I want to become a bear. I start to growl. I can see other bears in the yard; people begin to run away. I’m running along on my hands and knees. After awhile I look at myself and see I really didn’t grow any fur or feel much like a bear. I need to go deeper.

But I end up waking up on my bed, and as I sit up I see a man and a woman in my room. “How was it?” the guy asks. “Great,” I say, “but I need to go deeper ‘cause I really didn’t feel . . .” Then I pause and look around. “Wait a minute, I’m still dreaming, right?” The guy nods his head and the room dissolves. Now I’m walking around in the house and go into another bedroom, fully aware that I’m still dreaming.

A woman is lying in bed and mistakes me for her husband. I crawl into bed with her and we begin to talk, but it’s like we’re doing a commercial. I’m actually starting to get sexually stimulated. Then out of the bathroom on the other end of the room her husband and kids appear and approach the bed, but they are not alarmed by me being there.

I find this unusual so I leave. I start thinking about Robert Monroe. He often talked about there being different levels to the phase when you shift out, so I start looking for a portal, and as I turn the corner one appears in the form of an open doorway. There are stairs leading downward so I head down. I decided to go down at least two levels.

I now enter a large room and start observing my surroundings. There are people standing in line so I join them and next to me is a slightly taller black woman. She tells me she wants to get married to me. I say, “Alright,” and I’m trying to follow her line of thought as we walk together. Because she’s slightly taller, I try to grow a bit to see her eye to eye. “I need to bring a man to will,” she says. I’m sort of going along with it as we walk and talk, trying to understand what she’s about.

Being aware that conflicts are almost inevitable when we go deeper helps us to prepare to deal with them.
After a while, we are joined by another black man. “Are you alive in the real? I mean, in the illusion?” I ask him, trying to figure out if either of them are asleep somewhere and dreaming this with me right now. I’m really marveling on how clear and stable everything feels. I’ve been here for quite awhile and it feels like I can be here for as long as I want. It also feels as though I had uncovered some “inner” city which was almost objective in nature.

I eventually get to the head of the line, which is a dead end; as I turn to go back, it seems like the people are trying to trap me. I want to leave but they’re blocking me and I’m starting to struggle. Eventually I wake up.

Just a few notes on this experience: With my original plan I wanted to meet and resolve my resistances head on. I thought I would meet them in some form when I started lucid dreaming. In this case, it appears I met it head on in the very beginning of the experience when I was attempting to shift into the dream. I just didn’t realize at the time. But when I got past that “blob of energy,” I really didn’t experience any more resistance when I went to heal. This eventually led to a very prolonged lucid experience including my initial false awakening. Another interesting point is I recounted this dream to another lucid dreaming buddy. When I started to tell him I went down a few levels of stairs (a symbol of going deeper into my unconscious), he immediately thought that I would have to deal with some type of conflict, which ended up being true. Being aware that conflicts are almost inevitable when we go deeper helps us to prepare to deal with them. As my experience illustrates, dealing and resolving them in the beginning can lead to a high degree of lucidity.

James Sims ● The Mysterious Woman with Furniture Disease

My first memory of this dream is a lucid one, as I am flying in a grocery store. At this point in time my consciousness splits in two. The flying version of myself is now a carton of eggs, while the human version is walking to keep up with the eggs. When I become aware of this split, I deliberately fly, causing the carton of eggs to bust open. I eat and enjoy them even though they’re raw.

Next I find myself non-lucid with two people whom I appear to have known beforehand, although I have no waking memories of them. The one whom I best remember is an old man who looks like a professor.

I begin to recognize that I’m dreaming once more and want to prove it to my companions. I do so by jumping into a pit at least twenty feet deep and then jumping out. I then explain to my old friend that the eggs in my earlier lucid scene symbolized the fertility of a woman who had supposedly gotten pregnant.

Wanting to further prove to him and myself that I’m dreaming, I fly head-on towards a large, red pickup truck. Initially, even I’m a bit nervous and am relieved to pass straight through it. Continuing to fly, I think to myself that it would be nice to converse with someone. Right at this moment appears an older African American woman, who is paradoxically young, light-skinned, and emitting a yellowish glow by the time she lands. She asks me, “Did you not know that I was flying you this whole time?” I reply, “You mean to say that you’ve flown me in every lucid dream?!” She humbly denies such a claim.

