



Vol. 9, No. 1, June 2020

[www.LucidDreamMagazine.com](http://www.LucidDreamMagazine.com)

# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



**Calling to the Awareness Behind the Dream • Salamander Dreaming  
Engaging the Dream Space • Shadow Integration: The Toltec Way  
Conversation with the Mother Goddess • Show Me What I Need to See**



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*My hands in a lucid dream* © 2020 Jessica Skolovski,  
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## Statement of Purpose

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

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## Submissions

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

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## Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: August 15, 2020  
Submit articles and lucid dreams on the theme:  
"Healing in Lucid Dreams."  
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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2020

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ELLIOTT GISH

Lucid  
dreamer  
Elliott Gish  
is a  
PhD student  
and a lucid  
dream coach

***Welcome to the LDE! When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?***

Like many people, I was introduced to the concept of lucid dreaming by watching the movie *Inception*. Once I learned anyone can induce lucid dreams, I was immediately captivated. To literally explore one's wildest dreams is an incredible opportunity, and the potential of such a state of mind is enormous! I knew I must dedicate the rest of my life to studying this intriguing phenomenon.

***What was it about lucid dreaming that seemed so interesting?***

Its potential and applicability. Comparatively speaking, there has not been much scientific investigation into lucid dreaming but the research done thus far is exciting! It seems lucid dreaming could possibly help a great many people improve their quality of life in a variety of different ways. I enjoy pushing our knowledge forward with research endeavors, as well as teaching others what science says on the topic and the possibilities that lie ahead.

***Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?***

I induced my first lucid dream after about four weeks of dedicated practice. At the time, I was still haphazardly using an assortment of induction techniques so it took a while to learn how to induce lucid dreams frequently and how to prolong them. My early lucid dreams were very short because I would get too excited and wake myself up, so I spent much of this time simply learning how to become a better lucid dreamer (e.g. maintaining lucidity, keeping the dream going, influencing the dream).

***What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?***

I've tried a wide array of induction techniques over the years and I continue to experiment with various strategies, but these days I consistently get results from combining the Mnemonic-Induced-Lucid-Dream (MILD) and Wake-Back-To-Bed (WBTB) techniques. This is

especially true whenever I use acetylcholine supplements (e.g. galantamine) and/or have a consistent meditation practice. Also, I've found it incredibly beneficial to have an emotionally exciting goal for the experience as this helps keep me motivated to complete the practices that I know will result in lucid dreaming.

***Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?***

The existence of rules was one of the initial lessons I learned with lucid dreaming. There are certain guidelines a person should follow if trying to deliberately induce a lucid dream. There are also specific strategies for maintaining and influencing the lucid dream experience in a desired direction. As I mentioned, my first lucid dreams only lasted a few seconds so one of the first rules I learned was staying calm in order to maintain the experience.

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

There have been many lucid dreams that surprised me. One example is when I sought advice about which job I should pursue while in school. This was an emotional decision for me because I felt that one job would make my parents proud, while the other job would make my parents feel disappointed but would probably make me happier.

I went into a lucid dream and started looking around for Jesus Christ. My parents are Catholic, so I figured they would be more willing to accept advice I received from such a figure. After several minutes of searching with no sign of Jesus, I decided to simply ask a wise dream character instead. There was a mountain nearby, so I flew to the top of it expecting to find a guru-type person there and that is exactly what happened. I asked the guru which job I should take and he gave me an unexpected response, "Your parents just want you to be happy." I had not mentioned my parents, so I was surprised for a second before I realized this message was exactly what I needed to hear. This phrase led to the insight that I can pursue whichever job I want because my parents are simply trying to protect me, and so my anxiety around the decision was greatly eased.

***The connection between lucid dreaming and emotional healing is one that intrigues many people. Have you explored this in your lucid dreams?***

Yes, chronic depression has been a part of my life for over a decade and it can be hard to deal with at times. During a recent downturn, I decided to see if lucid dreaming could help, using several different approaches. To my surprise, I experienced an improvement in my condition! It was a WILD, so I knew I was dreaming from the beginning:

I'm in a brick alleyway and see a man walk down into a lit cellar. I'm lucid and remember my objective so I start saying the mantra to myself. I decide to explore the cellar while I recite the mantra in my mind and try to think of a better one. The cellar turns into a giant underground city made mostly of metal. I keep walking around and think of a 3-month timeframe for my mantra so I add it in, "I will be depression-free for a month of three." This feels better so I keep repeating it, but it still doesn't feel exactly right. However, I keep repeating this to myself and walking around enjoying the sites. I walk around reciting for about 5 minutes but I don't feel much difference. I decide to stop walking to focus the healing intention. I put my hands over my head and close my eyes for a second. I recite the new mantra out loud and feel a rush of energy in my head, like a strong wind from behind. I open my eyes and say it again and another wave of energy rushes into my head, building up. I say it again and another stronger rush of energy hits. I say it two more times and two more waves of energy hit me in the head, each one progressively stronger. By this time, I'm beaming with energy and feel ten times lighter and happier. I put my hands down and stop reciting. I'm so full of energy that I have to move so I start running around . . .

The dream ended shortly afterward and I woke up feeling ecstatic as the joy from the dream transferred into my waking life. I must admit I did not expect this lucid dream would help at all, so I was quite elated with the results. It did not completely eliminate the chronic depression, but it provided significant relief for several

**"Lucid dreaming is in a unique position to assist psychological healing because people can communicate more directly with their subconscious mind."**

weeks which is much more than any other treatments I've tried.

***Some have used lucid dreaming to end recurring nightmares, resolve phobias, and deal with anxiety. Have you ever used lucid dreaming to deal with psychological concerns? What happened?***

Numerous lucid dreams have helped me with psychological concerns, such as the examples I gave with the mountain guru and chronic depression. Another example would be when I was seeking advice on how to handle a relationship that was causing a great deal of anxiety in my life, so I went into a lucid dream and spoke with her. Here's what happened:

I say to her, "I have to tell you something." She stares at me. I tell her, "I can't talk to you anymore," and she replies, "I know." I ask, "How can I get you to stop communicating with me?" She says, "Tell me the truth." I respond, "You have caused me so much pain and suffering, interfering with my work and school, that I can't take the risk anymore." She replies, "Thank you," and the dream ends.

This relationship was so tumultuous that I did not expect her responses to be so calm and direct, even while dreaming. It was a pleasant surprise and a welcomed change of pace from our interactions in the waking world. I did the same thing after I woke up: I told her the truth of how I felt. After that message, she stopped communicating with me and my anxiety quickly resolved, too.

***In these kind of dreams, do you feel like you speak to the person (in the dream state) or to your 'projection' of the person? And does it matter, when you get insight into a toxic relationship?***

It depends on the dream. Sometimes I feel as though I'm speaking to the person in a dream state, but most times I feel like it is just my projection of that person. Personally, I don't think we have enough science yet to say if dream characters are 'real' people/entities or not, but Occam's Razor would certainly suggest the latter. In the end, though, I find what matters most is the insight received and the rest is somewhat superfluous.

***In business they talk about the 'value proposition' of a company or what it brings to the customer that others do not. What do you think is the 'value proposition' of lucid dreaming when it comes to psychological healing?***

Lucid dreaming is in a unique position to assist psychological healing because people can communicate more directly with their subconscious mind. I've done this on numerous occasions and many times I will get a nonsensical answer, but there are also many times where I am given the exact message I need to hear at that moment. Some of the best life advice I've ever received has been from people in lucid dreams, so I look forward to seeing more research in this specific area.

***In some areas of healing, it seems hard to tell if you work with a biological issue or a psychological issue biologically expressed. Chronic pain seems to be one of these areas. Are you investigating this? How did you come to consider this topic?***

As part of my doctoral dissertation, I'm currently researching lucid dreaming for chronic pain relief so I have thought about this topic quite a bit. I chose chronic pain because it is a common health issue with millions of people suffering, and recent legislative changes (in the United States) have left many people with an inability to attain relief through prescription medication. These people need help

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SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE: AUGUST 15, 2020

# CALLING TO THE AWARENESS BEHIND THE DREAM

By Jessica Skolovski  
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Editorial note: The cover art for this issue — small version shown above — is original artwork by Jessica Skolovski, *My hands in a lucid dream*, 2017, collage and acrylic on paper, 40 x 40 cm. More of Jessica's creative work can be found at her website, [www.skolovski.com](http://www.skolovski.com).

## Introduction: My Hands in a Lucid Dream

I am a lucid dreamer since childhood, and dreaming was always very important to me. Still I only started to read about lucid dreaming and to look closer into the topic around 2014. Intrigued by the subject, I started a dream diary and began to take my lucid dreaming further, by exploring the instructions and insights I gained from the literature on the topic. I started out with Castaneda's task to look at one's hand while lucid. I was fascinated by the appearance of my hands in the dream state, especially the deformations that would show up, a phenomenon other lucid dreamers experienced, too.

I decided to create an art work on this curious phenomenon. For the collage I used a surrealistic image as background (*Nude on the Plain of Rosas*, 1942 from the artist Salvador Dalí) and turned it upside down. I painted on it, removed elements, added new fragments of imagery, depicting quickly-changing scenery in the dream world, landscapes dissolving into one another, making space for new figures and landscapes to appear. My hands painted in life-size show all the weird features I saw when looking at them in lucid dreams — except for the translucent element, which I added in my artistic freedom and which represents the test. Fingers are glued together, parts of fingers are missing, too many or not enough fingers appear on the hand. In one lucid dream I even perceived very long, snakelike fingers. Looking at my hands was the starting point for me to go deeper and to explore the extraordinary experience of lucid dreaming with more intent, clarity, and creativity.

## The Surrounding Dissolves

One of my first very transformative and impressive lucid dreams occurred on the 24<sup>th</sup> of December 2015. As in countless dreams, I enjoyed flying while lucid. I flew over some unknown town with my cousin. When I looked at her flying to my right side, I realised that she would just stand there, upright, like standing on the street while I was flying in a horizontal Superman-like style with my arms stretched out to the sides, as most of the times. I called out to her, "What are you doing flying like that?" I thought it looked ridiculous and I wondered how it works out for her. But it did; she had a happy smile on her face and looked very relaxed. Then I realised that I was dreaming, and I remembered what I had read recently in Robert Waggoner's great book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* — in dream reality, the physical laws of waking reality do not apply, and that the dream is a *mental* space. So I decided to assume an upright position, too, and to shift my focus away from my body to the space around me.

The effect was immediate and powerful. Suddenly I felt light, weightless. We were flying fast through the clouds. The feeling was amazing, it was as if some exterior energy pulled us through the air. After a while I lost the orientation of where was above and below. The earth seemed to have vanished; there was just blue sky and the clouds. The flying tempo increased. I couldn't tell anymore if it was us who flew or if the space around us moved until suddenly there was nothing around us anymore, just black, empty space.

The dream reality resembling physical reality had dissolved. I was alone now, in this endless, huge space. I stayed calm, although it was overwhelming to be in this empty space. I decided to call out to the dream (the awareness behind the dream). Before sleeping, I didn't prepare a question to ask or a task to fulfill while lucid so I asked the question that was on my mind at the moment. I asked the dream why I didn't have a romantic relationship, having recently experienced yet



another disappointment in my love life. Something golden started to float towards me. When it got closer, I recognized a bunch of golden keys. All the keys, around 20, had a plaque attached to them. I seized the bunch of keys and looked at the plaques. The words were blurry and seemed to be written in a foreign language I couldn't read. I thought that it might be names of men. I woke up.

