



LDE

Vol. 4, No. 4, March 2016
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- Out-of-Body Experiences and Lucid Dreams:
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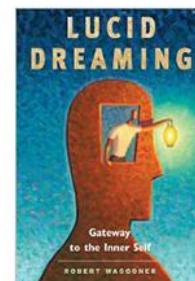
INDEX OF THE
"LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE" and "LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE"

Version 2 – February, 2016
by Sue R. Williams

Content: This index covers Issues 13 through 62 of the "Lucid Dream Exchange"
and Vol. 1, No. 1 through Vol. 4, No. 3 of the "Lucid Dreaming Experience."

Format: The locators are in two formats: 13:2-4 = Issue 13, pages 2 to 4
v1:n1:33 = Volume 1, Number 1, page 33

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON
Lucid Dreaming
by Robert Waggoner



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expanding book!" -Robert Van De



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Statement of Purpose

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

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Lucid Dreaming Experience (ISSN 2167-616X), Volume 4, Number 4, March 2016, published quarterly by The Lucid Dreaming Experience, PO Box 11, Ames, IA 50010. Contact Robert at robwaggoner@aol.com if you wish to purchase a print copy for \$20. per year. Copyright (c) 2016 by the Lucid Dreaming Experience. All rights reserved.

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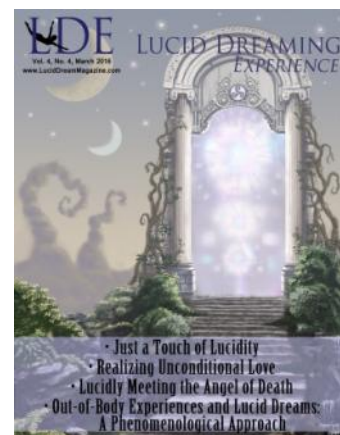
May 15, 2016

Publication date: June 2016

LDE Website

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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dream speak

Dream Speak Interview with Ted Esser, PhD

Lucid dreamer, professor and researcher, Ted Esser, has a deep interest in lucid dreaming and spiritual awakenings for personal transformation. He directs the Spiritual Emergence Network, teaches at both Sofia and JFK Universities, and studied lucid dreaming for his PhD dissertation. Welcome, Ted Esser!

Can you recall your first lucid dream? Had you heard about lucid dreaming beforehand, or did you have a lucid dream and wonder, 'What was that?'

The first lucid dream that I can remember happened when I was around five years old. I had a big fever that lasted for a few days and after I went to sleep at its peak in the middle of the night I dreamt that I was in an infinitely long hallway running from a dragon that was lucid from the very start. The floor and walls were black, with swirling, fiery colors on them. I couldn't see the ceiling. It was hot and I was running and running. I finally turned to look at the dragon, he was absolutely huge and had the same swirling, fiery colors as the walls. He was coming for me, flying, gaining on me. The lucidity intensified and now I was in an absolute panic, running as fast as I could. The hallway kept on going and going as though I would infinitely circle an inner earth, the dragon always gaining on me, yet never quite catching me. I awoke with a yelp, in a momentary panic, covered in sweat.

I hadn't heard of lucid dreaming at that time nor am I certain that this was my first lucid dream, but it sticks out as one of the early ones. I had many positive, spontaneous out-of-body experiences throughout childhood, but I didn't cultivate them or talk about them with friends or family. They just seemed like a natural part of what happened at night.

When did you begin to use techniques to prompt you to become lucid? Or did lucid dreams occur spontaneously?

A friend gave me Stephen LaBerge's paperback book, *Lucid Dreaming* in 1987. Within about two weeks I was having between one and several lucid dreams a week on purpose for the next 25 years or so. Some would continue to happen spontaneously.

Did anything surprise you about the experience of lucid dreaming or those early lucid dreams? What did you make of that?

The early lucid dreams were generally spiritual in nature one way or another. For example, receiving mind training from guides that weren't visible to me. Again, these seemed natural. My spontaneous lucidity diminished in early adolescence. When I began to cultivate it on purpose in late adolescence, many of the dreams were sexual in nature—this seemed natural as well [laughs]!

In your chapter in the book, *Lucid Dreaming: New Perspectives on Consciousness in Sleep* (2014), you tell of a powerful lucid dream as a young boy which may have been prompted by concerns about traditional religious concepts. What happened in the lucid dream?

I was alone inside of a greenhouse located near where my grandmother lived. I made my way over to the other side of it where there was a double waterfall that slid down rocks from a small fountain near the ceiling down to the pool below. I went up the steps next to them and as I looked up I saw the sun shining through the glass ceiling. I immediately became lucid, knowing that I was seeing the Divine. I kept walking up the steps noticing the clear light within the sun. I was filled with wonder and was told telepathically that this was happening in response to my recent disillusion about the believing in God.

What did you make of this? And how did it serve to increase your interest in lucid dreaming and consciousness?

I woke up knowing both that my religious disillusion had a basis, but that there was a reality

to the essence of the religious teachings as well. This dream was really a part of a lifelong process that either brought to the foreground or bubbled in the background of my waking awareness the fact that there was something amazing going on underneath day-to-day reality.

After going deeper into dreaming and lucid dreaming, something unexpected happened to you: an experience of kundalini. How did this affect you? Also did this happen within a dream, lucid dream, or waking experience?

I was 23 years old and had been meditating before going to sleep for about five years. Kundalini's effect on me was really deep and pervasive. In this initial phase, my experience of heightened energy lasted for about three months—the first three weeks were the most intense. Kundalini was showing up in my dreams, lucid dreams and waking experiences. If I had to sum up one of the more life-altering aspects of it, I would say that I suddenly came to realize that my entire physical life before that moment was a kind of semi-lucid dream—with different rules than sleeping dreams, of course—but a dream nonetheless, and I was now waking up to that fact. It took me a few years before I read about Eastern and Western esoteric metaphysical explanations that exactly described this and other experiences that I had.

In what ways do you see a connection between lucid dreaming and kundalini experiences? Removal of energy blockages, perhaps? Or an inner access to inner knowing and energy?

All of these things, but the connection goes further, in that as time has gone by I have discovered experientially and through my research both with people and religious and spiritual texts that kundalini seems to eventually reveal itself as the full spectrum of life, both phenomenal and meta-phenomenal, of The Dreaming Itself—meaning the entirety of both inner and outer reality—difficult or implausible as that may sound.

The transformation of energetic blockages that you mention seems often to be linked to past traumas that have had the capacity to block our perceptions of reality, creating the illusion of duality and separation that causes so much suffering.

As the current director of the Spiritual Emergence Network, originally founded by Christina and Stan Grof, you often deal with people who have sudden spiritual awakenings. Briefly, what characterizes a ‘spiritual emergence’ and what do you consider ‘caution signs’? Do kundalini events seem to spark more spiritual emergence issues than, for example, lucid dreaming?

One of the hallmarks of spiritual emergence is someone vividly experiencing a paradigm shift of some sort resulting from some category of spiritual experience or another, such as an unplanned out-of-body experience or having repeated precognitive dreams that throw into question how they thought the reality worked. This paradigm shift is often related to realizing that there is more to the nature of reality than what many mainstream scientists believe. There are many potential ‘caution signs’ that might cause the experimenter to call it a spiritual crisis or emergency: from having ongoing heightened anxiety or existential uncertainty, all the way up to being diagnosed with mania, for example.

The more powerful kundalini events tend to cause more psychological issues for people because of their power, persistence and their lack of preparation for them. Lucid dreams comparatively tend to be much gentler on the spectrum of spiritual experiences that lead to spiritual crisis.

In your chapter, you note how you took your interest in lucid dreaming, kundalini and nonduality (which David Loy defines as an experiential unity of “seer and seen, subject and object”) and decided to do a doctoral research study on this. To some degree this built upon Fariba Bogzaran’s 1990 master’s thesis work, *Experiencing the Divine in the Lucid Dreaming State*. Tell us more about your study.

I had 75 research participants who reported that they experienced lucid dreams about three times a month over the last year on average. They answered questionnaires about their spiritual practices and experiences. In the last phase of the study, thirteen people were chosen to use a lucid dreaming protocol for two-weeks. Five of the thirteen had reported being in the post-awakened kundalini process for various lengths of time,

another five were *pranotthanically* active (having pre-kundalini, heightened subtle energy feelings, etc.) for the past several years, and three of the participants had reported having had a variety of lower-intensity spiritual experiences.

Because the participants were frequent lucid dreamers, they didn’t receive any suggestions for using any particular lucid dreaming induction techniques. The study’s protocol involved having them incubate for “safe” lucid dreams involving kundalini before going to sleep, meaning that they gently held this intent for twenty seconds to two minutes, then let it go—falling to sleep as they usually did. The “safe” part meant having them express the desire for kundalini to manifest only in a way that would not physically harm them or be beyond what they could psychologically or spiritually handle. In other words, if it wasn’t an appropriate time for kundalini to safely appear, they did not actually want it to manifest. So, this was an intentional invitation, not an evocation and definitely not a demand.

So briefly, what general results did you obtain?

None of the research participants had ever overtly invited kundalini into their awareness while lucid dreaming before. Of the thirteen people, ten finished the study. All ten reported or appeared to experience kundalini in the lucid dreaming state in some fashion. Seven of them had experiences of kundalini that continued into the waking state. Three of the five participants who reported being kundalini awake and three of the five participants who reported being *pranotthanically* active experienced kundalini that continued into the waking state, and one of the non-*pranically* active participants also experienced kundalini continuing into the waking state. No one had a subsequent full-blown kundalini awakening as a result of the study, however, the protocol did raise the frequency and degree of pre-existing subtle energetic sensations and experiences in the waking state to varying degrees.

Five participants reported realizing nonduality during some of these experiences. Four of them reported having these nondual perceptions continue into the waking state for between several minutes to half a day. Three of these people experienced ongoing positive, nondual psychological effects, like having an increased

sense of peacefulness, experiences of spontaneous joy, or having a more readily available sense of openness to present circumstances that lasted in an obvious sense for a couple of days. Several people believed that their experiences were connected to ultimate reality in some way.

They all were given grounding techniques that ended up being important to some of them at times so that they could remain focused during their daily activities.

Many of the study participants had powerful experiences! Could you share an example?

Sure, this is an edited, shortened transcript of an experience from a participant named “John” who dreamed about being in a courtyard, and as he became lucid, the dream shifts and he finds himself in a bed. He remembers the protocol and decides to first test his lucidity:

I have a sense I'm in a dream but I wanna test it. So I'm in a kitchen and I go, "Okay, I'm gonna run up this wall and at this corner." There's a corner poking out at me where the kitchen goes two different directions, and I hesitate because it's a little bit scary because I'm not totally sure I'm in a dream... I just plow into this corner and merge into that corner of the wall and I go, "Okay, I know I'm in a lucid dream, I know I'm there, and I invite it [the kundalini] to come into me right now." I invite the nonduality experience to come into me and I shove myself hard, backwards and push myself out of the visual experience, into the stream of energy, and I sit there...my body disintegrated into the energy...there's no visuals at this point. It's all experience and flow and just force going through me and I'm being careful to balance the intense energy and the potential of snapping back out and being in my body, in my bed and being awake. And so I'm balancing that carefully and just being in that flow and having that energy come through me...it's like trying to tune a piano or a string, and just get it to be exactly right and not go too far one way or the other way, but to stay in that narrow band that I have to stay out of the body and stay in that flow.

My sense of it was outside of time... After that, and the energy finally, it's just smoothing out, slowing down, and I pop into a scene. I pop into a

group of people, still, I'm completely lucid, but I pop into a group of close friends, people that I know really well. I can feel them now. I can feel the closeness, still warm. I can feel that connection. It's nobody I know here, at least physically that I recognize in this reality, but it's a group that I know really well there and that I've done a lot with, enjoyed being with... I can feel the missing...them, missing being with them, missing connecting with them more...it's not really a connected consciousness, it's a connectivity beyond the brain consciousness, and I miss that. I miss that a lot... Wonderful dream, wonderful experience...I popped out [of nonduality] then...When I woke up...

What surprised you about the study? Did any of the results connect with Bogzaran's observations?

I had been doing the protocol myself for a few years before the study (in part, to verify its safety), so most of the results didn't particularly surprise me. They appear to confirm the results of Bogzaran's earlier study in many, many ways—in short, that these sorts of experiences of the divine or kundalini are possible for many ordinary people who have the desire to have them. It should be said that while some of these experiences can be life-altering, they are generally a part of an ongoing, lifelong process of growth and discovery. Having these experiences doesn't mean that you are necessarily radically transformed or special in any way.

Would you have any concerns about others trying this in their lucid dreams? What cautions come to mind, if any?

Yes, everyone in my study went through a couple of layers of psychological evaluation before participating. I would recommend not only feeling experienced and comfortable with lucidity, but also being psychologically healthy and having a support structure of experienced spiritual teachers and transpersonal or Jungian psychologists that you can draw from if need be. While there were no cases of people needing psychological help as a result of either of these studies, these dreaming protocols have been known to require this kind of help in a very small minority of instances. One place people can go to find these kinds of psychologists and spiritual counselors is from a

free service provided by the Grof Foundation's Spiritual Emergence Network:
www.spiritualemergence.info

If people want to learn more about your work, where should they go?