Curious about who she is, I inquire, “Are you my higher self?” Again, she humbly replies in the negative. Intuitively knowing that she’s more than a mere thought form, I request that she give me details about her physical lifetime. To this she says that her age is the same as that of her image currently being projected. I find it odd when she says she suffered from “furniture disease” in her physical form, especially since I’ve never heard of such a term. Upon waking from this dream, I immediately Google furniture disease, which leads me to a crude definition given by the Urban Dictionary. According to this site, it is the condition of old, saggy breasts that hang to the waist! Whoever this person was, perhaps she lived to be old after all.
Shaun St. Clair • Transforming

[Simultaneous Dreams, abstract and symbolic, are very difficult to describe. In fact, it's only when you try to pick these types of dream apart, so that you can transcribe them, that they appear so complex and difficult to understand. But if you just leave them in your head, they make perfect sense. However, this simultaneous dream went something like this:]

I am present in two adjoining rooms simultaneously — two separate instances of me, each experiencing an independent dream scene within each one of the two adjoining rooms but with an overarching awareness of both dreams/scenes/rooms that is also me.

The closed door adjoining the rooms is very noticeable to each ‘physical’ instance of me and each instance is aware that there is something very significant on the other side — in both rooms/dreams, the door is in front of ‘me’ and to the right. The physical me in each dream is not aware of the other me in the other room/dream or of the overarching awareness — but the overarching awareness/me is aware of the feelings and thoughts of each ‘physical’ me, everything in each dream, and of its self simultaneously.

In one of the rooms I am aware that I am a rabbit (the physical ‘me’ is aware of this), very distinctly called ‘Shaun’ — and I am transforming. In the other room, I am my character as I believe myself to be in reality; however, I very distinctly eat raw flesh but I will not eat Rabbit (this feeling is also very strong). This second me is, in fact, a werewolf but the physical me/dream character is not aware of this, only that the feeling that I eat raw flesh is very strong and innate, as is the very normal feeling that I also transform — the overarching awareness can see and understand what I am. This second me is transforming — into the Rabbit. And the Rabbit is transforming into the second me.

Perhaps transposing is a more suitable word (but the awareness that I am transforming is very distinct in each physical me) because each physical me becomes the other physical me, in the other room in the other dream. At some point in each dream the adjoining door opens and there is a great attraction but physical inability in each physical ‘me’ to cross into the other room. The door(s) (which open to the right) are not fully open and all that each ‘me’ can do is look through at the limited, identical scene of a bit of carpeted floor area, a wall to the left, and some indistinct furniture against the wall.

Boo Radley • Meeting

I have been Lucid Dreaming on and off for about seven years now. At 62 years, I find the phenomenon, along with out of body experiences (OBEs), to be the most fascinating discovery of my life, second only to becoming a parent. While I've had many lucid dreams before, the following dream was extremely exceptional for reasons which will become apparent.

I need to set the event up first. My longest and best friend since high school, also named Steve, passed away a dozen or so years ago. Unfortunately, for reasons not relevant to my dream, Steve and I became estranged a few years before he passed. The fact that we hadn’t reconciled before his death just added to a personal life crisis I was going through. However, about five or so years ago, I was awestruck to learn that Steve was still around. Through the observations of two experienced OBE-ers, who did not know each other or each other’s experience, I learned that Steve was present in my bedroom on the handful of times each had paid me a nocturnal visit. Neither had ever met Steve, so it was through a fairly scientific experiment involving a specific set of questions I asked them to ask Steve (yes, they could interact!) that I determined that Steve was truly with me. Plus, they each nailed his physical description.

Though Steve responded to the set questions, he avoided answering the most important one for me: Why
was he still “here” and what was his interest in me? Well, I believe I got the answer to my question in the following lucid dream.

The dream started out as a “normal” dream. I was among a group of fifteen or so old friends from my Pamplona, Spain, “Running with the Bulls” years. Since 1978, I have been to the Running about six or seven times. In 1979, I had convinced Steve to go and, amazingly, Steve had continued to go each July from 1979 up until his death. (He missed the odd year or so, and during the time in hospital.)

