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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Lucid Fiction

Super Shamanic Dreaming

Assessing Your Levels of Lucidity

A Lucid Dream Conversation About
the Nature of Bliss

DoubleTree Resort Paradise Valley | Scottsdale, Arizona
June 13 - 17, 2020
<http://iasdconferences.org/2020>



37th Annual Dream Conference



2020 KEYNOTES AND INVITED SPEAKERS



Robert Hoss, MS

Dreams Our Source of Resilience
in Times of Stress and Trauma

Leslie Ellis, PhD

Combining Focusing and Jung:
An embodied-experiential approach to
working with dreams and nightmares

Stephen LaBerge, PhD

Lucid Dream Research, Then and Now

Ronald Keith Salmon, PhD

To Walk in Beauty (a visual and sensory experience)

Michael Nadorff, PhD (Invited)

Bad dreams and Nightmares: Causes, Correlates, and
Interventions

Rubin Naiman, PhD (Invited)

Integrative Health Model of Dreaming

About the Resort Venue

The Doubletree Resort Paradise Valley is a beautiful Frank Lloyd Wright style resort hotel and Conference Center. It is the best choice for a luxurious stay at discounted rates as well as convenience to conference sessions. A limited block of discounted rooms at \$94 per night has been reserved, so it is best to book early for the best chance of staying on site.



Focus on Lucid Dreaming

Look for the special Lucid Dreaming track, coordinated by LDE Editor, Robert Waggoner, and including a Keynote presentation from lucid dreaming pioneer Stephen LaBerge, PhD.

Everyone is Welcome

Whether you are a professional, a dreamworker, or just a curious or interested dreamer. This conference features peer reviewed presentations and workshops, in a multidisciplinary program including the scientific, psychological, spiritual, artistic, healing, lucid and extraordinary, and cultural aspects of dreaming.

For detailed information about the International Association for the Study of Dreams annual conference, easy online registration, and early registration specials:

<http://iasdconferences.org/2020/>



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Cover Art

Inspired by the dream *Golden Trees, Golden Fireballs* (see page 20). Used by Permission of the Artist, Copyright © 2019 Marlise

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. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

Subscriptions

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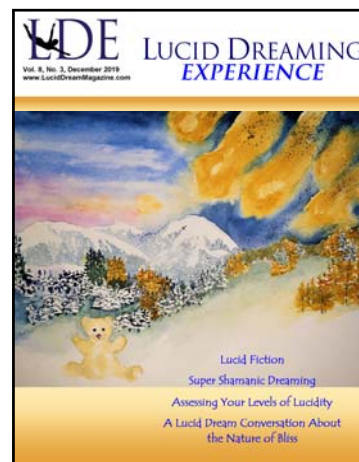
Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: February 15, 2020
Submit articles and lucid dreams on the theme:
"The Awareness Behind the Dream."
Publication Date: March 2020

LDE Website

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2019

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT HOSS

With a lifetime interest in dreaming, author Robert J. Hoss shares how he has used lucid dreaming to explore “the wisdom behind the dream.”

Bob, welcome to the LDE! When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

I actually had periodic lucid dreams as a child and adolescent, which is what led to a lifetime of interest in dreaming. Often I could influence the direction of my dreams or knew I was dreaming and if I didn't like the dream would wake myself up — often resulting in false awakenings. I never knew they were a different class of dreams or even that they were called “lucid” until reading about Stephen LaBerge's research in the '80s. I didn't think much about them at the time since I often dreamed that way, but what really piqued my interest was the research over the last couple of decades, much of which was published in your magazine and in various journals, and presented at our International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) conferences. The neuroscience made lucidity understandable as a natural dream state, but of particular interest to me was exploring the nature of consciousness through interacting with dream figures and, in particular, what I call the “wisdom behind the dream.”

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

I never really tried early on, just waited till they happened. In the very first ones I remember as a child, I was learning to influence a terrifying black storm in the sky that repetitively appeared in my dreams. Having some sense that I was dreaming, I finally faced it and it filled with beautiful colors. From then on, I was excited to see the tornado appear in my dreams and would urge it to come closer and tear things apart.

Most of my lucid dreams as a youth involved having fun, often flying or scaring monsters away or waking myself up if I didn't like the dream. Later, as a young adult, they would sometimes come when I meditated as I went to sleep. A couple of them resulted in an out-of-body experience. In one, I found myself above a location I perceived was in town a few miles away. It was raining, as I could see the light from a changing stoplight sparkle off the rainy street. Then a dog spotted me floating above and started barking at me. I woke and could hear no

rain so was confused since it felt so real — but about half an hour later the storm front with the rain made it to the house.

Like the one above, many of my early lucid dreams seemed to be related to spiritual activities in my life. Back then I was teaching Continuing Education courses at some local universities — one on dream psychology and others on parapsychology research. I was on the research board of the Texas Society for Psychical Research and president of the Texas Parapsychology Association and got so heavily involved in metaphysical and psi experiences that I began to become a bit ungrounded. I had a lucid dream one night that changed all this. It was like a near-death experience (before I even knew what they were).

In the dream, I was arguing with dream figures I recognized as all the parts of myself that were in conflict — and then I became lucid. In frustration I said, “I’m outta here,” and left them all and began to fly through the darkness of space, with mystical music from the Moody Blues playing all around me. I saw a tunnel ahead and knew that if I flew through it into the light I would be on the “other” side in the spiritual realm. With all the intent to do so, I flew toward the tunnel but then a stern voice made me realize that if I went through, I would no longer be alive. I thought about my family and it shook me back to reality, so as I reached the entry I cried out, “Life!” Suddenly all went dark. I cried out even louder, “Wait a minute, I said LIFE!” At that moment I found myself floating on my back at ceiling level above my bed and then falling with a thump into my body. Needless to say, after that experience, I indeed got grounded!

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

Eventually, aside from meditation, I learned to incubate the lucid dreams with intention and envisioning. I must admit I am a bit too lazy to discipline myself except when I need to (usually when I need material for a lecture on dreams), so most of the time I wait for spontaneous occurrences. As I read more about lucid dream induction, however, I began to have some success with techniques used for research. Wake Back to Bed seems to work best for me. I often naturally wake briefly at about 3 or so in the morning, so it is a good opportunity for doing something for about an hour or so then going back to sleep — which sometimes triggers a lucid dream. I have more recently tried Wake Induced Lucid Dreaming — trying to stay conscious while falling asleep. But with me, it is not something I can easily do at will. I have only been able to do it twice. On one occasion recently I was able to enter a lucid dream, then as I woke, I could lull myself back into another lucid dream and was able to achieve it four times in a row.

The fourth one led to a delightful experience. I was floating above an outdoor stadium, which in the dream was part of the venue for our upcoming IASD dream conference that I am managing. The stadium was almost filled. On stage were some of the presenters who were working a dream as if it were a play. It was a colorful, dynamic, and beautiful performance. As it ended, I began to float off feeling really fulfilled, saying to myself out loud, “What creativity, what a wonderful organization to be a part of!”

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Tell us about those.

A couple of the surprising ones were quite hilarious.

I had been regularly testing out an approach for exploring the nature of consciousness which I call the “wisdom behind the dream.” Using a hint from one of Robert Waggoner’s books, I would turn to the dream itself and ask an open-ended question. My question was usually, “Show me something I need to know.” The dreams would most always sparkle into a new lucid dream which would result in a significantly meaningful experience that in some way answered the question.

At one point I had a cluster of lucid dreams over a few days and would immediately ask the question. But I may have “broken my brain” (smile) because on the final night I asked, “Show me something I need to know.” The dream went dark and all I saw was a little hourglass spinning, like on a computer screen, as a voice said, “thinking ... thinking ... thinking.” I woke laughing.

Another was when I hadn’t had a lucid dream for a while, then one night found myself aware I was dreaming. I was excited and stated my demands to have a beautiful, colorful, magical dream with all sorts of exciting

people. Instead, the dream became drably colored with nothing happening and no one around. Finally, a woman appeared. I said, “Who are you?” She stared at me with a scolding look and said, “I am the secretary. I am here to take your orders but if that’s all you want me to do, I can’t be very creative.”

One of the biggest surprises came when I began interacting with dream figures. Dream figures appear to have a mind and ego of their own, some identifying themselves as parts of my personality yet others seemingly separate but associated entities or various states of consciousness. Some would look at me like I was nuts or run away if I asked, “What’s it like to be a dream character?” In one case, they identified themselves as a “higher level of consciousness.”

At first, I saw dream figures as simple thought forms or aspects of my personality, but then one lucid dream changed that. I asked the dream, “Show me something I need to know,” and it sparkled into a dream where I was a professor in a lecture hall with 20 dream figures giving an interactive lecture on lucid dreaming. We were discussing what it was like to be in a dream. Then after what seemed to be 45 minutes, a woman raised her hand and said, “Wait a minute. If I’m just a dream figure, then how come I have a family? I recall a husband and kids and a whole life outside of this room.” Being an interactive session, I turned to the class and said, “Interesting. How many of the rest of you can recall a life before this moment?” Six students instantly raised their hands. Then ever so slowly, all hands went up.

You talked about your earlier experiences being linked to meditation and metaphysical interests. Do you think there is a spiritual aspect to lucid dreaming?

I have certainly had some experiences that are difficult to explain without a connection to a spiritual level of consciousness. Some of the most warmly satisfying to me were ones where I experienced what seemed to be a visitation. Writers often talk about how when there is an apparent visitation from a deceased loved one, the dream seems highly lucid, even more real than most lucid dreams. I had two such recent lucid dreams, after my mother passed and after one of my best friends passed. In both dreams, they seemed very “real” and the embrace within each was electrifying.

“In my own limited experience, [lucid dreaming] has allowed me to understand myself in a deeper sense, express feelings that I hadn’t fully expressed, and gain solid wisdom about my life’s direction that I had not achieved in other ways.”

— Robert Hoss

In the case of my best friend, he and I had an extreme psychic connection ever since we were in high school together, from multiple instances of picking up the phone at the same instant to talk to each other, to various experiments we did later in life (one that scared him so much he refused to do any more). Before he died, we talked about communicating but after he died, a couple months went by with nothing happening; he never even appeared in a regular dream. I even began to doubt the afterlife since if anyone could or would communicate it would be him. Then, on the night of my birthday he appeared in a very vivid lucid dream. He was standing there looking at me with a big grin on his face — and said, “Gotcha.” At that moment we shared how much we missed each other and embraced, and it was like an electric explosion of light and bliss, as if two souls had merged.

Another experience that seems to defy a purely mundane physical explanation is some of the “wisdom” that comes from within the dream, which is way beyond anything I could create cognitively. For example, a loved one is suffering from dementia and now completely depends on me for her care. I have no idea where this is going and what I will need to do to get through it. On the day of this dream, I was severely stressing about all of the unknowns. That night I was dreaming that I was in a marina boatyard filled with old rotting and rusting boats (note: boats in my dreams always relate to my creative journey through life — which is now impacted by the caretaking concern).

Suddenly I realized I was dreaming. I called out to the “wisdom”

behind the dream: “Show me what I need to get through this situation.” At that moment, I was lifted up into the cosmos and found myself in a universe of crystal light, which I felt at “one” with and yet somehow still separate. I held up my arms and could see through them, realizing I too was made up of crystal light. Celestial music was consuming everything. I felt an intense BLISS greater than anything I have ever experienced before or could have even imagined experiencing. I dwelled on the pure ecstasy of being absorbed by this sensation, almost forgetting who I was or how I had gotten there. But then I remembered — I had not gotten an answer to my question. So, I called out, “This is really wonderful ... but what do I need to get through this situation?” At that moment, tiny three-dimensional red hearts began to appear in the crystal matrix, floating around in a clockwise, circular manner. They formed the outline of a giant red heart in front of me. I could now hear a tune or singing among the celestial music in the background — so I listened carefully. The music gradually increased in amplitude ... it was the Beatles singing “*All You Need Is Love*.” I smiled in amazement; I had my answer, which I immediately knew to be true ... having earlier cared for my mother with dementia, I knew Love to be absolutely all I can depend on.

