



# LDE

# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

Vol. 11, No. 4, March 2023

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Lucid Being and the Healing Matrix:  
A Workshop

Follow Your Dreams

Spontaneous Lucidity and the  
Depth of Self-Awareness

The Gift — Transforming the Dream

DreamSpeak Interview with a Blind Lucid Dreamer

Taking Our Lucidity to the Next Level

Raisin Toast and Crossing  
the Dreaming Bridge


Opening the Veil of My Dream

Dying and Awakening — The  
Power of our Love





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*Threading into the Universal Dream* © Ian Wilson  
To learn more about Ian Wilson and his work, follow him on Twitter: <https://twitter.com/YouAreDreaming>

## Statement of Purpose

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

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## Submissions

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

## Subscriptions

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## Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: May 15, 2023  
*We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming!*  
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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2023

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH JONNA HEYNKE

Blind since  
birth,  
Jonna Heynke  
shares how  
she began  
lucid  
dreaming  
and explored  
the state of  
lucid  
dreaming

*Jonna, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life? How were your dreams similar to your friends who have visual sight? How were your dreams different?*

I have been blind my whole life but can see if the lights are on, the sun is shining or, if it's dark enough, when a candle is burning. I cannot recognize any colors or see shadows.

Tasting and smelling are rare but more common in lucid dreams. During sleep and wakefulness, my senses are working very similarly in both states.

For example, answering your questions could be [like being in] a dream: I am sitting in my comfortable chair, typing on the keyboard on my knees. [I sense] the calming, yellow LED-light is on. There is a bottle of cold Coca-Cola and some chips on the table. I smell my perfume and the chicken soup my husband made earlier today. Our cat is meowing in the hall.

Like my seeing friends, for example, I enjoy things, am afraid, have lots of fun, or flee something or someone in my dreams.

*When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?*

It was about nine months ago, when I learned about lucid dreaming.

I was wondering on a Facebook group what is going on with me. I had experienced some very crazy things at night. It felt like all my experiences—flying for example—had really happened... although, of course, that was impossible.

I thought maybe I had too much stress or something and this caused these unusual experiences. One group member told me to do some research about lucid dreaming. I searched for information, and as I read about lucid dreams, it felt like I was reading about my own experiences. So, I was not going out of my mind but instead was having my first lucid dreams!

***Can you remember your first lucid dream? What happened?***

It was in January 2022. I was lying in bed next to my husband. Suddenly, my blanket started to move. It felt like it was swelling and moving. “Too much stress,” I thought. Then, for some reason, I raised my hands and found a kind of wooden stick hanging above our bed. It was about as thick as a baguette and easy to hold onto. Now I was even more sure I must be, somehow, out of my mind. However, I took hold of the stick, and suddenly I was flying—first in our bedroom, then in the house. I was afraid but still, somehow, enjoyed that [lucid dream] experience.

***Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while to have consistent lucid dreams each month?***

Like I mentioned, I didn’t know anything about lucid dreams until I heard about them on a Facebook group. Of course, once I found out about them, I wanted to know everything possible about them. During my first lucid dreams, I was like a film director who let the actors do whatever they wanted. Then I found out it would be possible to “be a movie star” myself in my lucid dreams, and to decide what, where, and how the things have to be done.

I found an e-book in Finnish, written by you [Robert Waggoner] and Anna Riihimäki, and read it. I made lots of notes and then actively started practicing to have lucid dreams. Even my first experiment was successful.

In January 2022 I had lucid dreams about 1-2 times per month. Now I have them about twice a week, unless I have a lot of stress.

***What did you like about lucid dreaming?***

First, I was afraid because I didn’t know anything about lucid dreaming. Now I really wait for lucid dreams, not only because they are so real and so fascinating, but because I feel myself more relaxed after having them.

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

As a blind person, I felt surprised that I can do things in lucid dreams like fly, ride a motorbike, spring into a swimming pool... and even breathe under the water.

Flying, whether in our house or in some kind of place or dimension that I don’t really understand, is fascinating! The way “the flying device” comes to me—making me know I am lucid dreaming—is just fantastic.

Since last summer I have been meeting interesting people in my lucid dreams: mostly a small (about 1 meter tall), very cheerful, friendly, laughing woman who talks with a ‘Mickey Mouse’ voice.

I love to talk in my lucid dreams. At first I worried about waking up my husband; the dreams were so real that I was sure I had really talked aloud in my sleep! In the morning, I even apologized to my husband for having disturbed him by talking and moving in the lucid dream. Again and again, he told me I had been sleeping like an oak.

Having that feeling—to be able to do everything possible, including activities like flying, riding a bike, talking, and so on—made me braver in my lucid dreams.

***What techniques were you using to become lucid?***

When going to sleep, I do nothing special. (My husband and I usually stay up quite late.) Before sleep, I may think, *I would love to have some lucid dreams.*

Later at night, early in the morning, or even if having a daytime nap, I concentrate on breathing slowly and on my fingers. For some reason, my lucid dreams start then “on my fingers”... it feels like a small, electrical current is flowing from my fingers to my whole body. Then my body is “rolled” out of the bed. It is very difficult to describe.

***Which techniques did you find most helpful?***

It's difficult to say. It depends on the circumstances, stress, feeling, and the time. For some reason, I have had lucid dreams only in our own bed.

***Can you give a detailed example of a dream in which you become lucid?***

Lucid dreams often start just as I fall asleep. One example: I was lying in the bed and then saw a bright but gentle light, as if someone had got a small flashlight. The light was blinking. It was night and dark so I knew this must be a lucid dream. I raised my hands and found the flying device.

Once I was dreaming normally. I only can remember that I was in a kitchen, and there was a big, howling dog. I love dogs but this one was somehow sick and aggressive. However, I knew a lucid dream would start right away. I raised my hands and found the flying device.

***Inside your lucid dreams, does it normally seem very dark? Or does it seem full of light? Or does that change during the course of the lucid dream?***

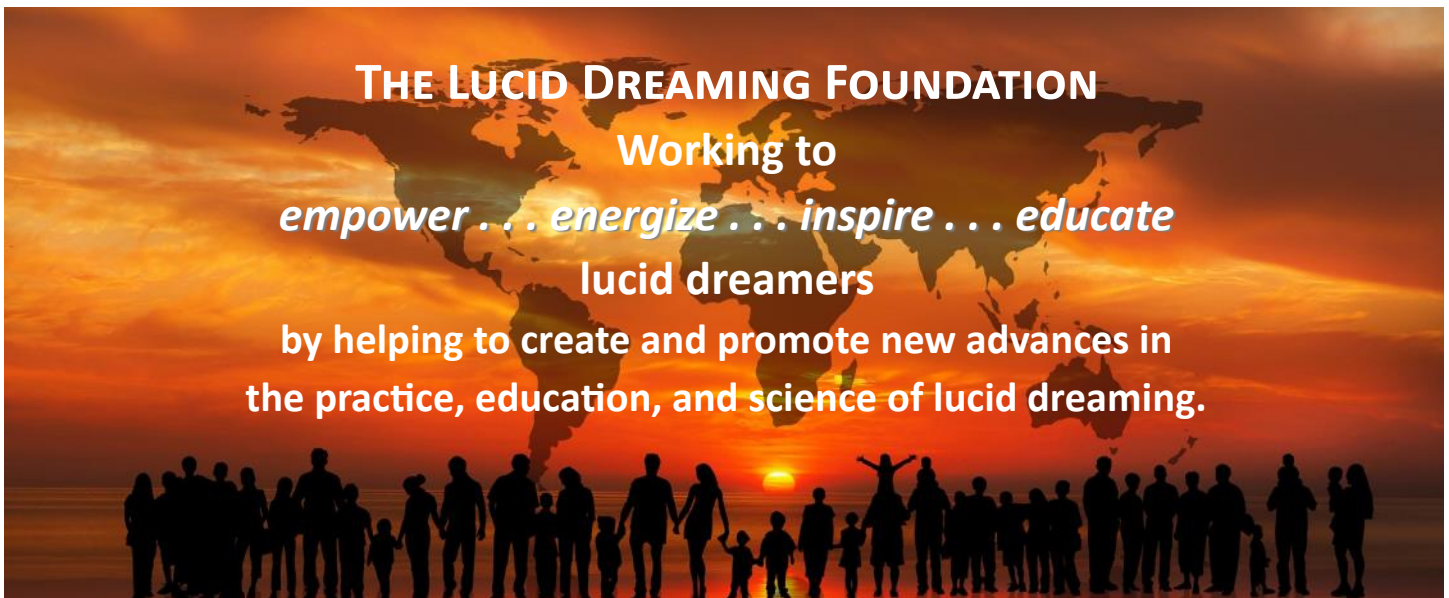
Mostly when I start flying there is a bright light. It looks like sun and feels warm, too. It is, however, a gentle and nice light. Sometimes I see a blinking, gentle light above my bed when the flying device has arrived.

***You mention the dream figure who is small and speaks with a 'Mickey Mouse' voice. Have you ever asked her, "Who are you? Why are you here?"***

Yes, I asked "who are you?" and she told me her name is Aili. Unfortunately I haven't asked her yet where she comes from and why. I will do that as soon as I meet her again. [Editorial note: Aili is a Finnish name said to mean "holy; blessed" or "bright shining light."]

A couple of times I have asked, "Who is driving the flying device?" I received an answer only once: A female voice told me that it wouldn't matter. I then asked where the device is coming from. The answer was, "From the beginning street." [The voice said] 'Alkukadulta' in Finnish [which has that meaning]. Sounds crazy, I know. But that was what she said.

***Do you know when a lucid dream is coming to an end? I ask, because some of us can see or feel the***



**To learn more, visit the [Lucid Dreaming Foundation](http://www.lucid dreaming foundation.org) website!**



***lucid dream get shaky, or simply ‘know’ that the end has come.***

A very interesting question. Mostly I don't know when they will come to an end. Of course, I hope the dream will last long and do my best to become more lucid. The exception is when I am very tired for some reason.

The dream mostly ends without any kind of sign or forewarning. No matter what I do or don't do, either I wake up or the dream goes on like a normal one.

Sometimes the dream lasts so long that I just get tired of working as a movie director and try to sleep “normally” further. For some reason, then I become even more lucid, as if my brain would love to rebel against me!

In summary, I have found in the evening: When I'm not very tired and would like to become lucid, it doesn't happen. However, if I'm tired, I get lucid in my dreams more often, and lucid dreams last longer. Later at night or early in the morning or having an afternoon nap: I become lucid easier, but the dreams are shorter.

***Have you ever had a ‘false awakening’?***

Yes, this happened a couple of times, when having my first lucid dreams. I forced myself to wake up, because I was sure I was more or less out of my mind. I woke up... but then suddenly noticed, nothing makes sense. Now I know that was a false awakening. Lately, false awakenings are very seldom.

***You mention that sometimes a device appears above you in a lucid dream, which allows you to fly. When did this first occur in your lucid dreams? And how did you feel about having this device?***

That device is in almost all of my lucid dreams. When becoming lucid, I automatically raise my hands and find the device. At the beginning—January 2022—it was a wooden stick, as thick as a baguette. Today the stick can be anything possible: made of metal or gum, covered with hair or velvet, and sometimes having some grips or rings to hold on.

I'm a big, heavy lady who can't be lifted from the bed *with a small stick!* I try to tell myself that in lucid dreams, my weight doesn't matter. As soon as I am out of the bed in my lucid dreams, mostly I fly successfully.

Sometimes the stick has buttons which I push, hoping they could turn the gravity off. The biggest problem with the device is that I don't trust it: I'm sure I'm too heavy and, although having a lucid dream, the gravity is stronger. I now try to find some additional techniques to be able to fly.