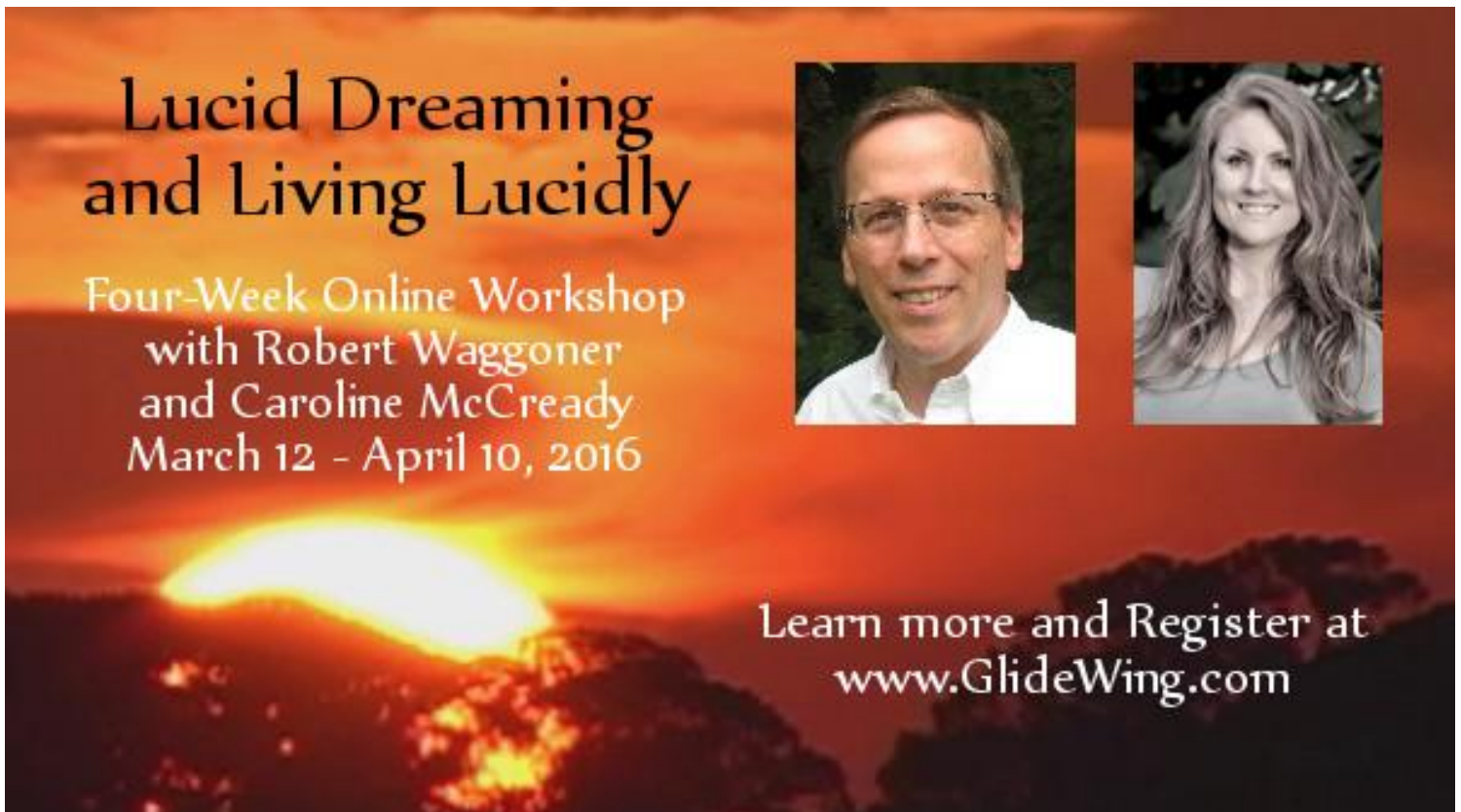
They can go to my web site: www.tedesser.com

Final thoughts?

I think we are living during incredibly exciting times in the study of dreams in our culture. There are a lot of people doing amazing work, many of whom appear at the International Association for the Study of Dreams conferences and their other events [www.asdreams.org]. I highly recommend people getting involved with this group in order to rapidly expand your horizons about not only what is possible with dreaming, but also how to go about interpreting and incorporating the wisdom of dreams pragmatically in your everyday life.

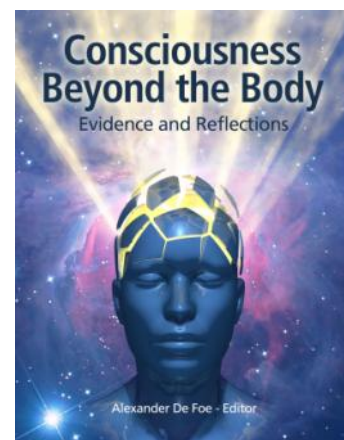
Many thanks for taking the time to share your perspective on dreams and lucid dreaming.

Thank you, Robert!



The banner has a background of a sunset over mountains. On the left, the text reads: "Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly", "Four-Week Online Workshop with Robert Waggoner and Caroline McCready", and "March 12 - April 10, 2016". On the right, there are two portrait photos: a man with glasses (Robert Waggoner) and a woman with long hair (Caroline McCready). At the bottom right, it says "Learn more and Register at www.GlideWing.com".

On February 15th a free e-Book edited by Alex Defoe, ***Consciousness Beyond the Body: Evidence and Reflections***, became available online at a wide variety of outlets. It features original chapters from leading international researchers, educators, and practitioners who specialize in OBEs, including Chapter 3: “Out-of-Body Experiences and Lucid Dreams: A Phenomenological Approach” by Ed Kellogg and Chapter 10: “A Practical Progression from Lucid Dream to Out-of-Body States” by Robert Waggoner. This issue includes short excerpts from these two chapters. This book aims to meld contemporary phenomenological and scientific evidence with the latest and most compelling practical applications of OBEs. You can download a free copy of this book on Amazon or from Alex Defoe’s website.



Out-of-Body Experiences and Lucid Dreams: A Phenomenological Approach

*An excerpt by Ed Kellogg from Consciousness Beyond the Body:
Evidence and Reflections*

BEGIN CHAPTER 3 EXCERPT

[Author’s note: This excerpt includes the introductory and concluding sections only, about 15% of the chapter. To check out the chapter in its entirety, which includes reports of the author’s OBEs, you can download the chapter at <https://independent.academia.edu/EdKellogg>, or you can download the whole free e-Book here: [Consciousness Beyond the Body: Evidence and Reflections](#).]

Excerpt from “Chapter 3: OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES AND LUCID DREAMS: A PHENOMENOLOGICAL APPROACH,” by Ed Kellogg © 2016

Introduction

Some controversy has arisen on the nature of out-of-the-body (physical) experiences (OBEs) and lucid dreams (LDs), which many people lump together into a single category. Although OBEs and LDs have similarities, they also exhibit significant differences. In this chapter I’ll primarily focus on the phenomenology of my own experiences, although other reports of OBEs as contrasted with lucid dreams, generally show good agreement with the phenomenology I shall describe.

So how do OBEs differ from LDs? To begin, many people who have had OBEs vehemently deny not only that they had a dream, but also claim to have actually left their physical bodies. By the first criterion alone OBEs fail to meet the most basic definition of lucid dreaming, that individuals realise that they dream while they dream.

Do people really leave their physical bodies? From a phenomenological point of view, the question of ‘what really happens’ in a hypothetical ‘objective reality’ seems beside the point. From this perspective, OBEs and IBEs (in-the-body experiences) have the same ontological status. But do OBEs differ in significant ways from LDs with respect to their phenomenological characteristics? In my experience, they do.

Researchers in the fields of inner experience, subtle energies, and of anomalous phenomena in general often find themselves handicapped by unrecognised personal and cultural prejudices about the subject matter under study. No matter how rigorously one applies the scientific method, hidden assumptions can obscure promising avenues of approach, as well as the significance of collected observations. The disciplines of phenomenology and of general semantics can

provide methodological tools that can significantly reduce covert personal and cultural biases. (1)

In my case, by systematically keeping me aware of the depth of my ignorance and the fallibility of my assumptions, it has kept me open to possibilities I would have otherwise closed off. By directly applying the tools of phenomenology and of general semantics to inner experience, I believe that researchers can enhance their mindfulness of covert prejudices, foster a more open-minded attitude, and gain a better understanding of the phenomena they study.

[. . . **Methods**, and **Experiential & Analytical** sections not included.]

Conclusion

Table 2 sums up nine experiential variables that differ significantly between my OBEs and LDs:

Table 2. Characteristics of OBEs and LDs based on personal observations

Characteristic	OBEs	LDs
Typical physical body position during the experience:	Lying on my back.	Lying on my side or stomach.
Experience often begins with:	Sleep paralysis. Intense vibrations.	Normal sleeping sensations.
Identified as a dream during the experience:	No.	Yes.
Reality tone:	Very high, even hyper-real. Also feel a very strong sense of embodiment.	Variable, but while typically vivid, often lacks 'solidity' and fine detail. Usually seems a bit sketchy.
Environmental stability:	Almost as stable as physical reality. If I leave a room and later return, the room typically remains the same.	Mutable. If I leave a room and later return, the room usually will have changed, often drastically.
The phenomenal body:	Stable. A close counterpart to my physical body, stable in form, made of some sort of elastic semi-transparent whitish material.	Mutable. Usually humanoid, but can vary widely in size, shape, colour, and even species.
'Waking up' sensation after the experience:	No. I already feel fully awake during an OBE, and instead simply experience a change of location of consciousness into my physical body.	Yes. At the end of even the most fully lucid dream I still 'wake up', with a significant alteration of consciousness, just as I do from other dreams.
Memory of the experience:	Compared to LDs, my memories of OBEs seem almost indelible.	Memories of LDs, like any dream, tend to fade right after waking up.
Losing the fear of death after the experience:	Yes. After my first fully conscious OBE as an adult I lost my fear of death because I now knew, in some sort of inarguable way, that I could exist without a physical body.	No. I had a number of lucid dreams before having any OBEs as an adult, and they did not have this effect.

Given the limited number of OBEs I have to work with, the phenomenology detailed here may not prove definitive even in my own case, let alone for others. Having a critical mass of systematically descriptive reports from a broad range of experienced practitioners might go a long way in clearing away confusion in this area, in finding robust common denominators, and also in bringing to light new and important variables.

Despite compelling evidence to the contrary (Ullman et al 1973, Sherwood & Roe, 2003; Van de Castle, 1994), many people still consider dreams as strictly subjective fantasies manufactured by the sleeping brain. Conceptually reducing OBEs to dreams – even to lucid dreams – even now serves as an effective way to discount their objective value and potential ontological significance. However, in this chapter I hope to have clearly shown that in my own case that OBEs belong to a category of experience easily differentiated not just from dreams, but from lucid dreams. Neither ‘fish nor fowl’ – the OBE realm has similarities to both the physical environment and lucid dream state, while also having characteristics different from both.

Notes

1. For more information about the phenomenological method, general semantics, and their application to dreamwork, see Kellogg, 1989 and 1999. Also, you can find all of the author's papers cited in the reference section online at <https://independent.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

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Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

by Robert Waggoner



Customer Reviews

★★★★★ (89)
4.7 out of 5 stars

I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams.
K. C.

I noticed that every single review is 5-stars, and after reading them I couldn't wait to get my hands on this.
Gary S.

No other book on lucid dreaming has fascinated and inspired me as much as this one.
Daniel W.

A Practical Progression from Lucid Dream to Out-of-Body States

*An excerpt by Robert Waggoner from Consciousness Beyond the Body:
Evidence and Reflections*

[A link to this free chapter can be found at the end of the excerpt.]

In the early 1980s, most commentators and researchers appeared to accept a clear-cut distinction between OBEs and lucid dreams. A July 1983 survey conducted by Susan Blackmore (1983) at the University of Bristol found that of 593 randomly selected individuals, 47% reported at least one lucid dream, and “The most striking finding was the strong association between lucid dreams and others experiences”. She notes, “Lucid dreamers also tended to note more frequent dream recall, vivid dreams, flying dreams, hallucinations, body image distortions and OBEs” (p. 61). Clearly, at that time, OBEs and lucid dreams appeared as different experiences to the public, if not the researchers themselves.

A later survey reported in the Spring Issue of ‘Nightlight’ by Lynne Levitan and Stephen LaBerge (1991) echoed Blackmore’s findings. The analysis noted (p. 9):

People who reported more dream-related experiences also reported more OBEs. For example, of the 452 people claiming to have had lucid dreams, 39 percent also reported OBEs, whereas only 15 percent of those who did not claim lucid dreams said they had had OBEs. The group with the most people reporting OBEs (51%) were those who said they had experienced all the dream events we were studying, that is, lucid dreams, dream return, and sleep paralysis.

From such surveys, it appears lucid dreamers encounter a variety of unusual experiences, including a large proportion who note the occasional OBE. By their survey markers, it seems apparent that the lucid dreamers felt that an OBE seemed uniquely different than a lucid dream.

Yet by the mid to late 1980s, Stephen LaBerge (1985) had already begun to propose a different view, doubting the existence of OBEs and suggesting “...OBEs are actually variant interpretations of lucid dreams” (p. 206). Briefly making the case in his first book (‘Lucid Dreaming’) he wrote, “In my opinion, lucid dreams and OBE’s are necessarily distinguished by only one essential feature: how the person interprets the experience at the time” (p. 211).

Nonetheless, LaBerge fails to address the OBEs which seem to occur as a result of medical trauma, sudden accidents and other waking state events, and how they might reconcile with his assertion that OBEs are subjective interpretations of lucid dreams. In any case, a number of experienced lucid dreamers who have also had OBEs disagree with his broad assessment, and find the distinctive characteristics of the two experiences indicative of unique states.

Similarly, when you read a self-report on a lucid dreaming forum of someone falling asleep, who begins to feel humming or buzzing and energy around the body, possibly sees wispy arms composed of silver looking light, and then floats above the bed consciously aware, then please ask yourself, “Does this meet the definition of a lucid dream? Did this person realise within a dream that he or she was dreaming?”. If not, the experience simply fails to meet the definition of a lucid dream, just as having a heart attack on the operating table and floating up to the ceiling fails to meet the definition of a lucid dream.

Shifting States Hypothesis

In Chapter 3, Ed Kellogg [*Editor’s note: please see Ed’s excerpt in this issue of the LDE.*] identified the phenomenological differences between a lucid dream and an OBE. While the vast majority will easily and clearly fall into one camp or the other (lucid dream or OBE), a small percentage will appear to show elements of both states, and therefore seem indeterminate.