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

No rules per se, certainly not moral rules or “do and don’t” rules, but rather a beautifully loving, flexible, interactive system. Lucid dreams are definitely not random or at all chaotic but the lucid structure seems quite solid, logical, and healthy, and one that often introduces a creative twist with a seeming aim toward the health and wholeness of the dreamer. It is not unlike the process in normal dreams that provides an emotional problem resolution and adaptive learning structure — but in lucid dreams, the ego and conscious mind is present, thus making the interactive learning more immediate and direct.

From a psychological or philosophical basis, lucid dreams appear to be a unique state in which our ego state of consciousness is in direct communication with what Carl Jung called the “collective unconscious.” Imaging research on the state of the brain during lucidity suggests this as well. A combination of what might be considered unconscious processing centers of the brain are observed to remain active in normal Rapid Eye Movement (REM) state dreaming — creating what we experience as a dream. When the dream goes lucid, specific (mainly frontal) areas that provide a sense of ego consciousness (self-reflection) also become active. This creates a unique condition where we can consciously interact directly with the dreaming unconscious centers. We can now interact with and influence a part of our mind that is normally inaccessible to conscious awareness in the waking state.

A couple of seeming “rules” or simply “how it works” that I have noted, are: a) attempts at direct control are limited or ineffective, while intent or expectation and simply asking appears to influence the lucid dream; b) staying lucid depends to a degree on dampening your emotions, so you don’t get so excited you wake yourself up; c) dream figures have a sort of ego of their own, sharing our “gray matter” with capabilities for doing math, using our memory systems and even outwitting the dreamer (which they seem to love to do); d) dream figures respond best when they are honored as separate egos and simply asked a question (who are you, what do you represent, what would you like to tell me, etc.); and e) the “wisdom behind the dream” also seems to respond best to open-ended questions that are emotionally important to you — and the answers seem to be always what is best for you even if you don’t like them.

What was it about lucid dreaming that seems most intriguing to you?

By far, it is the ability for direct conscious to unconscious (and collective unconscious) interaction. I consider this to be the true value of lucid dreaming. Whether it be interacting and exploring your dream characters or ultimately connecting with the “wisdom behind the dream” — it is a state of clear participative expanded consciousness that I can’t relate to any other state, except perhaps very deep meditation (but even there the sense of presence is not so immediate).

In my own limited experience, it has allowed me to understand myself in a deeper sense, express feelings that I hadn’t fully expressed, and gain solid wisdom about my life’s direction that I had not achieved in other ways. From the reports of others, it also appears to be a means of mind-over-body and thus physical healing. The potential spiritual aspect is also astonishing. There are a lot of aspects to what I call “the wisdom behind the dream” that certainly appears at times as spirit, a higher self, a divine presence — a sense of oneness

with the infinite when fully embracing it.

My first encounter with that higher state was many years ago right out of college and before I even heard the word “lucid.” I was confused about my direction in life and had prayed for guidance. That night I realized I was dreaming and, with the career question in mind, found myself being lifted up into a place of soft white light. It was a strange sensation as I felt at one with an infinite presence but still separate. I considered it to be a higher consciousness, perhaps divine, so I asked this presence that I be led to a career that is meaningful and helpful to others (dream studies was on my mind). I was shown a white plane of all possibilities below me, and me on a path weaving through it, activating probabilities as I went, looking much like a worm aimlessly weaving itself through an apple. Then a voice boomed out, “Okay, but remember — it is not WHAT you do [career] that is important, it is HOW you do it!”

You have done a lot of work on the meaning of “color” in dreams. Have you had any lucid dreams where color played a role? Anything interesting about color in lucid dreams?

Laboratory research shows that if we wake subjects up during REM sleep and ask them about color, most all dreams are in color — it’s just that color is something that fades from memory quickly because we don’t pay attention to it. Color in lucid dreams is more memorable, however, likely because it is enhanced and brightened due to the increased activity in those areas of the brain that process imagery and color.

My deep curiosity about dream color started when I began teaching dream studies and could find nothing credible regarding dream color; it was all opinion, some culturally based, but with no basis in empirical research. What I found, however, was a good deal of research in the field of color psychology demonstrating how color stimulates the autonomic nervous system and emotions — and that each hue had a different effect. As might be expected, red has an exciting, alerting, and arousal effect stimulating such emotions as desire, passion, drive, achievement and such. On the other hand, blue has a relaxing, calming effect, stimulating such emotions as contentment, fulfillment, affection, introspection and such. All the other hues likewise stimulate different clusters of emotions.

My training in Gestalt Therapy role-play provided me with tools to reveal the emotions pictured within a dream image. When I compared the color psychology research to the role-play results on a colored image, I found that the color psychology results agreed quite well. I realized that the associations one’s brain makes in the waking state are the same as when dreaming. Color, in essence, paints our dreams with emotion. I therefore tabulated the findings from the color psychology studies into a Color Questionnaire for dreamwork and research. The emotional statements are not the “meaning” of color but are designed to trigger one’s own associations. It is available as a download on my website and in my book *Dream Language 2nd edition* (also available as a download).

The following is an example of how color alone provided the answer to my question in a lucid dream. In waking life, I was stressed to the point of illness, trying to manage the editing of two of our IASD books at the same time. One night I dreamed I was drowning. I realized I was dreaming and cried out to the “wisdom” behind the dream, “Show me the way out of this.” A guide appeared and introduced me to two women and two men who were in conflict. I understood they were conflicted parts of myself, so I asked each, “Who are you?” Both men responded, “I am your grouchy side.” One turned out to be a softy who just acted grouchy, but the other was an angry grouch about ready to explode due to bottled up stress. I told him, “You’ve really got problems you need to fix.”

At that point I flew up in the air with my guide, alarmed that I was so fragmented, and asked him, “Well, what do I need to do to integrate these parts?” I asked him twice, but he wouldn’t answer in words — instead he pointed ahead, sending me flying down a blue hall. I then passed a red hall on the right with black and white paintings at the end that reminded me of a delightfully passionate time when I first began teaching dream studies. I was immediately attracted to it, so turned down the red hall. When I did, the red walls started growing out towards me like the mouth of a monster trying to consume me. I immediately turned to fly back out, terrified, knowing I made a mistake and “I must get back to the blue.”

The dream ended without a literal answer to my question. So, I used the Color Questionnaire. The statement

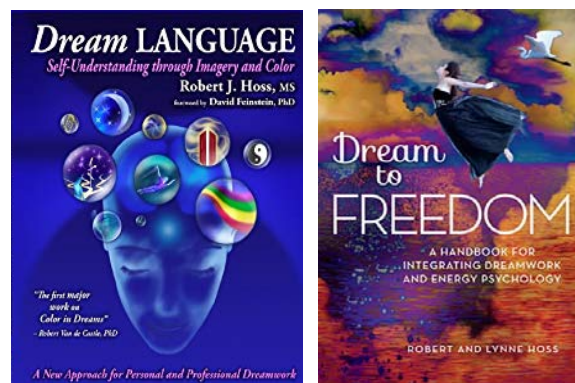
for red that stood out for me was, “I have a driving desire” which I related to my editing the two books, and which was consuming me. When I looked at the blue statements, the one that stood out was, “I need rest, peace, or a chance to recuperate.” The answer to my question was there in the colors alone.

You have developed a wonderful technique for dream interpretation called The Six Magic Questions. Could you briefly explain it? How does it compare or contrast to a lucid dream of asking a question of the “awareness behind the dream?”

The “six magic questions” was something I developed from the role-play exercises in my Gestalt Therapy training. Gestalt work is for therapy and closure and goes pretty deep pretty fast. So I had to find a simpler way to use the power of Gestalt just for dreamwork so that students could use it safely without going too deep. So, I came up with a scripted role-play approach that my students dubbed “the six magic questions.” Basically, you play the role of something in the dream that you want to work on — really “become” that “thing” in the dream. You then answer six to seven questions as that “thing” would answer them:

1. What are you and how do you feel in that role?
2. What is your purpose?
3. What do you like?
4. What do you dislike?
5. What do you fear most?
6. What do you desire most?
7. Then, what would you like to say to the dreamer?

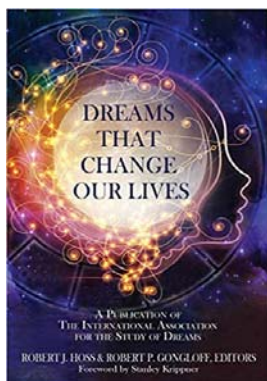
You then review the answers as if they are now you making those statements about a situation or way you have felt in life. Inevitably, one or more triggers a deep unexpressed feeling or conflict within you.



This use of role-play to identify the emotions pictured by a dream image is therefore different from what you do in a lucid dream. In a lucid dream, when you ask a question to the “wisdom” or a dream character, they tell you outright — there is no need for role-play. But sometimes the answers you get are metaphor — so you can use the role-play approach to sort out the metaphor. Also, perhaps an exciting approach is to ask the next dream figure you see in a lucid dream those six questions and see what they say. I only tried it once, on one of the women in the red-blue hallway dream, who said they were “Chipmunks.” Then, using two of the role-play questions, I asked what they liked and disliked? “I like being attractive, fun, and inviting but I dislike that I can be taken out by an unseen predator at any moment.” Sorta like the red tunnel.

Finally, please let readers know when and where the next International Association for the Study of Dreams conference will be? And how do they find out more about you and your books?

More information on the color work and role-play, as well as the science and psychology behind dreaming and lucid dreaming, can be found on my website www.dreamscience.org. My books, which are available on Amazon or through my website, include: *Dream Language 2nd ed.* (which contains the color and role-play work, and is now a free download on that website); *Dream to Freedom* (a clinical handbook for using “tapping” for stress reduction with dreamwork); and two books which I co-edited for IASD, *Dreams that Change Our Lives* and *Dreams: Understanding Biology, Psychology, and Culture*.

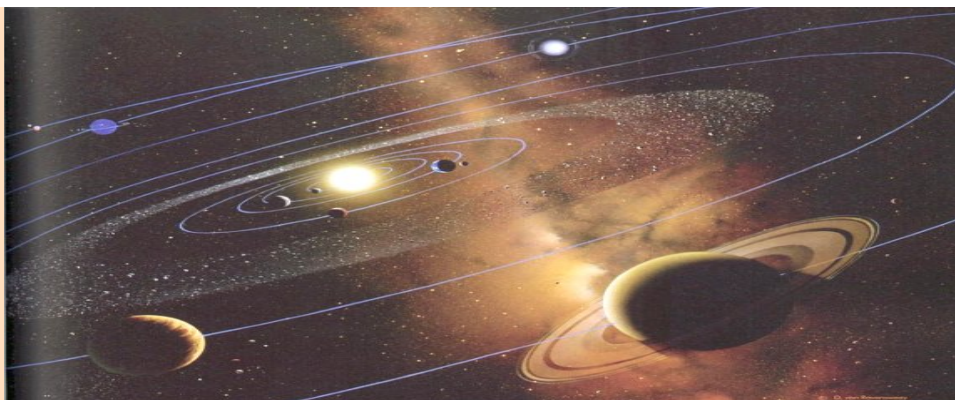


If you are eager to learn more about dreams and lucid dreams, the International Association for the Study of Dreams is holding its 37th annual International Dream Conference on June 13–16, 2020 at the Doubletree Paradise Valley Resort in Scottsdale, Arizona. This is a 5-day, multi-disciplinary conference featuring about 130 presenters from over 20 countries. This year one of our keynote speakers is the lucidity research pioneer Stephen LaBerge, which will set the stage for some special lucidity sessions hosted by Robert Waggoner. Go to <http://iasdconferences.org/2020/> for more information and to register for this exciting event.