We were all moving from bar to bar, as is the norm in Pamplona for seven straight days, and I distinctly remember that Steve wasn’t with us. In my normal dream, the lot of us had just sat down at a large round table for our dinner. I started looking around the table and really couldn’t tell who was who until I looked directly across from me. When I did, the sight of Steve’s mischievous blue eyes staring into mine immediately snapped me LUCID! Steve was obviously amused at my surprise and clearly said, “I wondered how long it was going to take you to wake up!!” Simultaneously, we both stood up, knocking over our chairs, ran around the table and gave each other a most ferocious bear-hug, crying in each other’s arms with me saying over and over, “I’m so sorry. I love you and miss you so!” and Steve saying back over and over, “I know, Steven … I know.” I distinctly remember feeling his tears against my face, his week-old bristled cheek (his norm), and the warmth of his body during our hug.

As you could probably guess, the overwhelming excitement and joy slapped me immediately awake. I lay in my bed for a long time awestruck at what I just experienced, thanking my Spirit Guide, my Higher Self and, of course, Steve for managing to pierce the veil to allow us both the closure long denied us. As you can tell, I haven’t a doubt in the world that Steve and I did meet and that both of us are all the more at peace for having done so.

Leigh and Lillia Hammond • Nobody and Unsuccessful Rendezvous

While my 9-year-old daughter has been growing up, we have fun discussing dreams in the morning at breakfast. However, I have never mentioned the ability to lucid dream to her, until she surprised me one morning earlier this year. She stated that she knew she was dreaming in her dream from the previous night. When I asked her how she knew, she replied, “Daddy, in most of my dreams I know I am dreaming, because when I look at my feet they are hovering above the ground.” So now our morning dream conversations have expanded to include discussions about our lucid dreams and hence why she has become interested in having her latest lucid dream submitted. I think she will grow up to have much more of a lucid dreaming ability than her father!

Leigh Hammond • Unsuccessful Rendezvous (April 2015)

My friend Viktoria and I, over a period of several weeks, attempted to meet in a lucid dream to try and replicate Oliver Fox’s dream meeting, where he met his friends on Southampton Common. My lucid dream described below is the closest we came to achieving a conscious rendezvous within a dream. However, as I will explain after the lucid dream, there were profound and unexpected results over a year later.
I am walking along a sunny busy street and decide to walk into a nearby cafe. Everything in the cafe has a strange blue colour, from the walls, to the chairs, to the floor. I become lucid, after observing the strange blue colour, and look towards three people seated at the nearest table. To my surprise, Viktoria is seated at the table conversing with two of her friends. I sit down at the table with them and notice that she doesn't resemble the waking Viktoria. She and her friends all seem to be Japanese.

As I converse and observe her, I get the impression this isn't the real Viktoria I know. Her mannerisms and movements seem different; she acts more like a dream character. I attempt to shout out loud for any dream characters to disappear, to see if my suspicions are true. But I can't open my mouth, so I shout the thought in my mind. Eventually this causes my mouth to open, and I shout out, “All dream characters disappear!”

Suddenly, Viktoria and her friends’ faces start to gradually deflate, like they are inflatable dummies. This is followed by their bodies deflating, until there are three pieces of two-dimensional bodies lying flat on the floor.

I am feeling a bit frustrated about this and remember some advice Caroline McCready gave me about making a request to the dream. I shout out that I want to be taken to the real Viktoria. Suddenly, I am pulled up above the table and chairs and pushed gently along. I float out of the blue cafe into a new scene; it’s Caroline McCready’s Meetup place [where we met]. As I float gently through, from my high perspective, it looks like the roof has been cut off. The lights are on, but it seems no one is in. I think to myself ‘Viktoria is not here, so there’s no point in stopping.’

As I travel out of Caroline’s Meetup place, the scene develops into an outdoor environment somewhere in the sunny countryside. I float to the ground towards a small group of houses and observe some bluebells in tall grass flowing in the wind. In the garden of the nearest house, a tall man performs some gardening. I ask him if he knows where my friend Viktoria lives. He replies that I should follow the path down the hill, at the back of the garden.

I follow his directions by floating through the garden, down a large hill, and along a long muddy path, until I see a white detached house with a veranda. I see Viktoria on the veranda busily tidying up.

I call out and float towards her. We greet each other on the veranda and chat excitedly about our special rendezvous. At the same time, I observe her closely to see if I can detect if she is a dream character or not. She resembles the waking life Viktoria, apart from her hair is curly. After a while of discrete examination, I conclude that she is the real person. We converse some more about her worry that she will not remember the dream when she awakens. So, I say I will do something dramatic to help us both remember. While she looks at me quizzically, I quickly grab her waist tightly and fly both of us rapidly straight up into the sky. Unable to contain my excitement, I wake up.