Here, I wish to propose a unique proposition to explain some of the indeterminate experiences: the Shifting States Hypothesis (SSH). **The hypothesis posits that a person may consciously (or unconsciously) transition from the lucid dream state to other states, including that of the OBE. Similarly, a person may transition from the OBE state to a lucid dream. These hybrid experiences can result in reports with elements of both lucid dreaming and OBEs.**

Before getting into some of the personal experiences, I ask the reader to think about moving from one state of consciousness to another in general. When moving from waking to sleeping, do you shift states of consciousness? When moving from a lucid dream to the waking state, do you shift states of consciousness? When awake and undergoing deep hypnosis, do you shift states of consciousness? When awake and daydreaming as a friend drones on about their recent holiday, do you shift states of consciousness?

Obviously the physical, mental, and phenomenological evidence supports an affirmative response to many of these questions. Throughout the day, consciously and unconsciously, we shift states of awareness. In fact, this process often seems so commonplace that it appears unremarkable. Though physical and mental markers exist which confirm that shift, we normally know a shift has occurred because of the change in inner experience....

So, can an experienced person shift states in a lucid dream? More specifically, can an experienced person move from a lucid dream to an OBE? Or from an OBE or other state into a lucid dream?

In the remainder of this chapter, a number of practical examples will be illustrated, which demonstrate how you can consciously (or subconsciously) move from one state to the other. The examples all come from experienced authors, including myself, Clare Johnson, Robert Peterson, and Ryan Hurd, and illustrate how to make the shift, whether using conscious intent, visualisation or other practice.

Decades ago, I decided to experiment with shifting states and consciously intend to transition from the lucid dream to another state of consciousness (other than waking). Naturally, I felt uncertain and wondered, what would that experience entail? Would the SSH stand?

Example: My Personal Experience

I became lucid and recalled my interest in the idea of shifting levels or forms, while lucid. I announced, “Take me to the next form!”.

Suddenly a remarkable shift occurred. I now found myself in (to learn what happened, please download the free book, *Consciousness Beyond the Body*, and read Robert Waggoner’s chapter at <http://alexdefoe.com/literature/>)

Notes:

Susan Blackmore, A Survey of Lucid Dreams, OBE’s and Related Experiences, *Lucidity Letter*, Vol 2, No 3, July 1983, p.61.

Lynne Levitan and Stephen LaBerge, In the Mind and Out-of-Body: OBEs and Lucid Dreams Part 1, *Nightlight: The Lucidity Institute Newsletter* 3, no. 2 (Spring, 1991) p. 9.

Stephen LaBerge, *Lucid Dreaming* (Los Angeles: Tarcher, 1985), p. 206.

LaBerge, *Lucid Dreaming*, p. 211.

LaBerge, *Lucid Dreaming*, p. 206.



Lucidly Meeting the Angel of Death

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This was a lucid dream that profoundly affected me and changed the way I view waking life. It made me realise how important it is to learn detachment and letting go.

In this dream I was shown a highly personalized version of afterlife testing. I have heard of books like 'The Egyptian Book of the Dead' and the 'The Tibetan Book of the Living and Dying' explain what happens to someone who is recently deceased and the afterlife tests that they go through and the results thereof.

This was one of those rare, long, epic type dreams that was extremely vivid from start to end and I was fortunate to retain most of the memory upon waking up.

The dream started by a visitation of the angel of death whom I know as Azrael. I was very familiar with the character as he visited me before in a few dreams, so I became lucidly aware. This time he was wearing a black three-piece suit with a black top hat. He was quite pleasant looking as always.

He took me to the underworld. It looked like a big underground labyrinth. He explained that he would be guiding me through the afterlife testing, that each corridor would be taking me to a big space in which a real life scenario would play out. If I was able to pass through the scenario then I could exit this area to another corridor that leads me to the next scenario and so forth.

Each scenario would test the level of desire I have for the physical world.

In the first scene I saw some of my closest friends getting together for dinner at one of our favourite restaurants. It was a happy scenario with a sense of friendship and belonging. They were calling me to join them as I entered. I had the inclination to go there and check out what was going on. Azrael held my hand fast and shook his head. He said "You must not engage with anyone here. You must ignore what is going on in the scenario and move ahead to the exit quickly. Talk to no one and do not stop to examine anything."



We kept walking to the restaurant's exit, ignoring the pleas of my friends to join them and the warm welcome from the restaurant staff.

As we left we went through a small corridor/tunnel and entered the next scenario. This time it was my brother and his wife walking towards me and they were very angry at me. They were trying to pick a fight. They were telling me how upset they were that I did not visit as often as they would like and that I do not seem to love them. I got upset and wanted to argue back but Azrael held my hand fast and said, "No! do not engage them. That will suck you into the scenario and cause you to get stuck in the reincarnation cycle. Move on and ignore them."

We hurried to the end of the street and we entered yet another scene. I was waking up in

my folk's home and mom was calling me for lunch. She had prepared my favourite meal and it seemed like my dad was about to tell me some good family news. With a heavy heart, I left the house ignoring my folks.

Then I entered a big department mega store in a shopping mall. An announcement was made that all items on display were being offered to everyone for free! The store keepers constantly asked me how they could help me and if I would like to try anything on? They explained they have all the big brands here and all their items were being sold for free. I could check anything out for as long as I liked. They were being warm and extremely friendly. I stopped for a moment to thank a lady for her offer and apologized that I had to leave quickly. Azrael pulled me forward and said, "Do not bother with any small talk. Any conversation would risk you being pulled into the scene and thus generating desire."

As we walked, we passed a huge mirror. I stopped for a second and wanted to see what my reflection would look like in this lucid dream environment. To my surprise it was exactly the same as waking life with no distortions. Azrael immediately said, "Do not look into a mirror for more than 10-15 seconds lest you want vanity to arise." He advised avoiding mirrors completely.

Next I was on a beach with hundreds of nude men and women having an orgy. Some came to pull me in to join them. I have to say they were all really good looking and the entire scene was steamy hot! (blush!). The angel pulled me from this one too and we moved on.

We entered a fancy office where I was just being made the head of a large corporation. I was being offered a contract with a massive salary, benefits, status, and power that I never dreamed of before. Walked away from that too.

Azrael and I continued walking and I kept realising these were not easy scenarios to let go off. Every scenario pulls you in and plays on certain emotions and feelings. You really have to be strong to let go and pull through.

In the next scenario, I had a huge number of followers believing in me, as their spiritual leader. They were gathered around and everyone was seeking healing or guidance of some sort. My ego really liked this one in particular. I decided to ignore them all and go ahead with the angel.

There were many more scenarios that I encountered but couldn't remember them all. The last one was a

scenario where I attained great realisation and enlightenment. I felt this eternal bliss inside me and all around me and I felt highly present, and centered. Even this Azrael wanted me to let go off. He said, "The desire to be enlightened or realised is still a desire that would keep you attached to the physical world."

With that I stepped out of 'enlightenment'. It was a very hard thing to do.

Azrael continued to explain: "With every scenario, you had to learn to let go of the desire in that scenario and keep moving through to the exit unto the next one. If you succumb to your desire to eat, argue with people, spend time with loved ones, have sex etc...it means you still have desires in your soul that need to be fulfilled through incarnation and you would have to keep coming back to fulfil them."

I have to say some scenarios were easy to go through like the one in the store with the clothes and brands. Others, like with family and spirituality, felt more difficult to let go of. The angel was there every step of the way maintaining my lucidity and reminding me that I must not engage and move on.

Finally, we arrived at a huge arena-like place where I had to face a big ogre-like monster. The angel explained that this is the 'Dweller on the Threshold' and I have to defeat it in magical battle. He said I have to figure this one out by myself.

Thankfully, all the lucid dream practice I've had over the years has paid off! As many lucid dreamers know, while lucid we can manifest instantly things like weapons, special abilities (like super speed, super strength, teleportation etc...) and get help from the awareness behind the dream. I knew I did not come this far to fail. After a long battle which I will not detail here, I managed to defeat the monster.

The 'Dweller on the Threshold' then transformed into another angel and explained that this aspect that appears negative is here to test us in life by challenging us every step of the way. He said it could have crushed me if it wanted to, but it did not because I kept my heart focused the whole time on union with the divine; that this is the only thing that can help me pass all the scenarios; maintaining this focus without being attached to the outcome.

"This entire test is designed to answer one question: do you want union, or do you still have worldly desires to fulfill?"

Death explained that there is no pass or fail really. This is not really a test but more of an evaluation. If I had

enough of life and worldly desire then I could move on into union. If I still wanted more of life, then I would get to reincarnate to experience more of life. It depends on what my soul wants.

He then opened the last door that lead to a region of pure dazzling white light. He said that I have passed and I can go through the door, but when the time of my death comes, he will not be here to help me through the trials and temptations. I have to do it all on my own. This was just a dry test run.

As I passed through the door of light, I woke up.


My respect for dream practices immediately deepened. I now know why Dream Yoga exists and how important it is. Since that dream till now, everything in 'real' life seems to be like a dream. Even though I am very busy at work now, I just feel I am living one big lucid dream. As a result of the above dream the quality of my life has increased. My ability to detach from things, situations and people has improved a lot. Even though I can get sucked into a negative or positive waking life 'scenario', from time to time losing my 'lucidity', I eventually can enjoy it, learn from it then detach and let go of it. I am not there 100% yet, but will keep practicing till the moment Azrael comes for me.

Hope I get enough time to practice.




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War of 1812

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Wow! Began relaxation at 10 AM by 11:05, I have not succeeded. I got up for a little bit and lay down again to keep trying to induce OBE. I finally began to hear the “tea kettle wisps” of frequency static. After honing in on the frequency static, making it stay constant by catching it when it wisps by or when I hear it, at that moment attempting to push out, as it were, my spirit, I separated from my physical body by the “push and think out” floating method. That is, I push, as it were, my spirit out while thinking of leaving my body at the same time.

I stood up by my bed, but to my surprise, I was not at my house. I was standing outside on grass by a large lake! I stood there looking around the area. Around me there were simply woods, not thick foliage, but the country, and there was a white building in ruins close to my right and the lake in front. I asked myself, “Where am I?” Realizing that I had traveled somewhere other than my immediate vicinity. I began to walk towards the lake, feeling as though I was being pulled and urged to go there. As I walked I noticed there was a mound of earth and grass about thigh high and as I went to walk over at the mound I instead walked through it.



It was still feeling like a force was pulling me closer to the lake. I asked myself again, “Where am I?” I stopped at the edge of the lake near the grass on a marshy shoreline. The day was gray and cloudy, the water was murky, choppy and stirred up. I looked around the shore and around the lake and I saw that there were ruins of houses half submerged in the lake. I saw the ruins had a wall half submerged too. As I looked around at the area I realized where I was, and I said, “It’s Lake Ponchartrain!” (by my home town of New Orleans).

The urge and pull towards the lake continued. I walked into the lake and became concerned that I would not be able to breathe but then I thought that I shouldn’t worry about that since my body was laying back in my room. I was right. I went into the water and continued to breathe. I sunk into the water and was being moved by the current. The water was very murky. And I lost visuals. I remained calm waiting for the visuals to return. I tasted the water. It tasted salty and I realized that it was the brackish water of Lake Ponchartrain. I was floating in the water when I touched bottom with my feet and I felt the ruins of a building or abutment under the water. I stepped on it and was now only waist deep in the water. I could feel the buttress under my feet and the half sunk wall in front of me with my hands.

Suddenly I heard shots and explosions and the sounds of men in battle! I heard this for a while and said, “Oh Lord, I want to see!” I felt with my hands and I felt a big revolutionary era mortar, tilted on its left side on the ruins of the buttress, half sunk in the water, and aimed at the lake. Finally, my sight returned.

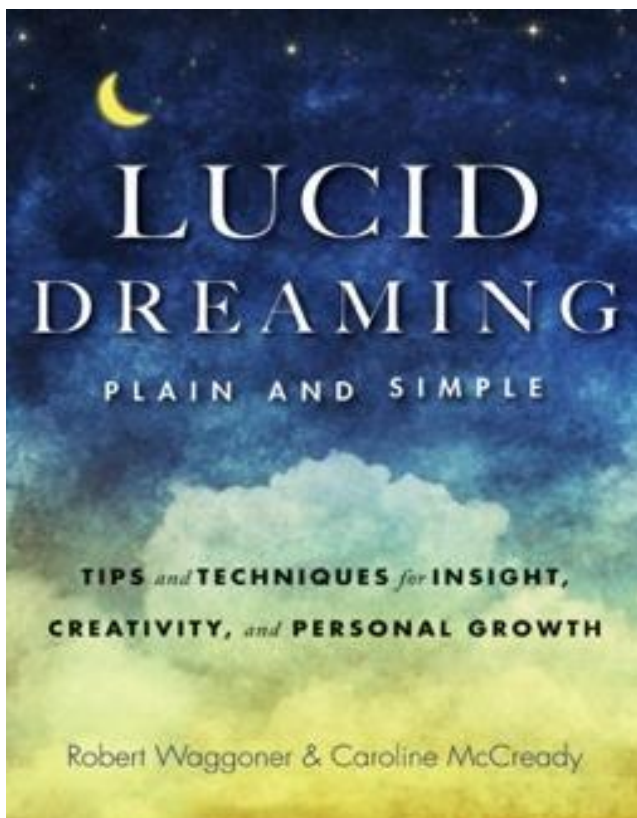
I saw two soldiers on the buttress behind the wall where I was; one was only inches away. They were both white men with brown hair in their late 20s, and had worn Black military hats with the short visors, similar to the rank-and-file hats of the civil war era. Both men were wearing redcoats and had long rifles or muskets. They were being shot at from the shoreline, which was only about 40 yards away, and they were or had been shooting back from the buttress. I didn’t see them shoot. I heard the shooting before I got my visuals back. Now I only saw them holding the rifles and looking towards the wall, Wwaist deep

in the water. They were obviously afraid. They could not see me.