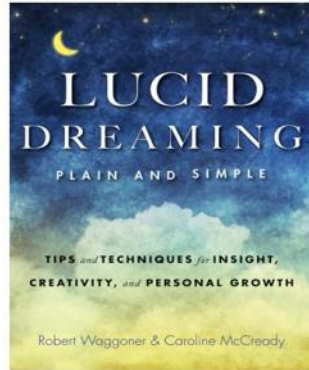
***Thank you, Jonna, for giving us insight into your personal lucid dream experience! ▲***



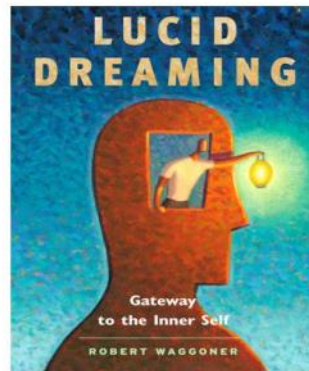


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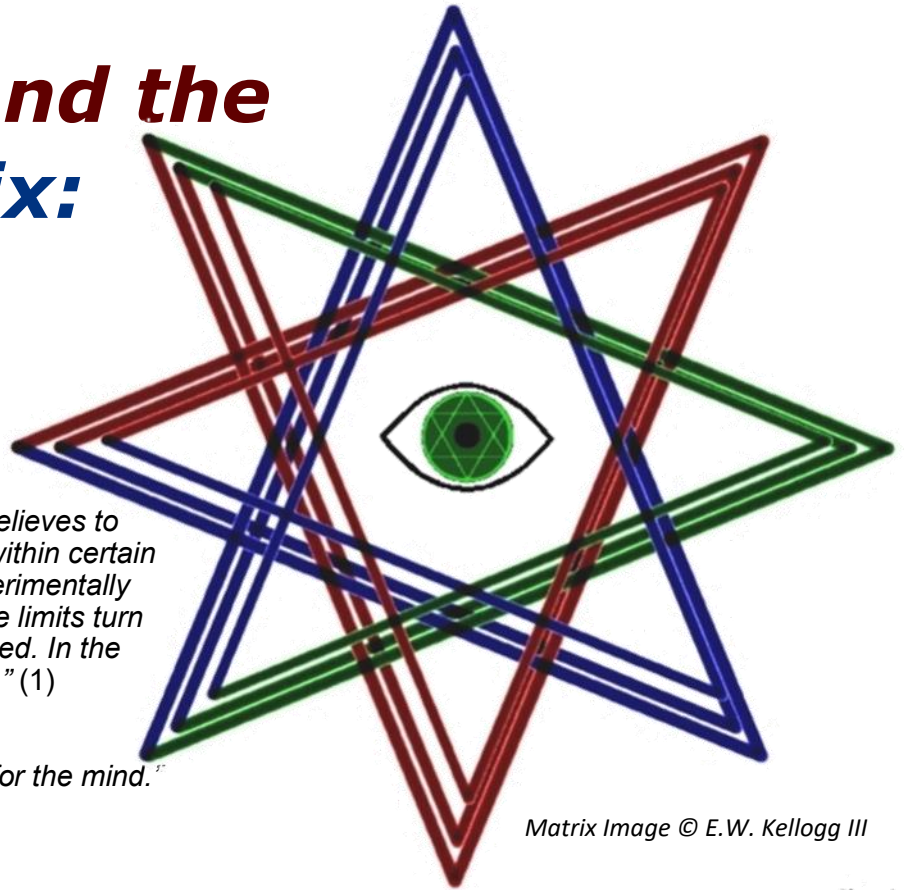


# **Lucid Being and the Healing Matrix: A Workshop**

by Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. © 2022

*"In the province of the mind what one believes to be true, either is true or becomes true within certain limits. These limits are to be found experimentally and experientially. When so found these limits turn out to be further beliefs to be transcended. In the province of the mind there are no limits." (1)*  
**Dr. John Lilly (1915–2001 CE)**

*"There is no illness of the body except for the mind."*  
**Socrates (~470–399 BC)**



Matrix Image © E.W. Kellogg III

## **Introduction**

With respect to our potential for healing, cutting edge scientific research and validated medical case histories of "spontaneous/miraculous" healings have shown that we have the potential ability to heal from almost anything, IF we give our bodies what they need to heal, and IF we stop doing what makes them sick. And for decades, research has repeatedly demonstrated that our minds can, and do, have profound effects on our bodies, for good and for ill. Health and healing depend on our lucidly understanding and applying these factors.

Unfortunately, we live in a profit-driven technological society in which round-the-clock advertising promotes vulnerability to disease, and not the good health practices that would prevent most diseases in the first place. And just as people can get infected with viruses—both good and bad—and then spread them, so also do people get infected with ideas—both good and bad, and spread them as well. But ideas can have a far greater impact than viruses. Most viruses generally only have an effect on people for a week or two—and in very rare instances, for years. In contrast, while ideas can also have a powerful effect on our health and well-being even in the short term, the effects of ideas on our lives in a wide spectrum of instances can and do last for generations, and even millennia.

However, just as a habitual pattern of negative mental attitudes and behaviors can create disease, so can a constellation of positive mental attitudes and habits—a "Healing Matrix"—promote health. This workshop will teach methods and meditations for empowering and healing ourselves through developing lucid waking and lucid dreaming skills, and will focus on how we can apply these skills to create our **own personal Healing Matrix**, both when mindfully awake, and while lucidly dreaming.

## **Prologue**

In 2004 I had a very long lucid dream [\(2\)](#) in which I tried various means to access "The Matrix," an underlying information code that in theory we learn to habitually interpret in terms of sight, sound, smell, taste, touch, etc.

and experience as a sensory universe, the so-called “Real World.” A process analogous to what computers do when they translate streams of binary code information into animated audiovisual displays on our computer screens. (3)

Towards the end of the dream, I took a simpler approach to breaking through, and chanted “**See the Matrix!**” again and again, keeping my intent focused and aligned:

### 5/04/04, (Fully Lucid)

*“ . . . The dream scene begins to fade to gray again, but I stay in the dream by focusing on the kinesthetic sensation of an object I hold in my hand. My vision clears, and now I see myself in what looks like a small-town movie set, false front houses, pastel colors, a simpler less detailed simulation . . . Across the street I see a large star sign on a white background. It looks strange, chaotic, hard to resolve or focus on. The star has eight, or perhaps ten points. The octagonal(?) star has multiple lines, three or more, slightly offset, and in different colors for different sections, dark green, dark blue, dark red, perhaps some brown.”*

This **Matrix Star** made a deep impression on me, and even now when I mindfully look at the graphic I created, I get a weird unsettled feeling, as if I see something that does not properly belong to either the waking or the dreaming worlds. In the lucid dream, I felt it symbolized the matrix code as a whole—but that it also belonged to a different order of existence than anything else in the dreamscape.

Afterwards, though I felt that at least I’d partially succeeded in my task of peeking into an underlying non-sensory reality, this Matrix Star remained a cipher, an iconic example for me of what Fariba Bogzaran calls “Lucid Art,” (4), which as I understand it, means *Art that evokes an Awakening of an Aspect of the Inner Worlds, not just representing, but somehow revealing the Reality underlying the Illusion.*

Unexpectedly, the story did not stop there. Sixteen years later, during the First **Many Worlds of Lucid Dreaming** Conference in 2020, 5 days before my “[Beyond the Matrix](#)” workshop (5) began, the **Matrix Star** made a spectacular re-appearance—in my bedroom!

### 11/3/20 (Fully Lucid)

[Lying in bed asleep, after experimenting with  $\pi$  (3/9) breathing, coordinated with my **LWDLB/TOL** sensing exercise, fully lucid, but remotely aware of body lying in bed.]

*“I see a large square white screen (about 8 X 8 ft.) at the foot of my bed) before me, with my Matrix Code graphic on it at about 6 X 6 ft. size. Bright vivid colors—not static, but instead **vibrating chaotically** as it did when I saw it in a lucid dream years ago. It seems to act as a kind of drill, vibrating through the white screen background. It breaks through, and disappears—but it has opened a pinpoint hole in the center—a portal through which comes a flow of super-bright white particles that swirl rapidly clockwise around the center expanding rapidly in a golden spiral shape . . . the screen disappears, leaving only gray background.”*

To give you an idea of what the clockwise flow of super-bright white particles looked like, the graphic below [see page 9] shows the golden spiral shape they followed as they emerged just before the **Matrix Star** disappeared . . .

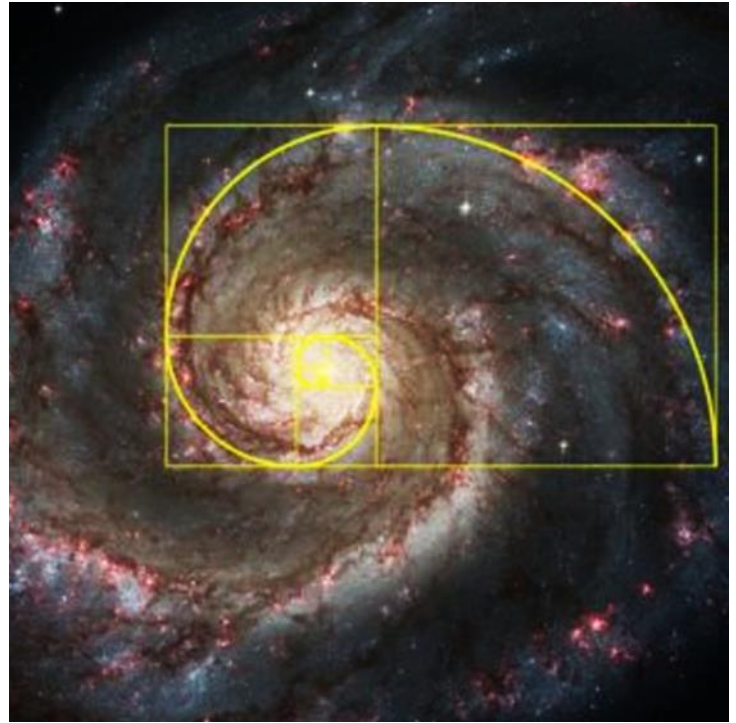
I estimate the whole sequence lasted only 10 seconds or so, my body lying in bed asleep, but my mind fully lucid knowing that I slept and that I looked at the room through non-physical eyes, experiencing something like hypnagogia on steroids. I awoke with my head buzzing, feeling I’d downloaded a huge amount of pure information, so much that I felt impelled and energized to process it. I immediately got to work, setting up and doing an extra workshop on a separate thread before my scheduled workshop began, as my mind literally “made sense” of what had happened and now understood in much greater depth how the Matrix Star correlated with other information and lucid dreams I’ve had in my life.

For days afterwards, I felt/perceived the dynamic presence of this Matrix Star around me—and as a part of



me—as I went about my daily life. And the space where I saw it materialize and dematerialize in my bedroom had a strange feel for weeks. This experience became the inspiration for the Healing Matrix Meditations that I will share later on in the workshop.

I realized immediately that this tied in with a major lucid lifepath dream on “*The Human Matrix*” I’d had two months earlier, and that together both dreams greatly expanded my understanding of my first defining lifepath dream, “*The Eye in the Ouroboros*,” that I’d had decades earlier. (6) Within a few days I created a number of diagrams, including a *Consciousness Matrix* diagram, and shared these on my **MWLD 2020 “Human Matrix”** thread. I suspected and later confirmed that this diagram resonated with the *Eight Bhavas of Buddhi*, as described in Chapple’s book *Yoga and the Luminous* on the *Yoga Sutras*. (7)



I also knew that the *Yoga Sutras* had much more to tell me. This workshop will describe a major result of this download, *The Healing Matrix*, and share empowerment meditations that I’ve found useful for developing and enhancing lucidity in both my waking and dreaming lives. ( . . . )

**[Workshop presentation continues in these sections:**

**The Healing Matrix and Patanjali’s *Yoga Sutras***  
**So, What Can We Do?**  
**The Sovereign Remedy**  
**The Power of Priming and the Mind-Body Effect**  
**The Mansion of the Mind**  
**The Workshop**  
**References, Resources, and Notes**  
**Appendix A: “Healing Matrix Meditations—Instructions and Healing Memories Archive”**  
**Appendix B: “Positive Priming & Mind-Body Resources”]**

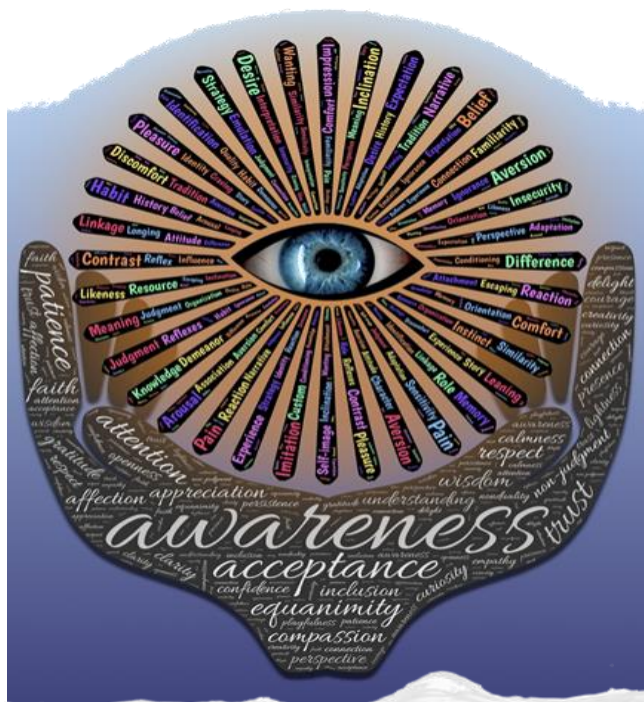
**Links to the Complete Workshop Presentation and “How-To” Appendices:**

1. “Lucid Being and the Healing Matrix: A Workshop,” (Main Presentation), [https://www.academia.edu/94650375/Lucid\\_Being\\_and\\_the\\_Healing\\_Matrix\\_A\\_Workshop](https://www.academia.edu/94650375/Lucid_Being_and_the_Healing_Matrix_A_Workshop)
2. **Appendix A:** “Healing Matrix Meditations – Instructions and Healing Memories Archive,” [https://www.academia.edu/94532604/Healing\\_Matrix\\_Meditations\\_Instructions\\_and\\_Healing\\_Memories\\_Archive](https://www.academia.edu/94532604/Healing_Matrix_Meditations_Instructions_and_Healing_Memories_Archive)
3. **Appendix B:** “Positive Priming & Mind-Body Resources,” [https://www.academia.edu/94562852/Positive\\_Priming\\_Archive\\_and\\_Mind\\_Body\\_Healing\\_Resources](https://www.academia.edu/94562852/Positive_Priming_Archive_and_Mind_Body_Healing_Resources)

**Activities:**

First, create a “Healing Memories Archive” (**WPR** and **DR**) by filling out the forms beginning on **page 8** in **Appendix A** to set-up the *Healing Matrix Meditations*. Second, beginning on **page 2** in **Appendix B**, create your own “Positive Priming Archive.” Finally, on **page 8** in **Part 2**, check out the “*Mind-Body Resources*” section and its 6 pages of references, many with links to source materials, including a number of entertaining and interesting videos. ▲

# Spontaneous Lucidity and the Depth of Self-Awareness



By David L. Kahn © 2023

In his book, *The Wisdom of Your Dreams*<sup>1</sup>, Jeremy Taylor suggests that the definition of lucidity should go beyond the awareness that one is dreaming and include other factors that may lead to larger breakthroughs while awake. In his words, “I believe the definition of ‘lucid dreaming’ might well be expanded to focus on the behavior and self-awareness of the dreamer, or ‘dream ego’ in the dream.”

