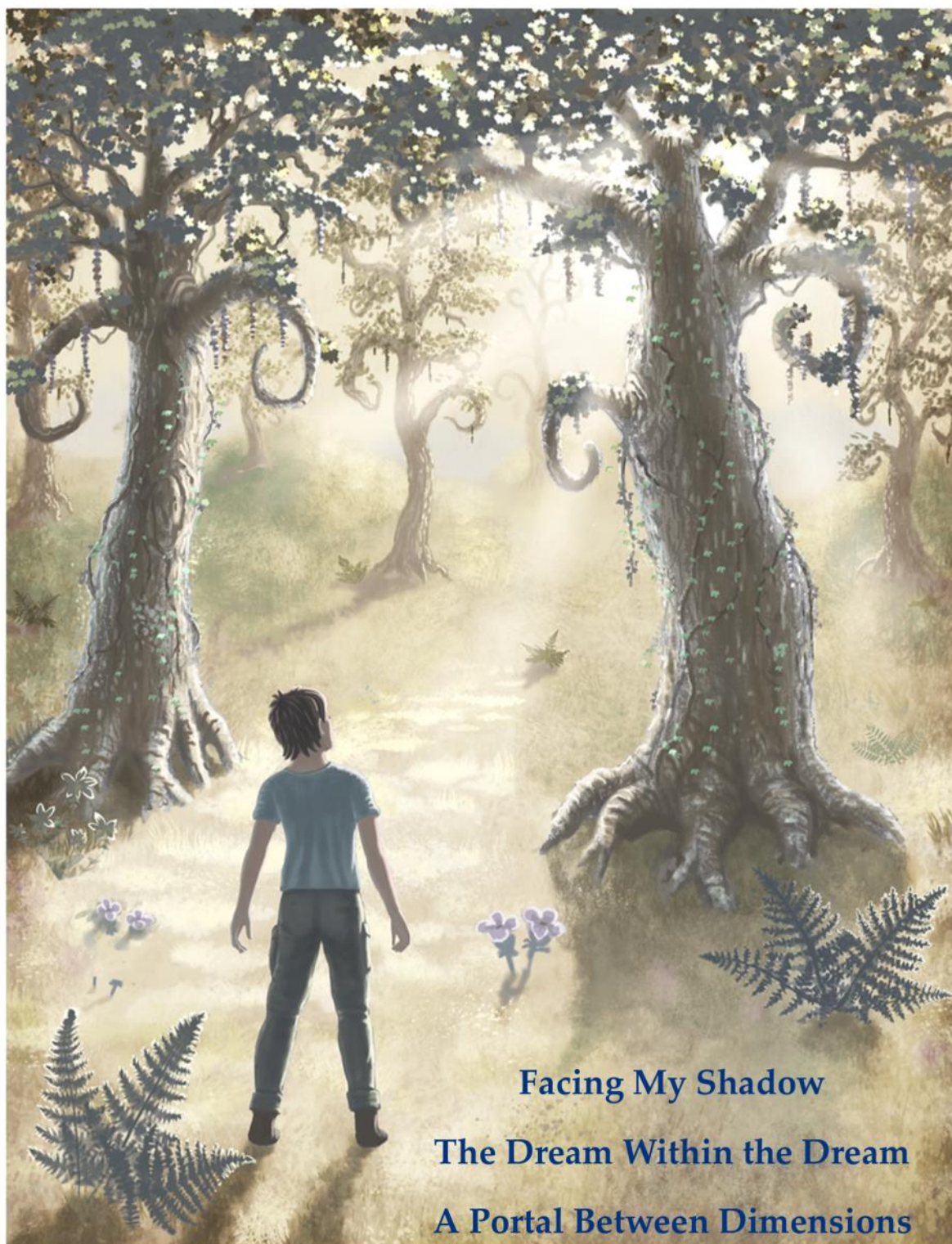


LDE

Vol. 8, No. 4, March 2020

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Facing My Shadow

The Dream Within the Dream

A Portal Between Dimensions

Lucidly Aware, But Mentally Trapped?

How Conscious Are Lucid Dream Figures?

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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Resplendent © 2020 Joseph Kemeny

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.

Disclaimer

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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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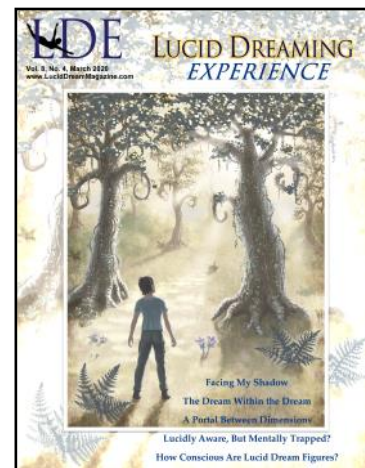
Next Deadline

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

LDE Website

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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By Robert Waggoner © 2020

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH KEMENY

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artist, and creator
of the graphic
novel *Lucidity*,
Joseph Kemeny
shares his
lucid dream
adventures!



Welcome to the LDE! When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

I first became interested in Near Death Experiences (NDEs) and their associated Out Of Body Experiences (OBEs) before I even heard of lucid dreaming. I started my career as a Respiratory Therapist at a children's hospital in the early 90s and, working there, I witnessed a lot of grief and suffering. I reached a spiritual crisis and began searching for answers to life's biggest questions.

I became especially interested in what happens to our consciousness after we die. Is there indeed an afterlife? I read many of the popular books on the subject such as *Life After Life* by Raymond Moody and *Closer To The Light* by Melvin Morse. The more I read, the more I became interested in OBEs and I was amazed to find out that it is possible to induce an OBE without having to die in the process! I then discovered such wonderful books like Robert Monroe's *Journeys Out Of The Body* and D. Scott Rogo's *Leaving The Body*.

While researching OBEs, I did eventually learn about the phenomenon known as lucid dreaming. I then read the classic book *Exploring The World Of Lucid Dreaming* by Stephen LaBerge, which introduced me to practical techniques for a beginning lucid dreamer. I personally think that all of these phenomena (NDEs, OBEs, and lucid dreaming) are related and quite possibly the same experience but at different levels of awareness.

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

I practiced meditation and visualization exercises for several weeks before I was able to induce what I thought was an OBE. Looking back at those early experiences now, years later, with dozens of lucid dreams under my belt, I think that my first OBE was a form of a wake induced lucid dream or WILD.

I am not a "natural" lucid dreamer — I had to work for it! It took several weeks of focus and determination before I experienced my first lucid dream. In addition to the visualization exercises, I also began

practicing reality checks quite frequently. Considering the fact that I washed my hands many times a day working at the hospital, I decided to draw in ink a “D” for “dream” on the top of my wrist where it could be easily seen. Whenever I viewed the “D” I would perform a reality check. I would ask myself, “Am I dreaming?” Then I would usually look at a clock or try to read something. If my environment stayed stable and the clock or written words did not morph into something illegible, then I determined that I was awake and not dreaming. The theory behind this technique is that if a practitioner performs frequent reality checks and they become a habit, then the reality checks would eventually carry over into normal dreams. Hopefully performing a reality check in a dream would cause the dreamer to become lucid.

I also kept a detailed dream journal, where I would often sketch a scene or object from my dreams. The simple act of writing in a dream journal helps a person stay focused on dreaming and will improve one’s ability to become lucid.

My earliest lucid dreams involved exploring my environment and learning how to fly. One of my first lucid dreams involved me becoming lucid in a dream when I noticed the furniture in our living room was different than what we actually had in physical reality. I became lucid and very excited! I immediately wanted to go outside of the house and attempt to fly. But instead of using the front door I decided to pass through the large living room picture window to go outside. I had read that in a lucid dream, a person’s dream body could pass through objects like a ghost, and I wanted to try it for myself. After all, this was my dream and I could do what I wanted! What happened next surprised me. Instead of simply passing through from one side of the window to the other, the glass wrapped around me like cellophane and clung to my body.

It always amazes me how the subconscious mind finds a way to creep into a lucid dream and produce an unexpected result! This was also true of my first attempt to fly in a lucid dream. In the dream I would run and jump into the air, Superman style, but I would only hover for a brief moment and then float back to the ground like a feather. The force of gravity is embedded deep in our minds and was, for me, a struggle to overcome while lucid dreaming.

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



Lucid dreams never cease to surprise and amaze. As you discuss, Robert, in your book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, a lucid dreamer does not control the dream, just like a sailor cannot control the sea. As I mentioned, I had difficulty learning to fly initially. This frustrated me because I knew it was a dream and I should be able to do anything I could imagine.

I then began to think of the dream for what it was — mental space. *My* mental space! At first, when trying to fly, I would flap my arms like a bird as if I were trying to swim in the air. This produced poor results. Using the concept of mental space, I approached flying differently. I would look up into the air a distance away. I would tell myself, *that* was where I wanted to be and I would imagine myself there. Soon I found myself soaring through the air up to that location. Slowly, with experience, I became more proficient at manipulating my mental dream space. Even after I became more successful at flying in my dreams, I would sometimes find myself being pulled towards power lines and become entangled in them. This seems to be totally out of my control and its meaning still puzzles me.

The creativity of my lucid dreams is also sometimes surprising. Being a struggling artist, I often look for inspiring imagery in dreams. Some of the landscapes and creatures I have



encountered while dreaming seem to go beyond what I could conjure up with my own imagination while awake.

During one lucid dream, I was on a sunny beach gazing out into the calm, blue ocean. Towering above the water were several species of life-sized whales floating vertically in the air. I later tried to capture this surreal scene in a painting.

In another dream, I became lucid while dreaming I was at the house on a lake in northern Michigan where I spent my summers as a child. I became lucid and decided to take a boat out onto the lake. I rowed out to an island that didn't actually exist on the physical lake. The island had what looked like old Roman ruins on it and was overgrown with trees and vines. It was a very majestic and beautiful site to behold! Familiar places can often morph into something spectacular, thanks to the creativity inherent in lucid dreaming.

In my lucid dreams I have traveled through beautiful mountainscapes with jagged snowcapped peaks and through post-apocalyptic cityscapes. I sometimes find it hard to believe that all these amazing environments are being created in the deep recesses of my brain. I have also encountered strange wildlife and alien creatures. During the early years of my lucid dreaming, I was a wildlife artist and animals would frequent my dreams. For some reason, large bears were the most common animal that appeared in my dreams. Perhaps because I was an avid camper and hiker in our national parks and seeing a bear was always in the back of my mind.

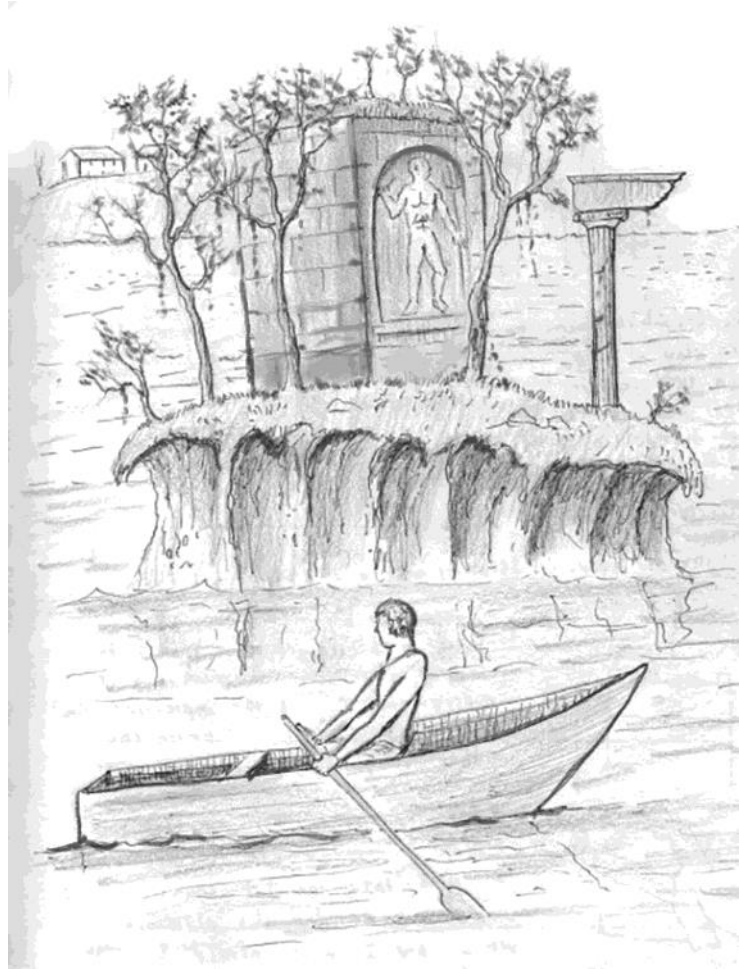
I also enjoy toying with the power of telekinesis in my lucid dreams. In addition to flying, telekinesis is one of the first things I attempt once I become lucid. I do this to prove to myself that I am indeed dreaming, and also, for the pure fun of it! It is quite entertaining, and nothing makes you feel more like a superhero than pointing at an object in the dream, such as an automobile, and making it levitate.

Lucid dreams often produce unexpected results. As I became more proficient at lucid dreaming, I began to attempt interacting with some of the dream figures. In one dream I was in a shopping mall-like setting and I noticed an interesting-looking woman. She wore a long trench coat and a large hat with feathers. I walked up to her and asked her who she was. She looked at me curiously and then proceeded to "dissolve" into hundreds of glass shards and disappear. In the dream I was expecting the woman to at least verbalize some vague answer, but this did not happen. Perhaps this was the dream's way of telling me that the woman was only an immaterial dream figure with no personal identity. The creativity of lucid dreams and our mind's "hidden" ability to create fascinates me.

What was it about lucid dreaming that seemed so interesting?

I first became interested in alternate states of consciousness such as OBEs and lucid dreaming because of my search for life's meaning and spiritual hunger. By their very nature, lucid dreams are a spiritual experience. In my lucid dreams everything seems to vibrate with energy! Not to sound too Yoda-like, but objects such as trees, animals, and people all seem to have their own internal glow. The very air crackles with energy! I would say that this spiritual aspect of lucid dreams is one of the main reasons I continue to lucid dream. Sometimes the joy that I feel upon awakening from a lucid dream stays with me for days.

Many of my lucid dreams have spiritual imagery within the environment. My first successful WILD was one such experience. In the dream, I found myself exploring our neighborhood. The lighting was a mystical



twilight. As I explored, I came across a parade going down the next street over. A group of beautiful women were walking slowly down the street, single file. They were dressed in brilliant white gowns and each holding a candle. They were followed by a procession of elephants which were adorned with golden tapestries. I was touched very deeply by this imagery and I can still see it clearly in my mind. I think this was the dream world's way of congratulating me on my first successful WILD and welcome to the club!