Suddenly from behind us, a man in full camouflage (which made him look like a monster from the Black Lagoon) with seaweeds and foliage hanging from his head and body, emerged walking out of water! As the man got closer his head mask looked like a scarecrow. The soldiers saw the man and one of them started to shoot but was out of ammo. Consequently they retreated as fast as they could, in fear.

After the soldiers fled, the man pulled his mask off. He had a big toothy smile, and he started to laugh. He was a white man with dark hair and a big full curled mustache. Then other men came from the shore laughing. I saw at least 10 or 15 all of them with white and big mustaches and were dressed in frontier men's clothing with raccoon hats or Russian fur hats. All of them were carrying long rifles and were laughing at the soldiers that fled in fear. I started to talk to one of them but I don't think he saw me. Then I was back in my body opening my eyes.

Comments: What a trip! Literally! It seems this was a fantastic journey out of the body and through time. Originally I thought I had witnessed a Civil War battle but then I went to the library and did some research. I found that my time travel perfectly matches the Battle of New Orleans historical record during the war of 1812. The book, "The War of 1812" by John Grant and Ray Jones depicts British soldiers wearing the exact same uniforms of the red coated soldiers in my journey. Furthermore, the authors state that the men under Andrew Jackson's command ". . .were as unlikely as a body of troops as ever took the field under a command have a US officer. Amongst them were frontiersman from Tennessee and Kentucky.... French and Spanish speaking planters and fisherman." It depicts the frontiersman wearing the same kinds of clothing that I saw!



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Realizing Unconditional Love

By Sharon Martens © 2016

During the early summer of 2014, my lucid dream task was to talk to the Architect behind the dream and ask to be shown things of importance. I set several intentions on a daily basis. On June 29, 2014 I awoke at 5:30 a.m. and decided to try for a WILD. I did some regulated breathing to get myself relaxed and focused. I think I fell asleep after about 15 minutes, so it wasn't a true WILD, but the starry tunnel that opens up in the floor next to my bed during many of my lucid dreams appeared. I was lucid, but not terribly so. I dreamt the following:

Not By Design

I enter the tunnel and concentrate on feeling myself falling. The stars that usually are present are covered by clouds. There is one bright spot that I try to peer into, but I'm falling past too quickly to really get a good look. As I come out of the tunnel there is all darkness beneath me and I feel quite certain I'm going to land in deep water. Instead I land on the dark floor of a large warehouse-like enclosure. I recall my dream intention and loudly call out, "Please show me Unconditional Love!" Several dream characters seem concerned about this.

Nothing very interesting happens and so I wander through the warehouse for a little while. A large candy sucker is laying on the floor, I pick it up and begin to lick it. I find my way outside where the night is clear and mild. It's delightful and I jump up into the sky and begin flying over a city sidewalk where a small group of women are walking with a little girl between them. I smile and swoop down to offer the girl my lollipop. She



accepts with an answering smile and I fly off, feeling a tiny bit guilty for having already eaten part of the sucker. I catch sight of what I take to be a large nest in the upper branches of a distant tree and decide I'd like to visit it.

Taking careful aim I kind of shoot myself towards the nest, flying higher than usual in such dreams.

The nest turns out to be the open air offices of a clothing design team. I enter through the open windows and land. A woman there is expecting me. This surprises me and I ask how she knew I was coming. She glances at the clock and informs me that it was just time for me to arrive and that I'd be waking up soon. It looks to me like the clock says 11:30, but I know that in waking life it must be somewhere around 6:00 a.m. I figure since I'll be waking up soon, I might as well ask again about my dream intent. I ask to be shown unconditional love. The woman says that first I would have to change the design of the dress I'd been working on. She shows me a small picture of a little black dress, telling me it needs to be more sheer. As I begin to rework the design, she instructs me that it needs to be lower cut across the bodice as well. I question this in my mind, What?? These changes do not seem to be conducive to unconditional love. I finish the new drawing very quickly and sit up on the counter, sort of waiting for the vision or whatever of unconditional love. I feel myself waking up, very disappointed.

A few days later, I had the following dream, again about 5:00 in the morning:

I Am Your Mother

I'm in an upper flat with Janice, my waking life co-worker. I go to take a look in a mirror and notice that I have a small diamond stud in my pierced upper lip. This really upsets me for a few moments because I don't recall ever having this done and surely I would remember getting my lip pierced, wouldn't I? Then I realize I'm dreaming, thank God. I feel relief as I yell to Janice that we are dreaming. She doesn't seem to notice or care. I remember my

objective, which is to ask the Dream Architect to show me something. Previously I had asked to see Unconditional Love, with little success. I decide to ask for a glimpse of something amazing and shout my request out to the dream. I take a seat on a convenient couch and wait. Nothing happens so I shout my request again. I settle back and wait expectantly.

The next room over grows dark and I feel a small creeping apprehension, what if I see something frightening? I remind myself it's a dream and order myself to calm down. Out from the darkened room, from behind a rack of clothes, two little girls come forward. It's Anna and Rachel, my two waking life daughters, aged about 7 and 4. (In waking life they are 32 and 29.) They appear exactly as they were when they were little, Anna wears one of the long prairie style dresses she favored back then.

They approach me shyly and I begin to talk with them. Anna tells me a complicated story about Rachel being an only child or a middle child. I ask about their mother; does Anna love her mother? Anna scowls and she shakes her head, "No I hate her." I'm stopped short, stunned really, taken by unpleasant surprise. Then I say to Anna, "Well I know for a fact that your mother loves you." She questions this and I smile, filled with love for her. I tell her I know this because I am her mother.

I slowly come awake, realizing that I only had to be reminded, that I already knew what Unconditional Love looked like. And it is amazing indeed.



Survey Questions Wanted

The LDE will be conducting a Survey of lucid dreaming experiences and we'd like to know what lucid dreamers are most curious about.

For instance, have you ever wondered if certain herbal teas *really* enhance or induce lucidity?

Or, if you want to have a specific kind of lucid experience, how do you go about it?

What questions would you like to see on a Survey of the Lucid Dream Experience?

Let us know at: emailus@dreaminglucid.com

JUST A TOUCH OF LUCIDITY

By Gregg Irvin © 2016

I'm very interested in the ability to wake up another person in the Astral/Dream world and help them achieve lucidity. You are in effect waking them up to themselves. If this can be done consistently with verification, we would have a reliable way to bring about lucidity to those who have prepared themselves, and we would have proven the phenomenon of Mutual Dreaming.

I have had a fair amount of success in this area, but it came about in a rather interesting way. My father was a big student of metaphysics, he was a huge fan of Seth, and he also devoured the works of Ruth Montgomery, Edger Cayce, Rudolf Steiner, and was a dedicated student of the Theosophical society. I made an agreement with my father that whosoever would die first would try to wake up the other person in the Astral/Dream World. First tell the other person they're dreaming, and if that doesn't work, "make sure you touch them".

This phenomenon had worked before with my grandfather. When I saw him in a dream about 3 months after he had died, we shook hands. I immediately became lucid. When he shook my hand it was like a "very powerful" charge shooting through my being, very powerful. I proceeded to tell him about all the interesting things he could do in the Astral/Dream World. His reply was classic: he said, "It's easy when you come here knowing how to do it but I'm not sure." I remained lucid for about 5 minutes showing him how to fly, as well as other Astral World possibilities.

A number of years later my father died in his sleep. Four weeks later I was in a dream in a nondescript house when I heard a knock at the door. When I opened the door there stood my father. I thought, 'If I'm seeing you then that must mean I'm dreaming,' and I instantly became lucid. I asked him what it was like to be dead, and he started telling me about the required reviewing process of the life just lived. I was so excited to see him, as well as being lucid, it was hard to concentrate on what he was saying. After about 2 minutes I couldn't hold onto my lucidity and the dream collapsed.

About three weeks later, I saw my father again, only this time I did not immediately become lucid. My father, noticing this, reached over and touched me ever so slightly with the tip of his finger. It was like someone was giving a battery a jump. I was jolted into lucidity in a most profound way. The surge of energy I felt catapulted my awareness to a very high degree, and I could somehow see my past, present, and sense my future. It was like being on a mountain top with binoculars, 20/20 vision, and 20/20 hindsight. We talked for awhile and he told me some things about myself I needed to know. The dream faded about 3 minutes later. To date I've had about five other lucid dreams in which my father touched me, and brought me to lucidity.

The last time this happened I was sitting at a table and I noticed my deceased aunt sitting across from me. I kept telling myself that something wasn't right. If you're dead, then...? Sensing my confusion, she reached over and with the tip of her finger touched me on the back of my hand, and I became lucid. She proceeded to ask me what do you do when you're dead? I had a hard time holding onto my lucidity, and as I started to tell her, the dream ended about a minute later. Needless to say this is something that needs to be explored.

From what I understand, everybody and everything has a vibrational signature (Aura). When this tone or signature is generated, it can be "heard" and acknowledgment of it can be used to locate that person in the Astral/Dream World. It would be like paging somebody, they could either come to you, or they could tell you where they are. When found, could anybody be awakened to the Dream World with a simple touch?

Maxwell

By Kate Tweddle © 2016

I met Maxwell during a dream around 7 years ago when I first began lucid dreaming. I was 21 and had been reading Carlos Castaneda, with some success – lucid dreaming a couple of times a week. At that time I had been talking to a friend about the scout who appeared to Castaneda – who tried to lure him away to the realm of the inorganic beings. Apparently once there in a dream you could never return to your sleeping body, so naturally we were very wary of meeting them. I had been flying along in a lucid dream when I saw a suited gentleman standing in a large blossom tree. We had conversed; he asked if I'd like him to show me somewhere amazing in the dream world and I had refused. When he left, his business card turned into a bird and flew away; this has always intrigued me.

Now some years later, after some time not practising lucidity and then getting into it again more recently, I found myself flying high, soaring above beautiful blue seas and tiny islands covered with interesting looking buildings and sculptures, something I often find myself doing in dreams:

I shout loudly a few times, 'Increase lucidity!' and fly down to land on some decking beside a lake house. I call out loudly and set my intent – 'I want to see Maxwell'. Immediately a door opens to my left and he walks through. He looks visually different from the man I remember standing in the tree all those years ago but instinctively I know this is the same person. I also sense there is no need to explain anything to him; he is aware I am lucid dreaming, that we have met before and that I would like his help. We sit with our legs hanging over the decking, looking at the beautiful sea view in front of us, and I explain to him that I have been trying to heal myself in lucid dreams recently and it's not working. He says that I mustn't worry, that I have to build up my strength first. He is a funny character – very chilled out and relaxed but I can tell that he is hugely knowledgeable. He makes me smile and puts me at my ease, and I can feel that my strength to maintain lucidity is increased around him.



As we sit chatting, a group of children crowds around him, they seem to know him and love him. It gets too noisy and confusing to concentrate so we motion to each other and fly up and away from the children, who laugh and shout below. He flies very different to me – almost like he is walking very fast! This makes me laugh out loud. He suggests that he'd like to test my flying ability by seeing if I can power him along as well. We hold hands, and at first I feel the dead weight of him and we swoop downwards, but mentally I set my intention to fly and we quickly stall and then gather momentum

upwards, until I'm flying along with ease. It's exhilarating that this dream character knows about lucid dreaming and seems interested in my progress. We land on a ledge on a mountainside, and sit again; he picks up a piece of blue cloth and asks me can I fly inside it? I am confused and concentrate on the material trying to imagine flying inside it to see if I can make it happen but I go nowhere. I feel frustrated but he is relaxed about it and says that I will be able to do it someday.

At this point in the dream I realise I have been lucid for a long time and am worried I may forget some of the dream, so I begin writing some notes in a sketchbook beside me. Whilst I do this a man walks over to Maxwell – they seem to know each other and I automatically know that this man is another lucid dreamer like myself. They talk and the man is asking about Maxwell's brother. It appears Maxwell and his brother are both 'dream guardians'. The man asks Maxwell whether it's normal for brothers and sisters to be here (in the dream world) together, and Maxwell says yes, often, because of their strong connection.

The man leaves and I ask Maxwell to take me to his favourite place in the dream world, as I figure he could show me some beautiful things. Then I quickly realise maybe his favourite place is private and I am intruding and say, not his favourite place but somewhere he loves. He points upwards and takes me by the hand. I imagine we might fly into space and I get very excited, almost losing lucidity but managing to concentrate through double checking my hands and looking closely at the surface of them.

We fly away from the mountain and suddenly stop in the middle of open air, nothing around us. Maxwell says it is an elevator but I see nothing. He presses an invisible button and suddenly the walls and sliding door of an elevator appear arounds us as if by magic. He pushes another button and we begin rising, fast. I am pushed to the floor, and hold on tight. I peer through a crack in the door and I can see incredible views of planets and stars and constellations and galaxies stretching out into the vast universe. Everything looks illustrated: neon and glowing - vivid colours against an inky backdrop.



Suddenly we stop and the doors open on a small landing area, with a corridor leading to the open air. We walk out, but Maxwell motions for me to hold tight to the metal doorframe of the landing, I feel my flying strength is weaker up here and I could float off. But I know I'm safe as he's with me. I look out to where we are and as I gaze upwards we are floating not in space, but amongst huge clouds - instead of planets or stars around us I am gobsmacked to see huge animals and creatures flying/swimming and flowing through giant clouds in the sky.

They are all pastel colours, and are strange hybrids of animals you would see on earth, weird and wonderful mix-matches of tails and feathers, beaks and talons and scales and fur. They some look as large as double decked buses, and they all seem to cavort and play and flow around each other happy and free. It is truly a breath-taking and beautiful sight and I feel lucky and blessed to have seen it. I thank Maxwell over and over, and as we travel down in the lift I feel my lucidity wearing off – although this was one of my longer lucid dreams.