To demonstrate this idea, I can be fully aware that I am awake in the world right now, but still be quite unconscious of many things that haven’t yet risen to the surface. Let’s say that I work in an environment that isn’t good for my state of mind and long-term emotional health, but I haven’t yet accepted personal responsibility to change the situation. My ego is still placing blame on my boss or co-workers, the poor job market, and my reliance on the company for health insurance.

Over time, however, I begin to realize that nothing is going to change until I do, and I slowly come to understand that the real obstacle has been my lack of belief in myself, and that I deserve to be happy. In a typical day I have been just as aware of being awake at both ends of the spectrum, but clearly, I later evolved to become more self-aware. In this same way, I can be quite lucid within a dream and still have varying degrees of self-awareness. Bringing this concept into the dreaming world, the following example contrasts my levels of ego consciousness versus self-awareness within a lucid dream.

*I want to make other people appear. I snap my fingers and a man appears. I never see his face, but I know him. I decide to make a woman also appear and I snap my fingers again. I turn around and there is a woman in the living room. The woman looks upset about something. The man doesn’t seem as though he wants to be there. I snap my fingers again, but nothing happens. I say, “I don’t have control over this.” But then I think to myself that this is my dream, and I should be able to have control over this. I try again but nothing happens.*

As this dream progressed, I came to the realization that I didn’t have control and I surrendered to the dream, saying, “Show me what I need to see.” The dream then took me on a wild adventure as I let go of my ego’s plan. Not much changed in my awareness of being in a dream, but something in me came to a realization that wasn’t there when I entered the



dream. By including “behavior and self-awareness of the dreamer” into a definition of lucidity, my dream became more lucid as it progressed, and it is reasonable to predict a greater degree of personal breakthrough in some area of my life as a result.

**When one becomes more self-aware of something in their waking life, could that be a predictor of spontaneous lucid dreams? Could it predict more profound lucid dream experiences?**

Jeremy Taylor says of this, “Spontaneous dream lucidity (as opposed to lucidly achieved through intentional incubation exercises and meditative techniques) is most often a symbolic reflection of an increasing clarity and depth in the dreamer’s waking perceptions, attitudes, and conscious understanding.” And further, “since I have come to a clearer understanding of my true circumstances in the waking world, this new waking clarity is then symbolically reflected in the dream world by coming to a clearer and more accurate understanding of my true circumstances in the sleeping world—namely, that *I am asleep and dreaming*.”

The following is an example of this type of spontaneous lucidity.

*I am in the air sitting on a blanket, which is what I believe is keeping me afloat. I must be at least 100 feet off the ground over an open area with trees and some small hills. I am a little apprehensive that if I lean backwards, I might fall. I begin to question how necessary the blanket is and slowly I let go of it. First, I hang on to the blanket, floating alongside it while grasping it with my right hand. Then I move to where I’m pinching it with a couple of fingers, and then only one finger touching the blanket. Finally, I let go completely and am thrilled to see that I’m still floating. I can fly on my own!*

I had this dream several years ago during a time in which I had a difficult financial decision to make, and I struggled with my uncertainty of what was best. In the days leading up to the dream, I had begun to settle into a choice. The dream provided positive feedback for something that had by then mostly come into my awareness. Lucidity in this dream was spontaneous because of self-awareness, rather than by using an induction technique.

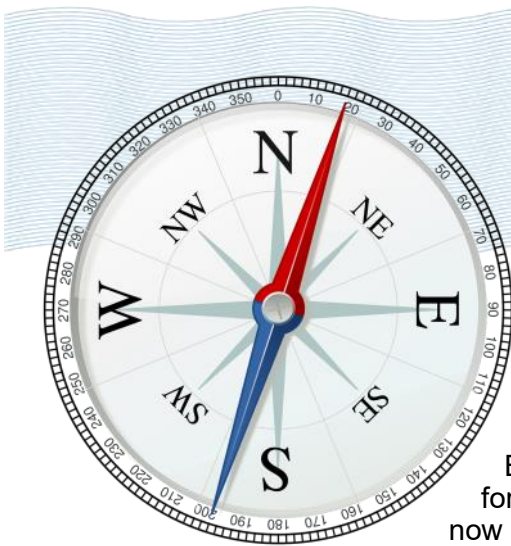
**Is there more ego-consciousness when lucidity is induced through intentional induction exercises than through spontaneous dream lucidity?**

In my experience, I have had equally profound lucid dreams that were intentionally induced as I have through spontaneous lucidity. However, I have also had more induced lucid dreams in which I indeed did arrive with more ego consciousness, as with my first example of trying to control the dream. The difference, I believe, is a result of intentions through the induction process. The Dreaming Consciousness, or whatever name you choose to call it, is aware of our true intentions. If part of my induction includes incubating something that is genuinely good for me and all involved, the result of the dream is likely to be much as it would if the dream came about spontaneously. An example might be that I want to get better at something so that I can teach it to others and share positive experiences. If, however, I bring too much ego into the dream, the Dreaming Consciousness always seems to correct my behavior. In that scenario, I want to get better at something so that I can show off or get ahead of someone else. The Dream Consciousness attempts to steer me straight by providing obstacles that show up in various forms.

To put it another way, you could say that it isn’t so much *how* you become lucid, but *why*.

The connection between states of awareness and how lucid dreams present themselves are an indication of the Dreaming Consciousness being always present. Quoting the wisdom of Jeremy Taylor once again, “The dream reality and the waking reality are so intimately connected as to be *one*, and they coexist as related elements of a single, greater, all-embracing reality.” ▲

<sup>1</sup>Taylor, Jeremy. *The Wisdom of Your Dreams*. New York, NY. Penguin Group (U.S.A.) Inc. 2009



# Follow Your Dreams

By Troy Vrolyk © 2023

We've all heard the popular saying, often used as a motivational phrase: *"Follow your dreams!"* And who better to do that than us lucid dreamers!?

But it seems that, sooner or later, many lucid dreamers run out of ideas for new lucid dreaming goals to pursue. For me, running out of ideas is now impossible, as I've adopted a new direction of going wherever my dreams want me to go.

Sometimes it seems silly, as if there's a long list of knowledge and experiences the dream wants to show you in your lifetime. You can take detours, skip ahead, do anything you want, but eventually the dreams want to show you everything, even those things that you may have felt you passed beyond.

For example, I have been able to go through walls in lucid dreams almost since Day 1, and yet, after my first hundred lucid dreams, I encountered a guide who wanted to show me how to get through a wall by using magic. It seemed like a moot point to me: why go through the intricacies of magic when I could just walk through without thinking? But the guide seemed intent on showing me this new method, so I patiently watched and then followed through on my own.

When coming up with goals, you can probably come up with a million, but they might be quite "expected." The goals we come up with on our own are often "Earthly-made-up," maybe with a dash of what we see in superhero movies. We know that in lucid dreams we can do anything we've always wanted to do, and more—but is there even more beyond what we can conceive?

Here's an example of an "out of the box" goal introduced to me by my dreams. In a non-lucid dream, I saw a dream character jump halfway up a barn, stick himself onto the wall like Spiderman, then continue to travel across the land magically by moving the entire barn—as if that was his personal vehicle. Adopting my new "follow my dreams" attitude, in my next lucid dream, I flew up inside a building, stuck myself onto the wall, and then began traversing across the dreamscape with that building as vehicle.

Defying physics was great, and I was rewarded shortly after with another lesson. In a dream, I heard someone mention a specific technique, which sounded absurd to me. But, with my dreams as my roadmap, in my next lucid dream I asked to be shown how to do that specific technique.

THE RESULT WAS INSANE! It was something I never could have thought up myself. It was something only maybe Dr. Strange or Mr. Spock could have come up with. It was a combination of magic, mind-melding, and transfer—a mix of alternate realms. IT WAS AN AWESOME EXPERIENCE!

Following your dreams does not just apply to the dream state. It can apply in any state; in fact, most of the time dreams seem meant for the physical state, and our well-being.

For example, in one non-lucid dream, my boss and coworker talked to me about Mutual Funds but after proceeding with them, it resulted in a financial loss. Then some months or a year later, in "real life" in the physical, I found myself in that same position: my boss and coworker were advising me to put my money into their Mutual Funds. I remembered my old dream, and even told them about it, and they scoffed. In the end, despite my dream warning, I reluctantly accepted their advice, hoping to strike it rich. The result? I lost \$9,000. OUCH! It was at that point that I made myself the rule... to ALWAYS FOLLOW MY DREAMS!

Dream experiences may not always be rainbows and butterflies. I recently heard another strange-sounding



technique in a non-lucid dream. I was excited, remembering the previous epic experience. When I got lucid, once again I asked a character (who looked like a guide) to show me the specific technique. He glared at me, as if I was not supposed to be shown such a thing. But I insisted, even letting him know that I had just dreamt of it the other night, so it would be okay; I was meant to be shown!

Suddenly, he reached his hand in my direction. As he did so, his eyes went blank and his mouth sealed over. He placed his hand on my forehead, and I instantly seemed to transfer into a strange void bubble. It had somehow rendered me incapacitated, and I started feeling nauseous. I won't get into the details, but let's just say that when I finally got out of that situation, I told the guide, "Well, that was... unpleasant!"

Whether or not my lucid dreaming experiences have been better than my wildest dreams could have imagined, or more dark-mystical or nightmarish, I have treasured them all. Every time I'm shown something new, I'm most grateful, as I could not have come up with even a quarter of the ideas and experiences my dreams have shown me.

I still take detours with my own lofty or playtime goals, but if I've learned anything from my dream practice, it's to *always follow your dreams!* ▲

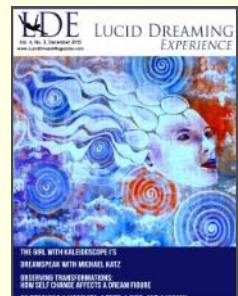
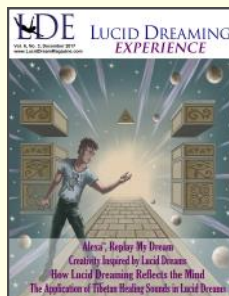
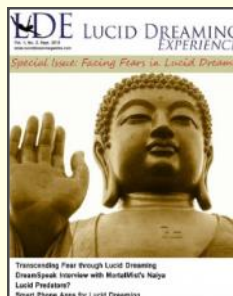
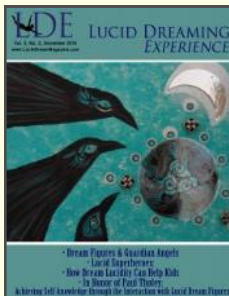


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# *The Gift – Transforming the Dream*

By Lucianna Sky © 2023



As a young girl, I remember waking up from a multitude of dreams with an intense fear coursing through my body. Although my mind was alert with adrenaline, I was stiff and unable to move, my body fully engaged in fight or flight mode while I lay paralyzed between worlds. The only thing I could do was to wait trapped inside an unresponsive body.

So fresh in my memory are those dreadful moments waiting for my mind and body to communicate and act, to wake up and escape the nightmares. It was as if a supernatural presence had taken hold, and its motives were not in alignment with mine.

## **Escape**

Escape played such a large role in the relationship I developed with life during these years. As a child, it is the simplest thing for many of us to do, to create a world of fantasy. This internal landscape is shaped by the perceptions we make about our idea of the world. We build a space to play, experience, to liberate ourselves from the ordinary. This became the place where I found safety, a place where the dreams and the circus of confusion in my psyche could not touch.

## **The Gift**

Until one day as if by magic, insight struck like lightning. An ah-ha moment in my newly engaged young mind. I received a gift. I learned that I could transform the dream. I cannot seem to locate the exact moment in which this transition took place, but what is clear to me is that by design the pieces of our lives fit together once we become aware of where to look, and I had been given the missing puzzle piece, leading me once again to engage with my dream. Suddenly my nightmares swiftly faded into what felt like a distant memory.