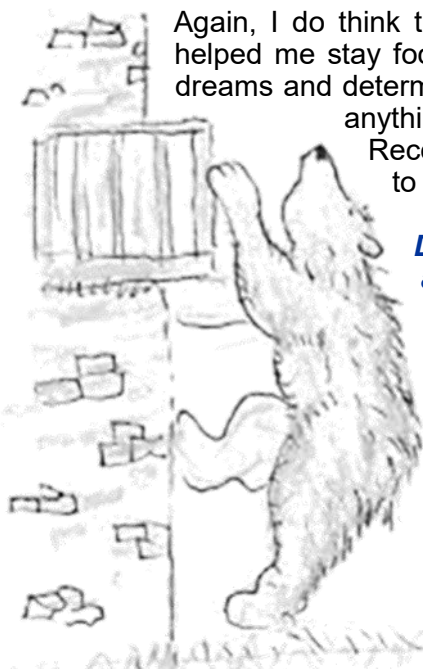
Like many people, I have interacted with deceased relatives in my lucid dreams. Whether I have contacted the actual spirit of these persons could be debated, but some elements of the dreams are very intriguing. In December of 2006, I had a dream where my family was having a Christmas party on the front lawn of our house. In the dream I realized that it was ridiculous to have a party outside in the cold of December. I became lucid. I decided to go along with the dream and participate in the festivities with my family. I found a string of old-fashioned Christmas lights with the big bulbs. I noticed that one of the lights was broken and so I replaced it with a white bulb. After I hung the lights, I plugged them in and only the white bulb that I replaced lit up! I fussed with the lights for a while and I could still only get the white bulb to light. I then sat down in a chair and my Uncle David walked by, dressed in his finest denim outfit. He had a content smile on his face. My uncle David was killed in an automobile accident about two months before this dream. My interpretation of the dream is that the white bulb represented my Uncle's spirit and perhaps he was trying to communicate his presence through the bulb.

I sometimes think that perhaps the creativity and astonishing elements of lucid dreams can only come from a source much more powerful than our own minds.

I must admit, too, that I enjoy lucid dreams simply for their entertainment value. I sometimes get the sense that I am a Jedi or a wizard in my dreams and I can move objects and shoot fireballs from my hands! I think that if everyone could lucid dream, there would be no need for movies or video games. You have all the entertainment you need in your dreams!

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

In the early years, the most common technique I employed was the reality check during waking hours. Eventually this became less effective, probably because its novelty wore off and my subconscious mind was less influenced by it. I then returned to afternoon meditation and visualization where I would visualize leaving my physical body and exploring my environment with a dream body. I would then use the wake-back-to-bed method where I would wake up usually at about 3 a.m. After reading for a little while, I would go back to bed and repeat the visualizations. This would sometimes induce a WILD as my mind entered that hypnagogic state between full wakefulness and sleep. Once I was in the lucid dream state, I would look at my hands and say, "Clarity now!" This was done to increase my mental sharpness and improve the visual quality of the lucid dream.



Again, I do think that writing down my dreams in a journal almost every morning definitely helped me stay focused on dreams. The journal can also be used to look back on previous dreams and determine what a person's most common dream signs might be. A dream sign is anything that might trigger a person to realize that they are dreaming. Recognizing a dream sign while dreaming is another powerful tool that I learned to use to become lucid.

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

There do indeed seem to be some rules regarding the "mechanics" of lucid dreaming. For example, there are some techniques that can be used to increase the vividness of the dream and lengthen the time of being lucid. As I mentioned, at the beginning of the dream I look at my hands and say out loud, "Clarity now!" The result of this is a much more vivid and detailed dream environment. Sometimes when I feel my awareness fading, I employ the spinning method. Simply spinning in place like an Olympic skater can return the dreamer to a sharpened state of awareness. The spinning can also result in the dreamer finding themselves in a totally different environment once they stop spinning.

Passing through a dream mirror can also have this result. There are techniques and methods that can be used to influence the quality of the lucid dream but there are also aspects of lucid dreaming that seem to have a life of their own. I might be able to spin and change the environment, but I might not have any control over what that environment will be!

Expectations and emotions also seem to have an influence over the narrative of the lucid dream. This is true in my case, especially with fear. I'm not sure how many times I have found myself in a dream forest and my thought is, "this looks like a good place to see a bear!" Sure enough, guess what comes lumbering out of the shadows — a giant grizzly! If you think that a person in your dream is a threat, then chances are that person will be a threat as the dream scenario plays out.

We tend to attract what we are emotionally feeling in our dreams. Lucid dreaming has the advantage over non-lucid dreams in that a person can consciously make decisions and take action to flip the narrative in the dream. We can face our fears with purpose. This is a concept that I explore in my graphic novel *Lucidity*, where a young college student attempts to overcome his own demons while lucid dreaming.



For years, you have been creating artwork about your lucid dream experiences — some of which you have allowed the LDE to use on our cover page. What prompted you to begin to draw and visually create your lucid dreams?

I started drawing and painting as a young boy and well before I started practicing lucid dreaming. Ever since I can remember, I have appreciated the natural world and all of its beauty. I have always had an urge to express this appreciation by reproducing some of its imagery with my artwork. In the past I have focused on creating wildlife and science fiction artwork.

I first started creating lucid dreaming-related artwork with quick sketches of my dreams in my dream journal. As I progressed with lucid dreaming, I experienced an abundance of amazing imagery and inspiration that I naturally desired to express through my artwork. About the same time in my life that I became interested in lucid dreaming, I was transitioning from more traditional forms of artwork, such as acrylics and oil paints, to digital illustration. I fell in love with Adobe Photoshop!

Digital art is much more forgiving than traditional drawing and painting. With digital art it is much easier to fix mistakes and make changes to the composition as the artwork is being rendered. This comes in handy when creating images from my dreams, which are often very surreal. I also use a Wacom drawing tablet and an Apple computer. I think art is a way and means for the artist to share their inner world with the public. Creating lucid dreaming-related art is simply my way of sharing my own personal inner world explorations with others.

As I look at old covers of the LDE, (at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/>) I see one called, "Learning to Fly" and another called, "Dream Door." Were these specific lucid dreams of yours, or just a composite of past experiences?

Learning to Fly was a composite of all my experiences of flying during my lucid dreams. In this painting, I wanted to depict the joy of flying during a lucid dream by the happy expression on the figure's face. I also wanted to represent some of the surreal landscapes that I have experienced in my dreams with the jagged mountains and lots of green. I have experienced this type of





landscape many times and, for some reason, even in the dead cold of a Michigan winter, it always seems to be summer in my lucid dreams!

Dream Door is more of a concept painting that expresses the ability to discover almost any type of environment that you can imagine while dreaming. I think of lucid dreaming as a metaphorical gateway to amazing places and experiences. The dream door will play an important role in future chapters of my graphic novel.

In another lucid artwork, called “Telekinesis,” you seem to be connecting with a powerful light, as a giant pyramidal shape with ancient symbols gets blown apart! Was there light in your lucid dream? An explosion? Or did you include this element to symbolize the power of lucid dreaming?

Telekinesis is another concept painting where I was attempting to depict my experiences with telekinesis in my dreams. I sometimes use telekinesis as a reality check while dreaming. If I suspect that I am in a dream, I will point to an object and attempt to make it levitate. Obviously if I am successful then I know that I am

dreaming. Once I have formed the thought that I wish to perform telekinesis during the dream, suddenly there seems to be several objects in my dream environment that are suitable for levitation.

The geometrical shapes depicted in the painting are very common in my dreams and they are a lot of fun to toss around! I think these different shapes and symbols are Jungian archetypes that inhabit the hidden reaches of my mind. The light emanating from the figure’s hand represents the mental energy the dreamer uses to control and move the objects. The dream environment can be thought of as the mental space of the dreamer and it is possible to learn how to control this environment with one’s mind.

I hear that you are beginning a graphic novel on lucid dreaming — cool! Tell us a bit about the novel, and the creative ideas or questions behind it.

Lucidity is an online graphic novel that explores the phenomenon of lucid dreaming. The main character, Jaden Armstrong, is a young sophomore at a large university where he begins to experiment with conscious dreaming. Jaden has recently suffered trauma and loss in his life and he is using lucid dreaming as a means to determine if there is more to human existence than the material world. He experiences many adventures and travels through many amazing dreamscapes. He also encounters some interesting dream figures, including a young woman named Kira. Kira seems to be lost and is so “human-like” that Jaden believes that he might be sharing his dreams with another living person.

The idea for this novel first started slowly developing in my mind at the time in my life when I was pursuing wildlife art and participating in many shows and art fairs. The shows were fun, but also a lot of work and very time-consuming. After deciding to no longer participate in the art fair scene, I found myself at a crossroads and I needed to decide which path to follow with my art. I had the idea for creating a graphic novel in the back of my mind for some time. During this period, I had a lucid dream where I was once again at the lake up north. I asked the dream to “give me direction.” After flying for a while (of course!), I ended up on a porch of an old cabin. There was a table there that was covered with comic books! I even recognized the covers of some of my old Marvel comics that I had collected as a young man. After waking up I thought to myself, “Well, that could not have been more clear!” I soon drifted away from the wildlife art and started to develop *Lucidity*. Lucid dreaming can indeed influence the dreamer’s waking life and can contribute to self-development!



Where can people learn more about your graphic novel?

Lucidity can be found online at <https://www.luciditynovel.com>. I plan on releasing a new chapter frequently to keep readers interested.

When you think about 'big' lucid dreams, have you had any that made you really wonder about the depth of lucid dreaming?

I find it astonishing that my mind alone is capable of creating the detail and subject matter of many of my lucid dreams. During one lucid dream, I decided to pass through a wooden door, ghost-like. As I passed through the door I could actually see the microscopic cells of the wood grain and I could also taste it!

In another lucid dream, I heard glorious music that seemed to be emanating from the sky as dozens of colorful beach-ball-sized crystal spheres floated to the ground. Where does this creativity come from? I'm not sure that my physical brain has the capacity for this level of imagination. It seems to me more likely that while lucid dreaming we are indeed in contact with another level of consciousness. There are many in the scientific community who think that all altered states of consciousness (lucid dreams, astral projection, and OBEs) are simply a type of hallucination created by the human brain. And others believe that perhaps the human brain is a type of receiver for consciousness, much like a television receives airborne signals. I must admit that I am torn between these two schools of thought. However, some of my own personal experiences strongly indicate that human consciousness must be more than an epiphenomenon of the material brain. I will continue searching.

Lucid dreaming also offers the potential for personal growth. A person can overcome fears, such as public speaking, or become a better athlete by practicing their sport while dreaming. Physical healing has also been reported by some lucid dreamers. Perhaps lucid dreaming and OBEs are the next significant phase of human evolution as we expand our mental awareness into new and exciting frontiers!

Is there anything else that you would like to share about your lucid dream explorations? Any advice for beginners?

In our society where alcohol and drug addiction runs rampant, it seems to me that many people are searching for meaning. Altering one's state of consciousness by unhealthy chemical means is practically a national pastime. I have personally experienced some of these vices and addictions myself. We also love our entertainment, such as movies and television, as a form of escapism. I think lucid dreaming can be a much more healthy means of dealing with our own inner demons and also a much more exciting and personal form of entertainment. Although inducing a lucid dream can take much time and effort for some, it is well worth the time spent.

My advice for beginners is to keep a dream journal and immerse yourself in the subject. Make lucid dreaming a part of your life! There are many quality books on the subject to help you find which techniques will work best for you. But remember that half-hearted efforts usually only produce half-hearted results. Once you experience your first lucid dream, your world view will be forever changed for the better.

Where can people find out more about your art?



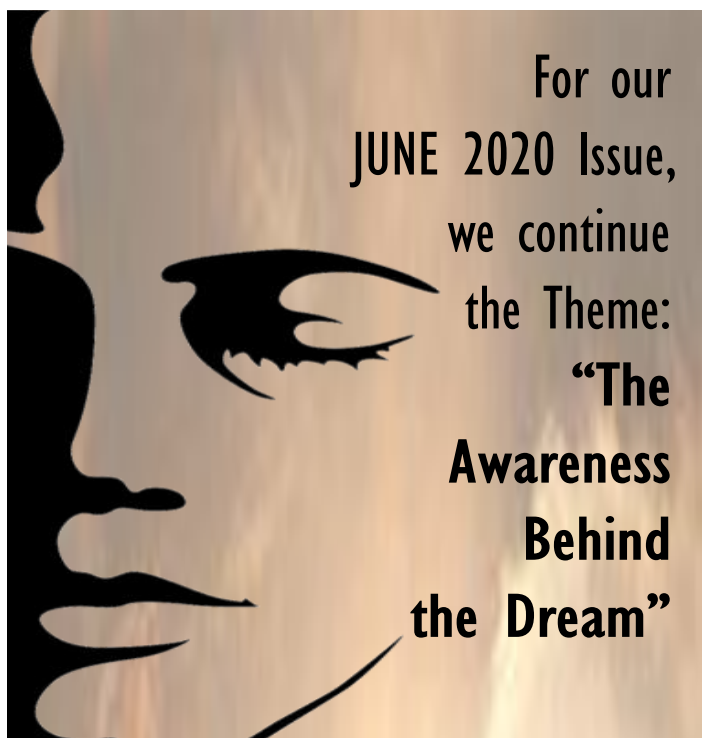
My artwork can be found at <https://www.kemeny.pixels.com>. I also have a shop at <https://www.cafepress.com/moondialart> where you can find lucid dreaming-related merchandise. I developed some products to help beginning lucid dreamers with daily reality checks.

Thank you so much and I wish all your readers exciting dream adventures!

Thanks for taking the time for this interview! ▲

All artwork by Joseph Kemeny

LDE cover designs by Laura Atkinson and Janet Mast



For our
JUNE 2020 Issue,
we continue
the Theme:
“The
Awareness
Behind
the Dream”

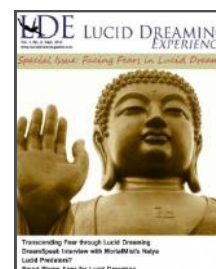
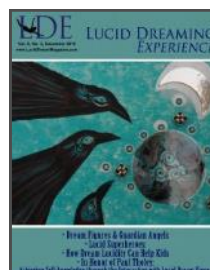
What do you experience when you try to engage the awareness behind the dream in a lucid dream? Do you get a verbal response? Does a dream figure step up and respond? Are you shown something or taken somewhere? What do you see, feel, hear, sense? What does this tell you about the state of consciousness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

Submissions Deadline: May 15, 2020

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Lucidly Aware, But Mentally Trapped?

