

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Dreaming on Sacred Land

The Act of Dreaming

The Peculiar Stability of Lucid Nightmares

Two Time Travel Lucids

Lucid Dream Induction through Meditation

Dry Spell: Breaking the Drought

Kemeny

International Association for the Study of Dreams

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Statement of Purpose

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

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucyldc@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: November 15, 2023

We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming!

Publication Date: December 2023

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2023

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ATHENA LAZ

**Author
Athena Laz
shares her
journey deeper
into lucid
dreaming**

Athena, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life? When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

When I was younger, I experienced many spontaneous lucid dreams, and would often 'move out' of my physical body into my dream body/ astral body without knowing what was happening! I would experience the common vibrations associated with that state (like hearing loud sounds or feeling like the bed was shaking).

When I look back, I think one of the best things to ever happen to me was that my mother gave my siblings and I a set time to go to sleep, but I would often feel wide awake and sit there in the dark focusing on what I 'saw' in the space of darkness that appears when we close our eyes. I would see squiggles and shapes begin to appear (which we now know are commonly associated with the hypnagogic state) and just follow them. So, in this way, I was unintentionally training my awareness to remain alert from the state of waking into dreaming. I wouldn't remain lucid every time, but it was the starting point for me.

At the time, I had no idea what this all meant and when I spoke to people about my experiences, they often dismissed them as being made-up stories by telling me that I had an overactive imagination! This wasn't done in a malicious way; I just think most people around me at the time had no cognizance of the fact that awareness could remain 'awake' throughout dreaming. This was also pre-internet, so the encyclopedia was the best bet and if you didn't know what you were looking for, you couldn't look it up! The first time that I formally learnt about the term lucid dreaming was when I was around sixteen and a friend's grandmother gave me an Egyptian deck of tarot cards which included a small write up on lucid dreaming!

What did you think when you heard about it?

Sadly, I didn't really think anything about it because I was more interested in waking life at the time!

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while?

When I was younger, yes, and then later when I moved away from paying attention to my dreams, I chose to rekindle the process when I was around the age of twenty-five. Your book was a huge part of that awakening for me because while I was training to become a psychologist, I also worked part-time in an esoteric store where there were copies of your book, which I read and loved. It sparked the motivation for me to pay more attention to my dreams and also showed me so many methods to incubate lucid dreams. So, thank you! Since then, I work with my dreams almost daily.

What happened in your early lucid dreams?

Mostly flying and going to interesting places (often places surrounded by water and that looked futuristic in design). I would also receive songs in my lucid dreams where I would sing with people that I met in that space.

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

Yes, I have had precognitive dreams, as well as lucid dreams where I was given information about what would come to pass. When I was younger, it was often about things that I was struggling with, like when a friendship ended unexpectedly or with relationships changing—that kind of thing. Later, I found my lucid dreams surprised me in that I would sometimes be given information about the collective. I once dreamt lucidly (actually I would say I was semi-lucid, in that I knew I was dreaming but couldn't alter the dream) about a concert that was going to happen that would end in disaster. At the time, in South Africa, that very thing happened when people were violently mugged and physically attacked exiting the concert. My sister and I chose not to go because of that dream, which really was a blessing. I don't ever think I will get to a point where my dreams cease to amaze me—in fact, I hope I don't! I believe that we are in this incredible partnership with the consciousness behind dreams, and to me, that is absolutely amazing. Our awareness meets Awareness every time we lucid dream.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

I feel like lucid dreaming may be the frontier or leading edge of consciousness. In a space that has been proven to provide so many benefits, we still do not know how it works exactly. We may have scientific theories that explore dreaming but ultimately, in my opinion, it's still a mystery. And one that we get to join in on nightly. It is also so experiential which for me is what I find so interesting. You don't have to take anyone's word for it; if you do the practices, you can have your own lucid dreams and discover these things for yourself!

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

I find that being hyper-mindful throughout the day helps me to have more spontaneous lucid dreams. I'll often walk and just list what I'm seeing around me and name what I'm doing. For example, 'This is a magnolia tree, I am walking on the pavement,' or I'll say, 'now I'm sending an email to so and so.' So, I try to ground my presence into what I'm doing, and I find that leads to a lot more self-reflective thinking in the dreamscape which often triggers lucidity for me. I also incubate a statement every night before I sleep that I will be able to recognize the dream as a dream. I'm also working on maintaining awareness from waking life into sleep without losing lucidity, but I find if I am physically or mentally tired it's hard for me to do!

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

At the beginning it felt more random, and often chaotic, in that the dream would move so fast and I felt like I was just fighting to maintain my lucidity. But the more I do the practice, the more I realize that the 'rules' that govern the dreamworld may just be a reflection of a more centered awareness that I am experiencing. So, if you can multiply your body into hundreds of versions of you, or turn water into fire, you are creating order by



*Our
awareness
meets
Awareness
every time
we lucid
dream.*

'will' of your awareness because you are conscious of this aspect of your awareness. If you move to a place where no image or symbols appear—then the rule that appears is a newfound form of greater awareness. I honestly don't have a full answer for this question, but I believe that this is one of the most wonderful aspects of lucid dreaming—that is, its connection to the nature of reality.

Occasionally in the LDE, some people will report using lucid dreaming to encourage physical healing or emotional healing (for example, see the June 2023 DreamSpeak interview with Jose M.). What do you think about this idea?