I have met with Maxwell a number of times since this, and during one of them I asked him why he was teaching me and showing me things; he said that it was his 'job' in the dream world – and that there were lots of dream guides who are assigned different lucid dreamers like me to help and support. Another later dream he seemed to imply that potentially I am going to be tested in the future... I look forward to seeing how I do!

LOVING THE DREAM SPACE

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2016

"Everything, dreaming and all, has got a soul in it, or else it's worth nothing, and we don't care a bit about it. Some of our thoughts are worth nothing, because they've got no soul in them. The brain puts them into the mind, not the mind into the brain... If I were only a dream, you would not have been able to love me so."

George MacDonald, *At the Back of the North Wind*

Ever since I stopped attempting to will myself through the dream space and began treating it as an all-powerful and loving Person, to Whom I address my lucid intents as hopeful requests, I have been richly rewarded.

I have been lucid dreaming for five years and have learned that it is sometimes possible, with varying degrees of success, to change, or creatively modify, a dream scene, to "fast travel" or to "teleport" to other dream scenes, and receive answers to my questions. I have also learned that it is a mistake to simply assume the dream space is obeying me with no will of its own. I think that on this point, most lucid dreamers can agree, but they are divided into primarily three camps:

Those who believe thinking and feeling are confined to our physical brain, and necessarily deny the dream's autonomy, regarding it merely as part of their own personality and subconscious.

Those who believe that consciousness rather than matter is fundamental and are open to the concept of the dream space being autonomous, at least in certain respects.

Those who, like me, believe a Supreme Being created our minds and everything else.

I feel that my lucid dreams have been a way of developing an exciting, profoundly stimulating relationship between my soul and its Divine Artist, God.

A dream ceases... as we wake. But it does not become a nonentity. It is a real dream: and it may also be instructive. A stage set is not a real wood or drawing room: it is a real stage set, and may be a good one. (In fact, we should never ask of anything "Is it real?" for everything is real. The proper question is "A real *what?*")...The objects around me, and my idea of "me," will deceive if taken at their face value. But they are momentous if taken as the end products of divine activities. Thus and not otherwise, the creation of matter and the creation of mind meet one another and the circuit is closed.

C.S. Lewis

Our religious beliefs, or lack thereof, notwithstanding, the fact is that we cannot always do whatever we want to in a lucid dream, or completely control it, no matter how lucid we feel/think ourselves to be, or how experienced we are with employing various methods, old and new, for achieving our intents.

In my view, our lucid dreaming minds are like children in kindergarten, and the dream space is the Teacher who, for example, we might order to immediately give us a chocolate ice cream cone. If judging the time and situation appropriate, the Teacher may metaphorically smile upon us, and appear to obey our command, but in truth, it is the Teacher—actively engaged in a relationship with us—who makes the decision to gratify our desires, or not.

My first lucid dreams were full of childish fun as I flew over the earth before diving down into magnificently detailed landscapes and cities while feeling joyfully invulnerable. But as I grew older, more knowledgeable and practiced, I began to understand that the dream space really seems to determine how best to interact with me in order to help me learn and grow in the most rewarding way possible.

I now have ample reason to believe the dream space cares about us, and for us, very personally, with exquisite, patient intimacy, and for that reason—and for other reasons we can no more fathom than a toddler can attain a PhD in quantum physics—I think there are rules in the dream space which appear to be limits to us but are actually there for our protection, rules which can change and evolve in proportion to how we mature as persons and, by extension, dreamers.

My experience, and the experience of some lucid dreamers I have spoken to, indicates that a humble, loving, hopeful and faithful attitude continues to bear remarkable fruit, enriching our dreams in ways we ourselves would never have imagined.

What Shakespeare's Juliet says to Romeo as they embrace on the balcony outside her bedroom very much expresses how I have come to feel about my lucid dreams, and the loving Presence within them Who came courting me in the dark, with transcendent rather than tragic results:

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.



Sir Frank Dicksee's 1884 painting

Maria Isabel Pita

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>
<http://lucidlivingluciddreaming.org/>
<http://lucidfriendfinder.com/dreamshares/>

Next Issue's Theme

Lucid Dreams of the Deceased

Have you had a lucid dream experience with a deceased loved one?
Or with a beloved pet?

Submit your lucid dreams of the deceased to LDE via our website at:

www.luciddreammagazine.com



In Your Dreams!

Rich Bobruk
Many Faces

I am exploring around a huge tree, possibly a Baobab. I climb onto the trunk and look up, suddenly realizing that it stretches up into the sky when I realise that I am dreaming! (The tree symbolises the World Tree in shamanic circles of which I have studied).

I then come-to (I think) in my bed and do not want to move too much and disturb my wife alongside me, so I look at my hands. They are blurry and so I get up to go look out of the window. I draw open the curtains and survey the scene...a burned out building that I find most strange as I live in the countryside where fields surround my house!

I realise that I must still be dreaming and had a false awakening. My wife is excited by hearing this. I show her that we are dreaming by throwing myself over the stairs and crashing onto the next level (not a great idea but it seemed so at the time, although I did get a little worried before I hit the ground). I land safely and she laughs and jumps over too. We race each other down the many flights of stairs laughing as we go before we roll out into the street. I can't get hurt physically in dreams and it feels amazing!

I then remember that I wanted to look at my face when dreaming and I 'fly' up to the 2nd floor to look into a mirror. I see many faces, strange male faces...lots of hair, young, then some female...every time I rub my face and look again it is a different face! Incredible stuff!

I then look around my environment and there are many familiar faces and people around me; the strange thing is that I know none of these people in waking life yet I did in my sleeping life.

After I awoke I was just in awe of this experience.....just amazing....I don't know how else to describe it!



Lourdes Pita Visit From My Dead Cat

Pokey was in the living room rubbing up against the couch playing hard to get and saying with her soul ... "Awesome, you can finally see me."

I pounded lightly on the floor so she could feel the vibration (she had been going deaf in her old age) and thought to myself, "Oh that's weird, when she was alive she used to feel the vibe of me hitting the floor and would look up and come over." That's when I realized I was dreaming and thought to myself, "Oh way cool, I accidentally have woken myself up in the dream by thinking that! Okay, cool, I have to tell Maria!" HA!

I finally got up and started walking toward her and she kept playing hard to get and started trotting up the stairs like she used to do when she was much younger. She still would play hard to get in her old age but she moved much slower! ;-) In the dream she moved as she had when she was much younger. She made sure I chased her up to the top of the stairs! Then when I got to the top of the stairs she let me reach for her and pet her, and as I was reaching in the dream, she flipped over and giggled and turned into a fluffy love bear! And she was giggling in a spirit giggle/joyous laughter.

I was so happy because the bond we have is actually stronger than ever! This dream was unlike anything I have ever had in the sense that the soul connection was so gosh darn real! Everything that made her personality so great when she was alive was amplified in the dream ten times over. She has also made me stronger and way softer. Meaning I actually find myself calmly responding to things that, prior to her death, used to challenge my temperament that in no way phase me anymore. I am forever changed from loving the same cat her whole life! Can't believe it took this long to love and lose so my soul could grow leaps and bounds.

I went on line to see if I could find the bear that I saw in the dream. In the dream the only thing I could see was her body, but by the time I was about to see her face I woke up! This picture is the closest of what kind of love bear she turned into in the dream, except I have no idea what her head looked like. This picture is [hysterical](#)!



Norman Clark Wake up! Wake up Gabrielle... No. 1

I find myself on a road in a snowy Alpine landscape. My wife is next to me and we are surrounded by small furry and very cute animals.... cats, rabbits, ferrets, mink etc., and a very notable white snow goose. They are all talking to us and giving advice concerning what we should do next in life. Next, we are both standing on a snowy hillside and seem to be equipped with ski boots and poles but no skis. I remember that I have skied with just ski boots before in a dream, which leads me to realise that I'm dreaming. I set off down the slope showing Gabrielle how to ski with just her boots and, just then, remember my intent. I'd been incubating a dream where I would meet my wife in the dream dimension and wake her up to the fact that we were dreaming. We're building up speed and I'm tapping her saying, "Come on Gabs, wake up, we're dreaming". I grab her leg in the hope that it will help but I'm worried it will wake her up in bed. Finally, I decide the only thing for it is to pick her up and fly. We take off but she is absolutely terrified. Ahead, the sun breaks through a grey cloudy sky and I head for the sun thinking it will be less scary for her... The dream fades and I wake up....

Wake up Gabrielle... No. 2

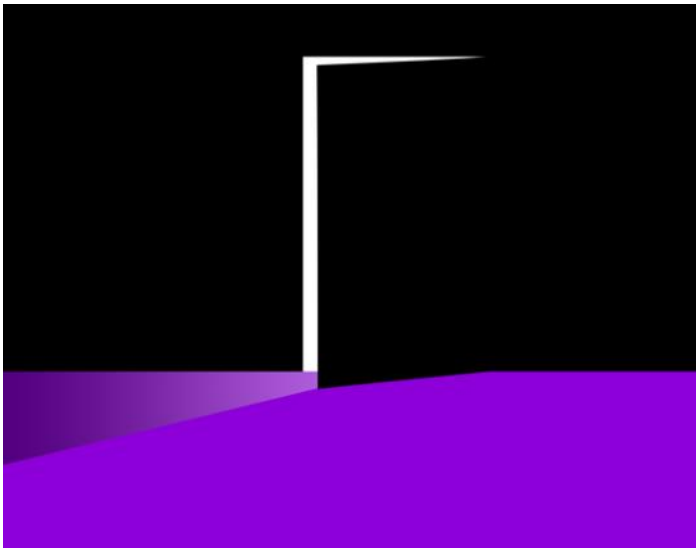
Keeping perfectly still in bed, I sink back directly into another lucid dream. We are both walking around a beautiful medieval city in Europe somewhere. We arrive at a square where preparations are in progress for an event of some kind. A stage of sorts is being erected for perhaps

a festival or music. There's a wonderful sense of expectation and excitement in the air. Remembering my intent again, I turn to ask her to 'wake up' but she seems to know what I am going to do and runs away into the crowd saying, "No, I don't want to wake up". This time, I decide to float gently after her and find her in the entrance to a room at the corner of the square. By this time, I am hyper lucid and totally concentrated on her. She tries to hide by changing into a 16 year old version of herself as a teenager. I easily recognise her and tell her that she is beautiful and that it's OK to be awake in a dream. We set off across the square again and I begin to lose lucidity. I desperately try looking closely at building details, etc., but the dream fades and I awake in bed extremely frustrated....

The important point about these particular dreams is that Gabrielle did not feel like an artefact of the dream itself.... she very much seemed to be herself and acting independently. The morning after, I asked her whether she had remembered our dream travels. Sadly, she had no memory of our adventures :-)

Darold Tumlinson **Open and Shut**

Not sure if this qualifies as a lucid dream or an OBE. I was lying on my side and my body was buzzing. I rolled over and sat up in the bed. At that time, the buzzing stopped. I stood up to leave the room and noticed that the bedroom door was shut. This was strange because I always leave it open unless I've got company staying over.



Because of the door being shut, I believed that it was a lucid dream. As I turned around, I noticed my body still lying in the bed. I made several attempts at calling out to it with no response and after several unsuccessful attempts to leave the room, I returned to the bed and lay back down into my still buzzing body. I immediately woke up and saw the bedroom door standing wide open.

Shaun St. Clair **Office Blues**

In this dream I was only lucid for a small portion, the whole dream being very large and involved. Someone has upset me at work and I return to my office to tell my wife [who does actually work with me in reality] that I'm leaving. At this point I become lucid, and ask her if she knows that this is a dream. She says she does, so thinking this may actually be a shared dream, I suggest we think of a word and let's see if we can remember it when we wake.

At the same time, I say 'blue' and she says 'blues' – we're both actually wearing blues, since we've just been in to Theatre. I say to her that the fact we both picked more or less the same word is probably not a coincidence as she is in my dream and essentially me and will therefore know what I'm thinking. (My wife is a very deep sleeper and rarely remembers any dreams so, needless to say, when we woke next morning she couldn't remember the word – or anything.)

As soon as I became lucid in this dream, the whole scene became very vivid, extremely sharply focused and crystal clear and I was aware of every detail of the room, my wife's face, even our security badges and the infinite detail of the edge of the door we were stood beside – a vast amount of information that I couldn't possibly have had time to take in in the real world and in the short space of time we were there, and whilst holding a conversation with my wife at the same time.

The following day, in waking reality, I went and stood at the exact same spot in my office and this experience was no where near as vivid and sharp and I wasn't aware of anything like as much as I was in the lucid dream but the scene was exactly as it had been depicted in the dream.

Lidia Tremblay Adventures Backstage

I take the last sip of my drink (very alcoholic!) and get up and join my 'troupe family', all smiling and



chatting with various groups of people. Eventually, the crowds thin out, and we go back to our home in the woods, to relax and share in our good fortune. Already, the actors are talking about their next play, planning and plotting, while the crew just laughs and shakes heads, longing only for a solid night's sleep.

Two other women and I go out onto the balcony and breathe in the beauty of the night air, full of exotic fragrances and sounds of night creatures. We lounge back in the deep comfort of the outdoor couches and chat about simpler things.

Suddenly, I look around my environment with new eyes, and say to my companions, 'This is all my dream, you know.' They look shocked, but take it to mean that this is what I've always dreamed of doing. I shake my head. 'No, *this*,' I wave my hands to take in the forest, the mountains, the seashore glittering under the full moon, and the house. 'All this is a dream from my own mind. There is only one way I can prove it - I'm going to fly.'