The Case for the Larger Awareness

By Robert Waggoner © 2009, 2020

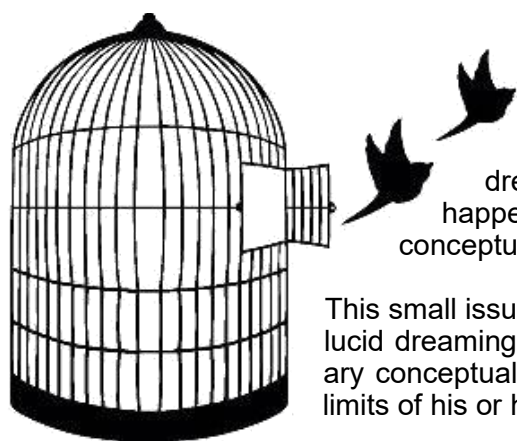
The movement from dreaming to lucid dreaming involves a shift in awareness; we realize "This is a dream!" Suddenly, a portion of the waking self's awareness engages the unconscious realm of dreams. But what then? Aware in this new realm, we often overlay an invisible structure of beliefs, expectations and ideas upon it. Instead of relating to the actual unconscious and its potential, we instinctively establish and engage the invisible structure of our belief system. Without even realizing it, lucid dreamers act like a bird encircled by its own concepts, its own mind-cage, and fails to see the unlimited space there, or the open door.

I was reminded of this a few months ago, when I posted a simple question in the 'advanced' section of a lucid dreaming forum. I asked if anyone had used lucid dreaming to heal a physical problem? The first month, no one responded, even though the counter showed a couple hundred people had read this simple post. I assumed that the lucid dreamers at this (largely European) forum had no lucid dream healing experiences to share.

Then, something surprising happened. One lucid dreamer replied with a possible lucid healing experience, whereupon numerous lucid dreamers emerged to challenge the idea! They expressed deep doubts that a lucid dreamer could influence the healing of any physical ailment, except perhaps emotionally related issues. They wanted scientific proof before even considering such a 'radical' idea.

Of course, some experienced lucid dreamers have sought physical healing, while consciously aware in the dream state, and achieved considerable success with a rapid disappearance of symptoms. Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. has personally investigated lucid dream healing and written a number of papers on it (visit http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html). In my book, **Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self**, I have a chapter on "Healing in Lucid Dreams" showing approximately a dozen apparently successful lucid healings and a few unsuccessful attempts.

This idea is not new. In 1985, Stephen LaBerge wrote in **Lucid Dreaming**: "The fact that our laboratory studies have revealed a high correlation between dream behavior and physiological responses presents a rare opportunity for developing an unusual degree of self-control of physiology that might prove useful for self-healing." Later, Patricia Garfield agreed with this idea, citing some actual lucid healing experiences in **The Healing Power of Dreams** (1992). She concludes, "The potential for healing in lucid dreams is enormous."



The forum's debate about the idea of lucid dream healing demonstrates that lucid dreaming's potential seems largely constrained by the lucid dreamer's own conceptual boundaries. As long as the concept of healing one's self in a lucid dream seems radical or impossible, it becomes so in one's experience. But as soon as a lucid dreamer opens to the concept positively, something truly revolutionary happens: the previously impossible becomes possible. At that point of conceptual expansion, new events are allowed and healings occur.

This small issue relates to a much larger one; namely, to achieve the real potential of lucid dreaming requires revolutionary conceptual openness. Without that revolutionary conceptual openness, the lucid dreamer merely contends with the unexamined limits of his or her conceptual boundaries.

Like an invisible fence, each lucid dreamer's belief system and courage begin to define the boundaries of their lucid explorations. To a large degree, we only explore to the extent that we feel comfortable; otherwise our fears constrain our unconscious explorations. Similarly, we only explore that which we believe exists or conceptually accept; there seems no need to explore what we have pre-determined to be impossible.

Thankfully, the larger awareness, which we encounter in some lucid dreams, beckons lucid dreamers to re-conceive the dream realm, and open their minds to being even more adventurous. However, an inflexible mind can ignore these hints and suggestions, and persist in old patterns of belief. I know in my case, it took years and years of odd behavior from dream figures before I granted some the capacity for 'independent agency.' Since I was steeped in the cultural belief that 'all dream figures' exist as a product of my mind, I could not accept conscious dream figures having their own independent agenda and ignored the evidence for that, since it conflicted with my beliefs at the time.


The quickest resolution lies in surrendering to the lucid dream state, letting go of limiting concepts and accepting the unconscious as a mystery. To do this requires the capacity to allow 'not-knowing,' where you actively offer yourself the freedom of infinite wonder.

With each lucid surrendering, the conceptual boundaries begin to expand and the mind grows. At some point, you realize that concepts act as a hindrance to unconscious experience and distort its truest expression.

As you wrestle with emotions that arise and the fears of what conceptual freedom might mean, you begin to untie the knots of self limitations. As these self expressions unravel, you feel the lucidity of unencumbered awareness.

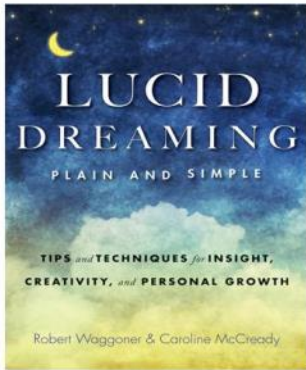
Lucid dreaming allows us many freedoms, including the freedom to test our beliefs and assumptions. Let go and allow the larger Awareness beyond lucidity to express the real mystery. ▲

Editorial note: This article was originally printed in the September 2009 LDE, with a slightly different title.




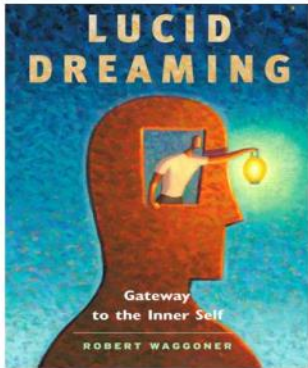
Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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The Awareness Behind the Dream / A Portal Between Dimensions

By Ileana Lartigue

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By far the most useful notion I've come across related to lucid dreaming is that of the presence of an awareness that lies beyond the visible dreamscape. It has helped me develop a much stronger connection with the dreamworld. In my experience, its energy signature, the energy pattern it presents when summoned during sleep, can function as an interdimensional portal that is accessible outside the realm of dreams. It opens to pathways of the psyche previously unknown to me and facilitates the passage and communication between levels of consciousness, as well as the reception of information and guidance outside my habitual scope.

From the moment the idea first entered my mind, I was captivated by the enormity and the beauty of it. I heard Robert Waggoner talk about it in a video interview by Iain McNay. In that interview, Robert says, referring to his first conscious interaction with it: "... I realized something crucial for me which was there might be an awareness behind the dream."

The notion fascinated me. That same night I did as Robert suggested. When lucid, I asked the awareness to make itself known and explain the significance of a dream character whose presence was baffling me. Out of nowhere, an invisible force came forth and surrounded me. It was irrefutable. There was an intelligence present in the dream that responded the instant I called upon it. It gently but firmly enveloped me and pulled me upward through the levels of the old building structure I was in, to the top of what felt like a belfry or tower. There I was given the answer I'd requested, written on two translucent fortune cookie wrappers.

That was the first of a series of lucid dreams that came in quick succession over the nights that followed. In those initial dreams, the moment I solicited it, a magnetic force field was activated, a field of energy that embraced it all and that I could feel at the heart of me. It was powerful, all knowing, all encompassing. It possessed an understanding that seemed boundless. I knew it was there to help me and guide me. It didn't speak to me directly as Robert's did. Some of the answers it gave were mysterious. All were poetic. They came in different forms: I was transported somewhere to witness a dreamscape or action that held the key to my query; I was given a symbol that represented my answer; I was handed the solution in some kind of written form, etc.

From Dreaming into Wakefulness

The communication with the larger dream awareness had an incredible impact on my psyche. It changed my lucid dreaming significantly and opened up possibilities that, if not for it, I may never have known were there. During those first interactions I established a strong, lasting, ever-present connection with the non-visible awareness that inhabits my dreams and, it soon became clear to me, if conjured, my waking life.

The first reference in my journal to the awareness overflowing from dreaming into wakefulness came after our second meeting:

"I become lucid at some point and remember to call out to the awareness. The awareness comes forth. It's powerful beyond anything I've ever encountered before. I realize it holds the answers to anything I need to know. I can sense its presence in and around me. I can feel it at my core. All pervasive, it reaches much further than what seems, in comparison, my very limited scope. I feel a new reverence for the dreamscape. I'm enthralled.

I remember to ask it why I'm here, meaning: what is my purpose for this lifetime? The awareness immediately responds. The dreamscape shifts to take the form of my answer. I see myself

from a distance, as observer witnessing a scene that unfolds. I'm in a dark tunnel holding the string of a balloon in my left hand. Upon closer observation, I see that the object floating in the air is not a balloon but the face of Christ. Its features remind me of a Byzantine icon. It's very large. The string in my hand that links me to it is thick; more like a connecting cord, organic in nature, an umbilical cord of sorts.

I adhere to no religion. The dream is referring, not to the biblical figure, but to Christ Consciousness, the recognition of the divine in all things. The awareness is telling me my objective in this life is to achieve that state of higher consciousness." (21 February 2014)

That dialog in images with the awareness was key for me. It shed light on the meaning of my existence, gave sense to many of my apparently incongruent past actions, and helped me bring together my until-then dispersed life force into one unified flow. I was very grateful for having received such insight.

But, just as important as this, was that the sensation that the awareness had been deeply imprinted in me. I could feel it in every atom. I realized from that moment onward that the communication with the awareness I'd encountered during sleep was not limited to dreamtime. The bond I'd made with it seemed to have carried into wakefulness. Shortly afterwards I wrote:

"... the dream consciousness I've interacted with in the past three lucid dreams ... seems to be present in waking reality. ... I should maintain and feel the presence during waking time." (22 February 2014)

I began to invoke the dream awareness on and off throughout the day when in need of answers or guidance. I was able to activate the same sentient energy field while in meditative states, once free of the space-time continuum. It didn't seem to make any difference whether I was awake or asleep. I could feel the same force come alive around me and surround me like a protective cloak that permeated everything. The answers came as needed, just as in sleep, only adapted to physical form.

The key was to bring forth the exact energy imprint as in the dream state. My body has memorized it and I'm able to replicate it almost exactly when awake. It feels similar to calling upon the inner self in dissociated states. But it's not exactly the same. The presence of the dream awareness in waking is stronger, steadier. It's a deeper, more informed, less filtered version of it. This might be because it's coming directly from the dreamtime. The sensation that's triggered when it emerges is akin to that of becoming lucid in dreams. Only here, I'm becoming hyper-awake in wakefulness.

A shift in perspective takes place then and I perceive waking reality from the energy standpoint of the awareness behind the dream. There is a merging of states that occurs as the waking self opens up to integrate a flow of consciousness that's coming from another realm. As the two meet, the dreamlike nature of physicality becomes immediately apparent, with no effort. It's automatic. It generates a hybrid state in which I'm harnessing both worlds. This gives rise to the inescapable sensation that the world of matter is constructed not out of solid objects. They are but symbols projected outward, born of the psyche. They're therefore malleable and can be interacted with and impacted exactly as in dreams. I can clearly sense my role as generator of the waking dream and my incidence on the material landscape. I'm able to catch glimpses of my full creative power.

The same all-knowing guiding force that I access in sleep becomes accessible to me in wakefulness. This is invaluable. As stated above, the guidance I can access through this practice feels surer than the one received from the level of the inner self I had tuned into in waking previously. It feels like a more profound, more detailed, less distorted flow of information of that same inner guidance.

*It didn't seem to make any difference whether I was awake or asleep.
I could feel the same force come alive around me and surround me
like a protective cloak that permeated everything.*

From Hypnagogia into Lucidity

Recently I've started to take the interaction with the awareness in another direction. I'm experimenting with using it as portal into lucid dreaming, which is paradoxical, since that's where I encountered it first. It seems to work as an entryway into WILDs. I activate its energy pattern in my body. I hold it there as I drift through hypnagogia. This creates some sort of energetic tunnel or pathway through which my consciousness can move into the dream state without losing focus:

"I tune into the awareness behind the dream and hold it in my body. Hypnagogic images begin to take form. I see a room in the house I grew up in. The dream is opening up in front of me though I'm not yet asleep. I move forward and into the room with determination, attempting to enter the dream that's beginning to solidify. As I'm doing this I clearly feel how my waking consciousness morphs into dreaming consciousness. I feel the moment of transition, the exact point where the waking self yields to its dreaming counterpart and lets it take over. It's amazing. An unbelievable sensation. I'm now surrounded by the dreamscape, fully lucid. I know my body sleeps." (25 March 2019)

In this instance I was able to pinpoint the exact moment of transition from one form of awareness to another. Sometimes there's a gap between the hypnagogic state and the re-emergence of conscious awareness in the lucid dream. There's so much ground to cover still.

I continue to explore the potential of the larger awareness that dwells in my dreams. It's a magic entryway to the crisscrossing fabric of consciousness. I'd like to use this gate to achieve my purpose, as indicated by the larger dream awareness: the recognition of the presence of one same source energy in it all. Unity of consciousness.

I'm very grateful to Robert Waggoner for this incredible contribution to the world of lucid dreams. It's a master key to the golden territory of the unknown. ▲

Where's Robert?

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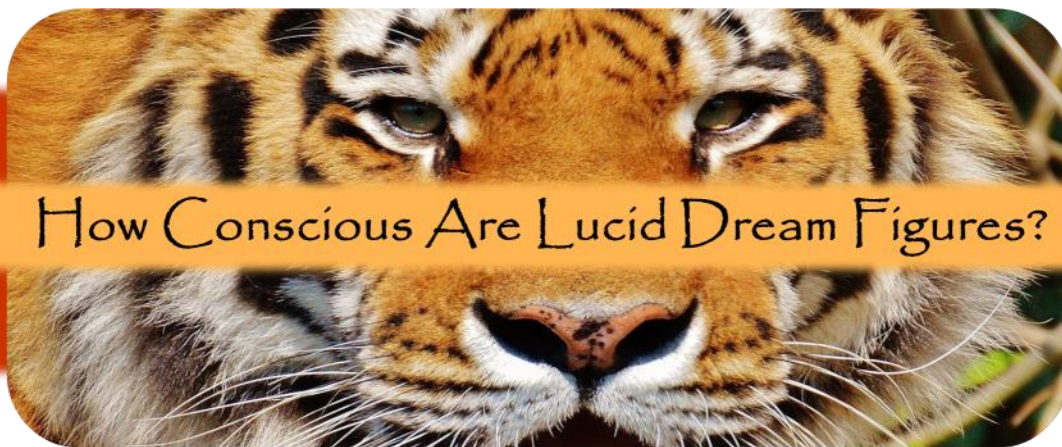
June 13–18, 2020 — Scottsdale, AZ

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Robert will speak at a variety of conference events.