## **Initiations and Techniques**

I began to utilize the power I recognized in this new ability I had to brighten my dreams, create with them, and learn from them. The presence of fear had faded and was replaced with a newfound joy and freedom. I could now cultivate the formula to live more abundantly, to be more alive. I was full of curiosity as this new lightness and playfulness began to seep through into my life.

As time progressed, I learned techniques to experience these states more intensely. Most noteworthy, I learned the importance of deep breathing. As I lay in the grass on a hot summer's day I began to merge into a trance, my breath first expanding my lungs, my stomach rising and filling with air. Next, a vibration took over my body; it had a sharp feeling to it, like electricity. I surrendered contact with the physical world around me, as my mind freed itself from its usual place of attention within the world of form. Suddenly I entered space, exploring the vastness of life disconnected from the constraints of time, pregnant with unlimited potential.

These initiations would continue throughout the years. One day I would wake up from a dream where I was lifting objects in my mind in my living room, another after meeting an unlikely dream character who would teach me about the intricacies of the universe.

I began to realize I was unlocking an ability within myself that did not belong to the state of dreaming alone. How I interacted with waking life began to reveal correlations with what I was dreaming. I questioned how I was living, the conditions in which I grew up, and most poignant to point out I began to trust and believe in myself. I didn't know where I was going or where I might end up, but what I did know is that I was—and always have been—an aspect of the creative force that runs through all of life, and a deep sense of purpose began to germinate within me. The preciousness and significance of life were shining its light through me, and I no longer felt an incessant urge to escape, but instead to simply live, to dream.



### Breakthrough

As time moved forward I would have these unexpected moments where a breakthrough in mentality would lead to a shift in the way I was living. I seemed to be in a constant union with the state of change. As I explored my internal world of dreams more deeply my life began to change in dramatic ways. Relationships that once were my world, the place in which I lived most of my life, my job, everything came into question, in the light of focused awareness.

During this breakthrough of transformation, I would see glimmers of what the reality of my life could become. My favorite dreams were the ones in which I would become lucid and fly through the forest. Exploring high and low for as long as I could stay aware. Or when I would give birth to a child, which never failed to signify a major birthing in my daily life. Others in which I would meet people whom I knew I had a meaningful connection with, I would wake up feeling elated at the depth of our conversations, and yet I had never seen them in the “real world.” I began to allow myself to imagine a world of serene connection with the force of life, and opportunities arose. There were times when I would forget the dreams because my life was so colorful, so full of beauty

### Imagination

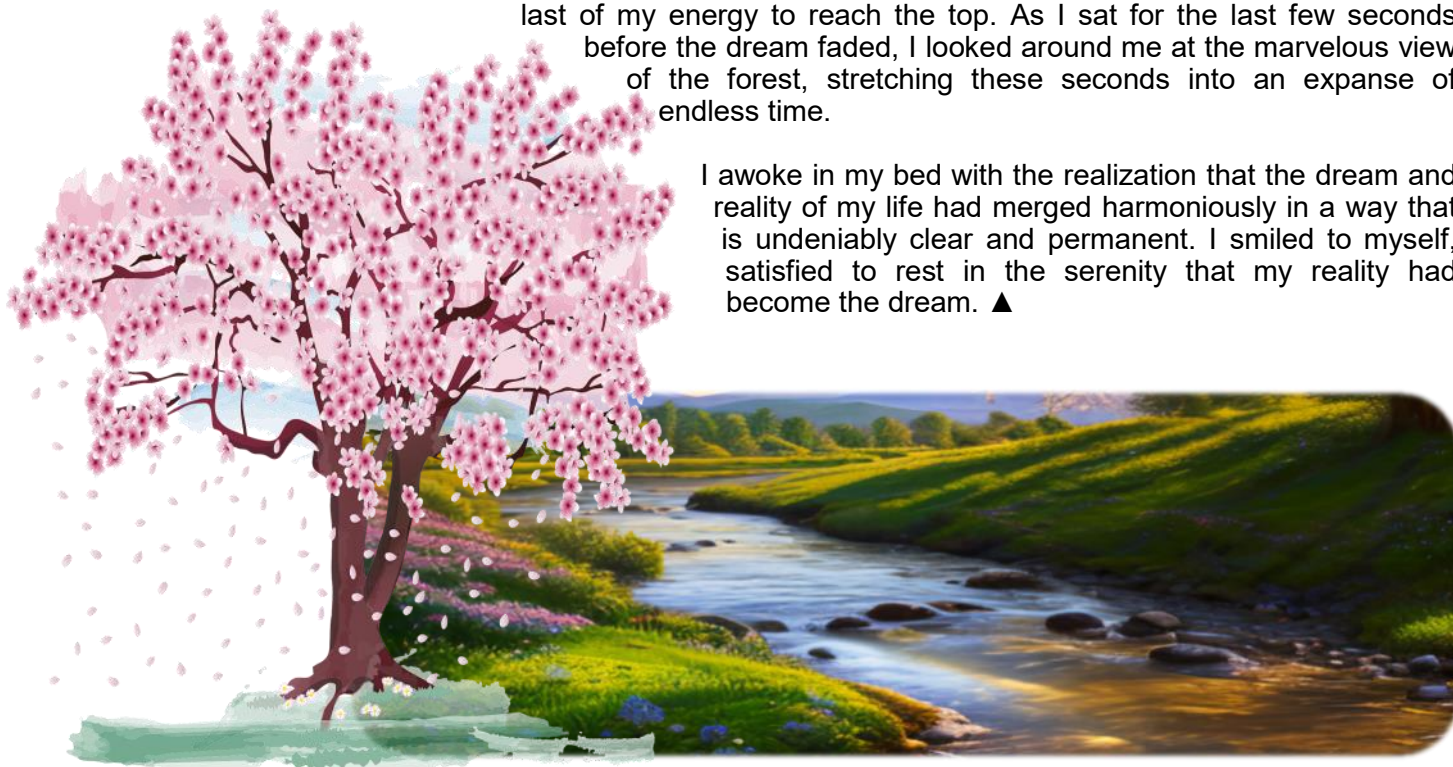
Through the natural cycles / ups and downs of life, inevitably I would find myself in a decline. One day during a particularly taxing time a friend cheerfully walked into my room and asked me if I ever practiced using my imagination. I started to play. In the car on my way to work, I would make up stories in my head, again touching the sweetness of the creativity within my mind. My dreams began speaking more loudly to me during this time. I was once again connecting to the intelligence of life, as things began to reshape and I felt re-enlivened. I eventually moved to a new country and began a life that encapsulated the sense of joy and freedom of the dream.

### Full Circle

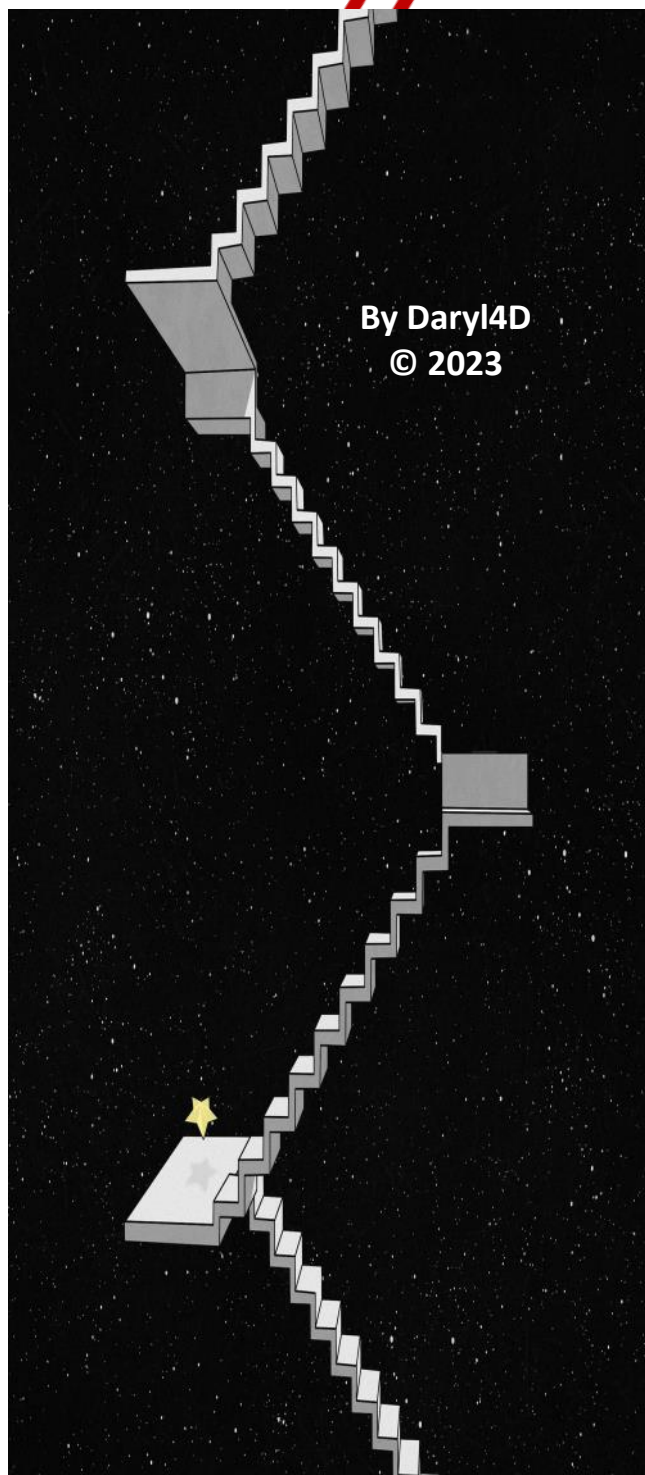
This is the dream that brought everything full circle... As I lay in bed one beautiful evening, I decided, why not go for a walk outside in the sun. I got up and walked down my stairs and out onto the porch. I took a refreshing breath of air and admired the river that ran in front of my house. Another thought whisked into my mind: *I do not have a river in front of my porch.* In an instant, my mind traveled to my room where my sleeping body lay peacefully at rest. I realized I was dreaming, and I was out of my body.

As it was well known to me by now, I knew I only had so long in this alert state of full attention to utilize my time in the dream. The first thing that came to mind at that moment, of course, was to fly. Standing on my porch facing the mountain ranges before me I saw a beautiful blossoming tree. I flew out into the distance and sat on its welcoming branch. I looked up at the next branch just above my head and decided to use the last of my energy to reach the top. As I sat for the last few seconds before the dream faded, I looked around me at the marvelous view of the forest, stretching these seconds into an expanse of endless time.

I awoke in my bed with the realization that the dream and reality of my life had merged harmoniously in a way that is undeniably clear and permanent. I smiled to myself, satisfied to rest in the serenity that my reality had become the dream. ▲



# TAKING OUR LUCIDITY *to the* NEXT LEVEL



**Lucid dreaming today is going through an incredible evolution of consciousness.** Do you feel it? When I began this practice many years ago, lucid dreaming was about flying, sex with celebrities, fun and games, a virtual reality of the mind, etc. (and for some beginners today it still might be). But I'm feeling the pull towards a more conscious evolution of consciousness itself and my recent dreams seem to be pointing me in this direction. My feeling is... everything is about to change and the world will never be the same.

Dreams themselves, among other things, will most times reflect what goes on during our daytime activities. We dream of our life, often in symbolic and emotional terms, working out our issues (this is common knowledge, of course). This is also generally why when we reality test during the day it can carry into our dreams and make us lucid. But in a higher level of practice and understanding, after we've done the emotional work and our focus is on clarity, the dream can open up to so much more and our conscious awareness can become super charged.

Personally, over the years I've had several thousand lucid dreams and although I've learned and grown a lot, lately I've also been having this feeling that there is so much more I could be experiencing, so much more I could be creating. So lately I've been contemplating the idea, "*How do I take my lucidity to the next level?*" This was my (dream) answer...