Thanks for taking the time for this interview! ▲

Orbiting Around Love

By Karim © 2019



My dream group was practicing incubating on the question, “Who Am I?” This question was popularized by the Indian sage Sri Ramana Maharshi, who has a very short book with the same title. I highly recommend the book.

The following dream came from my first night of incubating on this question.

DREAM: I am in an open green field, having a conversation with the awareness behind the dream about the nature of bliss. The awareness was showing me how motion, particularly spinning motion and circumambulating — revolving around something in a circular (or oval) fashion — generates an energy of “aliveness” and this aliveness is the source of all bliss.

The awareness explained, “Motion is what generates life, light, warmth and bliss. Without motion, we would remain in inertia in the void.”

Then followed a set of interlinked dream scenes:

First, I saw our galaxy with all its star systems and constellations spinning around a black hole (which symbolized emptiness to me). The gravitational pull of the empty black hole was creating this circular motion and it seemed all the heavenly bodies were moving around as an act of worship.

Next, I saw the planets in our solar system orbiting around our sun. I observed the same thing: the planets were revolving around the sun due to its gravitational pull as an act of reverence.

The view then changed to an atom. I viewed the electrons orbiting around the nucleus. There was a lot of excitement and joy but also awe and reverence.

The next imagery was probably connected to all the Sufi literature that I had been reading in waking life. I saw whirling dervishes moving in a circular motion to form an orbit around an empty center. This reminded me of the earth spinning and twirling on its axis while moving around the sun. I am aware that whirling dervishes do this as an act of worship to get into a non-dual trance and experience union with the divine.

I then saw the human nervous system with its electrical impulses looking completely lit like a Christmas tree. The energy in the nervous system was creating a sort of spinning, twirling sensation internally and this was generating an aliveness!

The scene changed and I saw the blood circulating around my veins — the circular movement was orbiting the heart that was a vessel of love. The blood was doing this as an act of worship.



I immediately thought, "Oh God, this is why we feel the aliveness inside!"

The last scene took me by surprise. I saw pilgrims rotating around the Kaaba (the cube structure) at Mecca, in Saudi Arabia. The reason Muslim pilgrims do that is as an act of worship to the divine.


I thought, Wow! I finally figured out why they do this ritual! Everything I was told growing up in my culture about the Islamic pilgrimage did not make sense. The 7 rounds orbiting the Kaaba (or the cube) must be symbolizing the movement of the planets around the sun. At the time of the creation of this ritual almost 1500 years ago it was believed there were only 7 planets that revolved around the sun; this must be why they decided it will be 7 rotations. The cube being covered in black cloth reminded me of the black hole at the center of the galaxy. This for me symbolized emptiness, the purest form of awareness.

I thought, As above so below! This mimicking of planetary orbit in the pilgrimage must be to emphasize the concept of aliveness that arises from a spinning or revolving motion in order to generate *bliss*! This is one of the key qualities of pure awareness, according to Vedic and Buddhist philosophy.

As if to answer my thoughts, the awareness said:

"You cannot generate bliss. You can only realize or notice the bliss that is already here! Everything orbits around love. This is why inherent in all creation is the bliss generated by the aliveness. It is just a matter of placing your attention to what is already there. The aliveness and the bliss is where you find ... yourself."

I thought that was a beautiful, elaborate, and perfect answer to the incubation, Who Am I? ▲



Theme for our March 2020 Issue:
"The Awareness Behind the Dream"

What do you experience when you try to engage the awareness behind the dream in a lucid dream? Do you get a verbal response? Does a dream figure step up and respond? Are you shown something or taken somewhere? What do you see, feel, hear, sense? What does this tell you about the state of consciousness we call dreaming? What are the Top Five Questions you want to ask the awareness behind the dream?

LDE is eager to hear your thoughts, ideas, and lucid dream experiences you've had when engaging the awareness behind your dream. Please submit your lucid dreams, articles, and/or suggestions on this theme to LDE via our website www.luciddreammagazine.com

Deadline: send submissions by February 15, 2020



Lucid Fiction

By Jo Harthan © 2019

If you're a writer, you may know that November is the time of NaNoWriMo. For those who have no idea what that means, it stands for National Novel Writing Month. It's a time when writers all over the world commit to writing at least 50,000 words of a new novel during the month of November. Make no mistake, it's a tough call, especially when a lucid dream is demanding that you write a thousand word article for LDE. Sadly, by the time you read this, November will be over but that doesn't stop you planning for November 2020.

I've participated in NaNoWriMo since 2017 and am pleased to report that I have received a certificate of completion every year — hopefully this year will be no exception. The first novel, *Vital Organs*, was instigated by the experiences of someone I know. The idea for the second novel, *Reaper of Souls*, came from a ghost-hunting night in a haunted canal tunnel. And this third novel, *Daisy's Grave*, came from a lucid dream.

At the time of the dream I was staying in what used to be the summer residence of Mussolini in Gargnano at Lake Garda. I understand the building is now a very expensive hotel. At the time it was owned by the University of Milan and I was there for a conference, representing the University of Nottingham, England.

It was 1:45am on the 19th June 2000 when I woke from the most startlingly lucid dream I had ever had. I know the exact time because I was keeping a detailed Dream Journal — and indeed have done for thirty years.

Here's the dream transcript:

I'm standing on a flat roofed garage with a white stone chip roof. I'm bouncing and shoot up into the sky. Realising I'm dreaming I consciously decide to use the spinning technique to enter another lucid dream. I come down in open countryside, lots of green fields. There's an enclosed garden area surrounded by a low stone wall. It's a graveyard. I glide through, looking briefly at the headstones. One has a daisy motif engraved on it, which seems to be important to me. Nothing is happening. I'm getting bored so I bounce back up into the sky and repeat the spinning technique.

I come back down to a scene of decimation. I'm on a deserted street, it has a feeling of the holocaust about it. There's rubbish blowing about and it's very dismal and grey. It's not a nice place and I don't want to stay here. I bounce back up into the sky again and repeat the spin.

When I come back down, a young man rushes over to me; he's trying to grab me. There's something wrong with his arms; they have the motion of pincers. I jump onto a low bunker to escape him but he is trying to grab my legs. I'm bouncing to escape but it's getting harder, my energy is fading.

Suddenly I take off just as he nearly grabs my feet. I felt he/it wanted to possess me. I go back up into the air and I repeat the spinning technique.

When I come down again, I find myself back on the garage with the flat roof. I have the impression it's part of a council estate, although not in the United Kingdom. Everything seems to be built in concrete.

I meet a young, very attractive, dark-haired European man. He is wearing a short-sleeved black T-shirt. I don't know what country he is from but he is definitely not of British descent. He has brown eyes. He looks in his mid to late 20's. He looks very sad, very unhappy. He's pleading with me to stay with him. I want to help him but I know I can't. I try to get away but he follows me. I feel there's something bad about this place — perhaps it's just that it's a poor area. I know he can't leave and he wants me to stay here with him. I become fearful. I'm losing control of the situation. I bounce to escape back up into the sky but it is very difficult, my strength is almost gone. I'm so frightened I make myself wake up.

I recorded in my Dream Journal that the following day, whilst doing some sight-seeing before flying home, I saw the same daisy engraving I had seen in the dream. It was carved into all four corners of a stone sarcophagus at the Church of San Francesco, which also had a low-walled enclosure in the grounds just like the enclosure in my dream. I believed that, somehow, my lucid dream had been spliced with an OBE.

This lucid dream, even after almost twenty years, has remained one of the most vivid of my lucid encounters and I'm excited to be in the process of transforming it into a new novel. Obviously, there will be a great deal of literary licence but that won't detract from the dream that planted the seed.

Daisy's Grave describes a young woman's journey to discover the truth behind a gravestone carved with a daisy motif on unconsecrated land where she grew up. After working in the *bier halles* of Munich, Antje goes to live with her cousin in Gargnano and accidentally discovers that the grave that has fascinated her for so long, is the grave of her half-sister, Daisy, condemned by the church as an abomination. Her investigations uncover a shocking history of incest and murder.

So much has been written about writers' block. So much advice is available. Rarely is it mentioned that if you're a dreamer, all you have to do is dream. ▲

Biography:

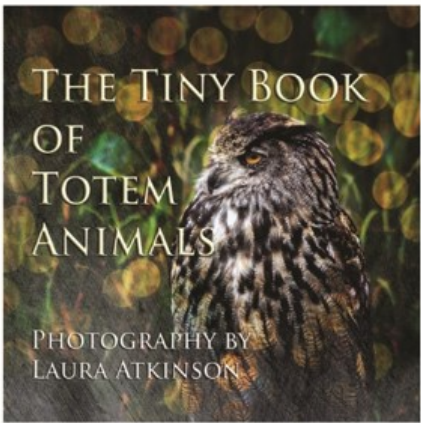
Jo Harthan has been a member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams since 2002 and has presented at conferences in Europe and America. She retired from academia in 2011 to become a full-time author and has fourteen books published to date, including *Working With Dreams*, a handbook of techniques for individuals, therapists, and groups. For more information about Jo's work, go to www.docdreamuk.com

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Assessing Your Levels of Lucidity

by Alexandra Enns © 2019

In the following, I share with LDE readers a self-growth tool I developed. To improve my skills, first I tried to determine the most important areas for increasing proficiency as a lucid dreamer, which resulted in identifying ten 'levels of lucidity':

1—Mindfulness

Carry out a general evaluation concerning your state of awareness in your waking life — how aware are you of your language, body, and mind (mental processes) in physical reality?
Do you realize when you are on autopilot?

2—Reality Testing

How often and conscientiously do you perform your reality tests in the waking state — mechanically or in a concentrated, reflecting manner?
Have you examined the effects of *various* reality checks on your dream world?

3—Control

Are you trying to 'control' your dream environment or do you practice lucid surrender?
Have you discovered your boundaries as to influencing the dream?

4—Attitude

Are you often impatient and frustrated, or open and confident while inducing a lucid dream?

5—Action

How much of your time do you spend on reading, speaking, or writing about lucid dreams?
Do you keep a dream journal?
Have you observed the impact of these activities on your dream world?

6—Motivation

How persistently do you carry out your lucid dreaming techniques?
Are you resolute or rather calm before falling asleep (i.e., attaining lucidity in your dreams)?

7—Spirituality

How important is personal development to you?
Would you like to try out a certain spiritual practice?

8—Focus

Do you pursue specific goals in your lucid dreams?
Or do you spend your dream time in a rather haphazard, relaxed atmosphere?

9—Meditation

Have you ever tried meditation? Do you meditate regularly?
Have you tried incorporating meditation in your WBTB practice?
Have you ever practiced yin yoga as a meditational technique?
Have you meditated at alternating times of the day?

10—Revision

Are you in touch with your goals?

Do you repeat them regularly, especially in the evenings to foster your memory skills?

If you are about to apply a new lucid dreaming technique, do you remember the corresponding steps correctly without straining your mind?

If you spontaneously wake up at night, do you know what to do instantly to perform a dream re-entry?

Can you identify your strengths or weaknesses as a lucid dreamer?

Then, I transferred these ten categories to a wheel, divided into ten equal parts — so each part is equivalent to 10 percent. Thus, while evaluating achievements/status in a specific area, you can reach up to 100% by fully coloring the corresponding part.