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How Conscious Are Lucid Dream Figures?

By Clare R. Johnson, PhD. © 2020

At a hotel in a tropical jungle, I stand on my balcony watching wild animals frolic and play. Then, out of the semi darkness, I see a huge tiger face looming right in front of me – how can this be possible? I'm right up on the third floor; it's impossible for a tiger to float suspended in mid-air, right? I understand that I am dreaming. This is a magnificent dream tiger, and it has come to visit me!

Its huge head is inches from my body, I can see each one of its whiskers and the glow of its wise amber eyes. I know it means me no harm. It's as if it wants to offer me its power, strength, and protection. It wants to be my friend. Laughing in delight, I find myself floating up into the air. My beautiful dream tiger levitates with me and I get the strong feeling that we have known each other forever; it's like meeting part of my own soul. Together we turn slow somersaults high above the jungle as the stars begin to come out one by one.

Some of the most spine-tingling encounters I've had in lucid dreams involve animals. I've danced with elephants, lived in the jungle with a Bengal tiger, turned into a dolphin, discovered a baby bird napping on my bedside table, met the mother of all lizards in a luminous bardo zone, encountered a frozen stallion made of champagne, and had an ecstatic lucid kundalini awakening with a green serpent. Many of my dream animals are recurring figures in my dreams and they take on the role of guides, showing me when I need to pay attention to things in my life.

Some dream figures simply aren't too bright; they can lack awareness and seem puppet-like. Others seem super-conscious — we get a little shock when we look into their eyes because they are so present and alert. These are the best ones to go to with our questions. This next practice shows the four main levels of awareness of dream figures that I've come up with. There will be other levels for sure, and every dreamer is different, so you may like to customise these “types” as you explore more deeply.

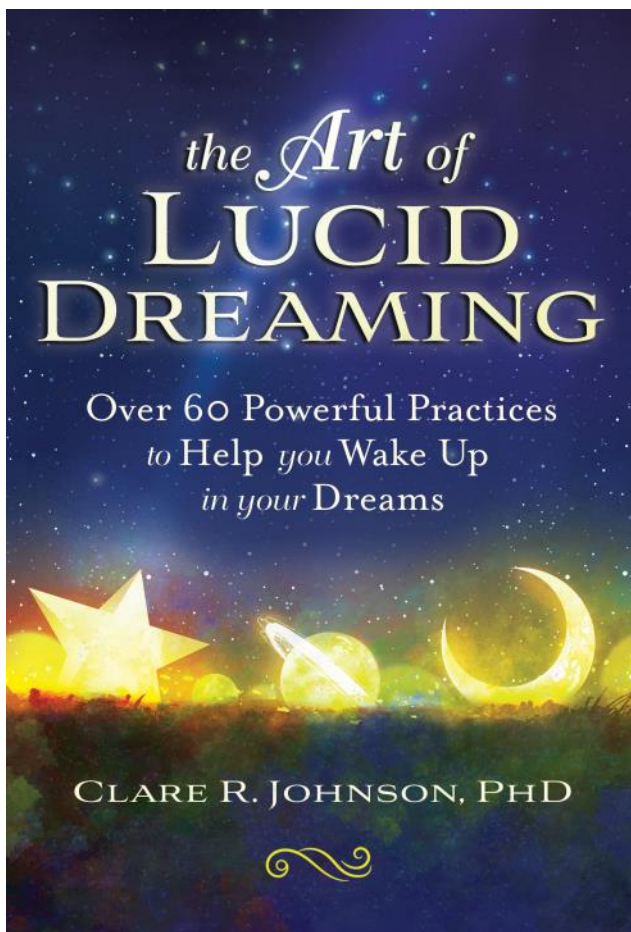
Practice #52: How Conscious Are Your Dream Figures?

Would you wander out onto the high street and ask a random stranger: “Where is my life going?” or: “Should I split up with my girlfriend?” True — for some, this sort of exchange can and does happen after pub closing time, but don't we at least look people in the eye and exchange a few words first? In lucid dreams there's sometimes the sense that we'll wake up imminently, so we stress out, trying to squeeze in our goal. But when we become adept at stabilising the dream, we can chill out more.

This guide is to help you to find the best dream person to spill out your heart to, while remembering one vital thing about lucid dreaming: Since the lucid dream itself hums with awareness, directing a question to *the dream itself* can be just as beneficial, if not more so, than seeking out a dream figure to ask. In many cases, the dream figure can be seen as a kind of prop — we're used to talking to people in waking life, so we feel the need to find an image of a person to talk to in a lucid dream, to make it seem “real” for us. But we could just as easily direct our question to the underlying, thrumming awareness that lucid dream imagery emerges from.

- **Zombies** — these are the “film extras” of lucid dreaming. They have little more substance than a cardboard cut-out, and are non-responsive if you try to talk to them. The more lucid we are, the fewer zombies we meet.
- **Puppets** — these are rather cute in their own way: they’ll talk to you, but you’ll have the distinct impression that you’re the one putting words into their mouths by expecting a particular response, or by telepathically supplying them with the words. If you imagine them laughing, then guess what? They laugh! Puppets do their best to keep up socially and maintain the illusion that they think their own thoughts, but their act is pretty easy to see through.
- **Conscious equals** — some dream figures seem able to talk to us on an equal level. They don’t seem to intuit our thoughts and spit them right back out at us like the puppets do; instead they respond with insight. They can surprise us and they can argue coherently. Often, they take on the role of guides or mentors and can be helpful at initiating us further into the mysteries of lucid dreaming.
- **Super-aware** — you’ll know if you meet one of these. Super-aware dream figures seem even more conscious than we are! They seem to act autonomously and possess a higher awareness and deep knowledge. It is electrifying (and occasionally terrifying) to find ourselves in the presence of these super-aware figures, who often manifest in non-human form, such as a glowing globe of light. Keeping our cool and not giving in to fear can make or break this type of encounter. When we stay calm and curious, we can learn so much from this type of lucid dream figure. If things get too scary, you can always wake yourself up — but it can be immensely rewarding to hold onto your courage and stay in the dream.

Whenever you ask lucid dream figures a question about your life situation, your future, the nature of reality, or any other pressing question you may have (“What are next week’s lottery numbers?” “Will I get laid this weekend?”), be alert for nonsensical or insanely cryptic responses, but it’s best never to dismiss anything in the dream, as sometimes we only understand the message (if there is one) once we’ve woken up.



No matter who we ask, remember that just asking aloud — *asking the dream itself* — is really effective, because the lucid dream is conscious. Responses may manifest through a voice booming out from nowhere, or a stream of imagery showing us a particular sequence of events, or the appearance of a person or image. We might suddenly be awash with a strong emotion, or experience a flood of insight.

When we ask profound questions in a lucid dream, such as “What happens after we die?” Or: “What is the meaning of life?” what often happens is that we get swept up by an invisible wind and transported at top speed into a vast sparkling lucid void, or we are pulled downward into a spiralling black hole. Don’t be afraid if this happens! Just hold onto your hat and go with that wind, because this sort of response from the lucid dream often ends in incredibly blissful states where we receive knowledge and experience pure interconnected oneness (more on that exciting state of affairs in chapter nine). ▲

[Excerpt from the new release *The Art of Lucid Dreaming* by Clare R. Johnson, PhD. © 2020 by Clare R. Johnson, PhD. Used by permission from Llewellyn Worldwide, Ltd., www.Llewellyn.com.]

Clare is the creator of www.DeepLucidDreaming.com where she shares advice on lucid dreams and nightmares.

Is this a dream?

THE DREAM WITHIN THE DREAM

By Daryl4D
© 2020

Is life really but a dream? If so, what does it really take to contact the Awareness behind the Dream? Up until recently, I've mostly thought that this Awareness could only be contacted during a lucid dream or through deep meditation, but my mind is beginning to change.

This last year I've been focusing on the overlap between my night dreams and my daily life. I've been playing with the idea that life itself is just a dream. And I've been thinking about the boundaries between the two . . . I mean, when we wake up in the morning, are we just waking up in another dream within the dream?

Recently I've been re-reading the classic book from Jane Roberts, *The Nature of Personal Reality*, which is channeled material from the entity Seth that speaks of the nature of reality and how we create it. I'm sure most of you are aware of his legacy. Seth spoke extensively on how our beliefs create our reality and all of our experiences within it. He also suggested that it's possible to adopt three beliefs that would help us pierce through our limited perceptions. These three beliefs are: (1) The Self is Not Limited; (2) There Are No Boundaries or Separations of the Self; and (3) You Make Your Own Reality.

The concept that most intrigues me is that "There Are No Boundaries or Separations of the Self" and, according to Seth, that any boundaries we experience are a product of false beliefs. The "Self" he was referring to was our Larger Self (often labeled our Higher Self or Over-Soul) which of course includes the ego self that we presently know ourselves to be. What does this all mean? To me it means that maybe our

Higher Self (which I believe is the Awareness Behind the Dream) is more accessible than what we normally experience it to be. And maybe we can communicate with it and find the answers we seek without all the preamble . . . just by changing our beliefs.

Certainly, connecting with the Larger Awareness through lucid dreaming is a way of moving past barriers between the Self, and this is a big step. But how about connecting with it in our everyday waking life, which may be just another version of the dream we're experiencing? What possibilities would open to us then?

I decided to put aside my limiting beliefs and adopt those that would help me with this quest. I first decided that although I may not have a day-to-day, moment-to-moment, conscious awareness of this Larger Awareness, it didn't mean it wasn't present or not aware of me. I decided this lack had more to do with my physical senses being spellbound with physical reality during waking hours . . . it was *my* limitation, not *Its* limitation. I also decided that although this Awareness was all powerful and other-worldly, in a way mystical and seemingly incomprehensible, it didn't mean it was distant or indifferent to me. I decided to believe that this Awareness loved me and wanted the best for me — yes, allowing me the free will to screw up and learn from my mistakes, but always available if I would but ask for Its help.

On the morning of January 6, 2020, I decided to put these ideas to the test. With these supporting beliefs in mind, I decided to do a WBTB (Wake Back to Bed) and initiate a WILD (Wake Induced Lucid Dream). Although most of my lucid dreams are initiated this way, I generally look through my closed eyelids for images to appear and then enter the images by shifting into them. It sounds simple but often takes anywhere from 30 minutes to 2 hours to actually get to a "free floating state" where images start to appear, allowing me to make the shift. This time I decided that I would do it more gracefully by consciously working with the Larger Awareness before initiating the Dream state.

So although I was fully awake, I lay down, closed my eyes, and reminded myself that the Larger Awareness was present, and that together we could make this shift more elegantly. I simply asked this Awareness to help me shift into the inner world and then I relaxed and let go. What happened next caught me completely off guard. Instantly I found myself lying on my side in a dream, in a dream bed. It was so instantaneous that for some reason, while lying there, I tried to roll out of my body . . . I struggled a bit but then actually was able to roll out and stand up in the room. There in a dimly lit room stood an unfamiliar woman looking at me. I decid-

ed to fly up through the ceiling and then was on the roof. As I hadn't pre-planned any action, I decided to ask for a healing and was then surrounded by light . . . and woke up a few moments later on my physical bed.

Lying on my bed, I reviewed my dream and wondered why I tried to "roll out of body" even though I knew I was already in a dream. I decided I did it because it was something I've been practicing recently, in conjunction with my "shifting into the images with closed eyes" technique, so it must have just unconsciously spilled over. I then decided to try my new approach again and closed my eyes, asked the Awareness to help me to enter my inner world by gracefully shifting and then again, I just let go. To my surprise, again I INSTANTLY found myself in my dreamworld, only this time standing fully upright. Again with no real goal in mind, I flew up through the ceiling and then decided to fly amongst the stars. The sensation lasted for a few moments and then I awoke on my bed.

Although brief, this experience has profound implications for me. As lucid dreamers we must rely on our own experiences; if we believe something is possible, we must prove it to ourselves through our own experience. This experience has opened a door and for me speaks volumes about the Larger Awareness, if we can but realize how real and available it is to us at all times. Can it be as simple as changing our beliefs and asking for help? I'm guessing it's for each of us to decide for ourselves. But if we are in a dream right now, it may make sense to start treating it as one . . . and begin to wake up in this dream within the dream. ▲

((wake up!))



Facing My Shadow

By Victoria Liddelle © 2020

I remember my first nightmare. I was about 3 years old. It was about ugly trolls coming out of large craters on the moon. I was beside myself with fear. I had no idea I could go to bed and experience utter terror while I slept. Terror that was extraordinarily real. From then on, I suffered horrible nightmares that would last into my late teens. Horrifying faces, ghouls, monsters, and dark, abstract worlds haunted my dreams. On a weekly basis, my poor mother would hear my screams and come running to my room, as I was paralysed with fear under the covers.

By the time I was in my teens, I had had enough. I don't know how it began but one night, as I went to bed, I told myself that if I had a nightmare I would know it was not real, so I would find a way to wake myself up. That's exactly what happened. As I went into the nightmare, I became aware in the dream that this horrific monster could not be real and I shouted out, "It's just a dream! 1, 2, 3 AWAKE!" And I woke up in bed, elated that I had found a little trick to get

me out of trouble. At 19 years old, I told a friend that I could count myself out of a dream. She said it was impossible for the brain to be aware when in the dream state. But I was doing it and it was helping me feel in control.

By the time I hit my 20s, the monsters and ghouls had stopped and were replaced by stress dreams involving real animals. Perhaps my subconscious knew it could no longer get my attention with fictitious beasts and decided to make the nightmares more realistic. I would dream of being in a house with a lion or a tiger in there somewhere. As I moved from room to room, I would not know where it was and the fear was unbearable. So, lions and tigers became my new nightmares. That was, until I discovered lucid dreaming in 2017.