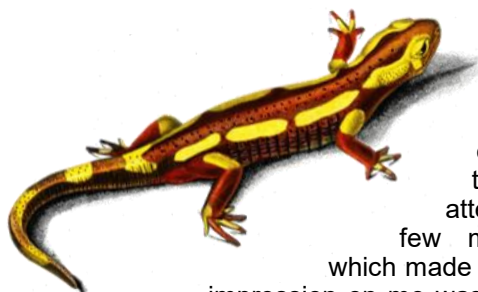


Only some time later I realised the full meaning of the dream. After a disappointing and hurtful experience, I had stopped believing in love. The limiting belief that love does not exist for me endured in my subconscious mind for many years. The bunch of keys in the dream didn't mean that there was somebody else who had the key to my heart. I myself had closed my heart, and it was up to me to let go of the past, to truly heal my pain, and to change the sabotaging beliefs into positive ones that match my intentions.

In most of the dreams I have had since then, a similar experience occurred when I engaged the awareness behind the dream and felt that I reached it. The surrounding dissolved. Sometimes I am a bit scared because of the outlandish experience of "losing" ground and the familiar environment. Meditating helps me to trust, to let go, and to increase awareness. When meditating I connect to the space around me, the energy, the universe — feeling the sensation of being part of something bigger, feeling love and joy. So instead of asking questions I sometimes just try to feel the same connection and positive feelings when calling to the awareness behind the dream. ▲

## Salamander Dreaming

By Daniel Lancaster © 2020



Amidst the flood of news articles that vied for my attention these past few months, the one which made the most profound impression on me was also perhaps the least likely. It described the very short story of a cave salamander which, although alive, had stayed in one place, and indeed had not moved, for seven years straight. How incredibly boring his life must be, I thought to myself. But gradually a new thought began to arise. Although I am no biologist, I imagine to some extent that, like other animals, a cave salamander could potentially dream. Whether or not this is the case, the point of the example still remains. Imagine you were a creature which lived in total darkness. You only used four of your five senses, since sight was not an option. In such a simple life as a cave salamander's, how would one draw the line between the waking and dreaming state? For all we know, this salamander may be a powerful dreamer, so much so that he is having a far more diverse and interesting life in his mind than he would be in the waking world. I believe that under these circumstances, it would be quite difficult to tell the difference between the two types of one's reality.

We have five physical senses. Now imagine a higher being that has more than five. If this theoretical being could observe us, it might have exactly the same thoughts as I had about the salamander. We think we know clearly the boundaries between dreaming and waking, but often in lucid dreams, all of my five senses still work just as tangibly as they do otherwise. The lines between waking and sleeping become far more foggy with out-of-body experi-

ences. It's obvious to me when I leave the body, but right before that, when my spirit is still in my body, I often cannot tell the difference whether I am using my physical or my spiritual senses. For example, am I using my physical or spiritual sight? Which dimension I am perceiving is nearly impossible to tell right before I leave the body. I am often observing very meticulously, trying hard to figure it out, but usually I cannot say for sure.

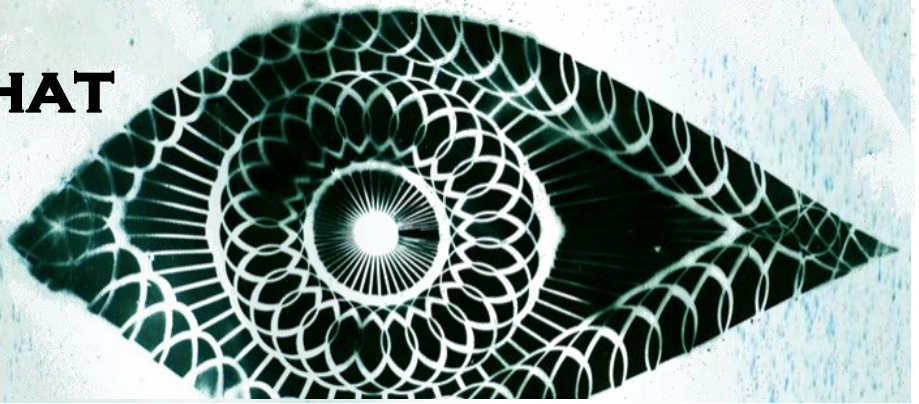
This blurring of the lines between reality for myself and, I suspect, even perhaps this salamander, causes me then to ask one final question. Is what I call "waking life" as real as I imagine? Because if in dreams my perceptions are just as real, and in out-of-body experiences I often cannot tell which dimension I'm in just before I leave the body, then why should waking reality not just be another, though certainly more long and stable, dream state? If this speculation were indeed the case, then can we learn about our more stable reality from the dream world? Can its "laws" be manipulated? And are we simply lying still for years upon years in some other higher reality while our minds go on this wild journey we call "life" until we eventually awaken and remember that it was all just the result of a good night's sleep?

I once heard a rabbi explain that God put Adam into a deep sleep in the garden, but the text of Genesis is curiously silent when it comes to Adam ever waking back up.

If all is experienced equally in the mind of the conscious observer, then perhaps the dream state can provide a treasure trove of wisdom about the nature of reality and the endless possibilities inherent in our everyday lives. ▲

# SHOW ME WHAT I NEED TO SEE

By David L. Kahn © 2020



Over the years I have engaged the awareness behind the dream several times by using the phrase, “Show me what I need to see,” or some similar variation. A search in my computer’s dream folder using that phrase turned up 23 such lucid dreams. There have been some common themes such as trees that show up frequently, sometimes prominently and at other times in the background, with much of what I have seen being entirely unpredictable. The following are some that I found most fascinating.

A handful of my “Show me what I need to see” dreams include being shown something geometric, as though I am seeing something of the structure of reality.

*Once lucid, I walk across a busy street and see a small pond next to intersecting roads. The pond is calm, and I feel the wind on my skin. I say to the dream, “Show me what I need to see. Tell me what I need to hear. Teach me what I need to learn.” As I say this, I lean backwards and turn my wrists up towards the sky. I slowly float up and I surrender my thoughts, looking only to observe what I see. I then notice a large pine tree on the opposite side of the pond that goes high into the sky. The top one-third of the tree begins to spin rapidly. A tornado comes down from the sky with the bottom point of the tornado reaching the top of the spinning tree at a focal point. The tree and tornado each rotate rapidly into the focal point.*

This ending of this next dream also includes a geometric shape. A couple of hours after waking from this dream, I learned that someone who was part of my friend group when I was younger had died during that night.

*In front of me is a large ornate hallway. I see beautiful black and white pictures on the wall. They are all large pictures of people and are stunning. I realize that I’m dreaming, and I am filled with some excitement about that. I say, “Show me what I need to see.” I look back at the pictures and they are now smaller and in color. I think I liked them better as black and white images, but they are still nice. I begin to float upward with my chest facing the ceiling. I see light like the sun above me, though it isn’t too bright to hurt my eyes. I feel the distinct sensation of warmth, and it feels comforting. I see a three-dimensional box shape, with the lines looking like they are made of electricity.*

The most interesting dream characters have shown up in some of these dreams. One time I had a discussion with a couple of dream characters to try and determine which of us was the dreamer and which ones were characters in the others’ dream, or in another example I landed on the dock of the island of Little Havana to be met by three local men who showed me around the island. In the following dream, a large cast of characters wanted me to notice them.

*I walk outside onto an upper level porch. I now recognize this as a dream, and I become fully lucid. I take off flying. I fly over an open field and enjoy my flight. I can see coming up on the field is a group of people. I decide to let the dream guide me and say, “Show me what I need to see.” I fly closer to the people and now see that it is a large group of people of several races. In unison they say, “See us!” Letting the dream guide my flight, I move down just above them with my right hand extended. As I fly over them, I tap hands with each one of them, almost like we are giving each other high fives.*

My father and I ran a business together for many years, along with a secretary who had been with us for much of that time. Within a couple of years of the following dream, both my father and secretary retired, leaving me to run the business on my own. I made changes over time, and eventually began to feel more of a sense of the business being mine.



*I become lucid in an empty parking lot at night after questioning why I am there. I feel the familiar sense of excitement as I realize this is a dream. Almost automatically I say, "Show me what I need to see," and a small shift in the scene begins to happen. As the new scene comes into view I add, "without fear" and "without insecurity" and "with confidence." In the black sky I see my company logo appear, with blue concentric circles and an "I" in the middle. The logo is glowing blue against the black sky. I fly or am pulled up towards this section of sky. The logo becomes three dimensional with the concentric circles creating something like a tunnel, which I go through.*

I have often struggled with speaking my mind and prefer to avoid conflict where I can. However, there are times when I have found courage to say what is on my mind or to make difficult choices following a lucid dream.

*... A teenage boy is by me and I am talking to him when I realize this is a dream. I tell him that I need to go because this is a dream, for some reason still feeling like I need to wrap up the conversation. There is a blue stained-glass window in front of me, though one that I can see through. I say to the dream, "Show me what I need to see, without projection." I have trouble speaking this and my voice is quiet. Even though it is a dream I still feel a sense of being self-conscious of speaking too loudly around the other dream characters, but I realize that I need to do so. I say it again, but this time louder and with more confidence. My voice comes out much stronger sounding this time. I jump through the window, never questioning if I can go through the blue glass. It doesn't shatter; I just go right through it. Below me is a swimming pool and I pose myself into a head-first dive with my arms straight out in front of me. I go arms- and head-first into the pool and dive deep. Even though I am in water, I have no trouble breathing and can even speak, though I don't recall what I said.*

When I have trusted the awareness behind the dream to know what I most need, I have often had my best lucid dream experiences. These dreams have generally been more pleasant, and in some cases more spiritual. I have also noticed more changes in myself in the days following the dream, which have been subtle at times and significant at other times. "Show me what I need to see" has become my go-to when I have nothing specifically planned when I become lucid. The awareness never fails to surprise me. ▲

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# Conversation with the Mother Goddess

By Karim © 2020

After the dream I posted in a previous issue of the LDE titled, “Karim, the Alter Ego” [LDE September 2019, Vol. 8, No. 2, page 9] I have had many more dreams and waking life experiences with the awareness behind the dream, some of which resulted in temporary spontaneous bliss trances that would come and go on their own. In some of those trances I would experience a non-dual meditative state. I am giving this context as it is important to the conversation that I had with the awareness in the following dream.

This dream came after doing my favorite incubation “speaking to the awareness behind the dream.” The night I incubated this was in October in the middle of a divine feminine Vedic festival called Navaratri, that I was observing. This festival is focused on worshipping the mother goddess (it can also be thought of as the active nurturing and protective qualities of pure awareness) for 9 days. I believe it was day 6 of the festival when I had this dream:

I was passing by a temple in India and there was a group of ladies sitting on the ground worshipping the Goddess and singing a hymn to Druga (a Vedic warrior aspect of the divine feminine). I was familiar with this hymn, called *Mahishasura Mardini Stotram*. It was very pleasant hearing their melodic voices sing the words in Sanskrit which evoked feelings of reverence and worship within me.

The chorus, which repeats after every few lines of the hymn, says:

*“Victory to you, I take refuge at your auspicious feet,  
O the destroyer of the Demon Mahishasura [an anti-Christ type figure],  
Who shines with beautiful locks of hair,  
Who is the daughter of the mountain.”*

I knew the chorus in Sanskrit well so whenever it came, I would sing along with the worshippers.

Then an invisible feminine, soft, loving voice says, “Do you know that those who seek refuge are refugees?”

I had a sudden shock when I heard this statement. It surely prompted me into lucidity once I heard the invisible voice speak. I knew immediately it was “her” that was speaking.

In almost every religion and spiritual path there is the concept of seeking refuge with the divine or within awareness. This is considered a standard part of prayer in some. We can normally seek refuge for protection from external and internal influences, especially from the mind. I always thought of seeking refuge as this beautiful act we do that helps us get close to our larger awareness.