I stand up, and with a smile at my companions, my wonderful friends, I simply lift off the ground and gently guide myself up, up higher than the large house, until they look tiny below me. The air is so crystal clear and yet dense with individual scents and sounds that it's like a living entity of it's own. After a few loops and swirls, my soul joyfully open to all around me, I slowly make my way down again to stand on the balcony.

All my friends, the entire troupe, is now on the balcony watching me with eyes wide and mouths open in wonder. 'Shall I do this again?' I ask, and

before anyone can respond, I take flight again, this time with more speed. I choose a tall palm tree close to the house, and land like a ballerina on the top-most leaf, lighter than a feather, and wave to them.

Once more I come back to the balcony, and notice everything is now fading. I have only enough time to bid them all farewell, and tell them I'll be back - or rather, I'll bring them all back into another dream soon, before the morning light gently wipes out the whole environment out of existence, and I wake up.

Maria Pita Brothers

I am myself, but part of a row of men playing a game that involves turning down wooden handle/slots, one at a time, in the process of discovering the winning number, which is apparently supposed to be "9". The final lever is pushed down, and the winning number is not "9". One man says that whoever said it would be "9" will be replaced because his success rate is down to 80-90.

We all turn to face the center of the space as the "leaders" in charge of whatever is going on here troop out, about five of them, and go stand on an elevated platform looking down at us. We are all wearing dark clothes, and I sense the men are in heavy coats. The central figure on the platform is the one in charge, but he is actually a very tall shining silver Christmas tree. It does not seem strange at all. Then a man standing to my right, between the performers and the audience, looks right at me as he strides over to me, and with a somewhat hostile, sardonic expression, tosses something into my lap. I start, feeling it is a weapon of some kind, a sharp little blade, but when I look down, I lift up between two fingertips a tiny silver Christmas ornament in the shape of a Christmas tree. Now I see the living tree closer to me on the stage, leaning forward dramatically to try and reach something (near where the hostile man was standing) and I'm afraid he will topple over, but he doesn't.

I turn to leave this place, and as I walk toward the exit, a silvery chiming music follows me out that inspires me to raise both my bare arms over my head and undulate them in response to the lovely ethereal sound. I walk out onto nocturnal city streets

again, and the memory of the delicate, transcendent chiming lingering in me makes me want to dance, so I undulate my hips and sway my arms in a sort of restrained belly dance style, gently walking myself into lucidity. I finally realize I've been dreaming, and looking around me at the buildings, and above them at a dark night sky, I declare, "Here I am, Lord!" Then I think—But where is here? The dream feels like a stage set. I am free in the dream space, but still caught in the semblance of a waking reality scene, a facade I suddenly long to transcend.

Walking and gyrating my hips, enjoying my dream body, and how dancing roots me effortlessly in the dream, I suddenly perceive a colossal cloud just above the dark building in front of me... a cloud in the shape of a man's head. He has dark hair, his eyes are closed, and his slightly orange-red skin puts me in mind of a Native American Indian. The head is slowly revolving, turning toward me. Still dancing in place, I rise up into the sky, and as his face is revealed to me, I become hyper-aware of the long-sleeved drab brown uniform I'm trapped in made of an annoying stiff material. I begin peeling it off me impatiently so I can move freely.

Parallel to the great head, I drift gently away from it, and from this distance—as more light suffuses the dream scene, and the shadowy countenance is filled in with rich colors like a painting—I find myself gazing upon what looks like a young and handsome Frenchman or Spaniard with shoulder-length black hair. His eyes are closed, and there is a gentle, heartwarming smile on his lips. Even though I don't see his mouth move, I know He is the one who speaks, his VOICE filling the dream as it utters just one word, "L'AMOUR."

I cry joyfully, "El amor!" The sun has risen, the city below me is clearly delineated by vibrant colors, and I cry, "España!... Cuba!... Mi pobre Cuba!" ("Spain! Cuba! My poor Cuba!") The buildings are on a human scale, no cold metal skyscrapers in sight, and I glimpse blue water beyond the roof tops. I twirl in place as I float through the sky, and become aware that behind me, and to one side of me, there is now a long white wall hung with great rectangular paintings alive with deep, vibrant colors—human figures in a variety of settings and activities, but everywhere smiling at each other. The dream has created an outdoor gallery displaying works of art on pure white walls high in the sky. So beautiful! So

vibrantly alive! So full of a deep joy expressed in the painting's colors.

I drift happily, until passing the edge of one of these walls, I suddenly feel myself heading inside, and cry, "Oh no, not inside!" and promptly turn around. But it doesn't work, I simply end up entering another room of what is now an enclosed museum. Everywhere I look there are mostly prone statues of figures. I only perceive male forms, one in particular, lying on a table cluttered with other objects, about half life size, and wearing dark-brown bronze armor of some kind, or so it seems to me. I feel myself heading deeper and deeper into this museum crowded with ancient objects. Now I see a small white counter at the back of the room, and I somehow know there is a room opening off it (to my left) which is where I'm headed. Before I reach the counter, however, a man exits this room. As he passes right by me, he says to me, "My brother?" I don't reply as I drift behind the counter marveling at how realistic the clutter back here is as I discern hats, clothes, all sorts of department store like items crowding the shelves. Just before I reach the "secret" back room, I wake.

Judith Marcus Lucid Explorations

OMG I just had the most amazing lucid dream! I realized very quickly that I was dreaming when I found myself inside of a craft that was flying very low to the ground and in fact after a while it seemed to be flying inside of a huge resort of some kind.

I was really enjoying the feeling of flying, it was very quiet and kind of like being on a ride at an amusement park. My daughter was with me at first and then she got out and went exploring on her own. I finally decided to ditch the ride and realized I didn't need it as I was floating round the resort on my own without the need for any help. I went from room to room exploring by myself and at one point met up with my daughter again and we ran into my brother who has been deceased for over six years. He looked wonderful!

I smiled at him and he smiled back and told me to work on my studies and maybe I could get into his college where he was involved in lots of sports. I asked which were his favorite sports and he told me basketball, baseball and hockey. Leah then told him that I was coming to her house later this month and



invited him to come for dinner. He said he would if he could and then floated away.

At about this moment I had the thought that I hoped my alarm was not close to going off because I wanted to keep looking around and experimenting with the state I was experiencing. I moved from room to room seeing what different things were happening in each room, and people didn't seem to notice I was there unless I talked to them directly.

I went into one room with a long mirror and looked at myself. I have always felt that I was a ballet dancer in a past life and since I knew I was dreaming I decided to see what I could do with my body. I managed a very long extension. I then went to another room and it seemed to be filled with a lot of antiques and jewelry. There were a couple of people there, but they didn't seem to see me. Then my cat who was curled up beside me sleeping yawned and woke me up.

During the whole dream I was aware that I was dreaming and I couldn't believe how real it all felt. It was amazing! I just had to write it down, so I decided to share it with you. That is the longest lucid dream I have ever had where I was completely aware of the dream state while experiencing it. Just amazing!

James "Good Enough"

Walking through a city with an old friend, we entered a curious shop filled with antiques, old books, and strange objects. In a back room, we

met a small old woman dressed in a beautiful oriental robe. We approached, and she explained that we had to kneel on one knee, repeat a chant, and perform a series of gestures, which she demonstrated. I watched closely, but could not remember the chant, so I only knelt and gestured. She responded, "Good enough." My friend did not perform the ritual, and I could tell he thought it was silly.

She invited us to sit opposite her on two stately couches, then peered at me closely and told me (more poetically than this) that she saw something powerful in my eyes. She brought my hands together, then released them. When I opened my hands, they contained a gorgeous white bird, which I lifted to release; it fluttered off, much to my delight. As we left, I noticed the woman spooning water into her mouth from a small bowl. I tried to thank her, but my words didn't register.

We sat on the steps outside when I became lucid, though I do not know what triggered it. I contained my giddy excitement and stabilized the dream. Grinning at my friend, I playfully asked what method of travel he'd prefer, thinking I would simply summon it into existence. At that moment, a black car screeched to a halt beside us. The driver called for help, yelling that he'd run over a cat. I saw him holding a poor orange feline, fur matted with blood and ribs exposed. I placed my hands on the cat, intending to heal it with my lucid powers, but it only yowled in pain which startled me. I instructed the man to move over, which he did, so I sat in the driver's seat. I drove around while we searched for help. We found a hospital ER, but it was already filled with patients, who all seemed to stare straight through us.

(As a child of six, I had a beloved and remarkably intelligent cat, whose corpse I discovered one summer day. It had been struck by a car.)

Sylvia Death Dream

A small check that I wrote my daughter wasn't cashed at her bank. A note from the bank tells my daughter, 'call me,' but my daughter didn't call the bank back because she died rather abruptly that same evening of an aneurism in the brain. I am thinking (in the dream) that I still have a little

money because the check wasn't cashed. Then I think, 'I don't remember going to her funeral. And I would have gone to her funeral!'

I don't see how it's possible that my daughter would have died and I missed her funeral. Then I hear my brother (deceased) in the adjoining room and he says, 'I would have gone to her funeral too!' My brother walks into the room where I'm at and he gives me a very ironical look. That's when I think, 'Its me that died, not my daughter!' At this point I become semi lucid.

Next I am riding in my truck into my small town and I stop at the stop sign. There is some very insignificant action (a cup being thrown and rolling down the road) and suddenly it hits me that the cup thrown and rolling down the road was part of the original dream about me dying. And I think, 'That was in the dream! It's a precognitive dream. It's going to happen! I'm going to die!' At this moment I become very lucid.

I am sitting in my truck and getting a very funny feeling knowing that I am fixing to die. It is really going to happen. I feel something strange happening to my body, but at the same time I am feeling detached. It is as though I am split into two: Body and Mind. Then a very clear and calm woman's voice comes through my head. It is extremely clear and the voice seems to be a little familiar. She starts telling me what is going to happen as I die. As I feel my detachment grow the voice tells me that my spirit/consciousness is now separating from the body.

I feel things happening. Something electrical, as though my consciousness is swiftly leaving my body. I also hear my body take its last breath but I don't feel any of the pain of the physical body breathing its last.

I am amazed, thinking, 'I'm really dying. Its actually happening!' At this point I really believe I have died.

Suddenly I am flying freely in a very blue sky. The sky is warm and wide open and it is exhilarating to be that free. I am dipping and circling in the sky. I notice people below me and I swoop down over them and do a few summersaults. I do this a bit, then I focus on moving upward, going higher, and I

do. I am going upward in darkness. I am no longer in the blue skies over earth.

At some point I reach a level where there is a round dark blob that is chattering away. The blob seems to be a male. He is not harmful, just annoying and wanting to yak yak yak. I make an attempt to soar away from this round blob but he keeps following me, yak yak yak. I make a mighty attempt and suddenly I am free of him and I soar away.

Eventually I reach a light, misty area where there is a large group of people with their arms outstretched, reaching for me, welcoming me. They seem very light, very pale. Almost like albinos. I don't know any of them but they want me to stay with them. They leave to do something and I am waiting for them. The building where I am waiting is very large and open with white walls. I look out the open door and there in the parking lot is a cousin of mine who died fifteen years ago. He is in a jeep and he yells at me, 'C'mon, let's go.' So I walk out and get in the jeep with him. It's one of those open jeeps with the top down. It is a warm and pleasant day.

At this point I wake up in a semi-state and the full lucidity is gone. This is the first time I realize that I wasn't dead after all. I am a bit disappointed. Then I kinda rub my hands together like I'm making a small ball of energy and I squint my eyes mightily, then boom; I'm back in lucidity. I felt then that I now had the ability to move in and out of lucidity.

Dashiell Bark-Huss **Emotional Healing Dream with Nicole Kidman**

I awoke in the middle of the night feeling sad. I decided that if I went back to sleep and had a lucid dream, I would attempt an emotional healing dream to fix this sadness. I went to sleep straight into a dream. I was with Nicole Kidman in my childhood home. I realized I was dreaming and remembered my intention to use my lucid dream for emotional healing.

Nicole Kidman looked a bit older and wore a long trench coat. She seemed sad. I told her she was beautiful. This appeared to make her even sadder. We went into a car together. I asked her what made her sad. She replied, "Inferiority." I asked, "What makes you feel inferior?" "Other people," she replied. I started to tear up, crying at the thought



that Nicole Kidman, a beautiful talented movie star, felt inferior to others.

I asked, "So do you not feel sad when you are alone?" The question made me feel sad. Nicole didn't answer, but slumped over in her seat as if she felt defeated. When I woke up, I felt the sadness in my chest was gone. I believe the dream helped me better understand my sadness and relieve me of it. It was very clear to me that Nicole represented a part of me that is talented and beautiful and brilliant but that is overwhelmed by a sense of inferiority.

Mike Porter A Pancreatic Problem

It's a bright, sunny day and I'm in a large auditorium with my wife. People are coming in and taking seats in anticipation of a presentation to be given by my company president. My wife and I take our seats next to an aisle. I'm anticipating all employees to be given generous gifts. A woman who looks familiar enters our row to grab a seat. As she passes me, she is very friendly, touching me as if we know each other. My wife is not so friendly with her, refusing to move. The woman is forced to climb over her legs. Why is she being rude? After a moment, the woman comes back to exit. She is again very friendly and knows me. I know I should recognize her, but I don't. As she steps into the aisle, I see my mom approach. They are close friends. Maybe it's my mom's friend "Anna"?

I thumb through a program and see an image showing the front of a building and an article about

a small plane crash. I recognize it as the auditorium we're in. I suddenly find myself standing out front. There's a large winery across the street. I know there's damage to the top of one of these buildings due to the crash. I look around for signs, but see nothing amiss. I wish I could see from up high. Suddenly, a white cloud forms around my legs and lifts me up above the buildings. I see the damage in the top of the auditorium. Now I realize this is a dream and I'm getting a tour!