I recommend this technique, which requires discipline and honesty towards your state of development, especially to beginners or intermediate lucid dreamers who aim to either overcome a lucidity drought, to analyze their skills on the whole, or to make progress in areas where they might lack consistency, motivation, or playfulness.

Try to implement this tool into regular practice every 1–3 months for about a year and then draw comparisons regarding your advancement! I recommend you complement your chosen 'level of lucidity' with goals you would like to achieve and to make a firm decision to improve in this area.

Upon estimating your results, try to answer these questions: *Do you notice any changes in your lucid dreaming practice? Do you feel more motivated than before?*

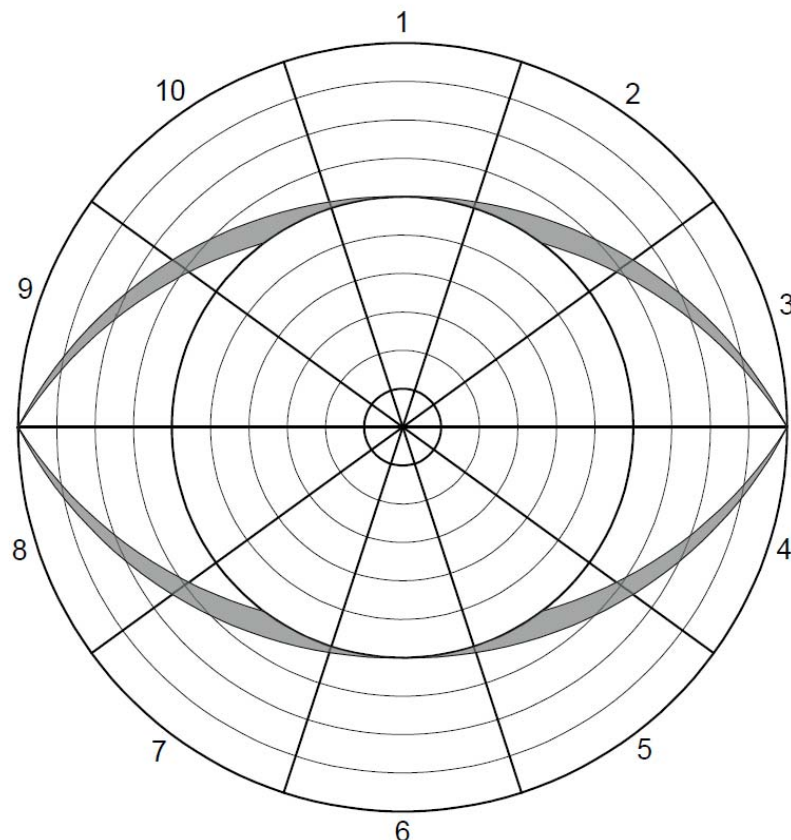
It might be reasonable to confine yourself to only three categories maximum to avoid frustration or mental/physical overload. In my opinion, lucid dreaming should be a replenishing and not an exhausting pursuit! ▲

References

Enns, A. (2018). *Motiviert zum Klartraum: Ein Arbeitsbuch für Traumbewusste*.

Levels of Lucidity

Mindfulness
Reality Testing
Control
Attitude
Action
Motivation
Spirituality
Focus
Meditation
Revision



Super Shamanic Dreaming:

How Nutritional Supplements, Herbs, and Drugs Can Enhance Our Nighttime Adventures

By David Jay Brown © 2019



Lucid dreaming can be one of life's greatest and most astonishing joys, as well as having many practical applications. It can be used for fantasy fulfillment, for learning new skills, for healing, for creativity enhancement, for spiritual growth, as well as for having extraordinary adventures, and engaging in profound and unparalleled self-discovery.

There are dozens of effective techniques for increasing the probability of having a lucid dream, but one of the less discussed methods is often overlooked — utilizing nutritional supplements, herbs, and drugs to enhance the dreaming process.

In addition to the necessary psychological preparation, there appears to be a biological factor involved in lucid dreaming. It seems necessary to have just the right amount of mental arousal during sleep, which is not always easy to attain, and often one just has to wait for those magically balanced nights to capriciously arrive. However, besides the psychological techniques, there are also some valuable neurochemical tools that one can utilize to help with lucid dreaming.

Numerous drugs, herbs, cognitive enhancers, and nutritional supplements can influence dreaming, and some even have the potential to help cultivate that special state of consciousness that promotes lucid dreaming. In this article, I'll be reviewing some of the different drugs and dietary supplements that are reputed to help with lucid dreaming, such as *calea zacatechichi*, *silene capensis*, *mucuna pruriens*, mugwort, and galantamine.

Calea zacatechichi is a medium-sized shrub that has been used by the Chontal Indians in Mexico for many generations to enhance the vividness and mystical aspects of dreams. *Calea* is traditionally used as both a tea and a smokable herb, often together, prior to drifting off to sleep. It is said to promote powerful, mythic, and larger-than-life epic dreams. Scientific studies with *Calea* show that it improves sleep, dream recall, and that it increases hypnagogic imagery during the period when one is falling asleep.

In my experience, using the *Calea* tincture before retiring to bed definitely enhanced the vividness and detailed memories of my dreams, and it shifted the emotional quality of the dreams in a hard to define way. However, it didn't seem to increase my ability to have lucid dreams.

Silene capensis and ***Silene undulata*** are two closely-related plants native to South Africa that are regarded by the Xhosa people as sacred. They are commonly known as the "African dream herb." The root is traditionally used by the Xhosa people during shamanic initiatory processes to induce vivid, prophetic, and lucid dreaming. A lot of people report that the effects from *Silene* are similar to those of *Calea*.

When I tried a *Silene* tincture I had a massive flood of strange and powerful dreams. My nighttime adventures began with enhanced hypnagogic imagery, and then I had long, bizarre, and complicated dreams about interactions with animal-human hybrid beings, although I didn't ever achieve lucidity. I found the *Silene* to be somewhat similar to *Calea*, as others have reported, but also thought that it was more potent.

Mucuna pruriens, or **Velvet Bean**, is a tropical legume that has been used in Ayurvedic medicine for thousands of years, mostly as a remedy for various poisonous snakebites. The plant contains the amino acid L-DOPA, which is the direct precursor to the stimulating neurotransmitter dopamine — and this is what makes it

useful as a tool for dream enrichment. Many people report that elevated dopamine levels enhance the vividness of dreams, although for some people this can be unpleasant, increasing the frequency of nightmares.

I personally got profound effects from Velvet Bean. I found that when I took it in the evening my dreams were always much more vivid, colorful, action-packed, and plentiful. It also helped me to become lucid, and maintain states of easily entering lucidity for several hours.

Mugwort is a name used for several related species of plants in the genus known as “*Artemisia*,” although for dreaming purposes we are referring to the species *Artemisia vulgaris*. Mugwort is often referred to as one of the quintessential dream-enhancing, “astral projection,” and psychic phenomena-enhancing herbs. Some people use it to make a tea, and other people stuff their pillows with it.

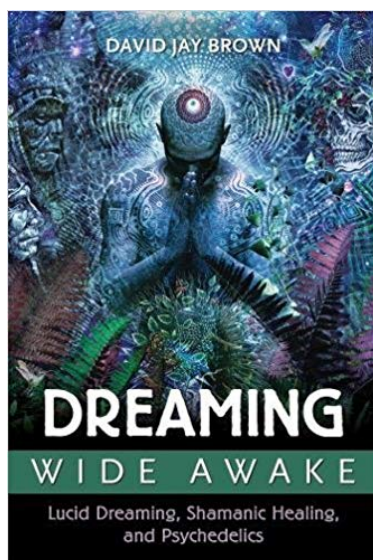
I found that mugwort tea, along with a small pouch stuffed with the herb by my pillow, sometimes enhanced my dreams, although not as much as the *Calea* and *Silene* did. But it does so in its own hard-to-describe signature way, and sometimes for two nights. I also had one of the most powerful lucid dreams of my life after drinking mugwort tea.

Galantamine is a cognitive enhancer, used to treat Alzheimer’s disease and other memory disorders. It works by increasing the concentration and action of a neurotransmitter called acetylcholine in certain areas of the brain. Acetylcholine is used for memory consolidation, and galantamine is sometimes used as a “smart drug” to help improve people’s mental performance. Galantamine is also used by many people to achieve lucidity in dreams. Although personally I wasn’t able to even sleep after taking it, as I found its effects too stimulating, for some people galantamine is the Holy Grail of dream lucidity enhancers, and it works for them every time.

Many people report profound life transformations and healings from these experiences, as well as spontaneous lucid dreams for several days afterwards. I personally found this to be the case, and in fact it was a series of these experiences, and the lucid dreams that resulted from them, that inspired me to write my book on lucid dreaming, *Dreaming Wide Awake*.

To learn more about the relationship between nutritional supplements, herbs, drugs, and dreaming, see my book *Dreaming Wide Awake: Lucid Dreaming, Shamanic Healing, and Psychedelics* (Inner Traditions, 2016).

Alternatively, take some much-needed time for yourself and dive into lucid dreaming and lucid living at an upcoming DREAMING WIDE AWAKE retreat in the beautiful mountain valleys of Boulder, Colorado, where you will actively experience for yourself the best strategies from experts in the field, to increase your awareness and develop your mindset to grow and advance towards becoming the best version of yourself! (See below for more information.) ▲



Biography:

David Jay Brown is the author of 16 books about the future evolution of consciousness, including *Dreaming Wide Awake: Lucid Dreaming, Shamanic Healing, and Psychedelics*, and *The New Science of Psychedelics: At the Nexus of Culture, Consciousness, and Spirituality*. He is also the coauthor of six bestselling volumes of interviews with leading-edge thinkers: *Mavericks of the Mind*, *Voices from the Edge*, *Conversations on the Edge of the Apocalypse*, *Mavericks of Medicine*, *Frontiers of Psychedelic Consciousness*, and *Women of Visionary Art*. To find out more about his work see: www.davidjaybrown.com

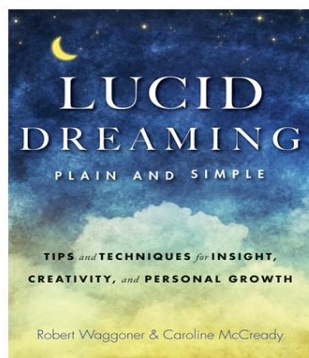
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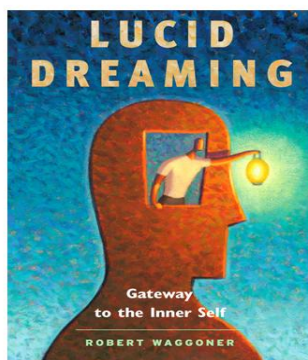
Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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Where's Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner

February 28 & 29, 2020 — Sausalito, CA
**"Lucid Dreaming as a Path to Personal Growth,
Healing, and Spiritual Wisdom"**
Friday Evening 2-hour Talk, Saturday Full-day Workshop
Details at: <https://intuitionmedicine.org/events/>

March or April 2020 — Online
"Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly"
30-Day Intensive Online Workshop
Details at: www.glidewing.com/ or www.LucidAdvice.com

June 13–17, 2020 — Scottsdale, AZ
IASD Annual Conference
Robert will speak at a variety of conference events.
Details at: <http://iasdconferences.org/2020/>



Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

from Robert's LucidAdvice.com © 2019



At Robert' Waggoner's book website, lucid dreamers send in questions about their personal lucid dream experiences. Here are some recent examples, with Robert's answers.

Lucid night terror! How do I stop this?