Later that morning, I contact Viktoria to see if she remembers any interesting dreams from the previous night. She responds that she doesn’t remember any of her dreams. I ask her about the significance of the white house in my lucid dream. She replies there isn’t any and maybe my subconscious mind created it. So, I title the lucid dream ‘Unsuccessful Rendezvous’ in my dream journal and we both stop attempting to meet in a lucid dream.

A year later, Viktoria decides to leave the UK and return to her native country, Hungary. I keep in contact with her through Facebook, where she tells me she is looking to buy a house in the hills near Budapest. Eventually she finds one that she likes and posts the photos on Facebook. When I see the photos, I react like I have seen a ghost. I am so shocked to see that she has bought a white detached house, with a veranda, that very closely resembles the one in my lucid dream!
Ashton ● Three Lucid Dreams

First Experience
When I was about 9 years old: (At first I’m not aware I’m dreaming.) There was a zombie apocalypse and I was desperate to find someone. Eventually I came across my Grandmother. My first instinct was to take her and leave. So I picked her up and flew vertically into the air. After getting about 300 feet high, I stopped and felt something was off. Right away I realized it was impossible to fly and came to the conclusion I was dreaming. With my grandma cradled in my arms, I dropped her. I remember watching collapsed buildings below me, and the air had a light red transparent color. After that I don’t remember anything.

University High
When I was 13 I had the following lucid dream: It was the first day of college and I wandering around a “campus.” The layout was my middle school with kids I went to school with. I got excited whenever I came across someone I knew, which was often. Eventually it woke up and shortly fell back to sleep. When I started dreaming again, I was in the same situation. I quickly realized I was dreaming and wanted to make the most of the situation. I made my way to the gym and saw a kid I knew. I tried to convince him he was dreaming, even though I knew how pointless it was. He seemed lost, and acted as if I was crazy. It was kind of like a test. I wanted to see how a conversation with my own “thought” would go. I remember waking up again and trying to go back into the dream but it didn’t work.

Stone City
When I was 16 I had a lucid dream which started with me being in a city which at first I didn’t recognize. I wanted to become familiar with the area, so I went off to explore. While on my journey, I looked across the street and saw a laundry mat at a Y intersection. Behind the laundry mat to the left was a hospital. This is exactly how an area in my city is, but everything was made of stone and the laundry mat had a beer dispenser in the middle of the building. In the dream the laundry mat had cut 2/3 through to the other side with the vending machine in it, while in real life the building is whole with only windows in the front. This is when I realized I was dreaming.

I stayed calm to avoid waking and went to explore even more. Next, I remember being inside a building (how I got there was completely unknown but it still felt natural). Inside was an unreasonably long curved counter about 50 feet long. Behind it was a McDonalds, though the building wasn’t a McDonalds. In my dream I thought McDonalds didn’t sell smoothies but in real life now they do. Still aware I was dreaming, I wanted to force the person at the counter to make a smoothie but they wouldn’t make it. Not even with a bit of annoyance, I left. I walked right into a dim hall, then came back into the McDonalds which was now a tall building with many windows like a skyscraper. The area was bright and had a happy vibe. After that is blank but I do remember bits and pieces of exploring more.

Joachim ● Lucid Healing

My lucidity was ignited within a regular, unconscious dream, when I realized that my grandmother, who was talking about futile things with me, was actually deceased in real life. After that initial realization, I knew that I was dreaming. I checked my hands and their alluring shape confirmed my suspicion.

Now I must say that for a long time, I had had a question at the back of my mind that I wanted to ask the Dream itself. But I had never dared to ask. I had communicated several times with the consciousness behind the dream, whom I called “the architect” (a name that It gave me itself), but I still didn’t know with what or whom I was communicating.

So in the dream, I raised my hands up to heaven (not in a religious way, but symbolically, because to me that dream-sky symbolized the veil between me and the supra-consciousness behind the dreamscape) and I yelled out, “Architect, what are you and who are you? I need to understand.”
In Your Dreams!

Then everything shifted around me. I lay in a kind of misty darkness. And then up above me, in the middle of the darkness, a ceiling appeared. On that ceiling, there was a fresco; it represented the face of a very beautiful woman. It reminded me of the Virgin Mary, but it was not religious, it was beyond religion. Then I floated down to the ground and next to me, there was another woman, and I knew in my heart that she was a messenger. So I asked her, “Who is the Architect and how should I call it?”