This statement was shocking because the word ‘refugee’ brought to mind the image of all the Syrian refugees fleeing from conflict and war in their country, trekking across Europe to seek refuge, aid, food, and shelter in Germany, or Sweden, or other countries. This was a very poor sight, not what I associated with seeking refuge within my deeper awareness.

As if to respond to my thoughts, she says, “Taking refuge with divinity is a noble act. But would you like to be more than a refugee?”



This took me by surprise. I said, “But you are vast and magnificent, glorious, wonderful, full of beauty; how can I not seek refuge within you?” All these adorations and more came out of me spontaneously while speaking to that voice. I was starstruck with her and also felt really in love at that moment.

She said, “But all these qualities are yours, too.” My ego and painbody would not allow me to accept that. The larger awareness is vast and magnificent. I am but a small alter ego in comparison; how can I be magnificent or glorious?

She said, “Say after me: I am wonderful, I am magnificent.”

I couldn't. She said, “Why do you hesitate? Haven't you experienced yourself as Brahman (referencing my earlier nondual meditative experiences with bliss). If you are Brahman, then don't you also possess the qualities of Brahman?”

I understood what she meant here; it is the concept of the holographic universe, or fractals. “But this is me, small me, and that is you, Big you!” I responded as I was struggling with my smallness.

She replied cleverly, “Doesn't a drop of water from the ocean contain the same qualities as the entire ocean? It has the same chemical structure; it has similar properties. When it is cold it becomes a freezing solid, and when it is hot it evaporates to a gaseous state.”

I thought, wow, that made sense!

She continued, “During the moments that you are aware of Brahman (meaning in a meditative blissful state) what do you feel?”

I responded, “I feel bliss, I am peaceful, I am centered, I feel joy, I am connected, I am clear....”

She chuckled, “And this peace, joy, bliss, clarity; aren't they qualities of Brahman / Awareness?”

It felt I got a smack on the face, in a good way ;)

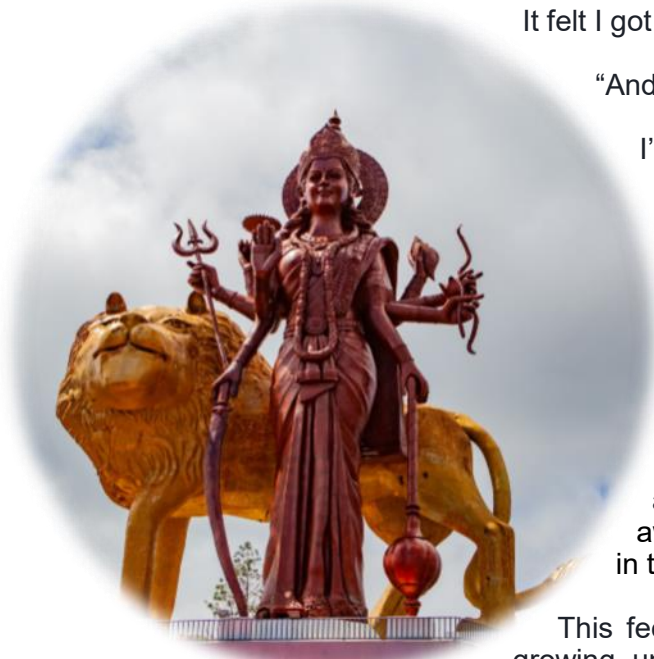
“And here ends the lesson,” she said, and I woke up.

I've been reflecting on this dream a lot. I do not believe there is anything wrong with seeking refuge within awareness. I believe it is a beautiful way to anchor and center ourselves and an important part of my daily practice. However, I never entertained the idea of anything more than refuge.

I decided that from now on, I no longer want to just be a refugee with Awareness. Whenever faced with anything in life, I will be calling forth the qualities of Awareness / Brahman from within me that are needed for that moment. I found something that really worked for me the weeks after this dream. I would call on the 'optimal qualities' of awareness that are required to tackle whatever is happening in this moment, rather than immediately running to refuge.

This feels like a spiritual maturity milestone for me — kind of a growing up moment — to be bringing forth the qualities that are already available within rather than running back to in refuge or help whenever anything happens. Mind you, seeking refuge is always something I would rely on as a last resort, so it is not something I recommend anyone to stop doing.

I truly never thought of seeking refuge in awareness in that way before. This dream was quite an eye opener. I invite everyone reading this that if this resonates with you, to become more than a refugee with the divine. I believe that this eventually leads to the next step, standing in personal power and become a co-creator with the larger awareness. ▲



# The Greater Awareness Behind the Dreams: Connecting with the Numinous Through the Lens of Kabbalah

By Linda Yael Schiller © 2020

Shamans and mystics have been teaching for thousands of years that there is an Awareness greater than ourselves. Dreaming, perhaps especially lucid dreaming, connects us to this larger Awareness and helps us to move what was hidden or unconscious in our lives up into the light of our personal conscious awareness and then beyond, thus giving us the ability to connect with the sacred and the numinous. When we are able to be aware of this Awareness (a sort of meta-level) we then know deep in our bodies and our souls that we are connected across time and space and perhaps many dimensions of being. Dreams can be portals to connect us with the divine — up to or over the thresholds of the worlds of “above” and the worlds of “below.”



## Dreaming Through the Tree of Life

Kabbalah teaches us “As above, so below,” and the Tree of Life in kabbalist tradition depicts a tree with two sets of roots — one set reaching down into the earth, and the other reaching up to the heavens. Dream about trees? Lucidly become the tree — the Dryad, the Nymph, the Green Man, the Rising Sap shivering up through the roots and trunk and branches, the Tree of Knowledge or the Tree of Life itself in the Garden. (It was never completely clear if this was one tree or two in the Garden of Eden, so your experience of it is as true anyone’s!) Many shamanic and active imagination dream journeys begin with approaching the tree and using it to journey on, much as Jacob did with his ladder that had its roots both on earth and in heaven. We are told that the angels traveled up and down this ladder as Jacob dreamed his dream of connecting with the Divine.

## Lucidity and Mystic Traditions

The mystical school of Kabbalah encompasses the study of creation, of the Divine, of the cosmos, and on a personal level is it about the journey of our Soul. It has been said that mystics of all religions often find more in common with each other than they may find with their parent tradition. As lucid dreamers, we are part of this great tradition of mystics. We find common themes across eastern and western wisdom schools of an experiential connection with the Divine, of parts within unity, and of essential unknowingness. In our lucid dreams we can tap into this larger Awareness that Jung also used as source, for he drew some of his own conceptualizations from this deep well. His mystical themes trace their arc from Alchemy through Gnosticism, through the Chinese “Golden Flower,” and find their oldest roots in Kabbalah. The awareness behind the dream, both in lucid dreaming and non-lucid dreaming, invites us to connect with the Source of all.

## Words or Felt Sense

I experience this frisson of recognition in W.I.L.D. (Wake Induced Lucid Dreaming) dreams as well as the spontaneous ones. In both the liminal zones of the hypnopompic layer and inside of the depths of deep REM sleep, at times I am able to engage with that sense of Presence, the great Wisdom that is larger than our individual lives. This is the awareness I can sometimes feel animating my waking, sleeping, and everything-in-between states of dreaming. When I tap into this awareness, I experience it as Eugene Gendlin describes *felt sense*, a full-bodied-more-than-words knowing that tingles in my fingers and in my soul. Occasionally I get actual words, mostly from my dad who passed over 12 years ago. When he shows up, he talks to me so clearly from the other side that I can hear the timbre of his voice echoing in my head space, right between my ears. Mostly though, I touch into this larger awareness animating the dream at an embodied soul level. I often experience it as an internal tingle, or a wave, or a temperature change.





### My Dream: Swimming to the Light

Once I became lucid in a dream where I was swimming up from a great depth towards the light. I was conscious in the dream that I was not sure that I had enough air in my lungs to last until I could get my head above water (surely there was a waking life layer to explore here too!), and began swimming with all my might to get to the surface, to break free into the light I could clearly see above the water so I would not drown. As I became lucidly aware that I was dreaming, a great peace came over me with the thought, *"I have all the time in the world, since there is no time here."* I also had the thought, *"Breath and spirit are the same word in Hebrew (neshama). And since I know that I am not dead, that my soul (neshama) is still in my body, then my breath is in my body too."* With this immensely comforting response from some greater Awareness I could then swim easily up to the surface and breathe air again. The super-awareness behind this dream came both from inside and outside of myself. At that moment, the boundary between myself on this side of corporal and embodied life, and the other side of non-corporal and unembodied spirit life was dissolved.

### Dream Layers Through Kabbalah

The word Kabbalah itself means "received knowledge." In my book *Modern Dreamwork: New Tools for Decoding Your Soul's Wisdom*, I describe four layers of dreamwork with which one can explore the dream as one would read Torah; using ever deepening layers of inquiry. These four layers take us from 1.) the dream story line itself, 2.) through the first hinted at associations, 3.) to the interactions we take with the dream and the characters and the plotlines that bring changes to the original dream, and finally 4.) to the layer of the numinous, the soul, the transpersonal that may have meaning not only for us but for our world as

well. The lucid state may involve any or all of these layers.

At this time of our collective disrupted lives and disrupted sleep, may we find the numinous in our dreams as a comfort and a source of healing for our waking and sleeping selves and world. ▲

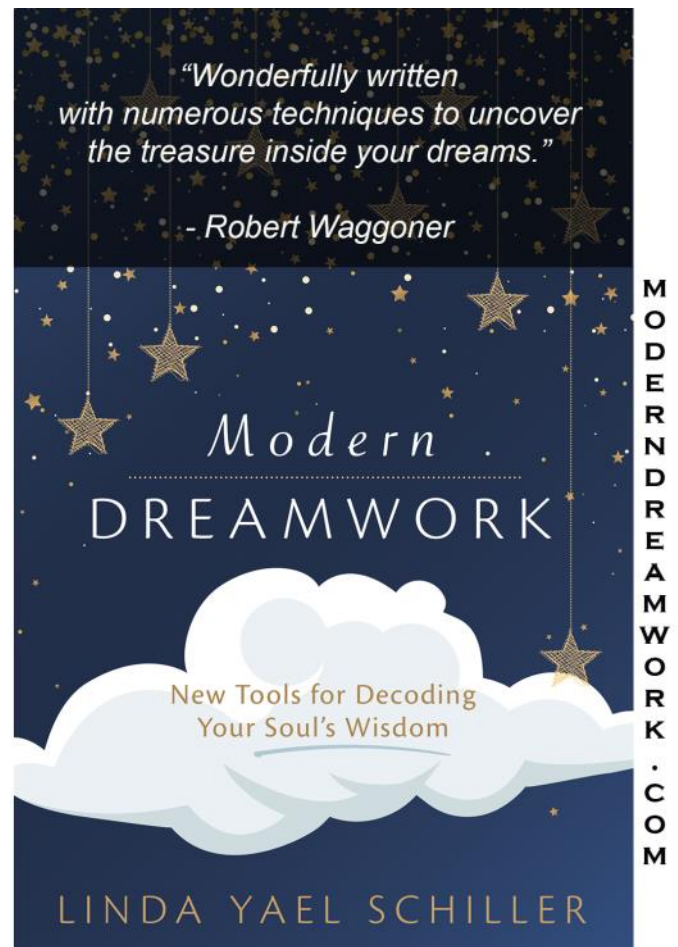
### Biography:

Linda Yael Schiller, MSW, LICSW, is an international speaker, dreamworker, psychotherapist, author, and professor emeritus at Boston University School of Social work. Her book *Modern Dreamwork: New Tools for Decoding Your Soul's Wisdom*, 2019, Llewellyn Worldwide Publishing, is available in both e-book and print. Learn more at [www.moderndreamwork.com](http://www.moderndreamwork.com) or <https://www.amazon.com/Modern-Dreamwork-Tools-Decoding-Wisdom/dp/0738761826/>

Linda regularly teaches dreamwork skills to helping professionals, clergy and medical professionals, interested dreamers, and at agency and corporate events and retreats both on-line and in person.