## **"It Begins"**

Jan 23, 2023, Monday—8:30am to 10:34am, WILD

*I decide to take a morning nap and begin with a meditation. My focus is to clean out all obstacles and blockages. I do progressive relaxation and focus on my breathing as I feel the obstacles dissolve, starting at my feet and moving upwards, but spending more time on my heart and third eye area and, once clear, I lie on my left side and tell myself I'm ready to begin. I look for images under my eyelids and soon start to feel the familiar free flow state that is generally a precursor to entering my dreams. I have a few false starts as I flow out, as I still feel connected to my body, but after a few outings I feel myself floating through darkness, then through various materials; some seem like metals. This surprisingly ends with me standing upright in a multi-faceted building, a labyrinth of connected rooms and stairways. As I explore the place, I'm getting a sense that this somehow represents my mind and I eventually come across some DCs (Dream Characters) and begin to loosely follow their narrative.*

*(The dream is quite long so I will focus on the highlights.) As the dream progresses, I start to realize the narrative of the DCs are suspiciously similar to the Westworld reruns I'm presently watching on TV back in the physical. It seems they are being pursued. I follow along for some time but my connection with them is intercepted by a "rest period" in the VOID... where at times I start to fall or sink*



*in a dark mist, and I realize this is to replenish my energy so that I can continue the dream. This occurs several times during the dream and I'm very conscious of why it is occurring. At one point after my return from the VOID, a pursuer befriends the other DC group and the enemy wants to shoot them all. A gunfight ensues and I decide to step in and dispense with them as I'm aware of my unlimited powers but again I get drawn into the VOID. On my return, I'm in the basement and look to return to the group and start walking up a stairway but then decide "wouldn't an elevator be better?" I turn around and there's an elevator but then the thought occurs "why don't I just will myself there, why bother with movement after all?"*

*The dream, due to its length, had many more layers and episodes. At one point, for example, I decide to practice my singing. I notice my voice sounds like me but is really beautiful as I practice my pitch and various riffs. In another return from the VOID I find myself in a boardroom lying on the floor. Two kids, a boy and girl, ask me what I'm doing. I tell them something about "recovering" and the girl tells the boy, "I told you so." I did ask them if they were dreaming and had bodies somewhere in the physical, but they looked at me quite perplexed. When leaving this room I entered another room which turned out to be a McDonald's, and although it was in disarray, I recognized it from a previous dream. My clarity of thought was incredible as I was able to understand where I was within the dream and the conscious choices I was making. For example, at one point I sat down and wondered if I should return to the physical but instead I made a very clear and deliberate decision to stay, and decided and felt that I could really stay as long as I'd like. After this I did continue to explore and after more activity I decided I really wanted to return and made a conscious "shift" back into my physical body in bed.*

For me the insights in this dream were quite profound, especially in the area of conscious awareness and choice. I was able to make very deliberate choices during so much of the dream. I could follow the dream narrative without getting caught up in it, I recognized where this narrative came from (*Westworld* reruns), and I recognized that the dream itself was a reflection of my mind. I could question and make clear decisions on how to respond to the various DCs. I made very deliberate decisions on what I wanted to try in the dream (not only the singing but I did some self-healing as well). I was able to harness the VOID for restoration and to prolong the dream rather than just waking up as my energy became depleted, and I had a definite control as to when I wanted to end the dream itself... lots of insights and definitely a 5 on the Lucidity Scale.

But was this just a one-off or could I carry these realizations into my next lucid dream? I spent a few days to really allow this dream to integrate into my daily awareness by meditating on it and asking myself how I could apply these insights into my life. The answer came through another lucid dream...



### **"My Lessons"**

Jan 25, 2023, Wednesday—8:30am, WILD

*I first woke around 6:15am with severe ringing in my ears. I was lying on my right side and as I turned to lie on my back it felt like I was completely deaf in both ears. I no longer do the typical WBTB as in arranging myself to wake up with an alarm early morning, but I do use natural awakenings during the night to return to my dreams consciously (via a WILD method) but this morning I was a bit concerned about returning to dream, so I got up to try and figure out what was going on with this ear ringing sensation. I left my bedroom to completely separate from that environment and spent time in my living room. I pinched my nose and exhaled with my mouth closed to "pop" my ears, similar to what you do when you're in a plane when changing altitudes and you need to release the pressure in your eardrums. It worked and my hearing restored. (Lately this ear ringing sensation has been lingering when I wake up, but this morning it was particularly troublesome. In the Metaphysical community these type of sensations are often called "ascension symptoms," meaning as we evolve they are somehow part of our physical transition into being more conscious beings.) Anyway, after some deep breathing and contemplation, I made the deliberate decision to go back to bed and re-enter my dreams around 8:30am, and this is what unfolded...*

*While lying down, the thought came to me to connect with the Larger Awareness at the beginning of the expe-*

rience rather than later in the dream, so I imagined the Awareness there, along with other guides that I sometimes see in my dreams. I felt their presence and asked for clarity and help. The key for me is to really feel it, like an energy exchange between us. It didn't take long as I am swept up and begin to fly through the darkness. Eventually I am deposited in a stream of water, which has a perimeter fence along the banks on both sides. This fence is made of long iron bars with sharp tips on the top. I notice the dark silhouette of an energy being at my backside; this was the one who guided me here. "I want to enter the astral from this dream," I say (I've been reading the book *Beyond Dreaming* by Gene Hart so I had this goal in mind). "They're both the same thing," the Being responds, "Be careful." So then I begin swimming down this stream along the fence and I momentarily wonder if there's any large dangerous fish swimming around in here, but being "careful" I dismiss this thought and then at some point I just walk up and out of the water and through the fence. Then, for a brief moment I get caught up in a narrative where I place some money in a suitcase under my bed and leave it there with plans to retrieve it later, but soon, I am back in the part where I exit the stream.

Next, I enter a building that looks like a boiler room. For a moment I am thinking about creating a portal to the Astral Plane but I recall what the Energy Being said and also some stuff I read in the book, so I instead remind myself that I am creating all this and that I have unlimited power. I go to a heavy piece of metal equipment and press my thumbs into it to see how malleable this experience is and to confirm my power. So, what do I want to do? I decide I want to connect to "G" (a woman I know in the physical) and heal our relationship. I focus on her and expect her to appear—she doesn't. I walk outside and tell myself she'll be there—she isn't. I continue to focus and notice some activity down the street. As I walk down, I notice some kids practicing some school routine on the street. One of the little girls is "G" (now a child rather than the adult she is in real life). "How old are you?" I ask. "Four." she answers. "You look older than that, maybe 8 or 9," I respond.

As I walk away I think about the message to "be careful"—in this case, relationships can't be forced. I re-enter the building and in a small room see a disabled person lying on the floor in a small box surrounded by healthcare givers. I immediately know he symbolizes a veteran. His injury is exaggerated as he has a large head without a body. I decide to use my powers to heal him and send him energy, knowing this will help him and that it is a better use of my power. I then exit the room and notice a tall priest in dark robes standing there staring at me. He's momentarily taller than me but comes down to my size as I approach him. He's smiling and says, "Doesn't that feel good?" referring to my healing. As he says this, I see the veteran walk by. He is now healed and full-bodied. I agree with the priest and exit the building with him by my side. He wants to walk me home but I think or intuit, "he's just a dream character, right?" As he turns right I turn left and say, "My place is this way." I'm basically trying to get rid of him because there's no home to go to (I'm dreaming) and I want to continue this experience in other ways, but he seems to insist. For a moment I think about returning to the VOID for some energy and decide if I should wake up, but then I just end up waking up.

This was another 2+ hours lucid dream. And again, many realizations and skills are carrying over from dream to dream and from the dream to the physical. For example, in the March 2021 LDE, I wrote an article called *WILD Things* where I explored the VOID and found it to be a place where I could give birth to new dreams, co-creating with its energy and with the Larger Awareness. Yet in the first dream shared here, I now discovered I could return to the VOID at will *throughout the dream* and it could be used to restore my energy and prolong the dream. In the second dream, it evolved even further where just passing through the VOID in the beginning could provide me with all the energy/awareness I needed to maintain and creatively generate the dream until I was ready to exit. And the process appears to be accelerating. As far as the bridge from the dream to the physical, when I returned from this dream I really felt that sense that I could create my own reality in the physical, that sense of having the power to make things happen. I believe this is a big part of what the evolution of consciousness is about. Like in this dream, it's not about control or forcing but about allowing healing, inner knowing, and conscious choice.

The after-effects of these dreams have been quite profound. I was able to completely heal the ringing in my ears by grounding myself (intuition led me to simply spend some time each day walking barefoot on the ground/grass). Also, creative ideas and answers have been flowing in my life, some strained relationships have been healed, and a number of opportunities have seemingly come out of nowhere (which also included some unexpected money in the past few weeks).

They say our world is changing... so is this what the New World is really about, the evolution of consciousness and creating more directly in Realtime? Maybe its time for all of us to ask ourselves how we can take our lucidity to the next level and see what dreams may come. ▲



# Raisin Toast and Crossing the Dream Bridge

By Gillian Thetford © 2023



It was a night of disrupted sleep; I woke up at 5am to the persistent sounds of a mouse and couldn't go back to sleep until 6:30am. I was so exhausted that even before falling asleep again, I could see flashes of hypnagogic imagery or "mini dreams" in my mind's eye. I gently observed them pass by, until one popped up that was especially clear... a slice of raisin toast!

At first the image was slightly fuzzy, as if floating in a bubble. I focused on it and imagined zooming towards it. I asked myself: *What texture does it have? Is it crispy or soft? How does it smell?* I examined each granular detail. As I did so, the image became sharper until suddenly it was under my nose. When I felt I was fully in the dream, I shifted my focus to my reality check bracelet... the usual letters had vanished! *It worked! I'm dreaming!*

I found myself sitting up in bed in a basement, with a loaded breakfast tray beside me. It felt so realistic, right down to the feel of the sheets against my skin. It truly seemed I had woken up in a parallel dimension, vivid enough that it raised the question of which reality was real; who was dreaming of waking up and who was actually awake? It was a fascinating feeling; the transition from wake to dream was so smooth, there was no clear sign as to when it happened. It felt as subtle as if I had just leaned forward slightly, except that it was my awareness that had moved instead of my physical body. After stabilizing the dream by spinning around, I explored assorted objects in the room and then the nearby neighborhood, delighting in the lucid wonder of it all.

I woke up briefly and went back to sleep. The same technique worked again! As I relaxed once more, the mini dreams began appearing before me. I saw my grandparents' living room, as it was in my childhood. I could see the Christmas tree at a distance and imagined zooming toward it. I felt like I was partially there, but needed more details to mentally latch onto to pull myself fully in. However, the tree was blank... So I visualized more details into existence by asking myself questions like: *Don't you see an ornament just under that branch?* This pulled my curiosity further in and pushed me to look just a bit further to see more. In doing so, my unconscious created more for me to see.

As I visualized my grandmother's ornaments one by one, they slowly appeared on the tree. As they materialized, I looked closer at each one. If there was a detail missing I would think: *This one had more of a jagged texture; doesn't it feel like that?* and rub my finger along it, fully expecting to feel that texture. I have such

clear memories of each ornament from my youth that it was easy to recall their details. I maintained focus like this until the dream finished forming around me; once more, the shift from waking visualization to being in the dream scene was seamless. I stabilized my lucidity even further by spinning around and rubbing my hands together, and then went on to have a heartwarming reunion with my deceased grandfather!

These dreams reminded me of an exchange from the movie *Inception*:

**"Cobb:** Well, imagine you're designing a building. You consciously create each aspect. But sometimes it feels like it's almost "creating itself," if you know what I mean.

**Ariadne:** Yeah, like I'm discovering it.

**Cobb:** Genuine inspiration, right? Now, in a dream, our mind continuously does this. We create and perceive our world simultaneously, and our mind does this so well that we don't even know it's happening. That allows us to get right in the middle of that process."

At the start of my dreams, I created and perceived the objects and details almost simultaneously until I was pulled fully into the dream! To me, this technique feels much like imagining the rope into existence as you are actively climbing it!

Here is my advice to fellow lucid dreamers who want to give this a try:

Once you have selected the hypnagogic image before you, remember that nothing else exists. Focus on that and only that and let all other thoughts melt away.

Focus on all five of the senses that you would experience in the dream scene and imagine them as vividly as possible.

Continue exploring these imagined sensations until they suddenly become real and you've popped into the dream! ▲



## Dreaming, Mindfulness, and Meditation Online Study

Hello! We are conducting a new study on the relationships between dreaming, mindfulness, and meditation techniques and would like to invite you to participate. If you are interested and over 18 years of age, we invite you to complete our online survey (link below).

The survey should take about 30-45 minutes of your time.

Your participation will help contribute to a small but growing area of research on dreams and meditation. Our goal is to understand better how meditation practices influence dreams and consciousness. We plan to publish the anonymous data in a peer-reviewed scientific journal and we will share the article with everyone who participates in the study once it is published.

Here is the link to the online survey: [LuciDMediMind-Survey](#)

Many thanks for your time, passion, and contribution! We would be grateful if you would forward our study to anyone who might be interested!

Sincerely,

Dr. Benjamin Baird and Elena Gerhardt  
Department of Psychology  
The University of Texas at Austin



## Where's Robert?

### Upcoming Events with Robert Waggoner

**March 25–April 8, 2023 — Online Course**

**New Earth One presents “Learning to Lucid Dream and Live Lucidly”**

**A 2-week beginners course with Robert Waggoner**

Details at: <https://newearthone.com/courses/robert-waggoner/#mec>

**June 18–22, 2023 — Ashland, Oregon**

**International Assoc. for the Study of Dreams Conference**

**Robert and others will present at the 40th Annual IASD Conference**

Details at: <https://iasdconferences.org/2023/>

**Jung Platform Online Course**

**“Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth”**

**A 4-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!**

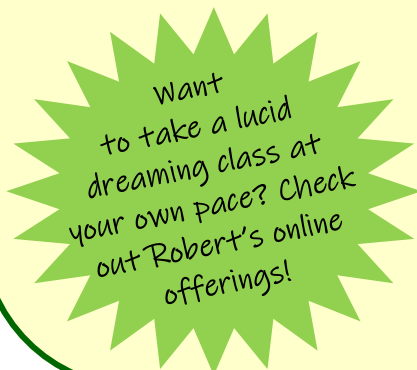
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**Hemi-Sync Online Course**

**“Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner”**

**A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!**

[Lucid Dreaming for Beginners Online Course – HemiSync](#)



Want to take a lucid dreaming class at your own pace? Check out Robert's online offerings!