I fly around the area and recognize the town and surrounding woods as a common setting for many dreams I've had. Dream memories come flooding to me as we pass landmarks I recognize. This is great fun! It's odd that there are no people anywhere. The cloud finally sets me down at a downtown street corner. From the side, my wife approaches me. I assume she represents my higher inspiration as in most other dreams. She stops and says, "It's pancreatic." What???

I woke up and immediately realized she was talking about my mom's friend Anna, who is having health issues and has been battling cancer. Maybe she has pancreatitis? I feel I need to talk to her, but it's 4am. I decide to incubate a dream to try to contact her.

I'm suddenly in the middle of a large city. My wife is dropping me off on a street corner with the intent to drive back and get me later. I'm lucid right from the start. Ok, let's get to work. As I walk up the block, up ahead I see a long line of people waiting to get into some underground business. That must be my place. I ignore the line and begin walking down the outdoor steps to the basement entrance. As I pass people, I notice a very tall young man with a beard in line staring at me. I stop to engage him. His t-shirt immediately changes colors. I ask him if he knows his shirt changed. It then changes to a button down dress shirt. I ask again. His shirt begins changing more rapidly as does his beard and hair style. He just stares at me. I wonder if I'm making this happen or if I'm being told something. Well, this is fun and all, but I need to contact Anna.

I step inside and ask the Dream Creator to please bring me Anna. I walk into the middle of a hallway and turn right. It leads into a small laundry room with a doorway on the other side. I go through the doorway and emerge in what looks like a

classroom. There are adult students sitting in small cubicles, wearing white headsets. A young man and woman in all white sit at the head of the class at large sound boards. They must be DJ's. I ask the room if Anna is present or if anyone has seen her. Some students look up, a little startled. The DJ's tell me to "Shhhh!" with looks of annoyance. I apologize and exit.

I cross the laundry room and as I step into the hall, I come face to face with Anna! She looks like a beautiful angel, standing in the middle of the hall with bright light glowing behind her. She has long, curled blonde hair and is wearing a long, white tunic dress. She looks exactly like Diane Kruger as Helen in the movie "Troy". She looks so healthy! I give her a big hug and tell her we need to talk. We step into the laundry room and I set her up on a washing machine. As she sits quietly, I tell her about my previous dream and my wife saying, "It's pancreatic." Just as I say it, a crowd of people form around us, all trying to talk to Anna. They are asking silly questions and she looks confused. I get frustrated as I can't get a word in. It causes me to wake up.

The next day, I left a message with Anna to contact me, but no reply. Two days later, my mom's other friend "Sofia" was hospitalized with pancreatitis. It looks like I got the wrong friend. Thankfully, Sofia is doing fine now.

Albert Lauer Martial Arts Dream Archive

Before the following lucid dream took place, something significant happened. I was in a remarkably light trance, when I distinctly saw a samurai sword appear in the air before me; only slightly transparent. Then I saw hands below the sword like someone was offering it to me. I did not see him, but could feel his presence. That experience ranks among the most clear psychic experiences that I have ever had.

One of my past lives that I am aware of, is of a Japanese nobleman skilled in the martial arts. When I was eleven I practiced Judo, until my toe broke repeatedly later that year. But I learned much more about martial arts from the memories of that past life surfacing over the years, than I ever



did in Judo class. Since the Japanese man was a very focused man, it is easier to remember him.

Recently while meditating with a small group, I recognized my own mental state as oddly familiar, although I have personal meditation practices that are different from the one during that session. I was nicely in a deep trance of inner silence, while I had a short flash of recognition. I knew I had been in that state many times and I also knew it was from the Japanese life. There were no words involved in that mental process, only flashes of knowing. A few moments later it felt as if he and I were just slightly out of phase, using the same mental space, for lack of a better word. It did not at all feel like a memory; he felt alive, familiar yet distinct from myself. I tried to learn a bit more about him, still without words, maintaining the trance. I tried to peek into his world, his room, his life. That was a misconception of me, I could only sense his mental state and he was just as deep in trance as I, his mind contained no information about himself at that time. For a short moment though I saw what could have been his face.

I had never delved much into the memories of his life, but I remember many Kung-Fu movements and postures. With some movements I use my hand as if I have a sword in it - maybe something other than Kung-Fu. The amazing dream I had was therefore also not a total surprise:

I drifted lucidly out of my body and felt my feet touch some sort of barrier. I perceived I was about to enter a huge bubble. At the first contact with my foot, a stream of ideas had flooded my mind. That bubble contained a library of martial arts

movements. There was no direct indication that it came from my previous life, but I must assume.

In this dream my lucidity was a disadvantage. Our dream awareness is much more fluid and even major shifts in identity are acceptable. My critical waking mind was not ready to haphazardly enter an unknown phenomenon.

I considered the dilemma. This was an enormous opportunity but I had cold feet. I found an acceptable solution, but of course I still wonder what more there was to learn inside that bubble. Instead of drifting into the bubble, I had managed to will myself carefully to a stop at the threshold. Holding both my feet through the barrier, immediately ideas of martial arts movements entered my mind. My dream body became soaked in these sensations of movement - like a complete archive of movements to be tapped into. With my dream body I was able to perform several very complex movements, though slower than they would have to be performed in physical reality. For instance, I was turning around my axis in mid air by the way my legs spun, slowly and comprehensibly.

I had been tapping into this reincarnational archive consciously before, when I practiced movements I had never learned during this life. Yet, from the dream perspective it was immense.

Shawn Selders Musical Tree-Climb

At the beginning of the dream I am lucid. There is no lucidity trigger that I can recall. I am standing on the dead end street where I live. I am right in front of my house, in the middle of the deserted street, in the early morning light. I have a name-brand 16 oz. water bottle in my right hand, which still has a bit of water in it.

I suddenly remember a description of a lucid dream I recently read about in Robert Waggoner's first book; wherein he made one of his arms magically longer. I decide to try this with the clear plastic bottle I am holding. Using only my mind, I easily make the bottle grow to be at least 20 feet long. Although I did not intend it, the bottle also becomes wider and loses its ridges. It is now a very long and smooth cylinder, but still a clear water bottle. I brush the leafy tree branches high above the street

with the top of it for a little while. Then I make it magically return to its original size and shape. I can see it quickly shrink. There is still that bit of water sloshing around at the bottom of the bottle.

Feeling truly great in the ultra-reality of this lucid dream, I begin to skip (with long strides) in slow motion down the middle of the street. The water bottle vanishes while I skip. I start to hear very dreamy music from above. It is a simple melody that sounds a tiny bit familiar. It sounds like a calliope with no bass or drums, and is a little eerie-sounding. There might be a child's voice singing along with the melody.

Still skipping down the road I suddenly remember a lucid dream goal I very recently read about online: climb a tree. I stop skipping and turn to my right, where there are 3 trees clustered together in front of a neighbor's house. (In reality there are no trees in this area.) I walk over and start climbing up one of these trees. There are branches and nubs for easy grabbing. I use only my hands to effortlessly climb in this fairly weightless environment. It is an easy climb until I get about 25 feet up, where there is a somewhat dead-looking, thick vine growing around some branches. I stop and examine the vine and branches very closely and decide it might be dangerous to try to climb past this point.

I stay where I am for a bit and look under the eaves of the nearest house. It looks oddly old and decrepit, but strangely, only in the spot where I am staring. I am still hearing the dreamy music, wondering if it is from some dreamlike movie I have seen. I start to hum along with the melody as I slide



down the tree trunk; using my legs as well now. I wake up before I reach the ground.

Awake, I went straight to my guitar and quickly figured out the music. Later that day I played the dream-melody for my family. I asked if they recognized it from anywhere, which they did not. I am excited to have brought something audibly tangible back from the dream-world that I can share.

Erichsa **The First Children's Flying School**

I am 84 and started three years ago to study dreaming. By now I recall long and short dreams nightly, very seldom lucid, but clear dreams. At the moment I practice Liminal Dreaming as I now understand that I had liminal flashes often mainly during an after lunch nap. This is a lucid dream I had about two years ago:

I was body flying over a huge crater. I knew I was dreaming. I thought to myself, 'Great flying, lets fly to the rim.' On the edge about six kids between the ages of about three and twelve came to me. 'Can we also fly like that?' they asked. I replied, 'Yes, if you firmly believe that you can fly, you will.'

With that advice I jumped into the crater to fly back, but to the left and right of me the kids were flying with me, all at my height except the youngest who was flying near the bottom. The eldest flew down and helped the youngster to fly

up to our level. We all flew back to land near the parents who had come.

I told the parents, 'Your kids are the first in the world who can fly and teach others.' With that I started to fly back home - and that is the corny part. I flew into a beautiful sunset.

Josh Stevens **Five of the Best Minutes of My Life**

On my 50th lucid dream, I became lucid in this truck driving through these beautiful mountains overlooking a city somewhere in what I believed was Russia. I was pretty wrapped up in the lucid dream and everything I was seeing, but then I had this thought, "I should try what Robert suggested in his book."

I then spoke out to my dream, "I want to see something important!" Just like a movie, the lucid dream slowly faded to black and I appeared in this dark place which seemed like space. My body was just floating in this darkness and a ball of energy was moving all around my body. It was the most perfect love, peace, and power that I have ever experienced in my life! (It felt personal as if it was the creator.)

The power was so strong I actually woke up out of it, but then as quickly as possible I shut my eyes and continued in this experience for over 5 minutes. It was probably 5 of the best minutes of my life.



When I thought things couldn't get any better, I was taken up, up and away! I then slowly descended as if I were falling with a parachute with the ever so slightest rotation so I could see this incredible place. As I was slowly falling upon this place everywhere I could see there were golden sparkles twinkling around me. It was the most beautiful magical garden with the essence of life scattered throughout it. It felt like heaven.

I spent the next 10 minutes exploring this magical place. Its been two months since I had this experience and I'm still radiating the excitement I received from this encounter. I know something in me has changed.

Taxiarchis The Vortex

This dream is the first one in which I managed to contact my inner self after reading Robert Waggoner's first book: I was dreaming that I was in my home and across the street there was a building which normally doesn't exist in waking physical reality. My friend was in that building. He was wearing a navy uniform. He said hello to me and crossing the street he entered my house. At that point I started to think that he always wanted to join the navy but he didn't eventually so the uniform struck me as odd. With this, I became lucid.

I started feeling vibrations on my body. I entered the Void. I remained calm and observed my breathing. Then I found myself flying over a city which was as if it was from a cartoon. Everything was cartoonish. I remembered the book I had recently finished so I just said to the dream, "Show me something interesting for myself." Everything became black - I was flying in black emptiness. Slowly I entered a vortex. I was flying in a vortex which was made of letters of the Greek alphabet and they were gold or yellow.

After a while I heard a voice from nowhere. The voice said, "Information about the lucky one...she is from 'specific area of my city', her name is Princess and she was created in 1994. As far as her studies are concerned she has studied Law." After that I continued flying for a while in that maelstrom and then I woke up with a wonderful feeling.

Gustavo Vieira A Talk With Interesting Facts

When I get lucid, sometimes I like to have conversations with dream characters, ask them what they represent, if they are a product of my imagination, if they can tell me something important, etc., regardless of what I believe what dream characters are. Sometimes I get curious conversations.

On one of those dreams, I'm walking down the street when all of a sudden I feel like I'm dreaming. I'm lucid. I put myself in a meditation pose and I let the dream guide me. I'm flying down the street

where I see some people selling clothes. I stop in front of a salesman. He's a middle-aged white man that starts to transform into a black young man. Here's my conversation:

Me - "Do you have something important for me to know?"

Man - "1986. Earthquake."

Me - "1986? Why?"

Man - "Because then you had 80 years-old."

Me - "Is that my past life?"

Man - "Yes."

Me - "Who was I before?"

Man - "King Charles."

Me - "And where was that?"

Man - "Africa. 1920."

I greet him and the dream fades away with me trying not to forget that talk.

In waking reality, I went to the internet to see if that checks with any existing information. I found some similarities of what that man said. I found that there was a Charles Dunbar Burgess King (Man - "King Charles."), he was president of Liberia starting 1920 (Man - "Africa. 1920."). He died in 1961, age 86 (Man - "1986..."). And the picture I saw online kind of looks like him in the dream.

And, strangely enough, it has some similarities with some people of my family. I'm a Caucasian man from Portugal but I was born in Angola and I have some black people in my family on my mother's side. But he was not family because I asked my grandmother. I'm certain I did not know this president or his history prior to the dream. It may be coincidence but it's curious how a lot of information fits in.

Alex Belanger Reverse Skydiving

I'm standing with some other people near the edge of a deep canyon overlooking a vast desert landscape. I notice the others around me appear to be lifeless automatons with the exception of a solitary dragon standing amidst the others. The dragon has a humanoid torso, arms, and legs but also red draconoid wings, head, and scales. Unfortunately, I don't have any friends who look like that in the waking world, so this makes me realize I am dreaming.



It is a curious thing to experience the distinction between you in the dream and you the dreamer. Oftentimes those two perspectives get muddled into one. However, this time around I am aware of myself as the dreamer but do not have an image of myself within the dream. Then I decide to commandeer one of the bodies of the people idly standing about. After assuming control of the puppet body, I then jump off the cliff.

I can feel the wind on my cheeks as I am thrown into an exhilarating and ecstatic descent downward and then the falling starts to feel more like flying. Of course I have no fear of going splat because I am aware that this is a dream. Before I hit the ground, the dragon flies off the cliff and swoops down to catch me. He then carries me back up to the top of the cliff. More than a little peeved at him for ruining my 'no parachute sky diving experiment,' I turn to the dragon and say, "Hey man, don't you know this is just a dream? It doesn't matter what I do here. Why did you even bother saving me?" To which the dragon replies, "You are wrong. Every action has an impact." The dream ends here.