You can contact her at:

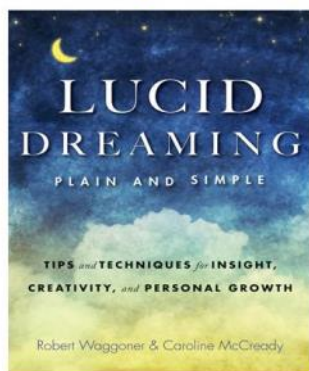
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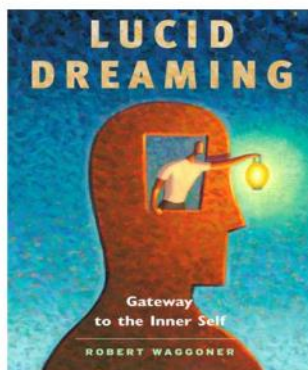


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of Dreams, hosted through GlideWing.**

Details at: <https://ASDreams.org> or

[https://www.glidewing.com/iasd/lucid\\_dreaming\\_conference.html](https://www.glidewing.com/iasd/lucid_dreaming_conference.html)



# Exploring the Meaning of It All in Lucid Dreams

By Alexandra Enns © 2020



From my experience, engaging the awareness behind the dream with either personal or abstract all-embracing queries can be especially illuminating.

In this setting, my approach incorporated increasing difficulty of my open-ended questions posed to the awareness behind the dream. The corresponding dream reports are taken from my German-speaking blog on dreaming or translated from the recordings in my dream journal.

To begin with, I conquered my primary fear concerning the universe — the exploration of black holes and their destructive properties:

## **“In the Ocean of Light”**

. . . *Well, how high is the probability of hitting two top actors?* It finally dawns on me . . . I get up, performing the palm check. It is actually a dream! What a shame! He has been so engaging with his British manner; I sigh and look at my dream man in a tailor-made suit, waving him goodbye.

*But there is an important goal to be achieved.* Hence, I announce in a focused and, surprisingly, completely anxiety-free manner, “Let me travel *inside* a black hole!” The following experience has become one of my most beautiful lucid dream experiences so far:

At first, I feel an outward pull, while the current dream scene fades to blackness within a few moments. Then I realize that I’m about to rotate at a very slow pace. Comet-like structures and other brightly-glowing white matter are floating and hovering around me. I feel like I’m in a kaleidoscope, mesmerized at the play of light and dark . . . While enjoying the breathtaking view, I also feel the great relief of apparently having arrived on the event horizon of a black hole without being torn apart, stretched, or crushed. *Expectations in lucid dreams are not always fulfilled*, I tell myself, and finally wake up.

However, understanding black holes isn’t attained with merely one lucid dream, as illustrated in the subsequent dream excerpt:

## **“More Mysteries”**

. . . Standing in a department store, I shout out, “Let me travel *through* a black hole!” Black streaks appear as if a black hole has partly formed around me. Then I witness a strange effect: A man in front of me is broken up into small, colorful particles which are gradually put back together again!

*Who knows? There might be no information loss problem indeed*, I jot down in my dream journal upon awakening. *It’s always useful to carry out an experiment several times, changing the former wording.*

One benefit of lucid dreaming comprises the possibility of addressing future issues and receiving immediate responses from the awareness behind the dream. Concerning the next lucid dream segment, I refrained from indulging myself in any future scenarios in waking reality before running my experiment:

## **“The Lamentation of the Universe”**

Lucid, I reluctantly give voice to my thoughts, “Show me the planet we will colonize after Earth!” I look into the

starless sky for a long time, but nothing shows up. The heaven keeps looking like a brownish gas cloud, drifting in all directions. In addition, I perceive a deep, piercing sound from above, as if something is turning with great effort and is about to tear . . . a huge noise of a damaged clockwork, maybe? I wait for an eternity . . . staring into the firmament . . . eagerly awaiting a miraculous planet to surface . . . to no avail.

*Is that all?! I awoke, heartbroken. However, the result wasn't unreasonable, was it?*

With hindsight, I realize I must have caught the symbolic cry or rather a complaint of the universe, expressing the absence of a future for humanity remote from our native planet, despite my hopeful yearning of "another fate."

*Who answered then, if my expectations weren't met? How much do you actually know, awareness behind the dream? Can I trust you?* These might be the questions shooting through a lucid dreamer's head, I suppose, every time I stumble upon similar riddles.

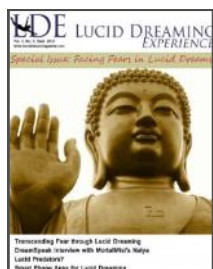
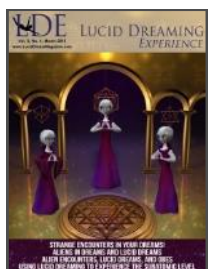
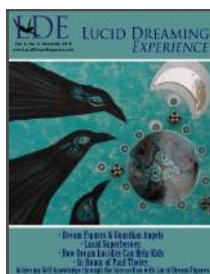
Again and again, lucid dreams leave behind a purifying effect. In this context, I think it is vital to brace oneself before asking any tough questions. Are you strong enough to cope with a possibly unpleasant outcome? Are you prepared to deal with an uncomfortable truth? It isn't a bad thing to mull over similar topics before getting in touch with the awareness behind the dream.

The lucid dream scene described below assisted me in understanding one of the universal truths:



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<http://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/>



### "The Destiny of Humankind"

Regarding a poster, I spontaneously exclaim, "Show me the destiny of humanity in the universe!" The stars on the poster begin to move . . . rearrange themselves . . . Zodiac signs awaken to colorful life and I suddenly realize that EVERYTHING is interconnected . . .

In this light, I encourage the reader to ask the following question while engaging the awareness behind the dream: *What is MY role in the universe?* The answer might support you in becoming less ego-centric! Pose this question whenever you feel ready in one of your lucid dreams.

To sum up, I encourage the reader to pursue lucid dream goals that ignite an almost unbearable curiosity within. Lucid dreaming could assist you in unique cross-border thinking because you are directly a part of your experiments in contrast to daydreaming or thought experiments in the waking state. Through changing perspective you might not only gain enlightening insights through thinking outside the box, but also come across innovative discoveries in your field of interest. ▲

### References

<https://traumlektuere.wordpress.com>





# My Experiences with the Awareness Behind the Dream, Part II

By Marlise © 2020

In my article titled *My Experiences with the Awareness Behind the Dream*, published in the previous issue [LDE March 2020, Vol. 8, No. 4, page 20], I wrote that the first of my next top five questions to my awareness behind the dream would be, “What are you? How would you like me to imagine you?”

In this follow-up article, I share what happened when I asked these questions. Here is the dream:

## **An Ice Tunnel WILD** (March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2020)

I’m still working my way through author Michael Raduga’s practices and exercises. Therefore, after a WBTB (wake back to bed technique), I try a WILD (wake induced lucid dream) by imagining myself lying in another sleeping position and/or at a different place. I try to feel myself lying on my couch on my right side. I sense that I begin to ‘switch’ into sleep mode. It feels like I’m lying on my back in bed in my dream body. I wonder how to separate/enter a dream scene. I try the ‘hand wiggling’ technique, and it works! I start falling backward with my head through my pillow and mattress.

Like a rocket, I’m flying backward through a fantastic looking ‘Ice Tunnel.’ I’m astonished at my speed and at the beauty of the crystals around me. A synthetic-sounding Voice announces the current velocity (forgotten) and the temperature (below -20 °C). This makes me feel a short, cooling airflow.

I’m fascinated and shout, “Dreamer behind my dream, thank you for this wonderful lucid dream entry! What are you? How would you like me to imagine you?” My own ‘phone’ voice answers something like, “How do you mean this?” I try to be more precise, “How shall I, as a human, imagine you?”

The dream scene changes. Beside me is a guide/teacher that I feel to be a symbol of my Inner Self. We are in a ‘Souvenir’ shop. In front of me are hundreds of beautifully carved wooden figures, some with animals on their arm.

I recall Raduga’s current experiment: scrutinize objects. I’m looking more closely at one of the figures. It seems ‘overly-sharp.’ I see all the carved details, and it’s carefully colored. It’s an Indian with a rooster on his arm. The rooster’s bill is incredibly pointed. I touch it with my finger and am astonished that it feels hard and real. I mention it to my ‘guide.’

But I’m dreaming! I should be able to penetrate the thick, colossal woodblock they are made of. And indeed, effortlessly, I can push my head through it! I’m pulling my head back. The ‘guide’ observes me benevolently. I concentrate again on the details of the figures, and they look genuine again and hard, as I touch them. Once more, I penetrate through the woodblock beneath them and enjoy this ‘game.’

I begin to wonder if I will be able to recall all the details after waking up and therefore wake myself up.

Since it was a cool and fun experience for me, I painted it. I was curious as to why this special dream entry happened to me. It was not a hypnagogic hallucination as I was right in the middle of the action. Fortunately, after I did some dream work with likeminded people, I finally had a profound ‘aha’ experience:

My wish to fall asleep consciously had created a lucid dream replicate of my bed in the ‘phase’ (as Raduga would call it). From there, I wondered how to enter another lucid dream scene. My awareness behind the dream let me fall through my mattress, something that I experienced before and immediately thought ‘cool!’ as the last time this happened, I landed in the Universe above the Milky Way. This thought ‘cool,’ created the Ice Tunnel! And the more excited and happy I got, the cooler the experience with the rocket feeling, the space voice, and the ice crystals became — it’s all about BEFIWX (as Robert Waggoner mentions in his books):

Belief, Expectation, Focus, Will and 'X the inner Unknown'. 'X' for me represents my awareness behind the dream, and 'W' stands not only for 'Will' but also for my wish fulfillment, for my desire.

The answer to my request, what or who created this ice tunnel, comes from my own 'phone' voice that is astonished about my question and wants to know how I mean it. I missed the message; 'I', my Inner Self, my awareness behind my dream, made this gift for me! I was blockheaded. Therefore, after specifying my question, the answer in the form of a new dream scene arises, the figures on a big woodblock.

"How shall I (as a human ego) imagine you?" My question creates a 'guide' that feels to be beside me. I didn't see him; I don't know what he looked like. I think he was just a symbol of my Inner Self, observing my interactions within the new dream scene. At least, I was able to play with the matter, the illusions I got, and it was fun, too. I interpret the figures as authors of all the books about dreams I have read. Some of them differ between lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences, and some don't. I always felt that for me, these experiences probably are the same. But I kept exploring and pondering, until now — this dream seems to have presented me with my missing link. My OBEs are made of the same ingredients as my lucid dreams; they are carved from the same wood!

My awareness behind the dream creates them according to my conscious and unconscious wishes (BEFIW)! They are conscious dream experiences. Sleep Paralysis (where you believe to be awake, but are already or still in the phase) is another conscious dream experience. In contrast, False Awakenings and False Sleeplessness are non-lucid dreams but, in my opinion, created in the same way as are OBEs. The only difference is, the latter you experience lucidly.