The woman replied something strange at first, “Call her the ptess” (as we were speaking in French, she actually said “ptéesse”, a pun on the word “déesse” meaning “goddess”).

I was a bit puzzled by the reply, so I asked her to explain why she changed the letter “d” for “pt”, and she said, “Because SHE invented the letter D, so she knows better than you do. She is the Goddess.” Then I asked her if the goddess was immortal, and she said, “No, not any more than human beings are.” The reply puzzled me again, and I said that I believed that what religion calls God/gods are eternal and immortal beings.

She replied that my belief was wrong — that there was ONE eternal source, who gave birth to gods and goddesses, and that we human beings believe ourselves to be so small and unworthy, whereas we are actually sons and daughters of God. (I do have the feeling that I have talked with some higher consciousness, possibly what the Kabbalah calls the Shekhina, the Creatress, or Divine Feminine.)

Then the dream continued. I saw a window on a wall in front of me. Through the window, I could see a dark, cloudy sky. I called out to the Goddess and I said, “Goddess, come and heal your child” (I am a Type 1 diabetic, and have endeavored to cure myself of the disease through lucid dreams for several months now). There was a flash of lightning and then a white, luminous woman appeared. She looked like the statue of the Virgin Mary in Christian churches, only it far was beyond that.

The light-woman glided through the window and stood before me. She asked me to take off my shirt so that she may touch the region of the pancreas. She lay hands on the pancreas and I felt a wave of energy rush through me. Then she said, “What about your eye?” I explained my eye problem and she touched my eye, which in the dream, healed instantly (although it has not happened yet in real life).

Then I woke up in a room, soon to realise that it was not my bedroom and that I was still in a lucid dream. I decided to take a flight through the window, and I had the most epic flight of my life! I travelled through France and flew across amazingly beautiful lakes and forests. Then I soared up to the sky and I grazed the clouds. All the while, I was singing songs of praise and happiness. I am confident that the healing that took place in the dreamscape will soon manifest in the flesh.

Marlise ● Show Me Something Important to Do!

This is a lucid dream that had an amazing ending because of my ‘wrong’ wording, as I had intended to say, ‘Show me something important to see!’:

To confirm I’m dreaming I like to pull my left trigger finger and see whether I can prolong it. I found it in the book, Lucid Dreaming, Plain and Simple three years ago and still have fun with it.

After becoming lucid in a dream two days before my husband’s birthday, I want to perform this reality check. But first, my hands reject each other like two homopolar magnets. Finally, with some effort, I can pull on my finger, and as my cat was with me, my fingertip makes a perfect toy for her (I did this already in previous lucid dream). Spontaneously, I have the idea to try to eat it. I imagine it might taste like a chewing gum. But as I put it into my mouth, it melts like butter on my tongue.

Then I remember that I have lots of more serious lucid dream goals, and with some difficulty, I recall one and shout out, ‘Show me something impor-
tant to do!’ My dream scene turns black. I wait and say it again. Now, I’m lying in my bed and everything is still black. Also a ‘ghost’ man is lying on my left (as my husband does in waking life). He turns towards me and kisses me twice on my mouth. It feels like it is my husband. I’m flabbergasted — is this it, what I have to do? Love my husband???

I thought I woke, and in a false awakening (a non-lucid dream) my husband nudges me and mumbles that I had spoken in my sleep. I’m disappointed that he woke me up and tell him my lucid dream. Then I wake up, and my husband is soundly asleep beside me.

Remarks:
I wonder if the ‘dark man’ could have been a representation of my animus. Could it mean that I have to learn to love my animus?

Lucid dreams, at least mine, seem to contain multilayered meanings. I tend to get ‘strange’ and amazing answers to my lucid dream questions, and therefore I’m curious, if learning about some psychological concepts about the subconscious in more depth will reveal new meanings for me in them.

Shawn Selders ● Invisible Water Skis

This lucid dream began pretty strangely. I am in my bedroom, sort of curled up (my legs folded into my chest), moving magically about through the air. As I float, I bump into objects in the room and wonder if my will to lucid dream actually has my physical body floating around my room in a semi-doze. The scene repeatedly stutters from dark to light, and I kind of move in a choppy motion as well.

Finally, things get more stable and clear, so I can see my radiator at the foot of my futon. My tall, colorful oil painting is propped up on the radiator, blocking the window. (In reality it is on the wall next to my futon.) I decide to go outside, through the painting and through the closed window. I hesitate a moment, then go right through with ease and confidence.