# DYING AND AWAKENING – THE POWER OF OUR LOVE

## An Exploration of Lucid Dreaming the Bardos and Meditation On Clear Light

By Stephen Altair © 2023

I have been exploring Padmasambhava's Teachings on the Natural Liberation of the Six Bardos, and made an intention to combine the bardos and meditation on clear light in the lucid dreaming state. This included the bardos of life, dream, meditation, death and dying, natural liberation and womb of Divine Mother (my names for the bar dos). I made the intention, drew it (I draw the lucid states I want to explore) and also planned the states I would negotiate in the lucid dream state.

This time I went to sleep by myself (so my daughter and wife were not present, as they usually are, which potentially is helpful as my daughter kicks me awake quite often).

I go to sleep meditating on the dream Goddess who is Avalokiteshvara Guan Yin to me and practice this on my right side, left side, and back with Guru Rinpoche Padmasambhava at my crown, Yogini Dakini Queen Yeshe Tsogyal at my heart, and Princess Mandarava at my womb or belly.

Traditionally I dream travel with a goddess in my dreams so for the purposes of this adventure I call her the Rainbow Light Goddess. Ultimately, in the dream all aspects of our dreams are ourselves and

integrating parts of ourselves into wholeness. We are dreaming to develop a sacred relationship with our true selves or in the absolute sense pure awareness through all forms and formlessness. So many of my dreams involve union in the tantric sense of nothing being separate and all forms being indivisible.

I then did the Yoga Nidra body scan which I have practiced for years, successively putting parts of my body to sleep starting with my feet, and then enter quite naturally the hypnagogic visionary state in which numerous visions arise as I fall asleep. The most familiar scenes are forests and mountains, lakes and oceans, that arise as clearly and vividly if not more vivid than they are in "waking life."

The first dream I had was lucid, as I awoke within the dream to ethereal music playing, the most exquisite heavenly sounds that I can ever recall hearing on this physical plane which was also what prompted me into lucidity, it was so striking. I knew I was awake in the dream and I was outside a temple, like the Ancient Grecian Apollo Temple at Delphi where Sathya Sai Baba peeked his head out from around the far-right pillar and gestured me onwards.

I went through the temple portal and emerged into an amazing golden egg vortex cosmos which pulled me through one cosmos



and one dimension after another, an effect so powerful my light body began pulsating in waves.

When I awoke from this, my body energies were indeed pulsating from head to toe in the most ecstatic and extraordinary ways, as if I was still travelling in the light body.

(Each time I awake I note a few key words to remind me of the dream, then I fall asleep again.)

I fell asleep to the light body waves still pulsating into a dream of a headless woman in white holding the head of a bearded man in her lap. In front of her was a paper bag. I knew it was a portal and as I looked inside I could see the vastness which triggered lucidity again as I made the intention to dive through. (I often find very ordinary items trigger lucidity.) I dived into the paper bag and emerged into one of the scenes I had intended (although not in order) where I was levitating high above the Himalayas. I was over a particular mountain, Mount Meru, the sacred five-peaked mountain of Hindu, Jain, and Buddhist cosmology considered to be the center of all universes. I was levitating and meditating with the Rainbow Light Goddess and there was more pulsing in waves and I awoke to the waves continuing to pulse from head to toe.

Then I fell asleep and I was in a dream with four cowboys playing soccer in the dust bowl of an arena with the backdrop of Texas high-rise buildings. Suddenly I remembered a dream inside the dream I was dreaming that I had had prior to this one, that I had forgotten, of galloping horses on a beach. I dropped through into that dream and was instantly lucid in a (Oh my goodness!) rush of exhilaration, as I found myself riding the herd of galloping horses which crashed into the surf and transformed into surf waves, and then I was riding the surf waves and then through merging in Oneness in Union with the Rainbow Light Goddess I stood up and Yogananda was beside me. He lifted me up and over a still calm lake that was open and clear and we were meditating above the lake in samadhi.

I woke up and fell asleep almost immediately. I was downstairs in our lounge and there was a soya milk carton on the table. The top was off and I peered into it and became lucid as I fell into the top and the carton. (Again, ordinary objects triggering lucidity—I practice that a lot, transforming ordinary objects during my day when I am awake. I have been researched by labs in Japan and had data published at science conferences that shows consistently high gamma and theta.) I used the subtle knife to cut through into clear light but instead, I cut through into clear night and was watching from beneath a bridge, like a troll, as a female warrior strode across the bridge. She was dressed like a Trojan soldier but I knew she was a Mage, wearing red silver and gold tunics and she came from a light ship moored alongside the end of a pier that led to the bridge over this chasm over an ocean. This Mage was my daughter Maia. (Blue light appeared around me as I wrote this. I see blue light in my dreams signaling a shift into clear light and see blue light around people during the day when they speak their truth or are operating in their true self frequency. That has been a gift since birth.)

I awoke then fell asleep into a lucid dream I have had before where I am meeting Keifer and Holly (two scientist friends of mine) in Queenstown. Leaves begin to swirl on a path between poplar trees (familiar scenes trigger lucidity) so I was lucid and I walked with Kiefer to the restaurant where a friend, Kim, was serving. We sat and ordered vegan salads and I asked Kiefer where Holly was. He said she was busy. Never mind, I said as we looked at the menu. I reminded Kiefer that the menu was a portal to other realms and we tried it but it drew a blank so I woke up.



When I fell asleep again I fell into the same lucid dream. This time Yogananda was there to guide Keifer and I, so we walked out together onto the lake (walking on water) and when we reached there we levitated and meditated over the lake. When we looked up into the sky, there was Holly. She was a Sky Goddess or Dakini and her face was as large as the entire world. That triggered a previous lucid dream I had had earlier this night which I had forgotten, of a vast world, a world beyond our own, so vast that its sheer size dwarfed our sun and the solar system. Perhaps Holly resided in that world.

I awoke then fell asleep into a pristine dream of rainbow light faeries transporting blue jewels through caves of time to feed the stars, sustaining them with light energy. One of them was my wife who has dreamed before



of being rainbow light. She turned and said to me, “This is what we have been doing all along.”

Next dream I was in a Paris street. I was flying through the street over the cars but for some reason wasn't lucid so woke myself up.




When I fell asleep I was back in the same dream, amazingly, flying over the cars in Paris, and so I stretched my skin, which was blue. (This was to check for lucidity—I do the skin check stretch often during the day, reminding myself “this is a dream” as I do it; thanks to Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche for the technique.) I cut through the air with the subtle knife... ah, it worked this time, I could FEEL it... to clear light. And I meditated in this open clear space of being, AS the Rainbow Light Goddess with Guan Yin's Lotus at my heart, and was transported to Mount Potalaka which was an island and the dwelling place of Avalokiteshvara and Tara when I died resting in the Heart of the Goddess. Her energies were SO incredibly beautiful.

I awoke from this and then fell asleep in those sublime energies and then dreamed I was meditating on silver clouds and when I awoke those sublime energies and waves of pulsating bliss that had been present from the beginning were continually present.

I woke to yoga and meditation on gaining confidence directly in the power of every thought to naturally self-liberate. It was a meditation beyond words. I cultivated practices of anger, aversion, ignorance, fear, desire, lust, attachment, pride, jealousy, but no matter how strong I made them they dissolved like writing on water and left no trace. The dissolution is the crucial point, for within it you are recognizing the dharmakaya (pure awareness) in which the thoughts are freed. ▲

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**May 15** for June publication

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## Opening the Veil of my Dream

By Marlise Brauchli © 2023

In the last issue of the LDE Magazine (December 2022), Karim shared a lucid dream related to his presentation during the Many Worlds of Lucid Dreaming Conference: *The Art of Transmuting Shadow in Lucid Dreams*. We are currently working through his dream alchemy challenge in a small group.

During the Circle of Coveting & Ambition, I had a short lucid dream that I would like to share. I used the OSHO Zen Tarot card VII *Awareness* to show me the golden mean between envy and equanimity, my heart's desire. And my dream incubation was: "Please show me the illusion of my dream and open the veil!"

In my non-lucid dream, I'm sitting at our living room table having dinner. My cat sits beside me. Suddenly a second, larger white cat jumps on our table. Immediately I shoo it away. Now our neighbor's cat enters our living room as it is his habit in waking physical reality (WPR). But he grows and changes into his mother, a long-haired pedigree cat, similar to a wild cat. Finally, she becomes a lynx. I'm a bit afraid of it and shoo it away from our house into the forest.

Now I'm also standing in the forest and observing the lynx. Her pack greets her. A young little one sniffs at her. Wild boars are beside them, walking down the hill toward my pathway. The animals telepathically tell me they won't harm me, but I'm frightened and decide to return home. But the path is stony, and I get stuck in it, almost paralyzed. *That usually happens in dreams*, I think. *Am I dreaming?*

Thus, I begin floating above the ground and am relieved. I'm flying up along a rocky mountainside. This mountain scenery reminds me of the landscape in the southwest of the USA. Crystal rocks are snowing down around me, which I enjoy. I'm asking my 'dreamer behind the dream,' "How long have I been dreaming so far?" My phone voice answers, "Since 13:15."

I'm not sure what to think of it, but now I recall my dream incubation and shout aloud, slowly but faltered, "Please show me the illusion of my dream and open the veil!"

One of the crystal rocks starts growing and falling towards me. I accept and don't mind, looking forward to what will happen next. It returns toward the mountains. The scene dissolves into black 'nothingness.' But I'm still flying in it with a body and a child beside me. My legs begin to feel numb. While pondering why this has happened, I realize that I can feel my physical legs and glide back into WPR. ▲

Artwork © Marlise Brauchli







### Lucy Gillis — *Glimpsing Simultaneous Dream Selves*

I don't recall details prior to the scene... I am walking down a narrow, kind of twisting grey-space corridor. It is kind of like a grey tunnel, the walls (and low ceiling) rough-hewn, like cut stone, rather than like a modern hallway or corridor. For no reason in particular, I suddenly become aware that I am dreaming. This makes me feel happy, and I literally walk with a lighter step—almost skipping.

Next, I step into a wider space—totally non-descript, perhaps all grey, though there is some idea of a floor. I then see myself (mentally at first, as though I am only thinking about seeing, not seeing as such), in several different poses (i.e. standing, leaning over something like a desk or table, sitting, etc.). There must be five or more mes scattered about in this place. Though I see (mentally or a strange combination of mentally and visually—like I can see ghosts) no other objects, no furniture, nothing, I see each of the individual mes move about in their own little space as though there are objects there that they can see and interact with. They do not appear to be aware of each other or of me observing them.

Intuitively I know that each of these mes are me in different but simultaneous dreams just prior to this one. A bit hard to explain, but it feels like I was recalling (though seeing in a different way than recalling or imagining) my body (bodies!) in simultaneous spatial positions. It was all very easy and seemed natural, but I knew this was something new, a new sort of awareness I was experiencing.

I then feel myself wake, and I get out of bed—notice a breeze from an open window, pick my dream journal off a table and return to bed, straightening out the sheet before I get settled in and begin to write down the dream experience. But it is a false awakening. A moment or so later I wake for real.

Note: I certainly enjoyed that! It was not the same as the experience of *having* simultaneous dreams, more like the ability to glimpse my simultaneous dream selves, leaving them behind, so to speak, just as I am nearing wakefulness. I love experiencing different kinds of awareness while lucid—the possibilities of lucid dream perception seem endless!

### Kristin Lang — *Searching For The Edge Of Space*

My usual mode of transportation in lucid dreams is flying. In this lucid dream, I begin moving at super speeds to get to flight.

I am walking barefoot, following a forest path where I see beautiful, gigantic trees that have fallen and now cover the path. My vision is sharp. I can see the vivid, deep red and orange colors of the bark. I can feel the bark on my bare feet as I climb over the tree. All my senses are heightened as I cross

Find the  
edge  
- Mario

over this tree bridge. I feel fantastic and confident. I can see ahead where the path begins to narrow to a small, single track. It goes around a bend then drops downhill.

I see three men standing on the path. One is an elderly holy man with a robe and stick. I hear another man telepathically say to the others, "Here comes the Angel Eagle." I know they are talking about me, but I stay focused on my task of rounding this corner because I am moving very fast and have to think about how to navigate the upcoming turn and stay in control.

As I come around the corner the men are watching me. As I approach where they are standing, I suddenly stop right in front of them, flap my arms once like they are giant wings then bring my hands to my heart and slightly bow as if to honour them. The man turns to the others and says, "See, I told you."

I keep going. Now I am moving at an even faster super speed. Suddenly my arms are out in front of me; I am flying parallel to the ground. At this moment I become lucid and shout, "Take me to the stars!" Immediately I shoot upward, through layers of white cloud, then pop out into deep space. I am floating in the dark of space now, looking at all the stars, when a note floats down right in front of me that says: *Find the edge – Mario*.