Lately, I had a very compelling experience of 'False Sleeplessness' as I tried a WILD with another Raduga Technique:

After trying to consciously enter a dream state for about half an hour, I give up and stand up. But there are several silk scarves on the floor, and I have trouble to free my feet and walk to the bedroom door in the dark, in order to not wake my husband. As I open the door, the scarves are flying towards my face, and even a nasty insect wants to sting me. I'm frightened and wake up for real lying in my bed. Would you call this an unconscious OBE? I don't!

In the previous LDE issue, I wrote that in another WILD, I wished in my thoughts to be shown the world of my dream helpers, until several beings pulled my dream body out of my bed. I always thought that this might be a hypnagogic hallucination, but now I think, it's already happening in my lucid dream, I just didn't notice the change from my physical to my dream bed and body. Sometimes I experience hypnagogic hallucinations in the liminal state between awake and dreaming, like vibrations, or visual images in front of my closed eyes,



Image: painting by Marlise





before zooming in on a dream scene or feeling like I'm floating out of my body, which indicates for me the start of my lucid dream adventure.

A good example of a WILD with Sleep Paralysis is the following:

### **I am the Demon on My Chest** (November 11<sup>th</sup> 2019)

Lying on my back at about 4.00 a.m., I'm trying Raduga's phantom wiggling technique. And indeed, after a while, I can wiggle my dream hands and arms. Cool, I think, it works! Finally, I can swing my torso back and forth until I fall with my head first down on my bedcover. Immediately I have the thought 'not again a suffocating dream scene!' I should let my head go through the cover. But because I'm a bit frightened, I open my eyes for a moment and see my bedcover in the bright room (in waking personal reality it is still pitch dark).

I feel I'm lying again on my back in my physical body. I try the technique again. Suddenly a grey figure splits from my chest and climbs over my left shoulder on my chest and wants to choke me! I'm stunned — this has never happened to me before; I don't have demons in my sleep paralysis, and this one is a part of myself!!!



*Image: painting by Marlise*

I know that I shouldn't be afraid, but this figure is pressing me down into my bed. I manage to stutter something like, "I know that I am only dreaming. I'm not afraid of you!" But somehow, I nevertheless am afraid . . . and prefer to wake up.

I think my demon experience occurred because I didn't want to undergo another suffocating dream scenario. If I had concentrated on falling through my bedcover, I probably would have landed in a new dream scene. Instead, my awareness behind the dream realized my 'desire' for feeling fear and being choked with the symbol of the demon.

These experiences led me to conclude that my awareness behind the dream always seems ready to fulfill my conscious and unconscious thoughts (BEFIW) as best as it can. My desire for consciously falling asleep leads to lucid dreams with so-called out-of-body experiences. My wish, not to wake up, leads to false awakenings. My fear in 'SP's (sleep paralysis) causes my dreamer behind the dream to interpret that as a desire to enjoy monsters and so on. But this is only my opinion that I developed because of my own experiences.

And as I have written in my Part I, in the previous issue of LDE, some of my next goals in engaging the awareness behind the dream are to go deeper, beyond my expectations and projections, to perceive something beyond my lucid dream experiences. To reach such a goal and not just an illusion of lucid light, unconditional love, or my true essence, I'll probably have to change the wording of my request. Maybe something like, "Please show me something important beyond my lucid dream (and even more, just for a minute)," would work better? Or maybe, I should just close my dream eyes, let go of any thoughts and expectations, and see where this is going to take me?

I hope that my experiences and explanations motivate readers to explore this topic further on their own. ▲

# An Excerpt from: *The Healing Power of Dreams*

By Hope Bradford ©2020

Similar to the production of a motion picture wherein an assemblage of casting, script, sound, lighting, costume, makeup and technical, etc. professionals is required, the production of a Lucid Dream requires the full attention of its producer—you! You would not, for example, construct as a backdrop for a modern comedy, some grim, medieval stage set. Nor, would you cast actors having no familiarity with the nuances of their character or of having not read the script. Everything, from the character's dialect to makeup to facial expressions, must be authentic!

As producer as well as all the characters and scenery within the intimate space of your dreams, you are learning to skillfully instill your dream production with features that suit your unique desires and tastes. There are thoughts within thoughts, realms within realms. Because of the Law of Attraction, you constantly draw from your dream world those realities most closely mirroring your primary beliefs and values. Therefore, stay mindful of your thoughts and emotions as well as objects and events presented in your Lucid Dream, for their next stop may be your waking reality!

In my own Lucid Dream, I couldn't help but believe it was showing me belonging to some advanced parallel species while simultaneously being human:

Awakening from what had seemed like a sound sleep, everything seemed so real! Initially believing I was still myself in my own female body, seconds later I realized I was somehow both a woman and man; an androgynous being having short jet black hair and translucent, even glowing skin. Dressed in black, leotard-like attire, my eyes were bright crystal blue. Realizing I was living aboard a spaceship, I marveled at the very modern décor and technology.

Approaching the extremely-advanced medical center on board, this parallel me, this androgynous self, was scheduled for some kind of eye surgery. All the while, this being had an awareness of my female counterpart living on earth. Coincidentally, this was a period in my earth life when I was scheduled to have a cancerous growth removed from above my right eye.

While having a great fondness for my earthly counterpart, this advanced version of me apparently regarded my human form as somewhat primitive. Preparing my androgynous self psychologically for surgery, I had complete faith in these very competent doctors. I heard one of the spaceship doctors say, This surgery will also help the parallel you that is living on the earth with her eye problem. Awakening naked from that dream, I found the nightgown I'd previously donned, folded neatly, teetering on the outside of the bed. Indeed, I had no memory of ever removing my nightgown. Nor would I have folded it and placed it in such a precarious position.

When, later on, my waking-reality surgery transpired without any complications, I wondered if the calming words, intentions and actions taking place in that outer-space realm had something to do with the positive outcome here on earth. That my androgynous self believed my female counterpart on earth to be a somewhat primitive seemed to confirm a widely-accepted concept in metaphysical circles—that only in fairly evolutionarily-primitive civilizations is there sexual dimorphism. It is also clear from the dream that I simultaneously understood the mindsets and physical nature of both the outer-space version and earthly me.

In yet another UFO Lucid Dream, I abruptly awoke into what appeared to be another time and place. Sensing my husband, John, in the room, I could not arouse him. Gazing from the window at the starry sky, there traveled a dark disk across the face of the moon. Dashing into the night; staring at the heavens, nary a trace of the vessel could now be seen! Longing for its return, I solemnly walked back to the dwelling.



Then, dreaming of sitting beneath a radio tower soaring high into the clouds; sensing the varying frequencies, I was aware that the radio wave transmissions were extensions of my own consciousness! The message therein was the following: The Quantum Flux Spectrum is similar to a band of radio channels encompassing both the limiting vibration anger and fear channels to the expansive vibration loving-kindness channels. Which channel do you want amplified and integrated into your life? Lifting the 'veil' of Psychological Reality Framework One; allowing for a greater sense of oneself, one can awaken to consciousness's limitless, expansive concepts of itself.

Around that same time, I dreamt the following: sticky from the residue of some protracted sleep, my third eye felt as if it had been tightly shut for a very long time. Feeling it slowly open, I knew this event would allow for increased conscious processing of information in the alternate, nonlinear realms; those vibration ranges beyond waking consciousness holding information normally unavailable to the waking mind. Drifting into another half-sleep; amazed at my full-radius ability to perceive far beyond my immediate surroundings, my third eye was now fully open. Emerging from my brow-point, a wiry stalk with blooming lotus at its tip, curled round and round, reaching into infinity.

Another Lucid Dream showed, resting from her day in the most inhospitable of glens and crags, the Welsh mother goddess, Danu cradling a wee fairy babe in the palm of her hand. Nearby, like no earthen flora, was the Mythical Tree; dew-kissed, crimson and white bellflowers bowing its laden branches. My eyes straying from this fair sight for but an instant, I realized, with great wonder, that as the child grew, so too would the tree's magnificent blooms! Heaving in the wind, the tree; with thick roots clutched deep into the rough-hewn rock, then stood steady. One by one, its blossoms drifted across the steep, craggy cliffs; down to the magical waters, where pink lotus blossoms bobbed upon the whitecaps as far as the eye could see!

Now, we children somehow knew that wherever the flowers scattered, there would be great caches of gold.

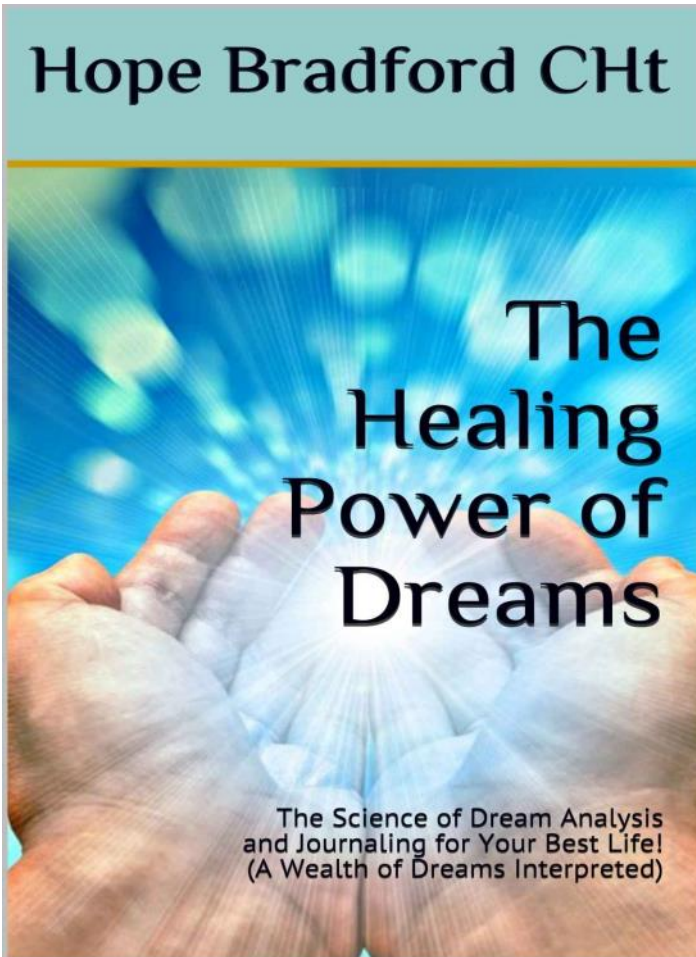
Dare I make that daunting leap? I pondered, while watching the crimson petals drift farther and farther on the wind. It was then I saw the older boys, seemingly without a care, dive off the cliff; disappearing into the azure waves and then bobbing to the surface.

Lured by the promise of riches and the unknown, I gathered all courage I knew to be mine. Curiosity peaked, I stood poised on that great precipice. Fearing my bones would surely shatter upon impact, I nevertheless took a deep breath and leapt into the waters that lay far below. My body slamming the waves, it drifted down into the dark, cold depths of the sea. Gasping for air, I finally surfaced; swimming safely to shore. ▲

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*Incorporating modern brain science as well as traditional dream analysis and Universal Law principles, hypnotherapist and dream expert Hope Bradford CHt redraws the map for dream analysis and journaling through exploring the deepest mysteries of consciousness. Offering stunning examples of how dreams can help heal one's life, The Healing Power of Dreams offers a comprehensive framework by which almost any dream can be accurately interpreted.*



# SHADOW INTEGRATION: THE TOLTEC WAY

By Ivan Picoli © 2020

The famous psychologist Carl Jung described the shadow as the least desirable aspects of one's personality. When these aspects are denied, repressed, and ignored, they remain in the dark, influencing our daily behaviors and preventing us from freedom. Shadow aspects hold an incredible amount of energy that remains locked until we fully accept them as part of ourselves. With acceptance, the released energy is ready to be integrated into our being. However, integration does not occur before we fully understand the experiences of our past as important steps for our development as human beings. When I decided to explore the depths of my shadow, I found the practice "The Act of Losing Yourself" described in the book *The Toltec Secret* by Sergio Magaña. This practice is composed of 36 days of telling the story of our life to a mirror while wearing masks. Hearing our story from a different face is a powerful technique to relieve the heavy burdens of our past and bring the shadow to the surface of our psyche where we can embrace and integrate it. As an example of shadow integration, the following lucid dream occurred in the fifth week of practice.