I had been practising for a year and had had a number of lucid dreams which were wonderful. However, I still had been unable to face my fears. The first time I attempted it was during a nightmare in November 2018. I was being chased down my old childhood street by a lion. I was running very fast until I became aware that this could be a dream; I skidded to a halt like a cartoon character. I thought to myself, "I must

turn around and face the lion! But first, a quick reality check!" I went over to a gate to see if I could pass my hand through it and all I felt was solid matter. I went into panic and turned to see the lion hurtling towards me. It was too much for me and I woke up.

My attempts to face these large predators continued to fail. My subconscious began to add more animals into the mix. Next came bulls and then bears. As I recorded my dreams I began to see a pattern that a lot of these dreams took place in my childhood house — or a warped version of the house. In March 2019 I was staying in a hotel while away on business. I went to sleep with my usual lucid dream track playing.

The dream began in a version of my old house again. I am there with another person. Suddenly I see the huge black shadow of a bear standing on its hind legs trying to get through the frosted glass doors. It must be at least 7 or 8 feet tall. I call out to my friend to run upstairs. We run. It is now right behind us. I go into a room and smash a window. There is a blue rope conveniently hanging down to the garden below. I shimmy down the rope and drop to the garden. Then I realise the bear has beaten me to it and is now round the side of the house. I make to run and a voice in my head says "Stop. Turn around and face the bear." I don't do a reality check, I just know that this is the drill. I steel myself and turn around and wait for the bear to round the corner.

My legs are shaking. I can hardly breathe. I panic that if it's not a dream then my number is up. But I take the chance. As the bear comes into view, I'm surprised at his appearance. He is black, hairy, and has very long, slim limbs — almost like a monkey. He has a small head and a silvery-grey pointed snout. He is extremely large. I am terrified. As he approaches me, I quickly shout out: "Who are you and what do you represent?" To my utter disbelief, he smiles sweetly, raises a furry paw, and gives me the cutest little wave. Then telepathically he tells me, "I love you. And I'm always here for you." Then I wake up.

My second moment came in August 2019. The dream begins with me talking to one of my co-stars in the soap I'm currently acting in, in real life. She hands me a script that we're to film today. I'm furious, as I was not given this earlier and I don't have time to learn it. I look at the script and the dialogue is absolute gobbledygook. I am so angry because I know my character would never say any of this rubbish. And with that thought, I realise this could be a dream!

I look at my hands and I shout, "Hands go stubby now!" and my hands mutate into a mix of stubby and elongated fingers. I am so relieved that it's a dream that I shout out, "To hell with you all! This is a dream! All thought forms get out now! Go on, get lost!"

All the dream characters look rather alarmed and leave immediately. I am suddenly alone in a wooden paneled gym hall. I shout out the first intention that has been playing on my mind. "Dream! Please help me understand what is wrong with my son!" The dream does nothing. So I shout "Change!" Everything immediately goes black and I began spinning out of control through a black void and suddenly I land — hovering an inch from a floor, still in pitch black. I open my eyes and I'm back in the gym. I'm furious! I decide to forget about asking for change and get up and walk out of the gym door. I have no shoes on for some reason.

Outside the gym, it's evening time. The sky is grey and raining. I walk out into a park which is similar to one where I live. I am walking down a footpath. There are trees lining the path and large expanses of grass. To my left, in the distance, I spot some young folk sitting together like they're having a picnic. I then look to my right and equidistant to the students is an enormous monster about 50 feet tall, loping towards them. It has horns and a large snout with fangs at the side of its mouth. It reminds me of a giant Gruffalo (the creature from a famous children's book).

I feel so smug because I'm lucid and those people on the grass are not and they're going to get eaten. So I try to fly up into the air and get away as fast as I can. But my flying is absolutely rubbish. I can barely get an inch off the ground. The monster has turned and spotted me. I start furiously swimming and flapping my arms like a lunatic. The monster is gaining on me and all my smugness is replaced by fear. I suddenly remember the golden rule — don't run, turn and face it. And with that thought, I am catapulted high up into the night sky and flying perfectly. I realise that the monster is now in the air directly behind me. I prepare myself and turn around mid-flight to face it. And to my surprise, the monster has completely changed. It is now this hideously scary creature that's like a cross between a wendigo and Gollum from *Lord of the Rings*. It's brown in colour, and completely bald and hairless. It has a small body and very long arms and legs. It is flying directly at me. It reaches out its hand with long spindly brown fingers as if to grab me. I take its hand and shout, "Who are you? What is your name and what do you represent?" And with a great longing and compassion in its eyes it says, "I'm your friend!" I shout back "Okay, but what kind of friend?" And then my alarm goes off.

Normally I would experience these stress dreams at least once a month. Since lucidly facing these two creatures, I have not had another stress dream and it is now January 2020. What I have gained from these experiences was that all my life I thought I was running from fear, when actually I've been running from love. ▲

My Experiences with the Awareness Behind the Dream

By Marlise © 2020

From the beginning of my lucid dream explorations, I liked the idea of just ignoring the current dream scene and then speaking aloud out my desired goal. Most times, the awareness behind the dream created a new, unexpected dream scene in a surprising way for me.

At I first didn't pay enough attention to my wording; I even got funny answers. For example, once I requested, "Dream, show me a picture that I could paint!" I was transferred to a stormy dream scene with a printer, non-stop printing cartoon-like paintings on paper so fast that I was not even able to see the pictures.

Sometimes, if a dream figure is next to me, I get a verbal answer from it instead of a new dream scene from my 'dreamer behind the dream.' These answers never were profound and not very helpful. Other times my awareness behind the dream denied my request and responded in a voice like a speaker behind the dream why it's not possible to fulfill my wish. These answers were not always very logical, and the voice was different each time: male, female, or my own voice.

Another time, I wished for healing energy for my inflamed heel. Two blue light beams appeared in the sky above me and entered through my feet. This impressed me so much that I was convinced that it could heal — and so it did!

It also happened to me that as soon as I turned lucid in a dream, I got the answer in the form of a dream movie before I had time to shout out my request. I only realized that after waking up.

At the beginning of my lucid dreaming practice, as I began to hope for lucid dreams after a WBTB, I sometimes had strange spontaneous hypnagogic hallucinations like vibrations, and feeling lifted out of my body, etc. Therefore, I thought my subconscious or Larger Awareness wanted me to move lucidly from the waking to dream state. But I always woke up again before I could enter a lucid dream. Until, one night, my 'awareness behind the dream' sent me a big hand that lifted my dream body up and out of the bedroom towards a wonderfully decorated door. It opened, and I was in a dream scene with long hallways.

These experiences helped me to try to engage my awareness behind the dream directly from a WILD (Wake Induced Lucid Dream) technique:

After a WBTB (Wake Back to Bed) while lying in my bed on my back without moving my body, I repeat my request in my thoughts until I can enter a dream lucidly. It's not the perfect technique, I usually need several attempts until it works, but it's fun and different each time. As I don't use visual imagery for the transition from wakefulness to the dream state, I have sensual experiences during the liminal state of hypnagogia. The produced phenomena were a bit weird, but I was curious enough to try to find out why they happened.

Once, as I had another 'hypnagogic dream helper' that appeared and pulled me up with his hand from my bed, I asked, "Who are you?" He responded with "Tarzan," which I found too funny and woke up again.

As I had some other experiences of being helped into a lucid dream, I wondered about the nature of these 'dream helpers' and tried a WILD with "Please show me the world of my dream helpers!" until five or six shadowy 'beings' appeared (probably in my hypnagogic, liminal dream state), took my hands and flew me into a dream scene. During the flight through the darkness, I asked again, "Who are you?" One of them tells me a strange name like "Karakuri" or "Kuriakiri," and another one responded with "Dolly." Dolly reminds me of the cloned sheep, which could be a symbol for my 'Inner Self,' I think.

I interpret these liminal dream figures as symbols from my Larger Awareness to help me enter a lucid dream.

Later, as I began reading books about dream work by C.G. Jung and others, I found an explanation for my experiences in the liminal state between awake and dreaming. I relate them now to the active imagination and dream incubation techniques.

In his book, *Inner Work: Using Dreams and Active Imagination for Personal Growth*, Robert A. Johnson writes: "In Active Imagination, you go to your unconscious to find out what is there and to learn what it has to offer to the conscious mind. The unconscious is not something to be manipulated to suit the purposes of the conscious mind, but an equal partner to engage in dialogue that leads to a fuller maturity."

Dreams, I learned, are a way of our unconscious to speak to us through their symbols. And in lucid dreams, it fascinates me that, when engaging the awareness behind the dream, I can consciously dialogue with my subconscious as if using active imagination in the waking state. But I feel more confident not to manipulate it.

A dialogue with my unconscious, my awareness behind the dream, still feels a bit abstract to me, and therefore I had the idea that I could try to ask 'it' if it has a name that I could apply for our connection. Therefore in a fun DILD (Dream Induced Lucid Dream), I shout into the dream, "Hey, dreamer behind my dream, thank you very much for this wonderful lucid dream!" and add, "Do you have a name?"

An enchanting djinni woman's head appears and bows, but then transforms into an advocate's figure during my name request. He holds his forefinger in front of his mouth and shakes his head. I start to ask, "How would you like me..." but before I can finish, "... to call you," the dream is fading out, and I wake up.

Inside another DILD, I try again and ask, "Larger Awareness, dreamer behind my dream, how would you like me to call you?" This changes the dream scene into a grayish 'void,' and a male voice begins to tell me why it is not possible. I respond that a unique name would simplify our dialogue. As an answer, I suddenly have a baby in my arms.

I hope to get other opportunities in lucid dreams to explore this interesting topic in more depth.

Currently, my top five questions to the awareness behind the dream are:

- What are you?
How would you like me to imagine you?
- Please let me experience a lucid dream each night I wish for it!
- Please let me experience what I truly am, my essence!
- Please let me have an experience of lucid light!
- Please show me something wonderful to paint!

The second request is very important for me and I wonder if it will be fulfilled one day! ▲



Artwork: painting by Marlise



Addressing the Intelligence Behind the Dream

By Daniel Lancaster © 2020

When addressing the intelligence behind the dream, I have come to encounter one of two scenarios. The first scenario is that a voice, sometimes male and sometimes female, speaks out of the air with no bodily form in sight. This is what I expect to happen when I ask the awareness behind the dream a question. I find that when this happens, he or she enjoys answering with a memorable statement that is short enough for me to remember upon waking but constructed as a sort of riddle or aphorism that keeps me pondering the depths of its meaning and the various interpretations of it over a longer course of time. It gives me food for thought, which leads my mind in new directions concerning the truth for which I'm seeking an answer.

Now sometimes, if I cannot get a response from the air, I will ask a dream figure for the answer. I suspect that they, or at least most of them, are connected with this greater intelligence. They may or may not know the answer. I've had one man refer me to his friend and "boss," because although he himself didn't know the answer, his boss did. So, I located this other person he mentioned and was able to get my answer.

Secondly, there are times when I get no verbal response and there is no one in sight. In this case, often if I continue to explore around, I end up finding various places and artifacts, as well as witnessing certain events, which upon waking I find to be potentially symbolic of the answer. Often I have also found that I see imagery in my waking life the next day or two that matches the imagery I saw previously in the dream, and the context of how I see or hear about it in my waking life gives new depth and meaning to the symbols in the dream. Multiple times I have asked a question and encountered imagery which I then experience again in waking life soon afterward, and this acts like the missing puzzle piece to the interpretation of the message intended.

To my conscious mind, which I identify as "myself," I find without fail that the answers which I receive from addressing the greater Mind behind the dream are entirely unpredictable and unconnected with my own expectations.

Sometimes, when I listen to a dream figure talking at length, I marvel at how their words flow so seamlessly and perfectly without me having any idea what they will say next. I specifically recognize and study this fact in my dreams, that the "me" hearing these words is not the same as the one speaking the words. Perhaps we are two parts of the same person, or perhaps we are two distinct beings made of the same "substance." I suspect this is simply semantics and that I am saying the same thing in two different ways.

But there is definitely a Mind that is above the dream and distinct from my conscious mind, one which teaches and guides, and one which I can choose to heed or choose to ignore. It is benevolent in nature, and one way or another I consider myself to be a branch of that Mind, like its offspring, or an extension of it. Its wisdom is matched by its knowledge, seeming to have some foresight to use symbols I may encounter in my waking life soon afterward. The nature of dreaming, it seems, is a kind of communication that goes on between myself and the Creator when all other sensory inputs are stilled and silenced.

The following are five questions that I enjoy asking the greater Mind behind the dream. My Christian worldview slants some of these questions toward biblical language; however, for those who are of differing opinions, I believe the language of the questions can be adjusted while maintaining much of the same meaning and experience.

1. Questions about historical figures. Once I asked a dream figure, "How did Samuel the Old Testament prophet hear the voice of God so clearly?" I received an interesting response after talking with a couple of characters. A few times I have even had the opportunity to encounter historical figures face to face.

2. Requests to see angels or those who have passed on. Once, upon my request to see an angel, a woman appeared and explained her role in my wife's life from since she was a little girl. She was very kind and intelligent, and the whole conversation was incredibly fascinating. I also was able to call and eventually locate my cat that had passed away and give him one more hug and farewell. This helped give me closure to a sudden and unexpected loss.

3. Prayers to feel the power of the Holy Spirit or unconditional love. I went through a phase where in dream after dream, various figures (some I recognized, others I didn't) came and imparted this power which buzzed with intensity and lifted my mind into a place of total peace and fulfillment, a feeling which I could only interpret as a result of coming into contact with the life force behind all creation.

4. Request to experience being something else entirely. For example, ask to become a lion, or a bird, or a planet, or even a young child again. How does it feel? Does your mindset change? Do you feel an entirely new nature? Do you sense a new beauty in the world, or understand life from a new paradigm? Although I have yet to experiment as much with this question, it is very much on my list of things to do. I have gone back into my childhood days multiple times and marveled at the detail and the feeling of being a child again.

5. A command that something change in waking life. For example, a command for healing to take place (physically or emotionally). Or a command to acquire or enhance a talent or gifting. It may very well be that you are rearranging your brain at the subconscious level or that you are dealing with things directly at the "quantum" level of consciousness and spirit.

I hope that these thoughts and experiences will spark the imagination of readers to embark on their own adventures. There truly are no limits in the world of dreams, and every new discovery by us oneironauts paves a pathway that others may follow and extend. ▲

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Cheryl Miranda • *Awareness Behind the Dream*

I am lucid and formless in a familiar vast dark void; absorbed in a timeless expanse of nothingness. I have no identity or personality. There is only perfect bliss.