The part of me that is observing this whole dream understands that this was sent by the system and confirms this is all just a game. I know that this message is just a distraction as searching for the edge will be fruitless. At the same time I have this thought, I see my dream character has taken the bait and watch her frantically flying around, searching for the edge of the universe.

I (the observing self) project with my mind for her to stop. She gets the message and as soon as she stops searching, the note floating in space turns upside down and falls down.

Suddenly, I wake up in another dream character. In my new dream avatar, I am sitting at a table in a house with my family. They are not familiar to me except my husband. I realize I had been dreaming and am now awake in this dream and must write it down and go back to sleep. Then I wake up for real.

### Jennifer — *Breaking the Rules*

Waking around 2:30am, I take a galantamine and use the WBTB technique. After awhile, I start to dream.

I am walking along a frontage road at night. There are no cars to be seen on the expressway or any signs of life, but I am terrified to be walking alone in the dark. I notice I am barefoot. As I continue walking, I can sense someone nearby even though I see no one. I am so scared I start walking faster and then it hits me to do a reality check and I look at my hands and realize, this is a dream. I think to myself, "Screw this, I don't need to walk, I'm gonna fly home."

So I look up and, like Superman with one arm raised, I shoot straight up into the night sky. I glance below as I'm ascending and can see three dark figures that had been waiting for me. I shout to them, "See ya, suckas!" Suddenly one of them leaps up into the air straight towards me and I freeze. This has never happened to me





in a lucid dream before. The figure is dressed in all black and has his face covered to where I can only see his eyes, but I can see he has a gray tint to his skin.

He is now directly in front of me and reaches out his arm and grabs my neck tightly. He doesn't speak but I can hear his thoughts. "You're breaking the rules," he "says." I attempt to go Wanda Maximoff on him and try to shoot out power bolts from my hands but it's more like Tobey Maguire Spider-Man trying to figure out how to shoot webs on command in the first Spider-Man movie. His entire presence terrifies me as his grip around my neck tightens and I am instantly awakened.

I woke up with mixed feelings. Obviously terrified and my heart was pounding, but also pissed because I was finally able to become lucid and then this bully comes and scares me awake. And I feel confused because I've never lost power like that while lucid.

### Paul Sauers — *Visiting the Mystical Void*



I go to bed after watching an interview with Robert Waggoner where he discusses his lucid dreaming experiences, one segment of which is his experience with his 'feeling-tone' that we've been discussing in David Cielak's ongoing Seth dream course. I've been reading Dr. Joe Dispenza's *Becoming Supernatural* and am fascinated by its similarity to the Seth material and quantum physics. Earlier in the day I'd done some internet research on feeling-tones and put a post on our blog site.

I have a dream where I'm moving amongst large pink flamingo feathers with black edges. I go 'down into' the feathers several feet into the earth. This is some kind of journey that I don't understand.

I wake at 4am, get some coffee, and return to bed listening to the Oceanic recording (Theta, ASMR). About 10 minutes into the tape I'm traveling in a spaceship type vehicle and apparently no one is there with me on the ship. Fleeting I wonder whether I'm on some kind of interstellar journey since the ship seems so eerily quiet. It's like time has stopped and I'm lucid. I addressed the awareness behind the dream, asking about the meaning of the pink flamingo feather dream, and was told that I was experiencing the world of the gnomes. Somehow this makes perfect sense.

I start to feel 'vibrations' like I'm going to go OOB and address the awareness behind the dream to meditate within the dream and start humming, "Ohm." I don't go into any meditation per se, but feel like I'm in a state of suspended animation. I ask to experience my feeling tone and have an experience initially similar to Robert Waggoner's. I 'go deeper' into the experience using what Les Fehmi called 'open focus' to become aware of space or nothingness.

I shift my awareness to different areas of my body and chakras similar to one's doing yoga. As I do this, I 'shift' from focus 10 (mind awake; body asleep) to a much deeper state, which seems like the zero point field or pure energy. I am experiencing some hypnagogia and trying to 'become one' with it. This is sort of a fun exercise and I feel like I'm dancing with the images.

While I'm doing this I'm seeing 'blue orbs' that are one or two feet in diameter circulating around the cabin of the vehicle. I know that they are conscious beings or entities. I decided to experiment with manipulating energy and moving things with my mind—as Ileana Lartigue mentioned on a recent blog on our site—and did this without difficulty.

I also wondered about her 'dream teachers' she meets in her dreams. While I did not see them, I sensed that they may have either been there or were observing me. Still within 'the ship' I'm feeling some sleep paralysis and I mentally go with this as I don't want to disrupt the experience I'm having. The overall 'feeling' is excellent and I'm basking in the glow of the experience. The feeling is not one of bliss or ecstasy but rather of a

profound peace. I've decided just to 'be' and go with the flow of the experience.

Somewhere I again attempt to communicate with the awareness again but don't. I have the 'feeling' that the 'me' having this experience is not me but a 'version of me' in another dimension. I wonder whether I'm 'above, beyond, or outside' of my awareness.

Since almost two hours have passed I realize that I have to come back to waking reality. I start to do this reluctantly without opening my eyes. I start to move my extremities slowly. Interestingly I stay in this 'zone' as I gently allow myself to come back. I intuitively know that this shouldn't happen too quickly. I gave this about what seemed like 10 minutes to 'equilibrate.'

After I open my eyes my body is still feeling to some extent like I'm groggy or somewhere else. I sit on the side of the bed thinking about the experience then quickly go to record it, so I don't forget anything. This journey is one of the most profound I've ever experienced and I believe it's because of all of the things that I did before it occurred, thinking, "energy flows where the attention goes."

### Michael K — *The Evil Twin*

I've got a delivery for a school class. (In WPR I work as a truck driver for grocery goods; I've had deliveries for school cafeterias but never for a class.) Suddenly I am part of the school class, along with office workers from a previous job. I leave the class and walk back to my truck. I walk through an unfamiliar futuristic city that contains elements of my home town, Wiener Neustadt, and the 16th district of Vienna, Ottakring.

I think about how I could manage to become lucid within this dream when suddenly I realize, *Wait! If I am thinking about how to get lucid in this dream, then I already know it's a dream and I am already lucid. Just look at the city! What real city should that be?*

I start to run and search for dream figures; after a few seconds I see some and go to the one closest to me. It's a white woman in her early twenties with dark hair. I ask her, "Hey you, what do you represent?" She looks at me as if she doesn't understand and also says to me, "I don't understand." I say, "Well, we are in a dream, aren't we?" She looks nervous and says, "I don't think so." Surprised about her strange behaviour I look at her in more detail. Everything looks completely like a real person. I get the urge to kiss her and ask her if she would be okay with that but she says no. I say, "Okay, fine." I want to ask her if we could still continue talking but she goes away.

Suddenly more and more people are around me. They move faster and faster and come closer and closer to me. It starts to feel dangerous and I say loudly and dominantly, "Okay, everyone leave now!" Like pushed by a shock wave, all the dream figures are drawn away from me and disappear. All except one. A white man, blond, around 30 years old, similar but still different looking to myself, remains standing. He starts walking towards me. I say, "I said leave." He grins and comes closer. His eyes look evil. Again I say, "Leave!"



He starts to slowly sink into the floor but halfway stops sinking and looks at me. His grin gets stronger and more evil. He has sharp teeth and his face doesn't look human anymore at all, almost like a horror clown but without make-up. He steps out of the floor, runs towards me, bites into my hand between middle and ring finger and starts sucking my blood. I start to panic and wake up in my old bedroom in my parents' house, next to my fiancée.

Immediately I look at my hand trying to count the fingers; they are blurred so it's still a dream and he might be still around. I start to panic more and to scream with my dream body as well as my physical one and wake up myself and my fiancée. This time there are clearly five fingers on my hand and I am in the bedroom of our flat.



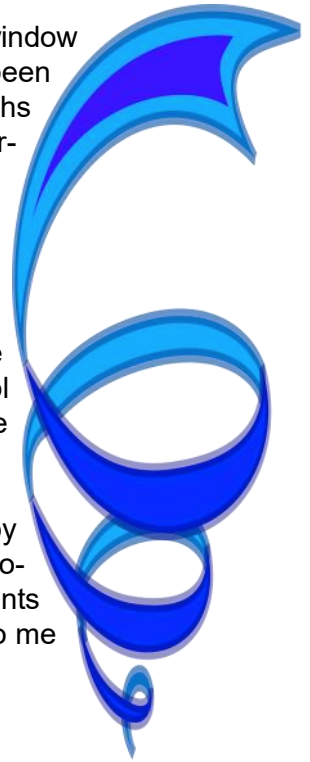
### JTP Gomez — *Lucid Dream Associations to Hurricanes Ian and Nicole*

I am on one of the upper floors of very damaged building, standing next to a broken window looking out. There are some people using this place as temporary shelter. They have been left homeless by having been in the hurricane paths of Ian and Nicole about two months ago. As I start to walk down the stairs, the dream becomes vivid, and I notice some stairways lack steps and are more like slides between floors.

As I get to the ground floor and into an open area, I become lucid. I rub my arms and chest to get more mental clarity and ask for guidance from two of my soul guides. As I continue walking, I remind myself *this is a dream*, in the effort to maintain visual stability. Out front is a group of men and women discussing options on how to deal with the dire situation in which they find themselves. I ask one of the ladies for the name of this school building. She says it's called "Oslo." The name doesn't sound familiar, so I ask for the name of the town. She says, "It's Oslo, Florida."

I then head towards the sidewalk to survey the place and pass by some children close by playing with a flightless bird with bright plumage of red, blue, and black inside an enclosure. As I start down the sidewalk, one of the boys comes running up behind me. He points to the construction and road repairs going on in the direction I am going. He mentions to me that the authorities may not let me through until the street is cleared and made safe.

As I assess the situation, I quickly lose my lucid focus, causing the dream to end.

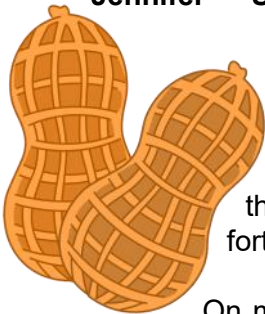


### Mark M Giese — *A Micro Lucid Dream*

I hadn't had a lucid dream in very many years until this relatively-recent "micro" one:

I am in someone's basement. I am looking at all the cluttered items there. Then, the owner, male, comes in, and, even though he doesn't seem particularly upset, I say something like, "It's okay, I mean no harm" and then it hits me that this is a dream, but before I can get the words, "And this is 'only' a dream," I wake.

### Jennifer — *Search for Peanuts*



I'm in a movie theatre watching the screen, unable to make sense of what I'm seeing. I know I have previously moved seats to the row behind me and as the movie is playing, I remember I have a few things I left in the row in front of me. I lean over to grab them and sit back down. A girl sitting a few seats to my left mocks me by doing the same thing, in an exaggerated way, to make a point that I have disturbed her. I don't feel comfortable so I get up to leave.

On my way down the row I put my hand on her wrist and apologize. I continue to walk out into the aisle and I see a Michael Jordan Chicago Bulls jersey on the ground and realize it is probably worth a lot of money so I put it into my backpack. I realize I am stealing but I don't care, for some reason. As I'm walking down towards the exit, I realize, *this is a dream*. I look around and the dream has changed.

Now I'm outside. It's bright and sunny. I see children playing, running around in what looks to be a park. I feel myself starting to lose lucidity, so I spin around and when I stop spinning I feel grounded. I ask one of the children their names, but they just look at me and smile and continue to play. I ask a girl with red hair in a ponytail; she says, "Audrey Dina." I ask her, "What's the meaning of my life?" and she says, "Don't lie."

Another little girl approaches me. She seems curious about me and we start walking around together. She

looks to be about seven and she is thin with dark skin and curly hair down to her shoulders. I'm trying to figure out what to do now that I'm aware. I look to the child who has been following me and ask her name. "Karen," she says. I ask her what she would like to do and she says she would like some peanuts. I decide we should find a store that has peanuts.

I tell her instead of walking we could fly. She looks at me, amused. I tell her to jump with me on the count of three, and on three we float into the air. I teach her how to fly, showing her how to "swim" up. A familiar feeling fills my tummy as we get higher and higher and the sky becomes dark. We fly for a bit, when I remember she wants peanuts. I see houses below. I'm sure someone has peanuts.

We land in a neighborhood and I see a nice house with their lights on inside. I knock on the white door. A gentleman answers; he's Caucasian, in about his late forties/early fifties. He is wearing tan-colored slacks and a white shirt and brown shiny shoes. He has a mustache and glasses. He gives me teacher vibes. Or an educator of some sorts.

I tell him my little friend Karen would like peanuts and asks if he has some. He says yes, and invites us into his home. Karen immediately goes off and starts exploring. I too look around. It's a small house with a countertop separating the kitchen from the living room. As I'm looking around, I realize I have not introduced myself to this man.

I look over and he is sitting on the couch with his hands on his lap. I ask his name and he says "Robert." I tell him I'm Jennifer and shake his hand. I ask again about the peanuts. He gets up and goes into the kitchen. I look around his home again. Seems he collects antique things. I see three stuffed animals, all different, hanging above his curtains. They remind me of the '90s. I tell him I haven't seen these since I was a kid.