Hi Robert,

I have never practiced lucid dreaming. It started happening when I was in high school and I was very scared. It eventually stopped but I started having it happen again recently.

Usually I'm in another dream and then I become lucid. I'm lying in bed and I can see myself and my boyfriend next to me. I know that I am asleep, and I'm desperately trying to wake up — for some reason I'm terrified. The worst sense of fear imaginable . . . I feel like I need to wake up now.

Worse, there's a deafening ringing in my ears and my head hurts like it's going to explode. Sometimes I wake up in my dream and I hope that I am awake, but I find I'm still sleeping. The only way I have found to wake up is to fully give in to the fear and the ringing, and it gets so loud I wake up. Usually I have goosebumps all over my body when I wake up. It is so scary. I really hate this and can't find much help or resources to make it stop.

Please help,
Lily

Robert Responds:

Hi Lily,

Thanks for writing about your experience. I think you can make a very positive improvement — so I hope you will listen to this advice.

By your description, it does not sound like a 'lucid dream'. Instead, it sounds like you are describing the

common characteristics of (what people call) an OBE or out-of-body experience. In my first book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, I have half a chapter on the similarities and differences between 'lucid dreams' and 'OBEs' — and your experience sounds like an OBE.

Why do I say that? Here's why: 1) In lucid dreams, you normally do not "see yourself" lying in bed — however, in an OBE, that is very common; 2) In a lucid dream, you normally do not have "ringing" in the ears — but at the beginning of many OBEs, that is very common; and 3) In a lucid dream, normally a person is very happy because they realize, "Hey this is a dream!" — but for people who are having OBEs, they often feel frightened or even terrified, since they do not understand what is happening.

So, here is my advice:

1. Calm down. Try to remember that this event has happened before — and you have always been fine. So calm down, and take it easy. Also, think to yourself, "Millions of people have had this experience, too. So it is not that big a deal."

2. Most OBE experts consider the ringing in the ears as a reflection of the shift in 'energies' or 'frequencies'. So again, it does not harm a person. It is noisy — but at a certain point it will stop.

3. Read books on how people use the OBE state. When you do so, you will see that people use it to have amazing adventures!

4. As you read the books, you will see how to 'end' the state too. Knowledge is power. So read up on it,

and learn about it.

5. Finally, understand that there are a lot of people who have experienced this state, and the ringing in the ears, and seeing themselves on the bed sleeping — and they figured it out, because they read up on it, and in the process, they lost their fear of it.

If you have any more questions, drop me a note at www.LucidAdvice.com

Best wishes (and nothing to fear),
Robert

Asking Dreams What They Represent

Hi Robert,

I recently saw an interview of you mentioning how you began asking the “awareness” by originally asking dream characters what it is they represent; you realized the response was not coming from the actual dream character, but somewhere above and so on. [Robert’s note: As I write in my books, I asked a dream figure what it represented, and a non-visible voice boomed out a response. This led me to wonder if an ‘awareness behind the dream’ existed.]

A night or two later, I was dreaming and the moment I became lucid was at a peak of anger at a dream character. Immediately I thought to ask what it represents and did so. But in asking, I looked above the character, then received an answer in a voice similar to the experience Robert described.

What I would like to know is if this is a placebo? What you spoke of in the video — is it my unconscious merely imitating my previous waking interpretation of your experience? I would have more clarity if someone would cite that either everyone who asks a dream character experiences this, or instead some people experience answers coming directly from and only from the dream character.

Thanks,
Joshua

Robert Responds:

Hi Joshua,

Great question!

In my interviews, I often tell the story of lucidly asking a dream figure, “What do you represent?” — and unexpectedly hearing a non-visible ‘voice’ give a

partial reply. I then asked a follow-up question and received a full reply to the question.

But in the morning, I wondered, “Why did a non-visible voice respond? Does this mean that there is an awareness behind the dream, with which lucid dreamers can communicate?”

In my first book (which I encourage you to read), you can see how I began to look into your fundamental question — am I just hearing an ‘echo’ of my own thinking? Or does this responsive awareness represent a different or larger aspect of the ‘self’ of which Robert W is a part?

Now in your experience, you say you received a response (and by the sounds of it, the response seemed to make sense) — but on waking, you wonder if this experience just constitutes ‘expectation’, right? In general terms (and as you would read in my book), if you continue along these lines of investigation, you will encounter “unexpected” responses from this non-visible voice — as many lucid dreamers have.

In my first book, I share many examples from lucid dreamers around the world — who shared their experiences — and ‘heard’ the non-visible voice disagree with their request and offer an alternative explanation. For example, the leader of LD4all.com, PasQuale, asked, “Show me the beginning and end of the universe” — and then the non-visible voice responded, “The universe has no beginning and has no end. The universe is an everlasting cycle.”

And I can provide many more examples where the non-visible voice offers an alternative explanation, or unexpectedly cautions the lucid dreamer to “not” proceed with their request (and explains why).

As you will read, you see this non-visible voice respond with these characteristics — perception, apperception, memory, reflection, judgment, affectivity, creativity, etc. “all in subliminal form.” I bring this up, because Carl Jung said that if we have an inner ego or inner self, it should have all of these characteristics! As you go deeper into lucid dreaming and interact with this non-visible awareness, it shows all of these characteristics which suggests it exists as another conscious layer of the self/Self.

Anyway – great question — and please keep exploring. You will naturally begin to see that something more than placebo or expectation is happening here.

Robert

Dream Collapsing!

Dear Robert,

I hope this message finds you well. I still have lucid dreams quite often, but I'm facing great difficulties in stabilizing them and would like, if possible, to receive some advice on this.

My dreams have been happening in a curious and fascinating way. After waking up spontaneously at 5:30am, meditating for half an hour and reading for another half an hour, I return to bed and focus a strong intention: "I will have a lucid dream now."

After about two hours lying in bed and progressively relaxing, seeing a beautiful sequence of hypnagogic images, I feel that I finally "crossed a passage." It is hard to describe it in words, but it is as if my "dream body" has finally broken free of my "physical" body. However, this "dream body" is still lying in my bed (it's a strange feeling, as if I'm having an Out-of-Body Experience).

In order to "transport" this dream body to a lucid dream scenario, I put my palms close together and mentally say: "Chi" (I don't know where I got the idea to do this; it occurred to me spontaneously once, as if "I knew I had to do it"; I also remember that I've read in your books about the relationship between life energy — "Chi" — and lucid dreams).

Then something fantastic occurs. I start to feel a very strong "energy ball" between my hands. My "dream body" floats, flies, enters a kind of luminous tunnel and, after crossing it, finally "lands" in a dream.

And at that moment the problems begin. Although I am rubbing my hands, keeping calm, and modulating my emotions, the dream collapses as soon as I try to move or talk to dream figures.

Since I have no impression that I am nervous, I cannot say what would be the cause for this collapse. Would you have any ideas?

All the best,
Krishna

Robert Responds:

Hi Krishna,

Thanks for sharing your experience.

As a fundamental rule, we learn that 'dreaming' reflects the mind (and its beliefs, expectations, focus, intent/will, etc.). In lucid dreaming, we have the ability to see 'how' this process of reflection occurs.

In this particular case, there are a few things that may be behind the issue of the dream collapsing:

1. You have come to believe that creating an energy ball and saying "Chi" will transport you from regular dreaming into the lucid dream state. This is your belief. The problem with this approach is that it may "reflect" or help to create too much "energy" in the mental atmosphere, which makes the lucid dream more unstable. (For others reading this, if you have too much energy in a lucid dream, then it often becomes unstable and collapses.)
2. Therefore, you may want to 'move into' the lucid dream by simply pulling yourself into it, stepping into it, or something visually appropriate to the lucid dream situation (and not perform the 'chi' approach). If that results in a stable lucid dream, then you have resolved the problem.
3. The next issue may be the general approach, since you lie in bed for a couple of hours, relax, and then see hypnagogic imagery and then "cross the passage" into dream awareness — basically you are doing a Wake Initiated Lucid Dream approach to lucid dreaming (meaning that you are moving from the waking state into a lucid dream). I would suggest that you **not** spend two hours of relaxation (after a half hour of meditation) — it's far too long. I would suggest that immediately after meditating, you tell yourself that your next dream will be lucid, and fall asleep. I say this because your 'mind' will be much more in the sleep/dream state naturally (after 30 minutes of meditation), and you will move into a deeper sleep state, where your lucid dream will be more stable.

Lucid wishes on your journey of awareness,
Robert ▲

... and then the non-visible voice responded, "The universe has no beginning and has no end. The universe is an everlasting cycle."



Marlise • *Golden Trees, Golden Fireballs*

Sometimes it's interesting what happens if I perform a task that I wouldn't have chosen as a lucid dreaming goal for myself, as in the following one: meet an angel, eat flatbread, and drink water.

First, I thought to skip it, as I am proud of never having angels in my dreams because I don't believe in any. But then I decided that it could be fun to let appear a projection of a golden angel.

After a WBTB, I try to enter a lucid dream with my practical quest: 'observe images after interrupted sleep'.

Lying on my back with eyes closed, I begin to see hypnagogic hallucinations until I am in a false awakening. I still can see some hallucinations with my open eyes in my bedroom. After they fade, I explain this phenomenon to my friends.

Then I try again to perform a WILD by observing images. (I'm not sure if I do it in my false awakening or if I woke up first.) I begin to see a cartoonlike picture with a table and deckchairs. I manage to zoom into it, and I am lying on one of the deckchairs now. I can remove a blanket and float up and out of the bedroom window. It feels like the start of a gondola ride.

Outside, a toddler, dressed in green, throws a white teddy bear towards me. I catch it and press to my body. It looks exactly like the favorite teddy of one of my daughters. What a fun start to my lucid dream adventure!

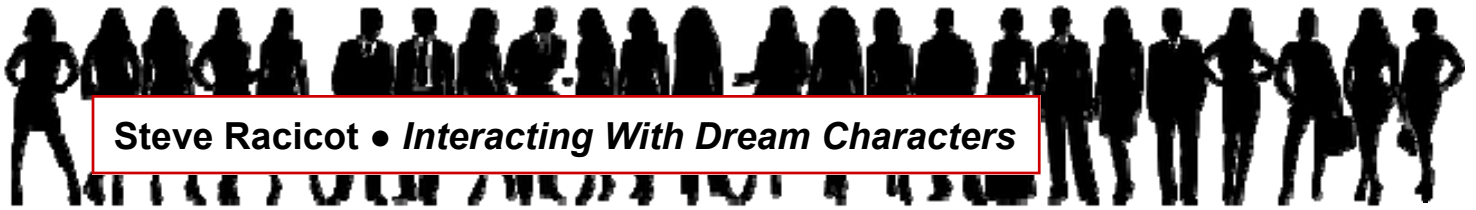
Together with another child, I'm flying higher above a wonderful mountain landscape. There are several valleys with snow-covered trees, and in the distance, I see the beginning of a gorgeous sunset. But the hill in front of me is still green with only a few snow-covered fir trees between them, which looks funny. I think that it would look even nicer if all larch trees would be golden like they are now during fall. Immediately it happens! Wow — it looks wonderful, and it reminds me of my goal to meet a golden angel.

I imagine that such an angel is flying down from the sky in front of me. But instead, the sky darkens, and fireballs are attacking me. I can feel the heat and one touches my left hand. It doesn't hurt as I know that it's only a dream illusion. I'm puzzled and too confused to decide what to do next. Therefore I wake up.



Comment: It seems my 'Larger Awareness' played a trick on me. As I didn't want to meet a 'real' angel, just an illusion of it, my dreamer behind the dream let me 'meet' golden fireballs. A projection is only a projection, after all, maybe made of lucid (golden) light? It's what I want to explore in future lucid dreams.