From out of the darkness, random thought forms spontaneously bubble up into view. Somehow I know the thoughts are coming from a sleeping body I call “mine.” Thoughts, one after another, continue to arise and take form. I watch as the thought forms become concepts and those concepts become animated dreams. Dream scenarios play out like short novellas before me. They have multiple characters and detailed story lines. As each fragmented dream ends, a new one begins in the form of a dream cloud. There is a pull on my attention toward the dreams, but I have no intention of responding to it. I am a little agitated by the incessant mental activity coming from my sleeping body. It is distracting me from my blissful state.

I pull my attention back completely from the dream clouds and begin focusing and meditating on the bliss that I am immersed in; the formless bliss that I am. The thought forms vanish and I again meld into the peacefulness of the formless void.

Adam Lazarus • *“Dream, Make it Light Out for Me Please”*

I’m walking from the living room out of the front door, at the home where I grew up. Dad and I have a dialogue from across the house. He says something positive as I leave, which makes me feel warm. (This interaction references a text conversation which my dad and I had this day from waking reality, which I think I felt in the dream but did not necessarily get lucid from?)

Grasping the handle of the front door, I look at the back of my hand on the gold-colored surface. I don’t count my fingers but look at all of them. This angle makes the fingers look almost like the legs of a critter. I normally see my hand from the palm side up, not the back like this, when performing reality checks in both waking and in dream realities. This contemplation is where I gained a fuller lucidity. I walk outside the front door, lucid and contemplating what I should do. It has been a while since I have been lucid and I feel rusty.

The sky above my suburban childhood street seems to be passing dusk, but not blue, more of a charcoal color. Impulsively, I decide to ask the dream awareness to make it light out — it is always so dark where I live now in waking reality and I want it to be light. Standing in the grass of the front yard, I hold my hands above my head, forming the shape of a ‘Y.’ Spinning in circles, arms outstretched, I call aloud, “Dream, make it light out for me please!” And as I finish a spin, the dark sky becomes light blue.

This light does not seem to come from a single light source like our sun; it looks more like the stars in the night sky have brightened, from white specks to gleaming yellow circles. I walk from the grass into the street, strolling in the direction towards the park. The sky grows darker again and I remind the dream to keep it light (unsure whether this is verbal or not.) It quickly becomes blue again, as if I was turning up the dimmer switch on a light. I’m surprised at the clarity of the lucid dreamscape.

More happens which I can't recall and somewhere here I may lose lucidity? I can't tell if I'm dreaming of being lucid or actually lucid anymore . . . It's light out now and stays light, a more natural daytime. I go to my brother on the driveway and I excitedly tell him that I just had (or am having) a very clear lucid dream. He is standing with his friends who appear unfamiliar to me, and he looks at me like I am interrupting his time . . . Entering the house through the open garage doors, I lean on the kitchen counter next to the windows above the sink. I look at the greenery outside.

Robert • “Help Me Again!”



I'm walking down a rundown neighborhood street; its typical decayed buildings worn out by decades of use and weather conditions. I'm drawn in further and further. There seems to be no way out. Finally I find myself in a huge enclosed industrial yard of some kind. I recognize this from another dream. I realize I'm dreaming.

I also recognize a door I've seen before and walk inside to a work area congested with building materials. I meet a foreman/supervisor. I know, from that previous dream, that on the other side of the building there is an exit but I don't remember how to get there. I ask him to show me where it is. He's cooperative and gives me directions. He tells another co-worker to let me pass and I find my way out.

I remember to ask the Larger Consciousness/awareness behind the dream to “show me something I need to see.” I'm already beginning to lose control of the dream. I begin to see shapes emerge in my field of vision. They seem to be morphing into all sorts of indistinct shapes. Finally, a bust of what could be an ancient Mayan or Aztec appears but quickly morphs into the bust of an ancient Greek or Roman. It was a one-dimensional representation like you would see on an ancient coin.

I'm beginning to lose the dream. I'm almost awake but not quite. I'm right in the middle. I call out to the larger awareness, “Help me!” Somewhere in the far regions of my mind I hear, “I DID help you.” And I replied, “Help me again. Clarification, please!” I wanted to know what this all meant. Now I'm fully awake.

Victoria Liddelle • *Pesky Thought Forms*

I'm in a kitchen and there's a really tiny cute baby in the middle of the floor. I pick him up and cuddle him. Some people walk past me and go into the lounge. I'm leaning on a counter when out of nowhere I think, this could be a dream. I wave my hands in front of my face. Without doing a reality check, I march through to the people in the lounge and shout, “All dream characters disappear!” The people look up at me, bemused. So I say, “Oops, sorry, I mean all *thought forms* disappear!” There was a general murmur of understanding and they all leave the room, much to my amusement.



I decide I want to go to my favourite dimension but I want to take the baby. But the baby has gone and there is a skinny old man in a white T-shirt with tattoos instead. He glares at me. I ignore him and shout out, “Take me to my favourite dimension!” and I shoot out the French doors into the sky. I make the fatal error of closing my eyes as I breathe the delicious night air, and I wake up.

I once asked all thought forms to disappear and the only person left was a large Maori guy in a loin cloth. I asked if he was a thought form and he just laughed at me.

In another dream, I shouted out the same statement to a room full of people and a Japanese woman approached me, very concerned. She said, “I don't want to disappear; I won't exist.” I felt sorry for her and so I relented and told everyone to just move on into a different room. There was such a big queue to get into the room and I said, “Come on! Hurry up, before I wake up!” I felt a tingle on my leg and knew it was too late.

Every time I have shouted to the dream, “Higher Self now!” the dream has gone into a brown- and pink-

coloured sludge and nothing happens. Or I wake up.

I once asked the dream to show me something that was important right now. It showed me a huge pink castle in the distance on an island, and a close up of an old gravestone with a famous person's name written on it. Sadly, I can't remember the name, nor did I get the reference.

These are my top five questions to ask the awareness behind the dream: To feel divine love through my entire being. To rid myself of all blocks to my happiness. To cure my lazy eye. To meet my spirit guides/higher self. To show me the true nature of reality.

Gustavo Vieira • *The Awareness Behind the Dream*

I'm constantly talking to the Awareness behind the dream, mostly when I want to change something in the dream. Sometimes, I just want to ask something. Usually, when I want to talk to the Awareness, I just shout out to the sky. Then, a voice answers. The voice is just like mine. It's like I'm talking to myself (I guess in a way, I am). But I still struggle with this, because most of the time, the voice is too low on volume. I have to constantly ask for the Awareness to repeat it or to talk louder.

Some of the answers don't make sense to me. Just gibberish. Or too complicated for me to understand. But sometimes I get curious answers. Like one time I had this short talk:

Me: "I want to ask you how eyes work. What happens when we see something?"

Awareness: "You are not seeing it. It looks like you're seeing it, but you don't."

Me: "It is all a lie?"

Awareness: "Yes."



Toon Regier • *Oneiric Peep Show*

One morning I plunged straight into the dream state from wakefulness to experience a wake-induced lucid dream (WILD). I found myself in a stark interrogation room (think *The Matrix*). A plain-clothed police detective sat across from me at a metal desk. His monotone voice droned arrogantly concerning some legal matter. I decided to ignore the suit and explore my lucid dream. I had been planning to ask the subconscious mind about a problem at my job in the animation industry, hoping to receive a verbal answer the way some dreamers report happening.

However, before I could begin any dream work, the arm of my "subtle body" popped out of my real arm, pivoting from the elbow. I gazed at the ghostly hand: it was bluish-white and slightly translucent. I couldn't tell if it had bones inside or not. This spectral limb jerked from one pose to another — lacking what animators call "breakdowns."

Now hinged from my shoulder, the arm swung rigidly behind my back. I had the distinct feeling that this extra body part, despite its autonomy, belonged to me, so I was not afraid. But it was disconcerting to watch my hand moving with a will of its own. I wondered what — or who — was motivating this subconscious appendage! Was this a partial out-of-body experience (OBE)?

Once I shrugged off the idea of having two right hands (one real, one astral), I got down to business: I did the Waggoner thing and shouted up at the sky to the awareness behind the dream, asking it to show me the solution to my struggle for productivity at work.

No answer. So, I asked again.

Presently a rectangular, violet window appeared before my eyes, with a small, convoluted object nestled inside — glowing light purple, with dark contours. I guessed it represented an optic nerve or something in my head. (Upon waking and searching Google Images, I'm now inclined to think it resembled a solitary neuron —

or perhaps a cancer cell?) Peeping through the aperture floating before me in the darkness, I scrutinized this complex origami closely: it was quite vivid and three-dimensional (like a fractal surface), and I perceived an hourglass structure in the walls of the grotto containing it. Was this a cryptic, visual answer to my query? I asked the dream consciousness what it meant, but still received no vocal answer. The rectangle slid upward — it was difficult to keep my eyes trained on it — like a floater adrift on an eyeball.

I awoke. The vision persisted for a few seconds in the darkness of the bedroom, slowly fading as the dream energy dissipated. Perhaps I was merely seeing hypnagogic imagery, and the purple enigma, locked in its little keyhole, was not necessarily the dream emissary's answer to my problem . . . unless I was being shown a brain tumour that needs removing!

Eniko • *Back to Living in a Dormitory*

I've just moved into the dormitory and I'm unpacking my things. So here I am living again in a dormitory as a university student after more than 10 years. I realize that this situation is a recurring dream of mine and I'm wondering if all those past dreams I had about being in this environment may have been precognitive dreams, since clearly I'm now really here in a dormitory, so the dream came true.

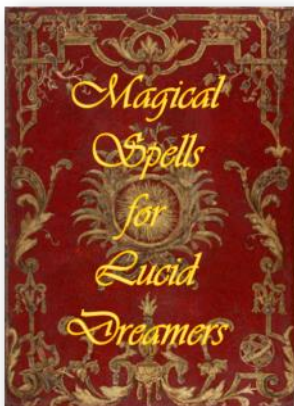
I'm looking in front of me and thinking . . . did I just draw a wrong conclusion? This could be a dream, since recurring dreams are dream signs. Of course, that's it; it's a dream! I feel so happy that finally I recognized this situation as a dream after months of having dreams in similar settings.

I'm looking at the clock on the wall and it says 7:29 am. I know for a fact that I've set my alarm for 7:30 am, so I only have 1 minute left to carry out an intent lucidly. Let's stop the time! A woman appears to my left but I'm still staring at the clock and on my desire to stop the time. It doesn't work; the clock still goes on. Why doesn't it work? I had this issue before in lucid dreams and it must be because I do not fully believe in my power of stopping the time.

I look at the woman and concentrate on her. She talks to me and suddenly she's freezing. It worked! I'm looking back at the still ticking clock and concentrating again on freezing it, too. I exert myself tremendously with all my energy and suddenly everything around the clock gets blurry and my alarm goes off.

William Weitzman • *Magic Spells*

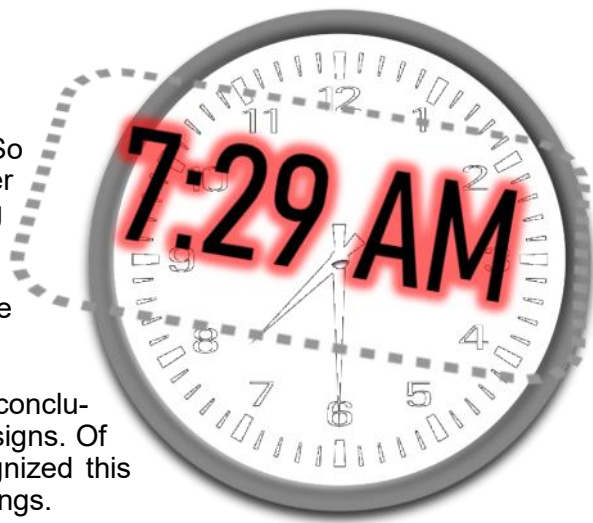
I recently read about the Harry Potter challenge on the dreaminglucid.com website. The challenge was to gain lucidity and cast Harry Potter spells to see if they worked.



After a long night of dreaming — including a lucid dream where I was running from a group of Chinese soldiers and hiding on a roof, when I realized it had to be a dream and just jumped off the roof and flew away — I woke up.

I then went back to sleep and appeared on what felt like a replica of Foxhurst Road in my town and instantly knew I was dreaming. I had been saying the phrase “Wingardium Leviosa” to myself all day for the past two days so in case I became lucid I would be able to remember it. It was the first of four spells (in the Harry Potter book) that levitates the object that you point at while saying it.

As I was walking on the left side of the road and in between two houses, I saw a lot where there were some old wooden chests. I didn't have a wand, so I put my index and middle fingers together and pointed at the chest. Instead of saying the correct words, “Wingardium Leviosa,” I only said, “Levi Levi oassah,” but a blue mist came out of my fingers and the chest lifted off the ground when I raised up my arm! I felt giddy with excitement, like a little kid (and still do as I type this!). I did this two more times and each time the blue mist came out and the



objects levitated and moved to where I pointed.

Then I moved on to the second spell: “Lumos.” In the book, the spell causes a light to appear. I put my two fingers together again and pointed up at the greyish sky and I said the magic word, “Lumos.” As I did, a yellow mist proceeded from my fingers but no real light appeared except this faint appearance of the yellow mist from my fingertips. It wasn’t the luminous light that I expected. I tried this two more times, but then I thought I didn’t want to waste the rest of my lucidity on something that wasn’t working, and I wanted to show a dream character that I could make things levitate!

I went back up the street, staying on the same side of the road, but this time I was going the other way. After I passed a few houses I saw a boy of about 12 years old and I said, “Look I want to show you something.” He replied, “I remember you.” I don’t know who he was in waking life; he may have been someone I have seen in dreams before. We went off the road a little bit into another lot. I looked around for something to levitate and spotted a stuffed rabbit. The kid backed up near a bush while I pointed at the rabbit with my two fingers together and gave the magic command, “Levi Levi ossaaah.” Instantly the blue mist appeared and the rabbit came off the ground going to where I pointed! The boy laughed and said, “Cool!”

I couldn’t hold my excitement any more — the dream world mixing with my bedroom — I opened my eyes and was giddy, like a little kid who had just learned some real magic.

Justin Phillips • *Looking for Dream Guides*

Last night, I got lucid after a person was showing me their pet tiger. It was huge, and not very nice, but didn’t attack anyone. I flew up and away, and as I reached the treetops, I spontaneously realized it was a dream. So I did what I’ve been wanting to do for a long time: find a dream guide.

I tried the method of spawning a dream guide by looking behind me, expecting one to be there. I was still up in the air flying, but when I looked behind, I only saw a woman walking to her car on the ground. I flew over and asked if she was my dream guide. She agreed, and I got into the car with her. It was a convertible, and we drove for a while with the wind in our hair. I asked a few questions, and was determined I would remember them . . . (darn it), but I just got the sense she was giving me generic answers and she wasn’t too interested. I woke up.