I groggily record the dream in my journal and drift back to sleep. The next day I reflect on the dream and wonder why the dragon bothered to interrupt me. Initially I did not find his answer very satisfying. I believe the dragon wanted to convey that all actions have both intended and unintended consequences. Every action has a reaction, as said in Newton's third law...or maybe it was his second law? I sure hope my 6th grade science teacher isn't an avid reader of lucid dreaming publications, but in case he is, I'm sorry Mr. Kelly! Anyway, I took this to mean that nothing happens in a vacuum. In this case, the literal impact of my

actions would have been the body being crushed against the canyon floor. But perhaps this dream was inviting me to consider the broader ripples of impact that any and all actions might generate, both in the waking world and the dream world.

Maria Isabel Pita Ave Maria

(Mario and Lourdes are my brother and sister. They don't remember any dreams from that night.)

I become aware of being in a shadowy hotel room with Mario. This is a dream! We're dreaming together, and we both know it. Then we hear someone at the door, and immediately recognizing Lourdes when I open it a crack, I let her in happily. In the dream we look like children, ten, eleven and twelve years old respectively, or thereabouts. "We're all dreaming together!" I declare. "Our first lucid dream together!" as I hug them close into a sort of football huddle. "Look at each others eyes," I instruct, glancing back and forth between their shining eyes, so as not to wake up by letting my dream vision linger too long on any one thing, as I tell them to do the same.

As we pull apart, I say, "Let's go outside, through the window!" and promptly dive into it, passing slowly but seamlessly outside as if through insubstantial water. The first thing I notice is the perfect temperature of the air, gently warm, just right. My siblings successfully make it outside behind me, and floating in the sky several stories above the ground, I hear a quiet music that seems to be coming through an open window of the building we just flew out of, a voice singing the hymn, Ave Maria, softly filling the dream space. It is so wonderful, and I know, without asking, that Mario and Lourdes can hear it too.



Then, for some reason, I sense Papi's invisible presence somewhere close in the blue sky directly above me. Then I feel my pony tail being gently pulled straight up into the air, and when it happens again, and maybe a third time, I say, "I think that's Papi pulling my hair!" and I'm certain he's here with us, watching us in our dream. All this time a powerful wind has been blowing in one direction, straight toward us, and as we fly into it now, I cry, "Feel this wind! The wind of the Holy Spirit!" A purely forceful glorious dream wind!

I become fully aware then of white flowers everywhere, in the sky, on the ground, above and below us and level with us, white flowers like I have never seen in waking reality, glorious, luminous, radiant white flowers, every single one seemingly composed of countless varieties of other smaller white flowers making up this one extraordinary blossom filling the dream space. "Let's go higher!" I urge, doing so slowly. I turn in the sky and fly to one side of, and beyond, the building we came from. Passing gently, in no rush whatsoever, between branches of these magnificent flowers, my eyes fixed on a golden-brown horizon I can't quite make out, I think—What a gift we have been given, being able to lucid dream like this now. I know this gift is filled with a promise only just budding in the human soul, and it is also a consolation, a balm for the materialistic pains our souls must endure in the modern waking world. Difficult to put into words now, but in the dream, I was filled with gratitude for this Divine gift of lucidity being awakened in us by heavenly powers.

When we come upon a great patch of the sublime white flowers floating before us as if growing in the sky itself, I promptly fling myself on them like a kid falling flat on her back to make a snow angel. The flowers give beneath me with exquisite comfort, gently rising and falling like the most sublime mattress imaginable. "Come on!" I urge Lourdes, who, wearing a black coat of sorts, is hovering at the edge of the flower bed, studying it suspiciously. She says, "It's not my style," and remains where she is.

At this point, the flower bed begins moving, very gradually turning in the sky, and tilting upward. "It's like a ride!" I cry, and Mario jumps onto the edge of the bed, catching what now resembles a huge golden-bronze inflatable raft, its gently rounded edge giving it the air of a rocket ship preparing to launch into a light-brown void cutting off the blue sky of the dream space. There is a pause, and then we take

off, entering a dark tunnel swirling with faint silver lights. "Mario, are you still there?" I cry, and am very pleased to hear him reply, "Yes." I tell him, thinking out loud, "This could be the passage back to waking up, or not. We'll see." A few moments later, I become aware of colorful visuals, including a little boy in a red and black striped shirt and other people in some room, but it flows by very quickly. Then I look over my left shoulder, and see the hotel room the dream began in. "I can see the hotel room," I tell Mario, and step into it again. A second later, Mario walks out of what I take to be the bathroom in the hotel room. We made it back here together!

"Okay!" I walk up to him. "I'm going to wake up now. Let's quickly go over it all – hotel room, Lourdes, flying outside, flower ride, etc." He nods, and as we turn away from each other, I add, "Call me here in this hotel room!" but then realize he won't have the phone number. "No, I'll call you!" But neither one is a good idea, really, and probably won't happen. I slowly wake.

Albert Lauer

Lucid Dreaming – Attention Going Haywire

I was happily dreaming lucid when I noticed a text on a box from something like a music record. I remembered then that other lucid dreamers use text as a reality check, because in dreaming text is not stable as in every day life. Text changes whenever the dreamer looks back at it and I have seen this many times.

The text on the box in my hand was not meaningful at all. It looked like an address of a website. I looked away and back to see if the text had changed and indeed it had. The new text was meaningless, also. In the hope that a meaningful phrase would appear, I looked back and fro several times, but it didn't become meaningful.

The text was now not even trying to appear as fitting to the context. The letters were still very distinct in a professional font, neatly with a capital in front. I liked the game anyway, still hoping something meaningful would appear. Then I realized that I would not have to look back and fro. The text was quite willing to change without that routine, so I just continued to stare, allowing it to change.

Soon after, the text was flipping at high speed. Initially I had been able to see the meaningless letter

combinations, but that had now ended in a blur of spinning text. While the text was flipping that quickly, suddenly the image of the package began to dissolve and my attention became fully overflowed with a cascade of changing short sentences, leaving no room for perception of any surroundings. That lasted only a few seconds before I sensed that I began to wake up out of it, probably by a protective mechanism that sometimes wakes us up from dreams. The cascade had not bothered me and I had been able to keep my attention steady nonetheless. I had still been curious even when my attention seemed completely overtaken.

One of the first things Don Juan de Matus, the teacher of Carlos Castaneda in the Toltec tradition, advised a lucid dreamer is to only glance at objects, looking around rather than fixing a stare. He says that otherwise the dream attention will get lost in detail. Once, when I had fallen asleep while maintaining lucidity, I needed the technique to stabilize my dream attention. Then it was functional for me and the quickly glancing around the environment helped to stabilize my attention. But I had almost forgotten about this advice, as I never needed it.

Norman Clark

There's Something I Need to Learn...

I'm sitting in a well lit airport departure lounge... this is a huge dream sign for me so I instantly know I'm dreaming and levitate a little to confirm it. I look around and there's quite a crowd gathering. There is nobody I know or recognise in the crowd. I'm hyper lucid at this stage. The crowd seem very friendly and fascinated by me, as though they really want to make contact.

Looking closely, I see that many of them are slightly malformed and feel a huge wave of compassion for them. I sit down as they gather around me and decide to ask them individually what they represent. Their replies leave me generally underwhelmed so I decide to show off the fact that I can fly (for example, one character told me he represented the 'spirit of perennial plants'). I head off, superman style, in the direction of a large window. As I approach, I recall that while I have flown through most things in my dreams, I've never tackled a window! Of course, I get stuck half way through and have quite a struggle 'intending' my way out of the 'sticky toffee' glass.

Suddenly, I'm outside standing on the tarmac and I remembered the dream task I was currently incubating. "Show me something new I need to learn at the moment", I asked the Dream Master. Immediately, a map of what seems like Australia appears in the sky and I say "fine", lets go there. I set off superman style quickly gaining altitude. Just in front of me, a black dot appears in the sky and it's growing quickly.

Looking closely, I can that it's a moving spiral (counter clockwise) of sparkling gold and silver forms... (almost like Christmas decorations). The volume of the spiral builds rapidly and I find myself being sucked into the epicentre – hands first! I feel a very pleasant electrical impulse move through my body in bed and the moment I'm fully engulfed, I wake up. I still have the wonderful feeling of the spiral turning in my forehead. Eventually, I fall asleep again and wake up in the morning with the continuing sense of the spiral. I spent the day that followed totally spaced out and completely taken by the 'energy' of the spiral. The feeling slowly diminished over the course of a week.

While I've never really understood the 'new thing I



had to learn' from this, I knew intuitively that I'd experienced a very real healing at a deep non-physical level. I've still got my gammy knees but, somehow, I've been an all together different person since this dream. Not a day passes when I don't feel an enormous sense of gratitude.

Virginia S. Castle in the Lake

In my dream, I was traveling with my boyfriend Anthony. At a rest stop, we went into a section of the rest stop that sold a lot of produce. I joined Anthony at the checkout counter, where the clerk was telling him that corn was '...' (some word I've never heard) and would therefore cost more. My boyfriend began to berate me for telling him the wrong price, which I denied. I realized his anger was strange, and this was a dream.

The dream seemed unstable at first. I left the rest stop building, and then felt safe enough to declare, "I'm dreaming!" I grabbed the nearest thing I could find, a small piece of wood in the shape of a block. I turned it in my hand as I gazed upon it, telling myself this was a dream, a construct of my mind. I looked up and yelled, "increase lucidity!" which stabilized the dream.

A hawk flew high above me, holding a long-necked crane in its beak. I decide to fly. I thought of how people who don't believe they can fly in their lucid dreams fall, and felt a second of self-doubt. I immediately fell toward a forest, and it felt incredibly real! Swooping back up, I laughed at the joy of it.

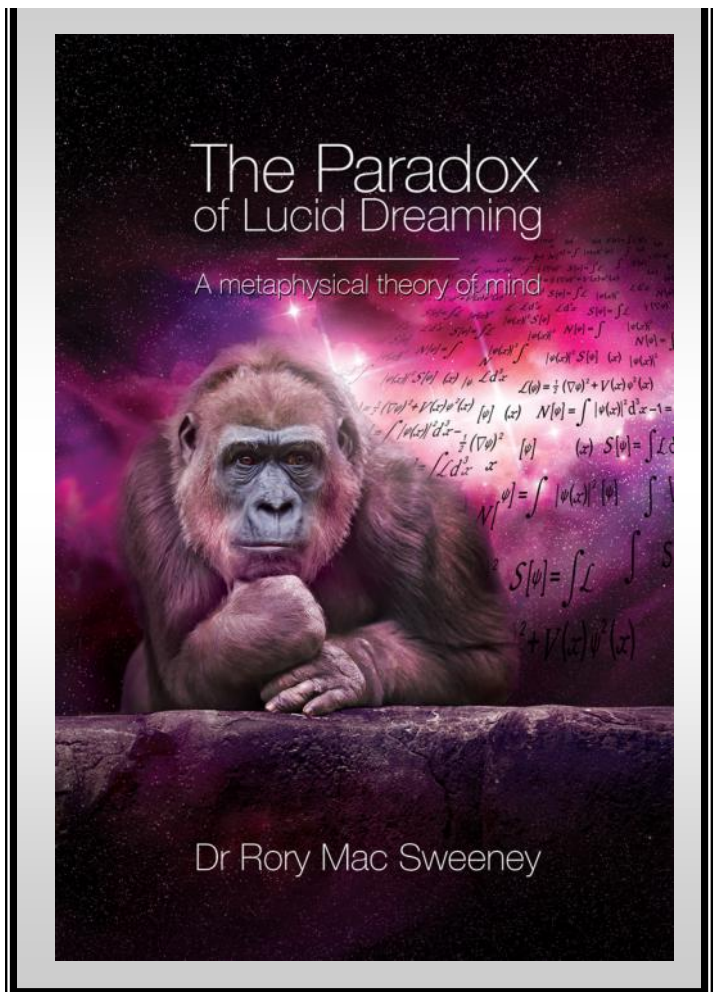
I was over a large lake and hilly forests, it resembled Germany. A squat, gray castle sat on the lake like an island. I landed by the front entrance. I suddenly had two thick rectangles of cream paper that had words and a symbol on the bottom. I reproduce the symbols here.

As I watched, the text and the symbols on each piece of paper changed. Suddenly the strips of paper became a spiral bound book. It was full of text, including quotes, and I was fascinated by these writings. Most seemed to make sense. I asked the book, "How's Grandma?" (who passed). A few times, the book changed text and a

sentence that answered my question would stand out, whereas the rest was disjointed. One line was 'she passed, due to illness' and others were along the lines of 'she's gone, she died.' Not what I had hoped for. I gave up, and decided to fly again.



Over the large lake, I gazed at hundreds of fluffy round trees in brilliant reds, oranges, and yellows surrounding the edge of the water. I truly appreciated the beauty of this dreamworld scenery. I tried to capture this with a drawing on my iPad (*see image*). Soaring, I shouted, "Help me have more lucid dreams!" I then awoke naturally.



KEYNOTE SPEAKERS

Antti Revonsuo:
Towards a Unified Science of Dreaming & Consciousness



Hubert Hermans:
The Dream as a Meaningful Experience in a Developing Dialogical Self



Anne Baring:
Visionary Dreams and the Great Challenge of Our Times



Frank Bosman:
Playing the Dream: On Dream and Narrative in Modern-day Digital Games



INVITED PRESENTERS

Keith Hearne:
Obtaining Messages from the 'Unconscious'



Martin Dresler:
Cognitive Neuroscience of Lucid Dreaming



Jan Taal:
The Three Stages of Imagery (De Drie Stadia Van Imaginatie)



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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
IN
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JUNE
SEPTEMBER
DECEMBER
◇
ONLINE & PRINT
VERSIONS

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independent quarterly publication dedicated to educating and inspiring lucid dreamers everywhere.

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Lucid Dreaming

Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<http://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

<http://lucidbeing.com>

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com and

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita

www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey.

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

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

Jayne Gackenbach - Past editor of Lucidity Letter

www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation

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

Awe of Awareness

www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti

www.lucidscheming.com