I remember I want to resist flying. I also remember I want to walk on water.

It’s daytime and it’s raining. I float over the sidewalk. Hovering over it, I look down at it and notice big night crawlers in deep puddles. I casually wonder, “How do I really know this is a dream?” Just then, I see a long flat night crawler (or two) with many little legs along the sides. Such worms do not exist. “Yeah, this is a dream,” I confirm aloud.

I start to fly towards the nearby brook to try to walk on its surface. I decide that if I’m going to fly, I’ll do it ‘invisible-Segway-style’ (that’s what I call it when I fly upright, a foot or two above the ground). I proceed to fly this way easily, with total control. I glide above the road fairly quickly. It takes longer to get to the river than it actually would, because the river is further away than it is in reality.

I expect the river to be swollen from all the rain. When I get there, I see that it is. But it is not too violent or swift. It looks different, though, a bit like a canal. With zero hesitation I go from low flight to contact with the water. It is incredibly easy, which I announce aloud: “This is so easy!” But I’m not really walking on the water. It is more like water skiing without skis as I weave back and forth going happily downstream. It’s awesome!
Allie Wilmot • Who’s in Charge Here?

I started my dream, lucid, after waking at 4AM and staying awake for 15 minutes. I had initially gone to sleep after watching Robert Waggoner’s lecture in Tel Aviv. It was the longest lucid dream I’ve ever had, but I won’t describe everything now.

Throughout my dream I would grab my arm to keep myself grounded, like Waggoner spoke about. That definitely helped.

Alone, in what appeared to be an empty warehouse, I looked up into the dark ceiling that had one small but bright light and said, “Who’s in charge here? I want to speak to the manager.” (I said this trying to be funny.)

I looked back down and straight ahead, and when my eyes adjusted from looking at the light, I saw a man emerge from the shadows. I asked to see something important. He showed me flowers that I saw in amazing detail. I was so overwhelmed with awe that I was brought to tears.

I asked about UFOs. We were suddenly outside and he told me to look up into the black night sky. After focusing I could see billions of stars — I even told the man this. I was blown away by the magnitude of it. Then from the right side of my vision I saw a triangular UFO slowly make its way across the sky. I was so excited that I changed scenes and my guide was gone. (Damn!)

Back in the warehouse again, I wondered what I should do. I knew people were milling around but no one noticed me. I remembered from the lecture that during research, a dreaming man had looked left to right, four times to show through REM signals that he was still lucid. I decided to try that. As soon as my eyes stopped moving: BAM! All the lights went out! They slowly came back on, but when they first went out, I could hear people in the background screaming and gasping. (It didn’t occur to me until awake how interesting that was.)

I called out to everyone, “Sorry, that was me — that was my fault.”

At one point I realised I was in Mexico because of the scenery and the food being served by a passing waitress. I was sitting on a couch next to a woman holding a baby. I remembered I could interact with my dream characters, so I leaned in and asked, “What do you represent?” to the baby. He drooled and made ‘gah gah’ sounds. I said, “Cut the crap; I know this is a dream and I know you can talk.” Unfortunately, I don’t remember what he said, but I knew it was pointless. Then I told all thought forms to disappear. The mother and baby disappeared.
Jesse Mitchell • Campsite

I get lucid at a lake in Guatemala, where I did a lucid dreaming retreat. I look at a volcano and make it erupt and then make the sky shoot lightning from all directions into the lake. I turn and see my teacher on the retreat and she looks much younger. I lose lucidity but gain it again at a festival.

I go to a stage to watch a screen projection and intend to see one created by my highest creativity. The video on the stage is split into four screens and is divided by a TV-static kind of look. The colours are beautiful and I can see my face in the top left corner.

I go and find my friend at another stage and ask him for some DMT to smoke. We get it all ready but need to find a lighter but it’s difficult and I wake up. I get up out of bed and look at the moon. I decide I should try do it again but in a calmer environment as the crowd was very chaotic.

So I go back to bed and get lucid shortly later. I get the same friend to sit in a car with me and make all the ingredients appear (lighter, pipe, DMT). He lights me up and I instantly see two more of himself replicated and turning to look at me from the two front seats. All this happens as I’m hearing a bass canon drop and rushing forward into a fractal.