(Editorial Note: The cover art for this issue — small version shown to the left — is an original watercolor painting by Marlise, inspired by her lucid dream.)



Steve Racicot • *Interacting With Dream Characters*

Before sleep, I visualize a glowing red sphere in my throat and try to be conscious as I go to sleep.

The Dream: I am walking down a long stairway made of polished black stone. The stairway has many turns and landings. The steps are curved rather than straight. As I descend these stairs, I meet a man on one of the landings who reminds me of someone I work with. For some reason this meeting causes me to know that I am dreaming. I ask the man, “Do you know where you are?”

“No, I don’t,” he replies.

“The reason you don’t is because this is a dream,” I say. He looks surprised.

I continue down the stairs and meet a couple more people. I ask them, “Do you know that this is a dream?” They smile and reply that they had no idea.

The stairs end in a large lobby of what appears to be a very big building. A long line of people extends across the lobby. I walk down this line, talking to the people. I ask if they know who they are or where they are. Each one tells me he or she doesn’t know. I tell them, “That is because you and I are dreaming” — or sometimes I tell them that it is because they are people in my dream.

I notice that some of the people have cameras with them. “Take my picture and see if I am in the picture when you get home. I bet I won’t be because this is a dream,” I tell them, not noticing that my strange kind of dream logic doesn’t make much sense.

Now I come upon two young ladies, both holding babies and playing with them as mothers do. I ask one of these young mothers if she knows her name. She replies, “Of course.”

I ask, “Well, what is it?”

She says, “Vulva Incognito.”

I say, “What?”

She looks embarrassed and says her name again, but changes it to something else that sounds a little more like a real name. I tell her, “See, even though this is a dream, we are now both embarrassed and you don’t really know your name. I think you are just making things up to try to fit into the dream scene.” This young mother agrees with me and the other people standing around laugh.

I continue walking through this large building, joking with the people and saying things like, “None of you know who you are because this is my dream.” Now it finally occurs to me that here I am, conscious in a dream, and all I am doing is playing around.

I decide to do something more interesting. I walk out the front door of the building and find a nice country landscape, with grass and trees all around. I get the idea to go see my meditation teacher. I leap into the air with the idea to fly to wherever he is. Once I’m up in the air I feel as though I am lying on my back and I begin falling downward. I close my eyes, thinking to myself that if there is no ground to hit then I won’t hit the ground. Sure enough, I don’t crash into the earth because when I close my eyes the dream disappears. Also, because I know I’m dreaming, I am actually enjoying the falling sensation and this goes on for quite a while.

I land in my bed and wake up the instant I land.

Cheryl Miranda • *Flying With An Old Friend*

While standing in a massive empty house, I recognize I am dreaming and become lucid. I prepare to go through my normal exit procedure and say to myself, "If I'm lucid, I am out of body."

After a spontaneous somersault, I am flying over mountains and streams. Then I realize there is a girl flying with me. I can't see her, but she has attached herself to me energetically. She is slightly behind me and to my right. I don't mind. There is something comfortable and familiar about her.

When I make my usual request to go to the inner dimensions, instead of rolling out of another body and going to the vast empty void I am used to, I stay where I am and the dreamscape around me disappears.

The girl is still attached to me. She doesn't feel like any of the guides who have traveled with me before. I usually perceive guides as knowledgeable with a serious demeanor, suggesting they have a purpose or job to do. I perceive this nonphysical girl as more innocent and less experienced. Like me, she is still learning about the nonphysical world and trying to figure things out. I imagine she is younger than me which is an odd recognition since I have never encountered age before.

Suddenly numerous photographs flash in front of us, one after another. I only get a quick glimpse of each photo before it disappears and another one appears. The photos are of me and my female companion from different life events that we obviously shared together. Although I recognize it is me in each of the photos, it isn't "me" now. It isn't the "me" sleeping in my bed and living my current physical life. It is me from many other lifetimes. Although I have no conscious memory of the scenarios or lifetimes shown in the photos, I know what is being suggested is true — this girl and I have shared many past lives together. I also understand she is not currently alive in a physical form. She is in between lives.

After the past-life photo show down memory lane, I wake up pondering who in my current life have I shared other lives with.

Peter Maich • *Two Dreams with My Lady in Black*

Dream One: OBE — Women in Black in the Darkness of Space

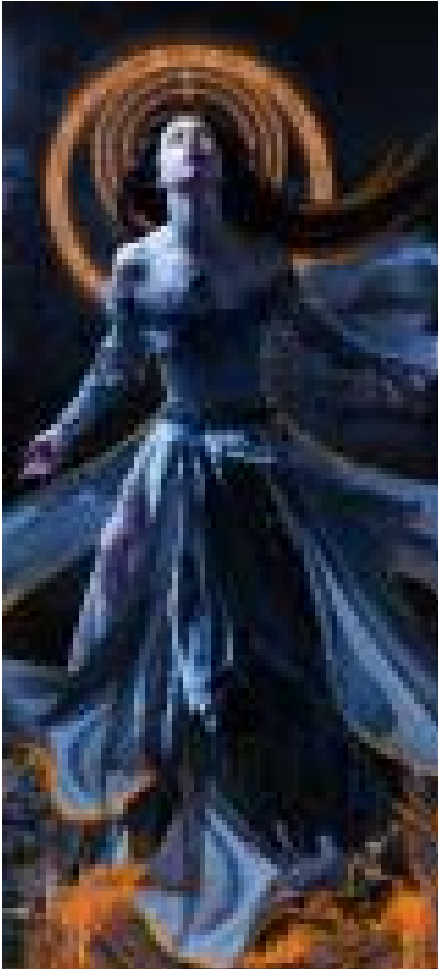
I had dark chocolate and strong coffee for desert and could not sleep. I was wound up like a clock spring. In an instant I was asleep, had rolled out of bed, and was sitting on the floor. Nice fast OBE!

I went to a wall, outside, and then on a balcony and started to rise into the night sky. I saw two dark shapes glide past in the distance — classic witch capes extended — and decided to go find them. One female then appeared in front of me, dressed totally in black, with a pointed hood. Such a classic strong female. She had a very dark face and looked extremely wise and intelligent.

She was just looking at me, then reached out and put her hands on my shoulders, and then put her face close to mine. Her tongue extended into my mouth and then my belly. We started to spin gently anticlockwise and I wondered how strong she was, so I started to induce a clockwise spin. I had to break the hold to do this as she was pretty powerful.

At this point I woke up shaking and feeling like I had met something powerful and missed an opportunity. I decided to have another go to see if I can meet her again.





Dream Two: Lady in Black, "Now I Know Her"

I felt sensations and relaxed into them; popping in my head like the timbers in an old sailing ship working in a seaway. A sharp solid sound, then silence and calm till the next one.

Lucid and in my dark room, I feel the beginning of a body exit forming and easily roll out into the room. I move through the wall and am now standing in the hallway. I feel arms holding me from behind, hands on my shoulders. They are warm and loving so I keep walking to the bedroom thinking I will exit the house and go flying. But, I decide not to and turn around to face the lady.

She is looking at me in a calm, expectant way and I gently pick her up. It is my Lady in Black.

I carry her to the lounge room, having decided to play out this experience in my house. She is close to me; I can feel her warmth and scent and take this all in. I see her ebony skin and feel her darkness, the strength and wisdom wrapped in a very feminine and sensual form. She looks young and old at the same time.

I start to notice detail on her skin; there are small points of light, twinkling silver, and I tell her they look like stars and constellations. One pattern appears in gold and I watch these for a few moments until they fade. I look for detail and see a small dimple and focus on this, as I want to notice this on a person in real life if I ever see it and know it is her.

Her skin is now lighter in colour, still a healthy tan and with a natural look to it. She turns her head to the wall, and I see a big screen lighting up. I watch about seven small clusters of moving patterns, moving like simmering water. They slowly form up into one group in the middle and go calm with no movement. It now looks like a flat multi-coloured crystal.

She asks me if I know what it is, and I say it is death, as it looks like cells clustering and then life leaving as it's the opposite to cell splitting and growth. She says, "No, it is life and it is cells merging and healing."

She says that when she last visited me in the darkness, I was sick and her tongue entering me and reaching into my belly was healing.

I now see three men in the room. One approaches her. This annoys me so I will him into the wall and he merges into the dreamscape.

She now holds me close and I feel her warmth and love. Her tongue fills my mouth and I accept this and allow her to fill me with love and her energy. We slowly spin and I see her fade to bones as I expand into a ball of light. I am happy and sad at this and slowly return to the waking world.

Elizabeth • Same Dream Twice

I don't usually remember my dreams once I wake up. However, this time I did remember something about the dream. I remembered being confused in my dream — a "what the Hell" moment. I was having a dream that was playing simultaneously. It was the same dream, but it was playing in my head twice, at the same time. Like if you have a screen and read the same document side by side.

This has never happened to me before. Not ever. It was the weirdest thing. It concerned me, and I wanted to wake up. But I was too curious. Why was this dream, which I can't remember, playing in my head like this?

When I woke up, I made a point of remembering that it was playing side by side, but the content of the dream I could not remember.



Mary K • *Dragon Egg*

At the beginning of this dream, I am the conscious observer. I see myself sitting in a large banquet hall of a castle. I am sitting at a long wooden table with a group of men and women. We are at a feast, and it seems as if a group of nobles or other royalty has come to visit and dine with us. I hear us discussing something about a wedding, an arranged wedding. I believe it is mine. I must be a princess.

Then, the banquet ends, and I leave the hall with two of the men. At this point in the dream I cease to be the conscious observer and become an active participant.

We walk down a hallway to my left and then make a right turn. I notice the hallway is lit by a super bright white light with a hint of shimmery gold. As we walk, the light continues to grow in strength and brightness. I realize after awhile that we are walking downward, as if the floor were on a gradual slant. Finally, we reach the center of the castle deep underground.

I see a man standing guard in front of an open pit. I see flames coming up from the pit. I need to retrieve something from the fire pit. One of my men tells the guard to step aside, and he does without argument. My man goes and stands next to the guard. They talk quietly while I step forward toward the pit. My second man is right behind me.

I walk in thin air above the pit and flames. The heat from the flames does not bother me at all. I then descend as if by magic down into the pit. I am completely engulfed by fire, but it doesn't bother me. My right hand moves forward and grasps a large object. The object is oval-shaped and about twice the size of my hand. It is green and hard like a stone. At first, I think it is a stone. Maybe an expensive piece of jade or something.

Then, as if by magic, I slowly ascend from the flaming pit. I float back to the pit's edge where my man waits for me. We step away from the pit and walk back to the guard and my other escort. The guard goes back to his station by the pit, and the three of us begin our long walk back up to the castle.

As we begin our journey, I notice the green stone in my hand is glowing with a soft emerald green light. It is still warm, perhaps from the flames, but the warmth makes me think it is alive. I can feel a slow and steady pulsation from its center, like a heartbeat. I realize I am not holding a precious piece of jade; I am holding a dragon egg. Furthermore, I know immediately that the dragon egg is ready to hatch.

Ramunas Bruzas • *Four Men and False Awakenings*

Five years ago, after I began to study astral projection, I started to have lucid dreams on a regular basis — once or twice a month (90% of them are OBEs but I guess they are qualified as lucid dreams as well). The one that I'm writing about below is the most unique on my list — it involves being in two worlds at the same time and the exact knowing when the lucid dream started and finished.

At the time of my lucid dream, I was living and working on a cruise ship and sharing a small cabin with my colleague. One morning, at 11:00am, feeling sleepy after the morning gym, I decided to rest for ten minutes before going to work. I set my iphone alarm clock for 11:10.