*"... Streams of vibrating energy crossing every cell of my body followed by manifestations of light in my inner vision. Colorful geometric forms and flashes of lightning arising from the substrate seemed to be an inner show of energy integration. A joyful but strong vibration across my body that lasted around ten minutes was a sign of intense shadow integration. It was a sensation of energy merging deep into my being which I called the Chi Body phenomenon . . ." (20 April 2020).*

A similar event of synesthesia had occurred in a previous lucid dream of energy movement that manifested as an apocalypse of water and fire, but not as powerful as the latest. I have experienced energy integration with synesthesia only in lucid dreams, yet I believe that integration occurs even when we are not aware of it. In ordinary dreaming, we may experience massive phenomena such as apocalypses and catastrophes. In waking reality we often have moments of increased awareness and realization that seems to be an outcome of released energy being integrated behind the scenes as part of a natural process of individuation described by Carl Jung.



## The Practice

Here I describe a modified version of the practice which proved to be effective for my shadow work, and I hope that it will be beneficial for others as well.

I divided the 36 days into several sessions: (i) emotions and traumas of childhood, (ii) chronological history from childhood to the present day, (iii) life regression from teenager to earlier memories, (iv) people I interacted with in the course of life, (v) ancestral shadow and inherited aspects, (vi) collective shadow and cultural beliefs, and (vii) energy integration sessions. I spent around 36 minutes per day and a total of 22 hours in front of the mirror. The number of days per session should be adapted according to one's life story. Regarding the masks, I decided to paint them myself and harness the additional energy of painting to empower the practice.

In his book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, Robert Waggoner describes the tools of reality creation: beliefs, expectations, focus, intent, and the awareness behind the dream. Every night before going to sleep I would apply each tool carefully and trust the power of manifestation. With focus and intent, I asked the awareness behind the dream to



help me heal the wounds of my past and lucidly witness the shadow integration. My unconscious replied accordingly.

### Effects

Meeting the shadow may not be the most pleasant experience; we must be ready to embrace whatever arises with love and compassion. Trust in the practice and kindness to ourselves are crucial. As I recalled my childhood, I encountered emotions and situations I was not aware of before. For instance, I discovered repressed anger buried deep within myself. So, I set up the task of meeting my inner child of repressed anger as an important goal for the practice. The first effects occurred in the first days when I started dreaming of a child guiding me on excursions. I also started taking refuge next to children in fearful dreams. As the days passed, nightmares started. Traumatic events and heavy emotions replayed in my dreams as if I was reliving my earlier years of life. With meditation and reflection, I was able to understand the importance of those events in my development. I started waking up from nightmares with a smile on my face, because I knew healing was on its way.



The hardest effect was the experience of anger in waking reality. For the first time in 30 years I experienced the anger that was deeply buried within. I had always considered myself a calm person with lots of patience. Even so, I recall smashing an orange with my hands because it was taking too long to peel it. Anger affects the digestive system, so I also felt physical pain. The anger safely dissolved after a few days, and I noticed patience and tranquility coming back at increased rates.

### Lucidity

Curious lucid dreams happened while I was recalling hundreds of people from school. The dreamscape was usually crowded with old friends and even colleagues that I hadn't seen for ages. Some would call my name and even chase me exactly the way they used to do at school.

*"... Fully lucid, I started interacting with the dream entities. I had to choose a few from a crowd of old friends, many had almost no awareness and ignored my questions. I finally found a person who got interested in my flying skills and gave me proper attention. I remembered an argument I had with him at school and realized I still carried the sadness of that moment. To apologize, I asked if he wanted to fly with me. After his approval I gave him a hug and we launched to the sky with the bliss of reconciliation . . . " (04 April 2020).*

In another dream, I found a notice hanging on the door of my house: "Hi Ivan, I came to see you but you were missing, please come and join the party later. (signature)". Before starting the integration sessions (29th day) I decided to enter a dream consciously by using the WILD technique and had an encounter with a masked dream entity.

*"... From the substrate, I fell into a lucid dream. I saw a spooky dream figure with red eyes wearing a mask . . . I realized I was also wearing a mask. The man started running and I followed him into a room where another man was sitting on the floor. This dream entity was surrounded by Toltec masks and busy with crafting. When he noticed my presence, he freaked out, collected a few masks, and ran away . . . Alone in the room, I decided to create and grow plants . . ." (16 April 2020).*

*"Meeting the shadow may not be the most pleasant experience; we must be ready to embrace whatever arises with love and compassion. Trust in the practice and kindness to ourselves are crucial."*

The Toltec tradition explains that the ability of transforming our body into other forms increases after this practice. I believe that finding myself wearing a mask in a lucid dream indicates a sign of progress with regard to this ability.

### Signs of progress

A sign of progress that really impressed me was the ability of projecting light from my hands. Before the practice, if I lucidly tried to project light, it would usually manifest as white sparks of electricity. After the described lucid dream of energy integration (the Chi Body one), I unexpectedly projected a fog of red light from my thumbs that expanded to form a red ball of energy between my hands. In his lucid dreams of healing, Ed Kellogg describes the ability to project different colors of light from his hands. If we take the electromagnetic spectrum as comparison, we find the red color as the lesser energetic but visible light.



In waking reality, I noticed that my awareness has increased. I am constantly aware of situations which I used to project my shadow. I am also experiencing dreams of teachings more often. Regarding lucidity, natural lucid dreams have increased at the rate of twice more than usual.

### Final considerations

An important aspect of self-development is the ability to understand the practice. A practice alone has no effect without energy to be released. In other words, we need to witness the experiences of our past and purposefully work on them. I had to understand that my past is not separated from me. Without experiences, I wouldn't find progress. I am grateful for every episode of my life, good and bad, and for the lessons I learned. I am grateful in particular to my family members who were perfectly placed in my life as building blocks of my progress. As a final remark, I tend to think there are no experts but more or less advanced beings. If one still dreams, one still has opportunities for growth. ▲

*Images: masks by Ivan Picoli*

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I believe in a collective conscious, the interconnection of all things and people. To me this is god, universal energy, or the source. This is what I'm engaging when I speak to the dream space. Partially my own deeper subconscious and personal knowing, but also the collective conscious of all things. There definitely seems to be something "other" responding in the dream. There have been times I think I know how the dream will answer and yet it answers in a completely different way, telling me it's not just the conscious me projecting answers. The answers are coming from either outside or deeper within.

Twice I asked a dream character a question in hopes they would answer as the dream space. In one instance I received nonsense. In the other, it's still unclear. I did receive an insightful answer in a way, though I believe my question wasn't specific enough. The other times I shouted my question out into the abyss and I received responses in different ways: a couple of times through weird images in my mind's eye, sometimes other visuals, once a direct answer, and once through uncontrolled movements of my physical body. One time I simply asked to be taken somewhere and I was.

In these instances of engaging the dream space, I received a variety of responses. Sometimes a very clear answer, others rather vague, and occasionally no answer at all. Looking back on all the experiences, I feel it's very important to have a clear and specific question in mind. Vague questions get vague answers. Open-ended questions don't really get answered at all. My conclusion for myself, going forth, would be to not waste time asking the dream characters questions, but to ask the question openly out to the dream space — and to be sure and have a very clear question in mind. For example, I think the next question I would like to ask is, "What can I do to be more open energetically?" or "What is blocking me from opening myself up to people?" or "How can I not be afraid to engage others in a social setting?" Obviously, I'm still trying to figure out the best way to word things.

I first decided I wanted to try seeking answers from the dream space because I had been quite ill for some time without knowing why. The first time I phrased my question as, "Please show me what I need to see or tell me what I need to hear." I waited. It seemed like nothing for the longest time, but then my vision was full of these floating cells, amoebas or bacteria. They had a reddish hue and were moving around slowly, weaving in and out of each other. Each cell had 3 parts. A thinnish outside membrane, the larger inside, and then a black speck in the middle. I asked the dream space, "Is this bacteria? Do I have an infection? Are you trying to tell me I have a disease?" No answer. (It turned out I had Lyme disease, but I did not find this out yet. Though Lyme disease does not look at all like the thing I saw in my vision.)

Twice more I sought my dreams for answers with regard to my ailments at the time, but was never given a clear answer. Once I asked dream characters and they just acted bizarre. Another time I was shown odd black and white symbols or lines. I couldn't decipher them but, in retrospect, the weird squiggly lines I saw are more congruent with what Lyme disease does look like than the previous cells. I wouldn't say these dreams helped me to solve my illness, but they did help me to be receptive when a friend suggested Lyme disease.

This next time, I had no direct question. I was lying in bed in the mind awake / body asleep state, on the verge

of astral projection. In my mind, I said to the dream space, “I would really like to go somewhere. To be in a different place, another world. Can you please take me somewhere?”

I focused on the bodily sensations I had already been feeling. Suddenly I felt something grab my ankles. It pulled me off the bed. At first I hovered in the air, but then the force continued to pull me along by my ankles. I felt like I was being pulled down at an incredible speed. Air rushed past me as if on a roller coaster. I wondered how far down we could possibly go. I wondered where we were going. Then we turned upwards. The experience was exhilarating. My eyes had been closed the entire time and eventually I opened them.

I was in the night sky. Above me were thousands of stars. It was a dark night and wispy, thin clouds were draped across the little pinpricks. The clouds slowly moved through the air revealing new stars and covering others. I continued flying through the air out of my own control. The stars were beautiful, and the over-layered clouds somehow made it even more spectacular. I reveled in the experience. The constellation Orion, who I view as my guardian, appeared out from behind a patch of clouds. It began to lightly rain. I felt little wet droplets sprinkling my face. The rain was refreshing, cleansing. I continued to be pulled through the air in all directions. It was bliss. I told the being whom I felt was controlling me, “Thank you. This is so beautiful and amazing.” I guess I wanted to keep my bearings though, so I thought about my body back in bed. How it was there and I had been brought here. Hoping to maintain lucidity and not fall victim to a dream. But thinking about my body sent me to it and I awoke out of the experience. I was disappointed, but happy none the less.



Later, I was involved in a relationship I wasn't happy in. I asked a dream character for advice, but only received a vague answer. The next time I found myself lucid in a dream, I asked the dream space for advice; to show me what was going on within the relationship. All of a sudden I rose into the air and started spinning, arms outstretched. It was as if my feet were planted in one spot and my upper body was leaning way out, creating a circle, so that my movements were like a funnel, with the point being my feet. I was spinning rather quickly and it felt cool rather than scary. At the same time though, it seemed like the message had something to do with things spinning out of control. I asked the universe/dream space what I could do to fix the problem. I then was made to stop spinning. Very slowly, I began moving in the opposite direction. And if you still imagine the funnel affect, this time the funnel was much more narrow. My upper body creating a tighter circle. I wondered what all that meant. I took the spinning in the opposite direction to mean something about whatever we were doing, to do the opposite. But slow and deliberate.

Then, the spinning stopped completely and I hovered in the air. While still in the dream, I reflected on the experience, but before long the dream took over and I lost lucidity.