I go through the DMT experiences just as if I had done it awake. Then I false awaken to a person at my campsite shaking me awake. She says, “It’s 8.30, time to clean up the campsite.” I got up and cleaned for about half an hour and then woke up for real.

Steve Racicot • Electric Spirit: Twice Dreamed

I am on a wooden sailing ship that has just anchored in port. There are rocks nearby and large storm surf begins rolling in. We decide to move the ship further from land, away from the rocks. As we maneuver the ship, a huge wave hits us and, lifting the ship up, hurls it inland. Our ship crashes right through the buildings that line the docks. Both ship and buildings are disintegrating and flying through the air. I grab hold of a piece of sheet metal and it works like a hang glider as I fly through the air, hanging beneath it. I think to myself that this is a lot like a lucid dream.

I let go of the sheet metal and fly now on my own power. So, it is a dream! I look down and see the ground far below. There are green fields and scattered houses. Some of the trees have red leaves. It must be autumn.

I now remember that it was my intention to reach out to the Spirit when I next became conscious in a dream. I think of my soul and I think of God. Then holding my arms outstretched in front of me I say, “Lord God, Lord God.” I feel a rush of spirit forces move through me and find that I am flying straight up at a high rate of speed. The colours of the dream blur. I feel electrical currents flowing through me. These feelings build in intensity, then comes a climax similar to a sexual climax, and I awaken with a warm, peaceful force flowing through my body.

I have not really awakened here, but only think that I have. I begin to tell someone my dream. As I relate the dream, I see the dream scenes appear as I describe them. When I come to the part about flying, I find myself flying again and realize that I am still dreaming! Aware again, I fly out over the green fields and
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trees with red, autumn leaves. Again I stretch out my arms and reach out to the Spirit saying loudly, “Lord God, Lord God....”

I’m moving very fast. I close my eyes so that the scenery on the earth below will not distract me. I see many different patterns of colour and I seem to be moving swiftly through these colours. I think, “I must remember how this experience feels so that I can write it down clearly when I awaken.” There are spirit forces that feel like electricity moving through me and forces that flow through me in waves. I have the impression of waves moving through my body. These forces again build in intensity, with electricity running up and down through me until they reach a climax which is again very much like a sexual climax, only more somehow — stronger. This orgasm is happening not just in my body, but to the whole dream world.

After this spiritual orgasm, I am flooded with a warm, peaceful flow of spirit forces and I do awaken. I lay in bed for awhile just enjoying the quiet peace that has filled me.

James Sims ● A Flight of Epic Proportions

I’m lucid in this dream as early as I can remember, though I have a few moments of non-lucidity. I fly during the majority of the dream, but have a brief break in my lucidity when informed that I, like my brother, will be deployed to Afghanistan. Then returning to lucidity, I realize that I’ll be going there in the 4th dimensional or astral realm. I then embark on my flight to the Middle Eastern country and run into a dream companion along the way.

After he speaks to me, I invite him to leap on my back and join me on this epic adventure in which I’m acting as a human airplane. He agrees and, before long, I find a satellite on a rooftop. I pick it up and hand it to my friend, telling him that he knows more about this stuff than I do. When passing a food stand, I grab and eat several rolls without the permission of the vendor.

In one part afterwards, I encounter a would-be enemy, whom I simply bless as I exit the room. In another scene that follows, I pass through a wall with great difficulty and begin to fade into the darkness after entering. However, I manage to recuperate the already-long dream by repeatedly rubbing my hands together. Impressed, I think to myself, “I didn’t know I could stay in a dream that long with my eyes closed!” But eventually, as I fly through a sunny Middle Eastern town, the inevitable occurs when the dream fades (this time for good).

Shaun St. Clair ● Change the Scene

[A lucid dream that also has simultaneous aspects.] I’m lying on the carpeted floor of the front room of a bungalow that I recognize from my youth. I’m lying, face up with head towards the wall, and the long axis of my body perpendicular to the outer wall. The wall has a large bay window, looking out onto the lawned front garden. [Other people are there and other things are going on but I’ve forgotten them now].

Whilst still lying on the ground, I find that I am now halfway out of the room/house and half lying on a beach. The upper half of my body is ‘physically’ on the beach and lower half ‘physically’ still in the room of the bungalow, but both halves have a full and discrete consciousness and visualisation of where they are.