I went back in, determined to find another guide. I guess I went back in lucid. This time I decided that the dream guide would come up behind me and tap me on the shoulder, because the method of looking behind me wasn’t working, and I was in a crowded city street.



Two men tapped me on my left shoulder, several seconds apart, wanting to be my guide. I awarded the job to the first one. Another man came up and wanted to know if I recognized him from another dream, but I didn’t. I then realized that he was really familiar looking, but I couldn’t recall which dream it would be from, and it was possibly a false memory. He seemed surprised that I couldn’t remember and said it had a hilarious storyline. He walked away and I asked my new dream guide for the details of that dream, but can’t remember it now, except that it involved a handgun.

I guess I woke up again, or lost my guide, or something. But then I was out on the street again, wanting another guide to tap my shoulder. This time it was an older man who was selling paintings on the side of the street. I went over to his little area. He seemed to have picked up “dream guide” as a side job, and didn’t know too much about what to do. I asked him to take me somewhere (this is one of my preselected requests: that the dream guide take me somewhere of their choosing). I think he did take me somewhere (can’t remember) because I remember coming back to his art stand a couple times afterwards. Soon after, I awoke.



Steve Racicot • *Lightning of the Lord*

In the following dream I used my lucid awareness to move beyond my regular dream images to experience something which, though still symbolic, felt more real to me. It felt as though I really had connected to Spirit.

In waking I often use Christ as a focus of my meditation practice. With this dream it is clear to me that the Christ Spirit may manifest to us in ways we may not expect.

The dream:

In the midst of a regular dream I realize I'm dreaming and the thought comes, "I must cut through all this illusion and seek the Christ." When I think this, thunder explodes inside my head and my head is vibrating from this explosion. A clear, colour image of Christ appears before me. The image is like the Christ paintings in the Catholic Church I went to as a child. I am glad to see such a clear image.

I repeat my thought, speaking out loud now, "I seek the Christ." There appears in front of me a hand, palm facing me. It is not just a picture; it's a real hand, but not connected to anyone I can see. From the center of this hand a bright flash of light, very much like lightning, flashes out and strikes me. Again there is thunder inside my head so that it is almost painful, especially around my temples. The intensity of this feeling wakes me up.

I tell my wife, Anna, the experience and begin writing it in my notebook. Then I really wake up and have to write it again because I only dreamed I wrote it down the first time. In the notes I wrote at the time, I mentioned strong, electric, tingling feelings in my temples that I continued to experience after waking.

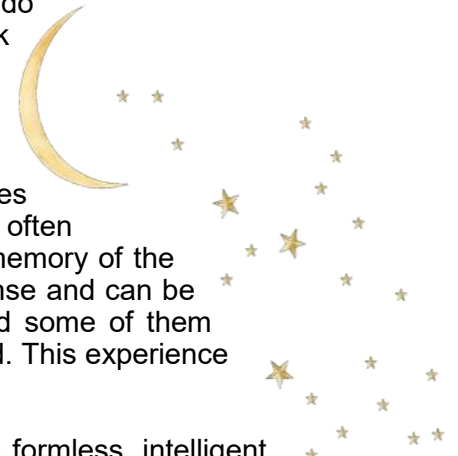
This short but very intense lucid dream affected my waking consciousness deeply for weeks afterward. No matter what I was engaged in, whether work or play, I kept being distracted by the powerful feelings I had experienced in this dream and by an almost constant, electric, tingling feeling in my temples. These feelings kept causing my waking consciousness to remember my spiritual focus on Christ. During that time I drew quite a few pictures of hands with lightning bolts shooting out of them. I even designed a stained glass window with this theme.

Although I had this dream a long time ago, back in 1976 actually, it is still part of my waking consciousness. Whenever we have a thunderstorm and I hear thunder, I think, "Oh, that's the sound of Spirit" and I will often feel the electric tingling in my temples or on top of my head again. Thunder continues to remind me of Spirit.

Cheryl Miranda • *I'm Not Who I Thought I Was*

After thirty years of lucid dreaming, it almost always starts out the same. I become aware that I am formless awareness in a vast void. It resembles outer space but due to a lifetime of these experiences I have reason to believe that it only appears as outer space to give me a visual experience and a "place" to work from. In actuality, I believe I am floating in a completely nonphysical, non-visual world. Rarely are things as they appear so I don't give much credence to what I see while lucid; I care more about what is experienced or learned.

I don't do anything to cause myself to become lucid. It is out of my control. I do however keep a dream journal, read spiritual books before bed, and think about the dream state a lot. In the beginning years I had numerous lucid dreams and OBEs on a regular basis. For the past five years, I only have a lucid dream or OBE every three or four months.



I have a regular practice of rereading some of the more interesting experiences from my dream journal because they have become more complex over time; often they are too difficult to even write down. I use my journal entries to jog my memory of the experience and add and update my notes as my experiences make more sense and can be articulated in writing. Many of my experiences take months to integrate and some of them don't make sense until years later. This is one I feel I have completely grasped. This experience is from sometime last year:

I am "Awareness" in an expansive void; stars sparkling in the distance. I am formless, intelligent, and creative. I reflect on the existence of the life of a person called "Cheryl." I see "Cheryl" married and raising children. I perceive her as something separate from me. I perceive her personality as friendly, energetic, and analytical but there's underlying fear of dying and perhaps fear of existing. Clinging to the physical world causes "Cheryl" fear and anxiety. I sense the constriction in her body; like wearing a shoe that is too tight.

A question arises in the Void, "What is there to fear?" There is an unexpected shift in my awareness and as half of my attention remains with my formless self, the other half of my attention begins identifying with "Cheryl." I am both her and not her. I see that "Cheryl" arises and takes form in the Awareness that I am. She comes from me! She is not separate like she first appeared.

While my split vision and experience continue, many things are now simply "known." "Cheryl" and everything else in the physical world arise within the Awareness that I am. Physical life is nothing more than a mirage; all phenomena only having a relative reality. I understand there is no physical death because there is nothing physical to die.

Awareness stops identifying with its formless nature and is again completely identified with me. But, it is clear that my true identity is more than a physical expression. I had simply forgotten my true spiritual nature. "Cheryl" only arises as a type of mirage. I had perceived everything backwards. In actuality I am formless Awareness having a physical experience. I am not a physical body having a spiritual experience.

As I lie in bed writing in my journal about how everything is a mirage, I realize I have to get up to go to the bathroom. What a very strange but wonderful mirage it is.

Jaime Lundquist-Munoz • *My Own Master*

After falling asleep, I woke in my dream. I found myself facing some obstacles where I had to pass through some narrow passages and I managed to do so. I found myself at a burning hill and I couldn't go up the hill. Then someone appeared and somehow I knew that he was my master.

As he got close to me I asked him, "Are you my master?" He nodded, yes! An inner voice came to me and said, "The master appears when the student is ready." Wham! I got it!

I held him in a big hug and burst into tears. I cried and cried, thanking him. Then I looked at him. He was an old Indian man. I asked him, "Are we in India?" He said yes! Then he showed me an ancient city — like my eyes were opened to see it. It was so beautiful, like it was from an enchanted magic story. I saw people from all over the world coming to listen to what we had to say, and go into the city. The interesting part is that I was fully awake in my dream to what was happening. Then I woke up in this reality. I had tears still on my face. I was actually crying for real.

This dream taught me to build self-confidence to get to my goal no matter what obstacles are encountered in life, or how narrow and scary the path. I interpreted the Master appearing as my own self; becoming my own self, my own Master. It has given me the strength I need to confront this reality. Namaste!

Rienk • *Meeting Juliet*

I took it easy for a few months concerning my efforts in lucid dreaming. No techniques, no reality checks. I didn't even bother to remember my dreams. I kept track of my dream journal, but most of the time I only recorded the date and time going to sleep and waking up again. A sort of mental reset.

I had made this decision because I was getting little in return. All the reality checks, techniques, dream recall, etc., took quite a bit of energy and concentration. The desire to dream lucidly had made way for disappointment and my motivation was gone.

However, since the beginning of 2020, I have been trying to get back into it and was immediately rewarded with three lucid dreams in 4 weeks (as opposed to one or two lucid dreams every two months in 2018–2019). The third, and most comprehensive, lucid dream of this series I describe below.

I had read the call for submitting articles about the experiences with the awareness behind the dream in the 2019 December edition of LDE Magazine. This seemed like an interesting goal since I had never experimented with that before.

One morning I got up around 5:15am to feed our 2-month-old daughter. I went back to bed at about 6:00am and used the MILD technique upon falling asleep. The dream went as follows:

I was in our own house but before the renovation. I stood with my son at the back door. The door connects to the terrace. Next to the door was a switch and in the garden there was a very large crane on a large column in a typical old-fashioned turquoise-like machine color. I saw the axis of the pump running at the bottom of the crane and said to my son, "Look, T., the hydraulic pump works!" I pressed the switch next to the door and the crane started turning towards the house and rammed the gutter with its lifting hook. I tried to turn the crane back, but I lost control. Soon the whole crane fell over in the garden.

Now suddenly the crane was on a flat barge and I was a little distance from it on board the ship I normally work on. We were moored on some mooring poles and busy unmooring the ship. As I wanted to sail away, I had no control over the ship at all. It went zigzagging through the port. I gave way too much gas on the throttle and looked like a complete amateur on the rudder.

At one point I ended up in a rectangular leveling basin next to the port. The water was dark in color and the ship was gone. I swam to the other side, back towards the port, and climbed ashore there. I stood there on a mooring bollard and then jumped from one bollard to another, although these normally stand 20 meters or more apart. All in all, this was rather remarkable. Everything seemed very dreamlike to me. At that moment I became lucid and decided to fly instead of jumping.



All the time I tried to not fix my sight on any object and let my eyes go back and forth all the time to avoid any awakening (as described by Paul Tholey). I then remembered my dream goal and stopped at a port basin.

I called for the consciousness behind the dream and asked, "What blockade should I break through to make further progress in my personal development?" There was no answer. It was dead quiet. However, I no longer waited for any answer because I was far too enthusiastic and was in a hurry to further explore my lucid dream world.

I flew further (or was brought by the awareness behind the dream?) to a young lady on a balcony. I immediately felt sexually attracted and immediately thought, "Oh no, not that dream sex thing again." So I decided to only kiss her, like sort of greeting her.

All the time I still tried hard not to fixate on any object and let my

eyes go back and forth. When I was standing on the balcony I did a reality check and tried to push my right index finger through the palm of my left hand. But that didn't work!

The young lady and I went through a door inside a stairwell. We went down some stairs. This is probably where I lost my lucidity. At the point where we were supposed to go upstairs again, I woke up. The lady standing at the stairs in front of me, inviting me to go upstairs, is the last thing I remember.

For the next two days after this dream, I was wondering what this all meant. Why didn't I receive an answer of the consciousness behind the dream and who was the young lady on the balcony? It was quite an achievement that I didn't have dream sex with a dream figure of the opposite sex, because this is what I would normally do. Well, probably I did have an answer as the awareness behind the dream presented me this young lady on the balcony.

These were my thoughts on that: I found the lady on the balcony to be the archetypal Juliet, which should be loved by her Romeo instead of falling prey to his lust. Descending the stairs is usually the symbol per se for exploring the subconscious mind. Did Juliet invite me to explore my subconscious (going DOWN-stairs) and take stuff on the surface from there? Then . . . could it still be per accident that I was waking up at the point of going back UP-stairs?

I look forward to meeting Juliet in my lucid dreams again and letting her guide me, experiment, and ask her questions that can level the way to my unconscious. In my view, our state of consciousness in the dream is a state in which we can connect with parts of ourselves that we don't normally have access to and can meet ourselves on a very different level; as a sort of mirror that is talking to us in a language full of symbolism and allegories which only the individual himself is capable of understanding because they are a reflection of his own mind. Or to put it in other words: Lucid dreaming gives us opportunities to shake hands with our own psyche.

Five questions I would like to ask the awareness behind the dream: (1) Where do I find Juliet? And can you take me to her? (2) What blockade should I break through to make further progress in my personal development? (3) What do you think about the idea of consciousness being more fundamental than time, space and matter? (4) Do I have a true and eternal name and what is it? (5) Show me the final goal of human evolution.

Shawn Selders • *"Where's the Pizza At?"*



I have not had much success with contacting the awareness behind the dream. In my many attempts there are only four somewhat successful instances that come to mind. The following are just brief segments of longer lucid dreams:

In one lucid dream I was flying among the treetops when I asked aloud to be shown something important for me to see. A minute later I was above a river near my house. Looking down, I saw something other than the river — I saw mystical clouds obscuring a full moon where the river should have been. It was quite a beautiful sight.

Many of my lucid dreams take place in malls. In one, I was flying about 20 feet above the mall's main hallway. Some people were walking down it. I shouted down to a woman: "Tell me something important!" She replied at once, "People are not of this earth." I pondered this notion as I continued flying down the hall.

In a similar mall dream, I was flying and shouted down to a woman, "Tell me something interesting!" She replied: "Where's the pizza at?" I had to laugh about that when I woke up. Although, who does not love pizza?

Finally, I recently had a dream wherein I shouted out, "Let me hear something important!" At once I heard a long musical note, or several notes, ringing simultaneously on and on, continuously, for quite a while.

Obviously I have not achieved much that is noteworthy with this aspect of lucid dreaming . . . but I will continue to try it. Hopefully something significant will eventually take place.

Robert • *Who Was Singing the Song?*

I meditate for 30 minutes and retire to bed. It is 10pm. Lying there relaxing and tired. I repeat to myself, "This is a dream. This is a dream," over and over, and soon I really AM dreaming.

I am dressed in camouflage and wondering how, if I were trying to survive, I would make a bow out of existing materials. I now have a crossbow and I am in the countryside, with rolling hills and big trees everywhere with lots of walking space between. Looking around, I look for any sign of trails where animals may have walked and scrunch myself down in some trees and brush, waiting for one to come along so I can shoot it.

I think I am alone but I am not. I hear voices and see a father and his little boy walking alone in these hills. They both walk right past my hiding place. The father walks past first and turns around, as though he were going to engage me, but does not. He pretends he does not see me and walks on with the child. He bends down to observe some plants. I see a moose in the distance.

I am asleep now, in my sleeping bag. It is nighttime and I realize my phone is not working properly and neither is my radio and I am thinking I will have to return them for a replacement. I know that this is a dream and look up into the sky and see the Milky Way. It is stunning! It looks so real and the stars seem to have multiplied! I exclaim out loud how incredible it all is. My neighbor, who in waking life lives in the apartment across from me, just laughs.