This last time I had a very clear question and was, surprisingly, given a clear answer. I was lucidly floating in the air when I remembered the question I wanted to ask. I shouted out to the universe, “Please show me what I need to see. Tell me what I need to know.” Nothing. I asked, “Please tell me what I should be doing with my life. How can I be a better person? Be more productive? How can I do my part to serve the universe better?”

I heard a voice, loud in my head, respond, “It's not all about that. You should do what makes you happy. Have fun.” ▲

Moment Johnson is an author at [www.losttruthpress.com](http://www.losttruthpress.com) — “*Children's Books for the Whole Family.*”

Images: Gale Titus, “C.E. Caves Of Orion Spacescape,” Public Domain;  
Till Credner, Orion photograph, AlltheSky.com, wikicommons





### **Luke Schoettinger • *The Perfection of Charismatic Exuberance***

I enter a room that seems kind of dim with a few dream characters in it. I identify one (substitution effect) as a grade school classmate who easily made friends and got along with everyone. He looks kind of depressed and unenergetic in this dream. I don't know how, but at this point I had become at least semi-lucid in the dream. (My induction technique often does not get me "aha" moments).

I approach him and ask, "What do you represent?" He perks up a little bit and responds, "The perfection of charismatic exuberance."

I didn't capture how the dream ended or what I did next in my dream journal.

### **Rachel Olson • *Magic Tricks and a Tightrope***

The dream was starting to get chaotic and post apocalyptic. I thought how crazy this was. I looked down at my hands and didn't see my finger tattoos. Triggering lucidity, I looked away and then looked back to see my hands still without tattoos. I gazed upon them and the tattoos started to outline on my fingers.

I thought to myself, "Okay girl, you are dreaming. Wow, this is such a longer dream than usual — I thought it was real . . . well, if I'm dreaming, then I can do this." I started to pick up paper clips laying around the kitchen with my mind, levitating them in the air and pulling them into my grasp. I conducted this lucid magic trick all around the house with various objects. I didn't notice the chaotic dream had ceased and dream characters vanished as I levitated multiple objects in the air.

Thinking of the tightrope method mentioned in Robert Waggoner's *Lucid Dreaming* book, of maintaining dream awareness like one foot on a tightrope . . . tightrope thoughts then suck me into another dream. I'm on a tightrope over a huge city like in the movie 'The Walk'. Since I am still lucid I cross the gap a few times, and then wake up, feeling awesome. :-)



## S.H. • Question

I am dreaming that I wake up and go to the room next door, where my partner is playing music, to ask him to lower the music (which in reality he is really doing). But then I see a bunch of people in the room killing him and wanting to kill me, so I run away and escape through the window and climb down to the street. At this point I realize, "Wait, this can't be a real situation." So I look at my hand and see I have 8 fingers. At this point I just stop running, knowing I'm dreaming.

I look down the road when a man on a scooter comes up to stab me with a knife. But I tell him that it's a dream and everything is cool. Then we start walking together along the road. It's very dark so I ask the dream to make the sun come out and the sun starts rising over the horizon.

Then I realize that I have no shoes on. I ask for a pair of shoes, but I end up with clown shoes. Very disappointed, I ask for another pair but only the color changes. I don't insist.

Then I try to float but it doesn't work and somehow I don't want to lose my new friend with whom I am walking, so I don't insist (on floating) and run to join him instead. He was not waiting for me, but I knew I had to follow him.

We arrive at a sort of street food stand with candies and all sorts of bad food. At this point I say to the vendor and my new friend, "Oh man, I had a question to ask but I can't remember it." The vendor tries to give me some food and suddenly I remember that I wanted to ask why I have so many stomach issues.

I look at the food truck vendor and ask him. He then looks at what he is doing, and with a very gentle smile — like a mom looking at her child — he replies something about "toxin." (I can't remember the exact sentence.)

Then I find myself in the dark. It takes me few seconds to realize that I actually woke up but my eyes were still closed! I also found out when I woke up that my partner was having health difficulties at that exact same moment.

## Ron Grubman • *Lucid Dream — Or Not?*

A few weeks ago I was falling asleep and was in an extended hypnagogic period with the usual visuals coming and going.

Then the visuals changed so that I was looking at some incredible detail on what had been just a routine floor covering. I recognized this as characteristic of my lucid dreams and verified it by "zooming in" to see even more detail, as I can do in lucid dreams. Colors were vivid and the design was beautiful. I said aloud, "Looks like I have dropped into a lucid dream." Now I can wander around and have some experiences.

Sounds good? But then up popped my mind saying, "No, you cannot be dreaming because you are really not yet asleep, just hypnagogic." I argued with myself, "But the image is clearly one that I would only have in a lucid dream, so I must be in a lucid dream and I want to do some wandering around." I did not convince myself.

Then I briefly awoke, went back to a hypnagogic state, and the entire process repeated. Finally I gave up and just woke, realizing I now had one more experience showing that one's mind really, really, does not want to easily enter into a lucid dream. Even when the evidence is more or less conclusive!







Image: Glass painting by Marki

## Marki • *Beautiful Garden*

Following the instructions in Robert Waggoner's book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I planned to say my intention directly to the dream for several days.

I was on a street when I realized in a dream that I was dreaming. Unfortunately, I couldn't quickly formulate what I originally wanted to do. So, I looked upwards and called out, "I want to see a beautiful garden!" Immediately the space around me began to move forward, so I backed away. I discovered that I was actually backing up in a car, with a driver sitting next to me, a fat old Mexican man. He was dressed in livery with gold strips painted with a brush.

I looked in the back seat of the car, no one was there. But the Mexican man began to talk while driving hands-free. "She saw you, madam, you are revealed." I told him I didn't see anyone. He replied, "That's okay, we just know that you recognize eight kinds." (I did not understand what he meant by "kinds.")

The car stopped in a square in an unknown city. As I got out of the car, I saw that my favorite cat was with me. I thought the cat was my guide. The Mexican man escorted me to a park, where we entered through a gate. There were a lot of people there. The park was beautiful, and a river flowed through it.

My cat had disappeared somewhere, and even though I knew I was in a dream, I wanted her back. So, I looked upwards a second time and called out, "I want my guide back, I'm worried about him!" After a while, someone from the crowd told me, "I have a message for you. Everything is fine, don't worry."

Then I walked for a while, but I was still nervous about my cat. Intuitively I called out, "Thank you very much for everything!"

I noticed that all the people from the park began to leave, so I joined them as well. We left through the gate. There was a young man standing at the gate, he was familiar to me, but I don't know from where. People

passed him. As I walked past him, he looked at me and took my hand for a few seconds in a very special way. He caught the last joint of the fingers of my hand with the last joint of his fingers. As if the ends of the fingers stuck together. I felt like it was kind of a greeting. Then I woke up, but I could still feel the pressure in my fingertips.

## Lucy Gillis • *There She Goes*

I woke from a dream in which a dark-haired doctor in a white lab coat directed me to a couch and had me lie down. He sat at the other end. He wanted me to relax/meditate, like he had told “Sheila.” I was aware of wearing heavy winter boots but left them on. Apparently, I was arching my back, was too rigid, so he sat by me in such a way that my hips were behind his back to help me not arch. He also stretched an arm over my torso and right shoulder to help keep me in position. We talked, but I don’t recall the conversation.

As I thought about the dream when I woke, I slipped back to sleep. I was on a bed in what seemed like my childhood home, but the size of the bed and my position on it was identical to the here and now. I was laying on my back, awake on this bed, when I felt an inner body roll out quickly on the left, and head for the washroom. “There she goes,” I thought to myself, looking in the direction ‘she/I’ went, and sensing rather seeing her/me hurry out of the room.

I noted that, oddly, my awareness stayed in my ‘physical’ body while another body went out-of-body. I heard my mother call out from another room, “Is that you?” as she heard my other body stumble into the washroom.

I covered my face with my left hand when I heard what sounded like the other body stumbling about, possibly falling in the washroom. I winced, expecting to feel pain, but I didn’t feel anything. I wondered if my out-of-body body felt any pain. I assumed the other body was not well coordinated in its out-of-body state. In the next instant I woke.

That is the first time I can recall having an out-of-body experience in which my ‘primary’ awareness didn’t go with the travelling body. Yet, while the experience happened, it felt perfectly natural, like it was no big deal, as though this sort of thing happens all the time. Perhaps it does.

## Maria Isabel Pita • *Fighting the Covid-19 Virus?*

Was I blessed with help in healing myself or someone I love? I have never experienced such realistic physical effort and exhaustion in a lucid dream.

*March 17, 2020: West Virginia reports its first COVID-19 case, meaning the disease is present in all 50 states [of the United States of America].*



### Lucid Dream early in the morning of March 17, 2020

I’m slipping some shiny new quarters into a machine which abruptly disgorges a generous amount of other quarters, spilling them behind the counter. As I step behind it to pick them up, a man in black appears. He has come to take me somewhere, and immediately sensing he is a figure of authority I can trust, I follow him . . . The next thing I know, I’m outside on a very dark night sitting in the passenger seat of a car. There’s another person with us now, a man who, like me, is a passenger. *The driver tells my companion and I that we have to go back.* Immediately, he turns left onto a bridge and begins speeding across it in re-





verse. It's a narrow bridge stretched over a chasm, and the tires seem to be following only two wooden planks, which makes it pretty scary how fast we're moving. But I can't really be too afraid, because I know this man is fully in control.

*We make it off the bridge, and as the car slows down, then stops, I find myself looking out at what appears to be an old graveyard with hazy golden-brown monuments I can barely see. This is when I partially wake up and experience hypnagogic imagery resembling images of the Covid-19 Virus. Then, fully asleep again, I find myself sitting surrounded by other people. We've been led to this place resembling a waiting room, but it's not; it's more like a lounge where we're silently relaxing after some experience. I'm drinking red wine, and the man who brought me here tells everyone what wine he served us. As he speaks, I see a vision of a red-and-white box of this wine sitting on the edge of a stone bridge that curves over a stream, and rising, I think — Well, why not have a little more for the road?*

Turning left in the direction of this bridge where I know the wine is, because it's a really good wine — this man wouldn't have served anything else — I pass through an archway-door leading out to where this bridge and natural area is. Immediately, I spot a large midnight-sapphire-blue butterfly with something akin to a sperm-like black tail flowing behind it, which is a bit unusual. But it's a beautiful butterfly, and I'm delighted that it's clearly flying straight to me. When I raise my right hand, it promptly alights on my index finger. *(It's a very special experience, for I describe a midnight-blue butterfly in my book of poems to our Lord.)* I keep walking with the butterfly perched on my finger, then it flies off again when I reach the bridge, where *I realize the wine is gone. Maybe the man removed it temporarily?*<sup>1</sup> Then suddenly, a little brown dog starts barking at me as though I'm endangering its owners, a couple sitting on the edge of the bridge, so I simply rise up off the ground to get away from it. But the dog flies aggressively up toward me, and having no desire to fight it, I make it understand I'm a friend, which makes me realize I'm dreaming.