He's taking a while so I go to the kitchen to see what's taking so long. I find him with his back facing me. I call his name, "Robert." He turns to look at me and his face is changing before my eyes. He is now in about his thirties and looks like a model. I can feel the dream fade. I look at my hands and start to count my fingers but everything is becoming gray. I lose lucidity and awaken.



### **Sara Casalino — *A Dream of Exploration***

I found myself inside a large, beautiful home. I became lucid all of a sudden and decided to explore. I found two beautiful bedrooms which were separated by a glass window and curtains. The beds were just like ones you might see in a store catalog, very elegant and with lots of pillows.

At one point, I noticed a little girl sleeping in one of the beds. She hadn't been there just a moment ago. On the desk I saw a partial skeleton fossil of a small animal. It was an old skeleton, but it had green gems on some of the rib bones. I understood that it was an important treasure. I also discovered a book, and I believe it was about a person who had lived in the home.

I entered the bathroom at one point and saw a mirror in front of me. It was my first time looking into a mirror in a lucid dream. I saw my reflection and also some kind of glittery silver magic floating around my face.

I opened a closet door and noticed wallpaper covered with green fish designs. The detail caught my attention, and I admired the wallpaper for a moment. Soon, my vision got blurry, and I woke up.



### S. Young — *Trapped in My Dream*

I fall asleep quickly and as I do, I sometimes hear a repetitive sound such as a double clap or a whooshing sound that gets progressively louder as it pulls me deeper into sleep. I don't enjoy this type of sleep as it usually turns into very strange and vivid lucid dreaming. I recently had a dream like this.

One night as I was falling asleep, I realized that I was hearing the repetitive sounds, and falling deeper into sleep, I thought to myself, *Wake up and change sleep positions to stop this before it pulls me into that way too deep sleep.* And so I did. I woke myself up. I sat up in bed and for a moment I was okay until I recognized that I was still dreaming and wasn't awake at all.

I tried several times to wake myself by telling myself that I was still dreaming and coaxing myself to wake. This conversation with myself went on for a while. I would sit up in bed and put my feet on the floor and see my room and believe that I was awake, but I still wasn't. I started to panic.

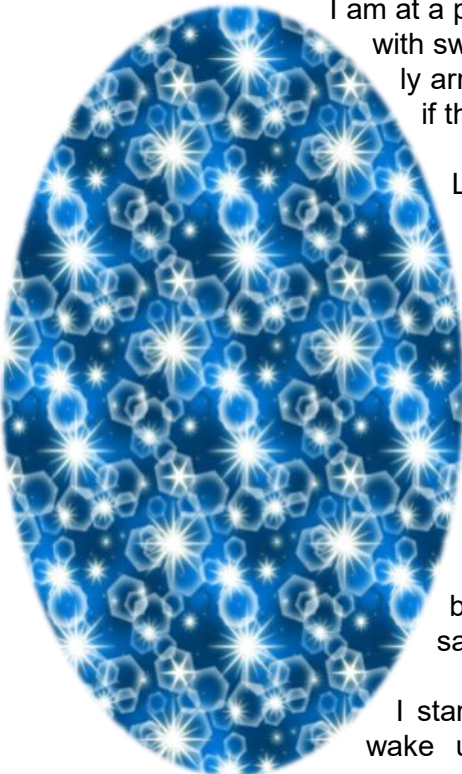
I've had a kind of OBE before and the feeling of not being able to get back into my body or be in control of my body can be scary. As a last resort, when I feel fear rise, it seems I have more control and my body will respond and will physically move in a big, startled kind of movement.

But it isn't being startled that wakes me. It's me in the dream forcing my body to move outside of the dream in order to wake myself and escape the dream. Once I'm really awake, I get up and move around before I try to sleep again because often I'll slip right back into that type of dream.

It always takes a while to feel calm once I'm truly awake after that kind of dream. I told my sister if she ever gets a call that I'm in a coma—I'm not. I'm just trapped in my dream. Please wake me up!



### Michael K — *The Two Ghost Kings*



I am at a place I do not know, which is hard to describe. It looks kind of like a garden with swimming pools. It's night. I look up at the stars and notice they are all evenly arranged in a pattern of hexagons—which I find very strange—and I wonder if this could be a dream (while being sure it's not).

Looking at my hand, I try to count my fingers, since in previous dreams I often had six instead of five fingers, or couldn't count them because they looked blurred. This time they can't be counted because they are blurred. Now I assume that I dream but I'm still not sure. I jump into the sky and swim a few meters through the air. Now I am sure this is a dream and become lucid.

I think about continuing to swim through the air or to look for a woman to have sex with but I decide to abstain from both and instead ask the dream to show me something important for me to see (as previously planned in waking reality). I notice that I have an earworm of the boss battle theme of the video game *Final Fantasy XII* and wonder if this will bring too much expectation and falsify the outcome. I look into the sky and say, "Dream, show me something... show me something...."

I start to forget my goal and probably slip over into a non-lucid dream or to wake up but then somehow manage to stabilize it and continue saying,

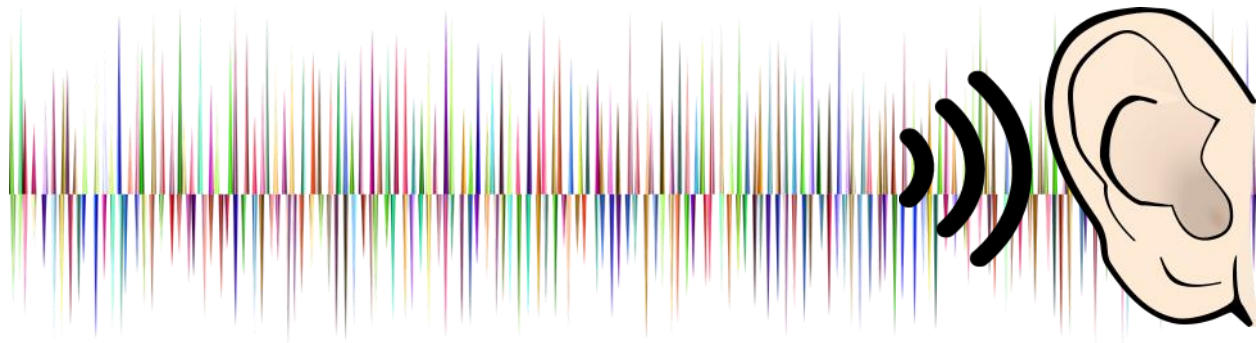
“Something that would be important for me to see.”

Everything turns black, and then white. I see two ghost-like figures that look pretty much like Ahriman (a boss enemy from *Final Fantasy XII*), except they don't look dark and evil but bright, with red royal clothing and a crown. They start to fuse into one figure, who is then bigger and shining from within.

The dream ends and I find myself within a non-lucid dream; I think I'm in the same environment as the lucid one but I am not sure. I am thinking of how to write the lucid dream down in my dream journal when I see my friend Stefan who tells me, “You still haven't understood the story of the cake and the king.” I don't know what he means. I open Whatsapp on my phone and repeatedly write “cake” and “king” into it.

Every time I think I found something, Stefan takes my phone out of my hands and says, “No, you aren't searching correctly.”

I respond, “No, you're wrong; it's the correct way to search for it... just let me... we haven't got much time, I will soon wake up.” Then I woke up.



### David L. Kahn — *You Didn't Listen*

I am alone in a room that I have little sense of. I realize that I am dreaming and am now lucid. Nothing happened, it is just a sense I get. I float through a wall, feeling that I won't have trouble doing so if I let go and allow the dream to take me. I go through the wall and am now floating outside at night, about one story off the ground. Remembering my intention, I ask the dream to tell me how best to work with my dreams at this time.

The scene changes. I am now inside of something like a womb in a gel-like substance. There is enough room for me, but not much extra space. Next to my right ear is a cone-shaped empty space in the womb. The wide opening of the cone is next to my ear, as though designed to allow me to hear things on the outside.

I hear a deep male voice answer my question by saying, “You didn't listen.” I feel like the voice is referring to something in the waking world, like that I didn't listen to my waking dreams. I say that I will listen, and I thank the voice. I want to be respectful, and I also feel like I mean what I say. I can feel that I will listen, and that I am grateful for the voice telling me what I needed to hear.

I now continue with the dream. The scene changes and I float into the sky where I see stars. I float down to the ground, and I see someone standing on the grass. I land right by her. It is someone I know, but I don't have a specific sense of who, except that it is someone who I would not have expected to show up in my dream. I tell her about the dream, and I have a sense that I have told her this before, like a *déjà vu* feeling or sense that it is connected to a previous dream.

Simultaneously, I have a sense of being in a different scene with my dad, and I tell him about the dream. I am unsure exactly what I say to him, but I sense that I tell him that I heard the voice of God talk to me.



## George — *Flying to a Meso-American Pyramid*

I had many lucid dreams as a child, almost every night. Most dreams involved floating or flying above the ground to escape something chasing me, or floating/flying just for the fun of it. The dreams were never scary as I could always escape by floating and then flying with a particular technique I had to use in the dream to gain altitude.

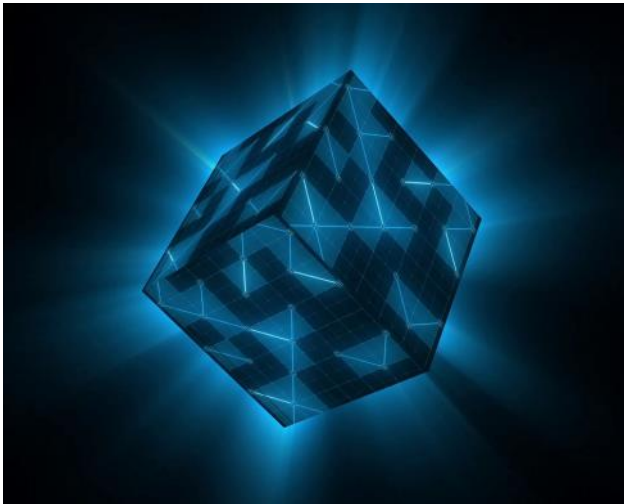


As an adult, the flying dreams have continued with a lot less regularity, but there is always some lucidity, albeit very limited when I have had them. They are always enjoyable. About 5 years ago I read some article on lucid dreams and practiced some of the exercises for about a week. That week I had a very fast flying dream over a body of water and realized my lucidity during the dreaming.

The dream was a typical flying dream for me and I thought to myself, because of the lucidity, *I want to see pyramids*. Immediately I am flying over the water towards a flat-topped pyramid structure in the distance. It is similar to the Meso-American flat-topped pyramids and not peaked with a triangular structure.

It is just before dark and the sky was clear with a stunning dark purple blue colour. The pyramid has large oval full-height windows/doors with balconies on each level and a beautiful orange/red glow shining out of the windows. I can see people standing on the balconies as I fly closer to the structure.

At this point my new kitten jumps on me and wakes me up. I was unable to engage with the people of the dream or to get very close as a result of being woken by my cat. This was my first completely lucid dream since childhood.



## Lucy Gillis — *Mandala Spin*

I'm floating in a vast black space, looking slightly 'downward.' (I don't seem to have a body, though I don't note this, nor does 'up' or 'down' have any real meaning here.) I know this is a dream, but rather than engage with it in some way, I decide to just wait and see where it goes.

I then sense a vast invisible 'presence.' It is either very nearby or I am somehow inside of it. I don't know who or what it is, other than I know it possesses a much, much larger awareness than I do. It is silent, though I know it watches me or is at least aware of me. I feel a bit anxious in this invisible, yet tangible presence.

Spontaneously, I begin to exhale with purpose, like whistling without sound, in order to propel myself in this space, to turn aside, to try to put some distance between myself and this presence. I use the action of exhaling to slowly spin myself, like a pinwheel. I feel the slow spin, or turning, with each outward breath and suddenly, simultaneously, I see—and I am—a large black square with a dark circular, somewhat ornate, pattern inside (like a simple Mandala). It is/I am tilted slightly downward in the space before me (yet I am also the square). I simultaneously watch and feel myself as the square object slowly rotate in the blackness.

I still know I am dreaming, and I mentally say this to myself as I breathe out and spin; "I'm dreaming, this is a dream." But I'm feeling even more keenly aware of the presence now; like an intensity of some sort may be building, and though I am not frightened by it, I feel a bit anxious, I feel it's time I wake now, and leave this space. So, I do. Effortlessly, I open my eyes. I'm awake. ▲

# Lucid Dreaming Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

## **Robert Waggoner's Book Website**

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

## **Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming**

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

## **Lucidity Institute**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

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

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

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

<https://melindapowelldreams.com>

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

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

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

## **Lucid Sage**

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

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

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Lucidity4All**

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

## **Ryan Hurd**

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

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.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/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

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

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

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

## **Robert Moss**

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

## **Electric Dreams**

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

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

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

## **Lucidipedia**

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

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

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

## **The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

## **Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC**

<https://www.lanasackwild.com/>