It is daylight again and I am still lucid but beginning to lose lucidity. I spin, a technique used to stay lucid, and say to the consciousness behind the dream that I want to experience what it is like to be free from anger and immaturity, but nothing happens. So I spin again and proclaim that I want to meet my inner guidance. I am still lucid and I am looking at all the beauty around me. In the distance, the scene looks like a beautiful 19th century oil painting of outdoor nature, but everything close by me looks normal.

I am sitting on the ground now, waiting for my inner guide to appear. I repeat to myself, "I am dreaming. I want my guide to appear NOW." I stare off between the trees at a path, expecting him/her to appear, but nothing happens. Instead I can hear a Native American Indian drum beating: boom . . . boom . . . boom, and an Indian voice, a chorus of Indian voices blended as one, singing a pretty little song to the tune of *You Are My Sunshine*, but the words are different. All the time they are singing and the drum is going boom . . . boom . . . boom. The words are telling me how much I am loved and cared for. I know I'm not going to remember the words when I awaken. I am still waiting to see my guide but no one appears.



Instead I look into some trees and see what looks like a makeshift Indian teepee made of a blue tarp. I walk over and look in. The teepee is smaller now, and as I round the bend to look inside, I see no one is there! I look around the back and still no one is there! But I do see what looks like two overstuffed chairs with no one sitting in them. The drum is still beating and the song is still being sung.

I sit down in one of the armchairs, stunned, overwhelmed with emotion. I can still hear the drum beat. I allow myself to lose lucidity. As I awaken and lie there in bed, I can hear the sound of my own heart beating: boom . . . boom . . . boom, and smile to myself. The drumbeat was my own heartbeat incorporated into the dream.

But the song? Who was singing the song?

Inavalan • *Life on Earth is a Lab*

I went to bed with the intention to have a lucid dream or OBE. Toward the morning, I did a quick induction and found myself in front of a door labeled OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE. I opened the door and entered. At first, I couldn't see anything. It was darkish. I watched my bare feet, covered with an animal fur. I was a primitive man, bearded, overgrown and a little messy, with light color skin. I walked through a primitive village with small, primitive shelters made of stone, wood, and mud, with openings for door and window. There were other primitive people walking around. I was feeling peaceful, no fear, no special thoughts, just living and doing whatever needed to be done at the moment. I entered my shelter; there was my wife/woman and a couple of small children playing on the ground. I brought home a bunch of tree branches for the fire. My woman was cooking/boiling something. We ate, had sex, went to sleep.



I asked my subconscious to estimate when was this? About 9,800 BC, was the answer. Where was this? Europe, France. My name? Ahn.

My attitude was to have no expectations, to not influence the experience. Ahn remained conscious, and projecting into what I immediately thought to be the realm where he came from, where he'll return, and where part of him always exists. I realized that every time Ahn was going to sleep he projected on that realm, was waking up there, was becoming conscious there. It seemed that there was no other dreaming involved, not the way we dream now. Just a life awake on Earth, then when sleeping, being awake in the other realm. There were other people around who seemed familiar.

I asked to meet my council, keeping an attitude of no expectations (I forced it here a little, aware that it might affect my experience, but I wanted to see what happens; until today I didn't meet/interact with anyone, except a couple of times when I asked for my father and he appeared.) I saw a council of seven people who looked androgynous. I didn't see them well because it was misty.

I asked them, What's happening? I learned life on Earth is a lab for the school we attend in the other realm. We are based in the other realm and project on Earth, the lab where we practice things we study in school.

What do we have to do on Earth? To develop — firstly, instincts, then emotions, then intellect, and intuition (what I already believed we do). We are essences of consciousness, born/created with no such abilities, and have to develop them; that's why we attend school, and project on Earth to practice what we learned. This was the original way things were supposed to work; to divide our time between being conscious/awake on Earth, and projecting consciousness back on the base realm while sleeping. In time, humans changed, started to develop intelligence. And this, being rudimentary, distorted the meaning of what's happening, changed their focus more toward the everyday challenges of the life on Earth, so they mostly lost the capability to consciously project back.

As they say, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Maybe this is the origin of the Adam & Eve story about eating from the Tree of Knowledge and consequently falling from Heaven?

My realization from this experience is that this is what we are supposed to do at night while sleeping: consciously project back to the realm where we're based. And while awake on Earth, we should concentrate on the development of our intellect and intuition, and learn to control our emotions and instincts, especially fear and its derivatives, like anger, etc. This was a remarkable dream experience; I felt that while having it, and when I woke up, too.

Harald De Bondt • *The Trickster Under the Table*

For the last few months, when I ask something to the dream by shouting into nowhere, I can sense a form of neediness or search for validation. For example, not sure whether my thesis topic should be pursued, I ask

the dream for a sign. "Please give a sign if I am on the right track for my handball thesis." Nothing happens, "just a little bird or something." Then I see something buzzing by; when I look a little closer, I see a colorful little Dragonite (from Pokemon) . . . After a while when I look up, I see a lot of little birds,

Even though the dream responded to my plea, on numerous occasions I did not notice any response to questions in the style of, "What to do with X? Is X right?" Sometimes it is a dream character not responding, other times it is the whole dream scene seemingly not interacting with my request. I have the feeling that direct questions are rarely interesting for the trickster energy of the dream.

At one point, lucid, I have sweets in my hand. Happy with the idea to charm the dream, I walk towards a secretary at a desk and, giving her the sweets, I ask, "Is there somebody looking for me?" She ponders and says, "Yes, Gary." In joyful expectation I cry out, "Where is Gary?"

When I turn around I see every character in the office space looking at me blankly. A little later in the same lucid dream a man, who once gave me a workshop on "Hero's Journey," stands at the bar. "Can I please ask you a question?" I say. He looks a little annoyed, saying, "Let's talk on Monday; now we'll have a drink."

A year ago in a clowning workshop, we played games in which participants could play roles and change them, twisting a narrative whenever they felt like it. Being part of that was very dreamlike. One very important principle to somehow engage all participants in the narrative of the play is to keep your interactions "generous," not forcing anybody into a specific role. For me this resonates strongly with how dreams unfold, and the way I can interact with them receptively and engaged. When I do offer a creative and playful response or inquiry to the dream, the lucid dream experience is more profound and transformative.

In one dream scene: I'm walking down stairs in my grandparents' home, a little scared. Down in the room, standing in the corner, is a little boy asking me, "Can I come towards you?" I feel a wave of fear but say, "Yes, just come." He rams into me; it does not hurt, but shakes me.

Something shifted, the scene went dark and then visuals returned. In a room, there are three kids sitting at a little table playing tea time; one of them is the same little boy. He falls over. I want to offer help but decide not to do it. I simply observe and see what is going on. Two kids disappear. Only a little girl is left, sitting right in front of me. She says, "The boy is having a dream." I am not sure if I understood correctly so I ask, "Is the boy having a bad dream under the table?" I look under the table and I feel a strong energy. I ask, "Is it safe under the table?" The girl answers, "Under the table there is the bear, are you ready to face the fear?"

"Yes." I feel two huge hands grabbing my ankles from under the table, ready to pull me under. Then she says, "When you are ready, Shar Sharuman." I start analysing: Sharuman, the conjunction of Shaman and Saruman. Thoughts race through my head. Through these thoughts, I try to ground myself and say, "Sharuman." The dream dissolves and I wake up buzzing.

Sonia Estima • *Memories Ornament Message*



I woke up at 5am and read for about 45 minutes from the December 2019 Issue of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* magazine. I was reading about engaging the awareness behind the dream and wanted to try to find a message from my dream. My mother had just passed away and I was thinking of her as I went back to sleep.

I enter a lucid dream and remember my intent to find a message or meaningful information from the dream. I look around and see a small shop to my left. I walk into the store with the intent of finding a message . . . and as I start to look around, I pick up a small ornament, like a Christmas tree ornament. It is very pretty and sparkles in a myriad of colors. I admire the piece and then turn it around. On the bottom I see the word: MEMORIES.

At that moment, I think of Mom and I feel that is my message. I will always carry her, and her memories will continue to live inside me. She loved Christmas and decorating the tree. I was very happy to feel the connection with Mom and to receive this dream message.



Guglielmo Foffani • *Prolegomenon*

In previous lucid dreams, several times I arrived at the balcony of my childhood home, an apartment at the 5th floor, with the desire to jump and fly, but I never reached the courage to take the leap. Even after double-checking that I was actually dreaming, throwing myself off that balcony didn't seem a very good idea.

Then, on December 2nd, 2019, in my present home bed in Madrid, I have the following experience:

After a failed WILD attempt — the vibrations wake me up — I manage to stand up within a dream, fully conscious. I am in a room that is not mine. I move out into a dark hallway with beautiful colors in the background and, without having it planned beforehand, I ask aloud to 'the awareness behind the dream': "How can I work the limits?"

On the hallway wall I see some letters written in light, something like 'galata' in Greek, but they change and I cannot read them well. It seems that the dream is getting blurred, but I move fast and I recover it. While I keep asking the question, I reach the shuttered door of a balcony. I raise the shutter — the noise is identical to the one of my childhood home! — and I just jump off the balcony without any thinking. Enjoying the fall, I lose consciousness and wake up.

Victoria Liddelle • *First Lucid*

This is an account of my first ever lucid dream. It is 2017 and I have been practising Robert Waggoner's techniques of chanting before sleep: "Tonight in my dreams I see my hands and I become aware I'm dreaming." I have been practicing religiously for 5 weeks now.

The dream begins with me about to do a job interview. The dream colours are muted and grey and I feel depressed. I am standing, waiting to be seen for the interview, when I become aware how dull and boring this is and that I don't want to be here and I don't want this job.

With that thought, the dreamscape immediately changes.

I am now walking down a long main street of a very strange city. The whole place is black — black streets, black buildings. The details of the buildings are extremely intricate and gothic looking. I feel like I am in a computer game that has been graphically designed to perfection. I am astonished at the clarity of detail. I become aware that there are people walking very close to me and behind me. I don't know these people but I seem to know that they are friendly and are Spanish students. I have a small backpack on — and the strange thing is, I have no idea where I'm going but I absolutely know I have to be on this street and I have a specific destination to arrive at. It feels very strange to not know this town but know that I am being led somewhere. I continue walking down this very dark street. I come to a corner and look to the street leading down to my left. It is a cobbled dark street. I absolutely know that I must go down this street. My Spanish companions seem to have gone now.

I begin walking down this back street, still bemused as to where I will end up. At the bottom of the street I suddenly I see a huge, arched, oak, double door with a very bright lamp above, illuminating the doorway. It is the most stunning door I have ever seen, especially amongst all this black architecture that resembles Gotham City. I am amused that it is so obvious that I must go in there. I approach the door and see the beautiful carvings in the wood in complete clarity. I knock loudly on the large brass door knocker. The door opens and there stands a nice looking fellow in his thirties. He says, "Ah, come in!" As if he totally knows who I am and has been expecting me. I am still bemused by all this as I don't recognise him at all. But I go with it.

In Your Dreams!

I walk into the room and he leads me through the building, chatting away as if we know each other really well. He starts by thanking me so much for coming and how happy everyone is that I have agreed to do this, and I think 'Oh gosh, what have I agreed to?' Suddenly we round a corner and I realise I am in a huge theatre and my heart sinks. In real life, I am an actor and I hate doing theatre. I have not been on stage since 2010 and I absolutely detest it. I often have frequent actor's nightmares that I am onstage and I don't know any of my lines. So as this man is talking, my mind is racing: 'Why, oh why, have I agreed to do this?' I can't believe it.

The young man leads me onto the huge stage and there are other actors warming up and they smile at me as the young man guides me downstage. Sitting in the auditorium is the director and a couple of producers. They tell me they are so grateful that I have agreed to step in for the lead actor who has dropped out. And did I get the script okay? Etc., etc. I stand there feeling sick to my stomach, in total disbelief that I would not only do theatre but learn a script overnight and step in for someone at the last minute!

I smile and manage to say 'Yeah . . . no problem' while silently screaming inside. I turn around and begin to walk upstage, pretending to look around the stage but I'm actually turning away from them because I'm struggling to hide the utter horror on my face. And as I turn around and take one step upstage, all of a sudden two giant, glowing, yellow, rubber hands bounce right up in front of my face. I am so taken aback, I look at them and think, 'hands?' They are so comical and glowing luminous yellow, that I laugh at them. Suddenly, my mind twigs and I shout inside my head, 'Oh my god! HANDS! It must be a dream!' I remember the drill and tell myself to calm down. I am beside myself with joy. I decide to try the Finger through the Hand technique as a reality check — it doesn't work! But I won't be beaten; I decide to try flying as a backup reality check. Instead of just taking off there and then, I do the silliest thing (typical actor!) . . . I turn around and very calmly walk downstage, as if I'm Laurence Olivier preparing to give a Shakespearean monologue.

I stand very still and put my arms by my side, and then I very rapidly flap my little hands up and down, and I lift off the ground with incredible grace and float effortlessly up to the ceiling of the theatre where I bob my head gently on the roof, and then effortlessly float back down. I am ecstatic! And to be honest, feeling outrageously smug. I look to the director and producer (whose jaws are agape) with a ludicrous smile on my face and say, "Sorry, but I just had to do that." Then, I do it again. And I float back down. And as I land I say to them, "I bet you've never seen anyone do *that* before."

Rookie mistake! I'm focusing back on the dream characters because of their aghast expressions, and I become very self-conscious. I stand on the stage and think, 'Oh no, I don't know what the etiquette is now. Should I just leave? How do I get out of this theatre. Do I walk/fly?' As I question too much inside my head, I allow myself to focus back on the people in the theatre and I start to feel sorry for them — for just leaving them in the lurch. I've made the error of buying back into the dream and with that . . . the dream starts to fade.

I then find myself lying on my back looking up at a wall and I can see feet walking past. I'm very confused and disoriented. I have a strange feeling that the Mafia are coming to get me. And suddenly I wake up in my bed. It's morning time and I leap out of bed and do a crazy celebratory dance! I feel like I've won the lottery. I never thought this would be possible for me. I'm very impatient and I tend to give up on things easily. If I can do it, anyone can. I'm 49 years old. You are never too old to start this work — or should I say 'play.' The joy and euphoria it brings are worth all the effort. Never give up. ▲



Lucid Dreaming

Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

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

www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

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

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www.cafepress.com/moondialart

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

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

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Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

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

Awe of Awareness

www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti

www.lucidscheming.com