*I want to go home, but I'm still high in the air, and when I turn in the direction I know is home, I'm confronted with the white wall of a structure so immense, I can't see around it. I'm floating alongside an opaque round window set in this white wall high above the world. The spherical window is large enough for me to decide that I'm sick and tired of dream barriers, so I'm not going to try and find a way around. I'm going to open the wall up by getting through this window! Thus begins the process of somehow opening up a panel so I can now see through, or rather into, the window. It's several feet deep, as deep as I am tall (maybe a bit smaller) and sort of tunnel-like. I promptly begin manipulating the mostly red infrastructure within, which is outlined in black and very tightly coiled, like a machine in a gym that's really stuck combined with a triple folding deck chair that's also nearly impossible to open up. The strange thing is, I really need to make a concerted physical effort to deal with this "mechanism." Pausing, I spend some time floating directly outside the window studying the tricky and resistant infrastructure, lucidly aware I risk waking up, and yet I also know that I'm not going to wake up, that I can't wake up, because I'm intently focused on this dream task it's imperative I accomplish. I must get past this deadly hurdle.*<sup>2</sup>

*Gradually, I go deeper into this three-dimensional "cell" as I push "levers" and open up "sections" that seriously resist my efforts to create the space I need to get past this obstacle. As I find my dream body mostly inside the tunnel-cell, determinedly pushing and folding, I become aware that the back of it (behind me) is a spring-like mechanism evocative of a mouse trap, and for an instant I'm afraid that if I go deeper — like a mouse reaching for that coveted piece of cheese — I'll set off the trap and be crushed. But I'm determined, and as I*

*position my bare feet on it, I realize I can simply keep my feet on the spring lever as I push through, for I'm nearly finished dismantling/ rearranging/ neutralizing this killer barrier.*

What's truly amazing, and which I am very lucidly aware of, is how exhausting this process is proving to be. I can literally feel the strain on my dream body, as though I'm actually in my physical body making a supreme effort that demands all the strength I'm capable of exercising. I've never felt this way in a lucid dream, and by the time I finally dive out through the other side, I'm tired, really tired. But I'm fine, and I'm free.

Traveling through a spacious inner passage in this inconceivably vast structure, I know I'm heading straight in the direction of home. Almost at once, I enter the kitchen of a house, where I make note of a distinctive light-green refrigerator, and a woman sitting at the table tells me, "You were right. I slept really well. I feel good." I'm glad to hear that, and sensing a man I'm close to lives here (the man I was with in the car earlier who was driven back across the bridge with me), I wake.

**Footnotes:**

- 1. I had this dream before Churches were closed and the faithful were denied the body and blood Christ in the Sacrament of Communion. In my dream, the healing red wine had been temporarily removed.*
- 2. Usually, human cells are round, elongated, or spherical. Once a virus gets inside a cell, it hijacks the cellular processes to produce virally encoded protein that will replicate the virus's genetic material. Viral mechanisms are capable of translocating proteins and genetic material from the cell and assembling them into new virus particles. Hence the impression I had upon waking that I had been fighting a virus.*

## Lucid Dreamscape • *Passing the Test*

I am in a meditation class at a sacred temple in the mountains, so high we are surrounded by clouds. We are shapeshifting into animals as our lesson. We turn into lions, birds, and even butterflies. It's my turn again and as I am about to shift, another student whispers that he wants Chinese takeout.

In that split second my teacher shouts, "Nooo!" and I turn into a Chinese takeout box. I am an inanimate object.

Darkness surrounds me; there are no visuals, only audio of all the classmates whispering. They are talking about the previous students who never changed back after becoming inanimate. What are we going to do?

In that moment, lucidity washes over me. I can do this! I focus on getting back to myself in the class. In a flash, I am back. My classmates roar and cheer and my master looks on and gives me a reassuring nod. I have passed my test.



## Luke Schoettinger • *Shadow Person on the Dance Floor*

I found myself sitting on a ledge located at the edge of a square gathering area, which I now label a dance floor. I sat next to two male Disney Channel celebrities that haven't entered my waking consciousness in years. Three of my cousins engaged in some kind of fight or competition among themselves, and after a little while they start to dance.

At this point I realize I am dreaming, but I don't have a big "aha" moment (my induction technique gets me lucid, but tends not to produce big "aha" moments). I start to walk among the dancers and see a girl who



used to ride my bus in grade school; she dances past, saying hi. She appears to have consciousness while most of the other dream characters play out their dream roles without doing anything noteworthy.

I now wonder if she represents my anima, as she has appeared consciously lucid in another dream I just had as well. I recognize the substitution effect has caused this identification of the possible anima with a specific person in waking physical reality, as well as the identifications placed on pretty much all dream characters in this dream.



Anyway, I keep walking around and eventually feel bored so I yell out to the greater dream awareness, "Show me something important!"

A black smoke shadow appears and looms menacingly in front of me. I hold my hand out, attempting to shoot energy at it. No energy comes out of my hand, but the black smoke shadow morphs into a humanoid shape with a pirate hat. I wake up.

### James • *Off World*

At the time of this dream, I was practicing lucid dreaming regularly and was setting tasks to accomplish while lucid, then journaling the following morning.

The dream began in my apartment. I walked outside to my back patio where I noticed details that were out of place, bringing me lucidity. I remembered my task for the night, which was try to fly into space, so I began to levitate and shot as fast as I could straight into the sky. I felt the wind and temperatures drop as I reached outer space, gazing at the endless scene of stars and planets.

I fixed my attention on a green planet and headed towards it.

As I approached the planet, its gravity began to effect my flight and control became more difficult. I managed to land at the base of a tall mountain. I saw a dark-haired woman around my age flying effortlessly at the top of the mountain. I made it to the top of the mountain in a number of leaps due to my flight still being strained.

Facing the woman, I asked her who she was. She smiled and told me she was feminine energy, that she came to this place to balance out my own energy while I was here.

I woke shortly after with many more questions on my mind, grateful for another amazing experience.



Face Image: Enrique Meseguer / Pixabay

## Madelyn Freeman • *Thinking Dome*

I awoke in my dream to see what I was told was called a “thinking dome.” The purpose of the dome was to set information directly before the eyes, set forth as a film on a screen to allow deep thought to occur in the viewer without interruption or distraction.

I was fascinated and delighted and the vivid nature of my ‘vision’ (if this can be referred to as such) remains with me fully intact. The dream took place in about 1965 and today we know a ‘thinking dome’ as virtual reality. How could it be that this ‘dream’ vividly and lucidly experienced, foretold a scientific technology invention that came into being some 40 years later?

## Myrka B • *My First Lucid Dream*

This little round animated cartoon figure was in front of me. He looked like a hybrid of a colourful gingerbread and an M&M™ chocolate candy with feet and hands. Then I noticed his hands; he had extra fingers. Seeing his hands with extra fingers as opposed to my own hands took me by surprise. Still, that was THE nudge, and instantly I knew I was in a dream!



Then the whole scene became amplified, as if I had zoomed in through a small hole. Everything became accentuated. I noticed objects surrounded the little hybrid cartoon, but nothing specific that I remember. What I do recall the most is the clarity, the vivid colors and the space I was in — or should I say the two spaces I was in. I was aware that I was there, that I could think on my own and BE WITH the dream. I kept thinking ‘OMG, I am lucid dreaming.’ I was marvelling at the experience. I kept staring at the little hybrid happy cartoon and wondering, What do I do now? What do I say? And then the entire scene faded away.

I woke up feeling elated, yet scared and unprepared. I knew I had visited a different layer inside my mind. Next time, I will have a plan so I can hang out longer.

## Geoffrey Bryant • *Motorbike*

I found myself standing knee deep in a clear sparkling river with a sweeping brush in my hands. I was dressed in jeans and a white shirt and I felt absolutely ecstatic. I was about 18 years old (I am now 74). There were three golden carp swimming around my feet looking up at me. On the bank was the motorbike I had when I was about 18 years old, but unlike that beat-up old motorbike this one was pristine with its chrome parts gleaming in the bright sunshine.



In the dream, I knew I would be going for a ride on the motorbike soon. The overall experience was one of extreme happiness, and during the dream, I knew that it was a dream as I’ve had a number of lucid dreams before.

It was an absolutely wonderful spontaneous dream experience.





## Ben E • *Fighting a Dream Figure*

I was outdoors, finding weapons and materials like I was in a video game. A man in mechanic's coveralls approached me with a knife, and we started to battle. I used whatever I could find, but he was relentless. I even found a chainsaw and cut off his head — and it came right back! I felt like I was fighting someone like Michael Myers, so I ran.

After some time, I found myself in a narrow outdoor wooden hall with the man at the other end. We both had bows and were shooting arrows at one another. As I was pulling back on the bow, the whole situation struck me as bizarre and I realized I was dreaming! I

lowered my bow and asked, "Hey, can I ask you a question? What do you represent?" Immediately he jumped a wooden fence at the end of the corridor and ran into the woods behind it. He ran away so quickly, he looked like a cartoon. I stood there feeling a little bewildered! Five seconds ago I was in a non-lucid battle for my life, and now I was both safe and lucid!

In this silence I heard a small crowd of people starting to approach me, talking among themselves about what had just happened. I was still curious about what that man represented. A mildly chubby kid was the closest to me, so I asked him, "What did he represent?" He responded, "Growing content." I asked, "Growing content with what?" The kid said, "Forever."

## Janet Mast • *Circling Polo Island, Where It All Begins Again*

Lucid, I'm flying steadily through the sky, just drifting happily along, when I notice a body of land below and to my right. From my bird's-eye view, I see it's a very long, narrow island with pointy tips on either end. The water surrounding the island is all white, frozen solid. I notice long airstrips on either side of the island, where jet airplanes are landing and taking off, and a flat grassy area near the south end with small figures in motion — a group of men, riding on white horses, playing a game of polo.

I've already flown past the southern tip of the island but I'm looking back and thinking, *Wait, this feels important! I have to remember this!* I start repeating the words "polo . . . horses" and "polo island" to myself so I won't forget that detail. Turning, I circle back, willing myself to fly faster now, and lower, so that I'm approaching the opposite side of the island close to the ground. Here I catch up with several big, burly men who are walking along the west coast of the island, heading north. As I fly past I call out to them, "Excuse me, what is this place?" If they gave an answer, I can't recall.

I continue flying on, just above the ground. As I reach the northern tip of the island and circle around it, a big man standing there shouts out: "NOW IT ALL BEGINS AGAIN! IT IS THE END AND THE BEGINNING!" I feel a shiver of excitement and wonder what it all means?

Behind me, I see a huge wave forming and heading toward the island. I'm moving parallel along the east side of the island, heading south again, but instead of flying past high in the sky this time, I'm walking on the ice, then starting to run, trying to get ahead of the big wave before it crashes. Already I can feel the ice thawing beneath my feet . . . now I am running lightly through a few inches of slush on the surface.

I feel an urgency to stay ahead of the wave, before all the ice melts, but this feels more exciting than frightening — mostly there's a sense of a huge change happening, and the man's cryptic words are ringing through my head: "NOW IT ALL BEGINS AGAIN . . ." (Dream 23 Feb 2020) ▲

# Lucid Dreaming

# Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

[www.LucidDreamMagazine.com](http://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](http://www.lucidity.com)

## **International Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org)

## **The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation**

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

## **Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming**

[www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com)

## **The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale**

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

## **Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers**

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

[www.luciddreamalchemy.com](http://www.luciddreamalchemy.com)

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

<http://www.driccpe.org.uk>

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

## **Lucid Sage**

[www.lucidsage.com](http://www.lucidsage.com)

## **Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming**

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Ryan Hurd**

[www.dreamstudies.org](http://www.dreamstudies.org)

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

[www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org](http://www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org)

## **Christoph Gassmann, Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey**

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

## **Nick Cumbo, Sea of Life Dreams**

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

[www.cafepress.com/moondialart](http://www.cafepress.com/moondialart)

## **Janice's Website, with links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites**

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

[www.bogzaran.com](http://www.bogzaran.com)

## **Robert Moss**

[www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

## **Electric Dreams**

[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

[www.lucidart.org](http://www.lucidart.org)

## **Lucidipedia**

[www.lucidipedia.com](http://www.lucidipedia.com)

## **Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

## **The Lucid Hive**

<https://thelucidhive.com/>

## **Lucidity4All**

[www.lucidity4all.com](http://www.lucidity4all.com)