A few minutes after I lay down, my roommate woke up and started to make noise moving around the cabin

before preparing to take a shower (I could clearly hear the sound of the water streaming down). I was lying down without moving or opening my eyes, patiently waiting for the time to get up. Soon, in addition to my roommate's noise, my alarm clock began to ring and despite that, to my biggest surprise, I started to feel a strange dizziness and hear short waves of buzzing sounds coming from my head. Because I already had a little experience connected with OBEs, I knew that I was a step away from getting into a conscious dream and all I needed to do was to just simply get up off my bed.

In the next moment I was standing in the middle of my cabin — although it was a little bit bigger, in general it looked like the one in waking life, having the same low light. There was an interesting moment when I could still feel myself in bed while hearing the streaming water in the shower, together with alarm-ringing sounds coming from the real world before it gradually faded away until a complete silence surrounded me.

I didn't look at my sleeping body, because of the hypothesis that it might shorten the OBE. Not wasting my precious time (I was afraid that all those noises from the waking world would eventually wake me up) I went into my regular practise of rubbing my hands and checking my palms while doing a few turns around to stabilize the surroundings.

Then I opened the door and saw a corridor that looked completely different than that on the ship — it was spacious, brightly lit, and much longer with many white doors on one side. After walking a few steps, I went into the closest room that I noticed was opened. It was little and very untidy with many different clothes dropped on the floor. On two opposite side beds two beautiful girls with long hair were seated, looking at me and smiling. I smiled back and asked them — pretending to be their friend — “Hi, how are you doing?” “Great,” they answered in unison, “We haven't seen you for a long time; where have you been?” (Actually, they were right, it really took me longer this time to get into the lucid dream than usual.)

Without saying anything I left the room and walked along the corridor until I reached some stairs. After playing for some time with gravity, learning to control my movements while floating up and down, the environment became fuzzy and despite my desperate hand rubbing I woke up in my bed.

“So, this is it,” I thought and stood up only suddenly to face four men standing in front of me (the cabin was in the same twilight). Somehow, I was still thinking it was the real world but realized it was a false awakening when one of the men spoke to me about how they wished to help me to go back to the dream world. All I needed to do was just lie down in a bed and close my eyes.

Without saying anything, I did what he asked and all the men went on their knees around my bed as if they were praying, while the closest to my head opened a book and started to read something in a low voice (I'm actually not religious). There was no fear, only the explorer's excitement that reminded me to check the time. I turned my head to the right and saw my wristwatch next to the pillow, it showed 11:14. That's when my iPhone alarm started to ring and I desperately tried to turn it off, pushing all possible buttons, because I really didn't want to be woken up.

Unfortunately, the next moment I opened my eyes and now I felt I was definitely in my real world. First thing I noticed was that there was no ringing and I quickly looked at the time — it was 11:17 (the lucid dream lasted exactly seven minutes). Then I checked the alarm settings — the alarm was set at 11:10 and 11:20.

Now I was completely confused, wondering who actually turned off my iPhone (my roommate was still taking a shower and the alarm doesn't turn off by itself until 15 minutes of ringing). The only conclusion I could possibly make is that I myself turned it off while I was doing the same action in a lucid dream.



Shawn Selders • *Magically Changing a Ceramic Sculpture*

The dream starts with me dribbling a basketball alone in a big gym. It is as if I am dribbling my way into the lucid dream as it forms and becomes much more stable and real. Later, I am highly lucid, running down a long, empty, brightly-lit hallway, wondering what I will see

around the corner I am quickly approaching. I don't remember what I see around the corner, but after some time, I am flying over a mountain range. I am close to a mountain, looking for people below me as I fly along. Soon I give up on that, figuring I will see people at some point in this lucid dream.

I see a cougar-sized version of my cat Oscar walking on the mountain. I follow him from above. I keep asking him to talk to me, but he won't talk . . . yet. He may fly with me a bit, I'm not sure. He leads me to a feathery beehive type of thing. At first I wonder if it's a recent kill of his, but it's not. There is a clear plastic cup of liquid in a bag there. It is half-filled with a somewhat dirty-looking clear liquid that Oscar wants me to drink, but I don't want to, because it seems kind of gross. But then he manages to talk to me finally. He says something about how this strange drink is a healing medicine for my ears. So I say, "Well, if it's going to heal my ears, I'll have to drink it."

I focus intently on the liquid as I drink it all. It is not as dirty as I had thought. It tastes fine. I was more than happy to drink it after he spoke to me at last, especially considering what he said.

Later, I am flying very high over the mountains. I look closely at one of my hands and wonder at my lack of fear at such a great height. This is much higher than I usually fly in lucid dreams. Suddenly, I realize I actually do feel a touch of fear, so I talk about it aloud to myself. I say, "What's the worst that could happen? If I fall I'll be fine in a dream, and anyway, I never fall when I'm flying." The fear disappears and I begin to make daring and abrupt turns in the air that feel really good. I am improvising new moves in flight. I come over the crest of a mountain and see a huge, intricate building among the trees below me. I say, "Now I'll see some people."

Then I am in an awesome mansion (probably the building I just saw) with a nice family of four. I get along well with the son and daughter, who are about 12 years old.

Sitting with this family, I tell them how amazing I think their house is. I can see extremely far away, into other big rooms, past lots of nice furniture and antiques and stuff. I say, "It's so vast!" The mother replies that it's mostly an illusion. So I think, isn't it all an illusion? I ask her, "If I threw a tennis ball in that direction how far would it go?" What I mean is, would it hit some invisible wall or something? Then I casually practice (flying) take-offs as I stand by a table, talking with the family, trying to use as little effort as possible as I lift off the floor a few times.

I then fly around inside the elaborately decorated house, looking at stuff. I pick up an abstract ceramic sculpture about 2-1/2 feet tall and accidentally drop it on the hardwood floor, where it breaks into several pieces. I feel bad, but when I pick it up I see that from breaking it has turned into a very different (less intricate) sculpture. This fascinates me, so I intentionally drop it again. It breaks and becomes a different sculpture again. I repeat this action a few more times and it keeps magically changing into very different, progressively less complex abstract shapes. In the end, only a few scattered broken pieces remain on the floor. The final sculpture is complete, polished, and undamaged-looking. When I tell the parents about all of this, they are not too happy with me. However, the experience was way too amazing for me to care much about what they think.



Steven Tunley • *How Many Fingers?*

I found myself in an apartment building which appeared to have been abandoned. I got the impression that something had happened to the population of the city. I managed to find an apartment and started searching the rooms. As I was searching a set of drawers in a bedroom, a small group of people came back into the apartment. A male of the group started saying something to me; however, it was like his talking was muffled.

Then I walked out of the apartment and as I went down the corridor I noticed two nurses walking around. One had soft red-coloured hair and the other had light black hair. As I approached them, I started flirting with them. Both of the nurses laughed at me, then both turned and walked into an elevator. I then heard one of the nurses say, “How many fingers would you need for that!”

Feeling confused, I turned and started walking away. I then looked at my hands; my right hand looked normal but when I looked at my left hand it had two additional fingers! I did a double take and checked my hands again. I then had multiple extra fingers as well as fingers behind fingers on my left hand. That’s when I said, “This is a dream!” I then felt a snap into the reality of what I was looking at.

I kept checking my left hand and reconfirmed about 3 or 4 times that I was indeed dreaming. As I was walking through a set of corridor doors looking at my fingers, I said to myself, “Be cool, man, be cool,” and then rubbed my hands together.

Looking up, I noticed the corridor was quite long, so I started sprinting at tremendous speed, as all the while I kept checking my hand and confirming I had extra fingers! I could see other nurses whilst I was sprinting past them. I then thought to myself I needed to get out of this building, I checked my hand again and could see my hand with multiple extra fingers. I turned suddenly and just went straight through a wall. The wall felt firm but easy to pass through, like it was a hologram. As I came out the other side, I realised that I was actually quite a few stories up, but I felt no sense of danger and fell to the ground softly. When I looked around at my surroundings, I was in a large city and it was night time.

I started running again at tremendous speed until I came to the base of a massive building. I looked up and wanted to fly. I jumped but just landed back down on the floor like from a normal jump. I then jumped again but at the same time I flapped my arms like wings. This had an immediate effect and I started lifting into the air. It didn’t feel like I was moving very fast, and I could feel a strong, steady, upward pull as I went higher. In a matter of seconds, I realised that I was above the clouds. I looked down and realised that I was extremely high up in the night sky. I could see all of the city lights as they twinkled back at me. I gazed at the beauty of what I was seeing.

I then decided to just fall back down, and as I started plummeting back down I flipped over so I was falling back first. I saw my feet — wearing black and white sneakers — and I had shorts on. The feeling of falling back down at such speed was pure exhilaration; I was laughing with such passion and joy as I plummeted all the way down. When I landed, it was a very soft landing.



David Clapper • *Into the Past*

I'm unsure whether the following dream qualifies as lucid. Throughout the dream, I act as if I know that I'm dreaming, but there is never a moment in which I say to myself “This is a dream.” I'm submitting it anyway, because it feels like I was in some kind of parallel reality.

I'm outside, walking along a road with my duvet under my arm. The road is very familiar. I see a gap in the row of houses, surmounted by an archway. Looking through the gap, I see greenery, like there's an inner courtyard. Walking past it, I suddenly realise that this is the street that I live on and the inner courtyard is where our house usually stands. The realisation astounds me.

The style of everything I see seems to suggest the 1930s or 1940s so I suspect that I must have travelled into the past. This is so interesting! I walk out onto the main road and decide to look for evidence to confirm my suspicion, such as a date or something. I start looking at the street signs, and the signs on the shops, but the air is so hazy that I can't see the details.

A woman approaches me. She seems to recognise me and greets me. I have no idea who she is but I return her greeting. I see an ambulance drive past and turn right from the main road into our road. It is sky blue in colour and doesn't look like the ambulances that I'm used to: it has a tailgate, with panels sticking out from the top at about 30-degrees, that look like wings.

I see a petrol station and decide to go see how much petrol costs, figuring I'll be able to Google the time period in which petrol cost had that price in Holland. However, again, the air is so hazy that it's impossible to see the petrol price. I give up, still wondering what time period this is. Then, for some reason I decide I've had enough, and I wake up.

Peter Maich • *A Bit of Dark Humor from the Dreamspace*

On going to sleep, I put it out there to the "listener inside" that "they" or "it" can feel free to take me as deep as they want, to get past the playground of the normal dreamscape and offer me whatever they want, and I will let it all just happen and accept whatever occurs.

Be careful what you ask for.

I am in for a dental check-up; not sure why. I get into the chair and the nurse is putting her hands on my jaw, feeling around, and then in my opened mouth. She applies gentle, persistent pressure, attempting to pop my jaw, so it will hang down. She adds more pressure, pushing very hard and one side goes, drops down. I feel more pressure than pain and I wonder why she is doing this, but I make no attempt to stop it.

The dentist now joins in — he is trying a lot harder and is stronger than the nurse, and soon the other side goes. My jaw is now dislocated. The dentist then proceeds to drill holes between my teeth at the gum line. Again, no pain, just an odd pressure and I am getting really curious to see how this all ends up.

After the holes are drilled, he takes a surgical knife and cuts a wedge-shaped chunk from the roof of my mouth. I see this and again wonder why this is happening. Not fully aware but with some degree of involvement, I decide enough is enough and wake myself up.

Note: I have no idea what this one was about. I was never concerned and think my subconscious just had some fun with my intent of letting "them/it" show me whatever they want. Not quite what I expected but for an early evening dream I was okay with it.