There is also a third, simultaneous consciousness present that can see both halves of me simultaneously (my bottom half lying on the floor of the room, bisected by the outer wall) and my upper half lying on the beach (but only visualised from the lower half of my upper body forward — there is no visualisation or awareness behind/below the upper half of my body, only forward and onto the beach and sea — nothing exists below my waist, the whole dream is projected forward of this point; my lower body only exists in the other dream).

I am then only in the beach dream, where my body is complete and on the sandy beach, all simultaneous as-
pects of the dream(s) have now gone. Still lying there, facing the sea, there is a mist which suddenly vanishes to reveal small portions of storm-damaged palm islands floating by. Lots of bodies then begin to float by, which suddenly spring to life and begin to exit the water.

One in particular walks right over the top of me, causing indignation on my part, as this ‘clearly is not very acceptable behaviour’. However, this sparks a hint of lucidity and the experience, for only fleeting seconds, becomes very sharply focused and bristling with information — such as, exactly where my body is located on the beach, every detail of the person stepping over me, every detail of the immediate surroundings including the sand. There is so much information in fact that the scene (or reminiscence?) progresses in slow motion, in order to ‘enable’ all the additional information/observances to be taken in [but I don’t think that the scene really did happen in slow motion, its only my recollection of it which is both at ‘normal speed’ and slow motion?].

The lucidity instantly fades but the focus has clearly remained on the dream character that stepped over me, because he is now trying to attack me. I easily defend myself but his persistence is becoming very annoying and in a fit of rage, I drag him back out in to the sea and begin to drown and throttle him. I realise what I’m doing and become very uncomfortable and upset with myself [am I becoming self-aware at this point and is lucidity starting to come back?].

I quickly release him and run off across the beach. To my amazement, he continues to follow me, so I run down the side of an old dilapidated house at the back of the beach and, once there, my awareness increases again: I know that it’s about 6:30 in the morning (in waking reality) and I know that I’m in bed dreaming and that there is ‘probably enough time to lucid dream before I have to wake up!’

Now fully lucid, I no longer worry about the character that was following me and I half fly/half climb to the top of the building in front of me. The building is at the bottom of an incline and on the outskirts of a small rural town, so I leap up to the telegraph/electricity cables criss-crossing the incline and swing through them to make my way towards the town, thoroughly enjoying the exhilaration.

I leap onto the corrugated roofs of large agricultural buildings but then become mildly concerned/embarrassed that the very few people around there are beginning to take an interest in me. I make my way towards a very large building set into the side of a cliff and again half fly/half climb (I’m quite happy with this and not disillusioned that I can’t/haven’t tried to fly fully) up to a recess near the top. I look out of the recess and now begin to succumb to a bit of vertigo. I am a very long way up, and down on the ground there is now a villager with a pistol looking directly at me.

Ordinarily I would just leap down on to the ground and disarm him but it does look an awfully long way down and perhaps I am a little less certain than I thought I was about my abilities to defy ‘gravity’. I wonder in the dream itself, if this is a sign that I’m losing some lucidity or is it concern over the initial dream character on the beach resurfacing? I don’t know. I’m still able to think clearly, or at least think I’m thinking clearly, so I decide to go for another option and turn away from the scene and say to myself ‘Change the scene … change the scene.’

When I turn back round again I immediately find myself waking up in bed, feeling very tired. Elizabeth is walking out of the bathroom towards me and I wonder if I was chanting aloud, ‘Change the scene…’ I’m just about to ask Elizabeth if she heard me, when I notice that my mobile phone, which would ordinarily be on the bedside chest of drawers, is now actually in the bed with me, and it isn’t actually a phone at all but a compressed salmon paste jar with a few stickers on it.

I realise I’ve woken up in to another dream and I am once again fully lucid — but as this realisation takes place, I actually wake up for real, but interestingly opening my eyes onto the exact same view that I’d opened that onto in the false awakening, except that Elizabeth is no longer there.▲
Our Best Wishes for a Lucid and Happy New Year to all of the readers, supporters, and friends of the LDE!

Robert & Lucy
The Lucid Dreaming Experience
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner’s Book Website
https://www.lucidadvice.com

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

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

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

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

Rebecca Turner. World of Lucid Dreaming
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The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale
http://www.ld4all.com

Ed Kellogg
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Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey
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Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid
http://www.kidlucid.com

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

Fariba Bogzaran
www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss
www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1JUENG12Uc

Awe of Awareness
www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti
www.lucidscheming.com