Tonight, I'll ask again and wear them out until I get some interesting results. What could possibly go wrong?



Pascale • *Simultaneous Mini Dreams*

I was in a big white room, exactly like the uploading room in *The Matrix*. I was fully aware that it was a dream since the beginning.

Then suddenly, in different parts of the room, mini dreams started to appear. They were like plays being played in different places inside the room. Some people were in various mini dreams at the same time.

At one point, the room was completely filled with mini dreams; thereabout 20-25 dreams at the same time. There was no empty space in the room at all.

I was watching them play out, still aware that I was dreaming, but at the same time, experiencing each of them simultaneously. I could not chose one main dream to experience fully, however.

This situation overwhelmed me and so I decided to wake up.

Mark Wrobel • *Be Bold*

At age 19, I had decided to go into a trance and see what I could encounter in the higher self. I envisioned a door I could open and go through. I was successful and found myself in what I call an infinite black space — recognizing this as a dream dimension.

Way off in the distance I could see a small glittering colorful object, about 3 feet long. I approached it. It was pulsing as if alive. It was a kaleidoscope of sorts. Every fraction of a second it would change its kaleidoscope shape. I decided to touch a pane; it was extraordinarily red.

I felt a whoosh of motion and found myself in a life situation from about 4 years prior, on a memorable nice day; we had just gotten a puppy in the house. I started to feel heat as if I was really in the room and going to stay there. I panicked a little and tried to make my way back to my body. I was there soon enough — except I could not move, and my body was drenched in sweat.

It took me decades to understand some of the things I experienced. The black space some call the cosmic void; the seemingly frozen body is sleep paralysis. The sweat I don't understand. But it was an inspirational journey. Be bold.

Maria Isabel Pita • *Lucid WILDs of March 22, 2019*

It's the first time I've had a sexual WILD. I know exactly what's happening as, standing behind me, my partner takes me off into the dream space. All the time I am aware of the steady back and forth motion of my hips, which I hope will have alleviated the slight stiffness in my right hip when I wake up. I'm surprised, because I had no intention of inducing a WILD like this, yet tonight I feel it will be good for me because of the rhythmic motion and sensual relaxation I hope will be reflected in reality.

Drifting back into full waking consciousness, I realize this little hypnagogic tryst really did help as I feel no tight resistance in my right hip. (The next morning doing yoga, I recalled my dream partner and how, pressed up against me from behind, he encouraged me not to resist this unexpected experience while gently but firmly moving my hips back and forth with his hands. The strangely wonderful thing is, the experience was mysteriously platonic, and the seemingly sexual motion actually arose from the pure goal of relaxing my tight hip muscle. I suspect the dream figure was my Angel, for it felt like him, and he looked the way he has most often appeared to me in dreams. I was having the experience yet also observing our two figures from slightly above and beyond them.)

WILDing again in darkness, but this time there is sensation as I will myself forward into the increasingly realistic experience of crunching through snow as the means provided to root myself in the dream. The technique of holding my hand out hinders more than helps, but I make it fully into the dream. And as I jump up and down like a kid in the snow, I am lifted gently up into the sky in that wonderful way that happens to me a lot.

I say, "Lord!" and resting on my back in the air, perceive the faintest of stars high above. It is wonderful being here. I almost drift back into waking consciousness, but instantly find myself fully back in the dream space, only now I'm holding my iPod as if I'm awake as I begin describing the dream. I think, *I wish there was some way, some interface I could reach out to and actually record my dream in waking life while still inside it . . .*

I'm outside at night, aware a dream character has been following me around. He grabs hold of my iPod and starts to talk about what I'm saying. I ask him what dream character he is (or something to that effect) then drift away from him. But then I find myself with him again, at which point he becomes overtly hostile. I fight him, but he just won't go away, and realizing I shouldn't be violent with him, I simply stand there even when he begins lightly punching me in the mouth, and other places, as at the same time I am surrounded by others like him.

Realizing this pacifism isn't working, I cry, "My Angel! My Angel! My Angel!" and at once I can see that my enemies become nervous. Then the most amazing thing happens! I hear a sound coming from up in the heavens, a profoundly deep thrumming sound accompanied by flashes of light as stars swiftly begin falling all over the sky, raining down from heaven. I'm observing this awesome sight from one side of a tall wooden fence separating me from my assailants, and I know what I'm seeing are Angels descending to earth! I've never experienced anything like this in a dream, and it's absolutely amazing! We are all of us looking up, watching, and no one is even remotely able to lay a hand on me now. It's overwhelmingly wonderful experiencing these falling stars which are all Angels as I cry out joyfully, "My Angel! My Angel!"

Then everything becomes even more fantastic when they land. Close to me is a figure resembling a knight, one of the royal persons in a pageant I realize I am also a part of. It is all happening now, yet it also resembles a Medieval procession composed of living people, including ladies in flowing colorful dresses. It's also a very intimately sized procession, and I perceive that the wooden fence separating me from my enemies has become what looks like the edge of a stage. I know this is my dream, and I think how people will say dismissively, "That's what she *wants* to see in in her dreams" and of course that's true, because this is my dream, yet I know it is also reality!

Peter Maich • *Mirror Mirror*



Lucid and very aware. This dream is from a big night of dreaming and I have left a few things out, as the dream is a bit long as it is, and these notes are the core of a very deep and to me interesting lucid dream. The space I ended up in had the quality of my normal waking world along with total stability.

I was aiming for a WILD and was in and out of dreams about three times while drifting off to sleep around 3:00am, trying to hold awareness from waking into the dream world. There were some strong vibrations both entering and within the dream space. I allowed these to run without any attempt at interaction.

I accepted these and did not allow them to kick me out of the dream (by reacting) and so just witnessed and allowed the dream to form. Not a WILD, as I missed the instant of transition or attempting to establish if I was dreaming, just knew I was dreaming and wandered happily around and let it all form up.

On a footpath with a few people milling around, I decided to float off the ground and gently did so. I floated up, hovered, went down and reached out to a lady that seemed interested in what I was doing. I reached out for her hand and took her up into the air for a short flight above the crowd and then gently put her back on the ground.

I then walked into a building and over to a wall with a big rectangle-shaped mirror on it. The mirror was shimmering and very bright. I looked in and saw myself reflected, laughed as I had a big square head and glasses to match. My face was multi-coloured as well. I asked for a few more faces, got them, and had more fun being surprised at the changes that were presented to me. Another character came over to me and said I was taking too much time at the mirror and it was not a good thing to do. I said thanks and proceeded to gently push my hand on the surface of the mirror to soften it, then I lifted up and

floated through to the other side.

I popped out and was standing in a medium-sized room in a very real scene. It had the quality and feel of the waking world and did not seem like a dream space. I felt connected, in the way you do when you wake up and your senses establish the connection to the waking world, and the surreal quality of a dream space goes.

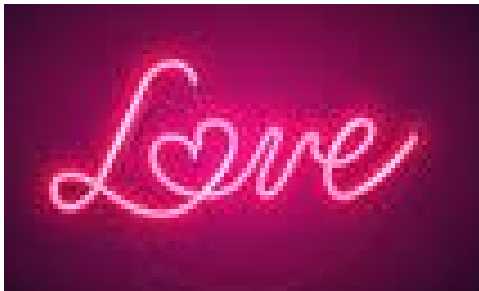
Three people were present and looked stunned to see me. They were lean and fit with reddish-brown bodies. I thought they were naked at first, but they had a very thin and tight skin-suit on. It was ribbed and laced with threads that looked like veins with a lot of small dots at connecting points.

Still staring at me and unmoving, they said it was very rare for someone to come through in a fully aware state. They started to move around me and place a restraining barrier, like a circular folding tube that would lag water pipes. I let them do this and they said it was for my own protection. Fully restrained, but still able to make small movements, I watched them. While all this was going on, two ladies came through the mirror. They were very subdued and had no idea where they were and walked past us and out another door.

Still fully wrapped and secure, I tested the material and could put a finger into it. I told my friends that I appreciated being protected but they might need to upgrade their equipment, and walked out of the device and stood in front of them. They were very upset that it could not hold me and we spent a few moments looking at each other.

I then started asking a few questions . . .

Gets hazy now; I woke myself and 12 hours later still have the feeling of connection to that time and place.



Johanna • *Maybe I'm Not Ready*

I asked to feel unconditional love, but . . .

Dream: October 31, 2019. Halloween!

I am somewhere on vacation near the beach. I hear my brother's voice calling my sister to go to an indoor swimming pool nearby. I follow his voice and then I see the pool has a very strange shape.

People are sitting all around it and I cannot get through to swim, so I give up and leave. I go looking for my siblings and suddenly I feel lost.

I think, "How did I get here? Maybe this is a dream." I pinch my nose and realize I am dreaming.

At that moment I see I am somewhere near a body of water and I just throw myself forward/downward. I am now descending; it is dark all around except for a long strip of neon pink light near me, guiding my descent. I want to reach the bottom so bad. I see people.

Finally, I am down next to something that looks like a hotel counter and see two women, who I decide to ignore — they seem not to notice my presence either.

I say, "Dream, I want to feel unconditional love."

I close my eyes. I feel I am traveling at a great speed. I open my eyes, and all seems to stop. I feel a little disappointed, it was not a nice sensation. I look at my hands for some reason, and suddenly I feel again I am traveling at an even greater speed. I feel I am getting ripped apart! I hear ringing in my ears. I scream. Finally, I yell, "Stop, stop!" I am thinking this was not a pleasant experience at all.

Almost with tears in my eyes I say, "But I wanted to feel something beautiful. Maybe I'm not ready for this experience yet." I decide to wake up.



Lana Sackwild • *Enter the Spirit World*

I'm walking along a road, an underpass. I notice a tall woman walking along next to me. As I look up at her, she smirks. She has big black eyes and is wearing a dull yellow dress with an unusual flower print on it. She wears a lot of jewelry (rings, necklaces, earring) so looks very quirky but also very conscious. I ask for her name and she responds with "Lils." I ask her if this is a dream, to which she responds "yes" and I get lucid. I do two reality checks and confirm that it is indeed a dream.

We are walking together at quite a fast pace so I ask, "Where are we going?" She says we are going into a spirit world. I don't know what to think of this but as we are approaching the edge of the underpass I can begin to see the sky — everything starts turning upside-down. It starts to get very bright and I feel like I'm losing lucidity. I can't see anything other than white light so I shout, "I'm losing lucidity, Lils!"

I feel her holding me around my waist and she whispers, "Just pull back with your heart." I am not sure what this means but I have a sudden urge to reach my arms out as wide as I can and then with one smooth motion bring them in to touch my heart space on my chest. I do this and suddenly I can see the image of a city from a bird's-eye view. I do it again and there's another city. I try again and see another. On the fourth try, I am suddenly zapped back onto the ground with Lils and we are in a new place.

There are lots of skyscrapers and tall buildings but we are walking across a grassy pasture. My vision is crisp and clear and I'm really surprised! I look at her and say, "I'm back!" and Lils laughs and says, "Let's go then!"

We start running over the grassy hills and, for whatever reason, I have a belief that we will enter the spirit world by going into the sky. I think we should fly and I say this and begin to levitate off the ground. She looks at me and tilts her head saying, "Is that how you think we are going to get there?" So I land and she then faces a metal trash can. It's a black one with a kind of mesh wiring around it. Lils blows at the trash can and flames come from her mouth and the entire thing sets on fire. She steps in.



With a nod of the head, she signals for me to join her. I'm apprehensive, as I can feel the heat of the flames from the meter or so away from where I am standing. I want to see the spirit world!

I am about to step forward when my alarm goes. Not this time.

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Robert Waggoner's Book Website
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<http://www.keithhearne.com>

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