I feel that this is an avenue that should definitely be explored by anyone who is experiencing some illness or pain that they need to heal—especially if they are having no results in waking life! In my dream group, the Dream Weave, I have witnessed a participant heal symptoms of a chronic illness through incubating a healing lucid dream. Many people may say that this is the placebo effect, which I will in turn say: does it really matter what it is if it works?

Personally, I don't think it's just the placebo effect. I think it is belief, will, and intention all coming together in a space that we don't fully understand yet. There is definitely research and academic work to be done in this space. I've also seen how lucid dreams (and symbolic dreams) can deeply help one to sort out, process, and release emotions if need be. Our nightmares are great guides in this way. So either way, lucid dreaming and symbolic dreaming holds great potential for healing.

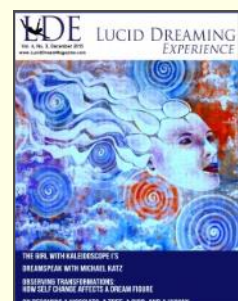
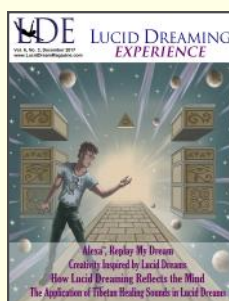
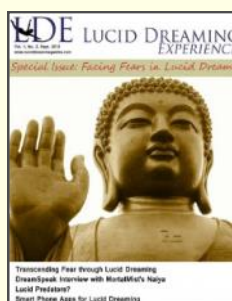
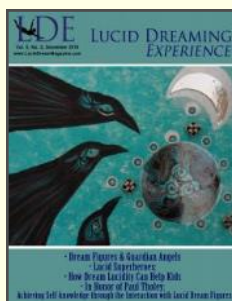
Have you ever tried in a lucid dream to use it for healing? What happened?

I had an experience with something called Pterygium (or surfer's eye). It is when a growth forms on the clear tissue of the eye and it can spread to the cornea which can cause severe problems with sight. I was told by an ophthalmologist that I would have to have an eye op (this would be a literal nightmare for me!), so I incubated a lucid dream and asked for healing in the dream. A dream figure gave me a glass of water which I drank. A couple of days later the growth retracted and I no longer needed the op (it didn't fully go away but I am not complaining about that!). The (surprised!) doctor told me that that can sometimes naturally happen, but in my heart of hearts I feel that it was my dream that sped up the process of natural healing that our bodies can do.

Sometimes people wonder about the 'mechanism' which might explain healing through lucid dreaming. I've noted that the Buddhist Dream Yoga traditions states that an action performed in a lucid dream has much greater power than the same action performed at a waking level. But how do you think about this? Why does lucid dreaming seem to enhance 'healing'?

In many ways it seems that the dreamworld is the prime reality and waking life is its echo. I think that the

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



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

same action holds greater power in a lucid dream because the dreamworld holds greater power in reality than the waking world. The nature of consciousness and the nature of reality and how they intertwine is the great discovery here. I also believe that from a psychology standpoint, when we sleep, we become privy to many aspects of ourselves (our beliefs, relationships, wants, and desires) through the symbolic dreams we have. We see many parts of our lives and awareness mirrored in the dreamworld.

Yet when we lucid dream, we have an even greater potential to meet ourselves in a more significant way because in a lucid dream, we are meeting with our own greater awareness and so, much can be altered, and easily. Whereas in reality, we believe that things are more 'fixed', so things remain that way because our awareness is of that level of perception. In a lucid dream, we are aware that we can easily alter, create, and change with our awareness (we believe this), and so it is. It's definitely food for thought.

Another area of interest for many lucid dreamers involves meeting deceased loved ones in a lucid dream state. In the past week, I became lucid when I saw a deceased friend, who passed about 25 years ago. Have you ever experienced this? Can you share a lucid dream example?

Yes, and I think it is one of the most beautiful aspects of lucid dreaming! I also have had many clients who have experienced deceased loved ones appearing in their symbolic dreams which have been proven to be just as meaningful. One of the most poignant stories I remember hearing is when I interviewed a news anchor whose ex-husband had killed himself by jumping off a bridge. She hadn't seen him prior to his death, but the next day when she was in a state she described as being 'half-awake and half-asleep' she saw him sitting at the edge of the bed in a specific set of clothes (I think it was a plaid shirt). He spoke words of comfort to her and relayed messages for their children.

Anyway, fast forward to a few days later and one of the doctors who did the autopsy confirmed the clothing that he was wearing, and it was the exact same outfit that she had seen him in, in her dream vision. This experience provided her great comfort and solace in an incredibly difficult time.

Personally, I've also experienced lucid dreams where guides have appeared (sometimes I think these are simply psychological figures that we are meeting more directly). And other times, I believe we are meeting non-physical beings/guides or consciousness that exists in a different time/space reality to us. The trick is to ask for information that you couldn't possibly know—like what will happen next week Tuesday at 3:00 in the news, for example.

Some people would say deceased dream figures exist as nothing more than 'memories' in our unconscious mind, and that explains why we dream about them. What do you think? Have you ever received information from a deceased dream figure outside of your knowing, in a dream or lucid dream?

I definitely think we access our memories, the collective unconscious, our own aspects of self in lucid dreaming but I've had far too many 'out there' experiences to believe that that is all there is. Yes, you may miss your beloved family member and see something on TV that then prompts a symbolic 'visit' from them in a dream. But I am of the belief that 'they' can equally visit you from the "other side" because our consciousness does not cease to exist when we die.



I've also been privy to and witnessed many stories and experiences of people who explained how their late loved one told them information that would be helpful in a couple of weeks' time—which turned out to be true. In one example, a client was told not to sell her house and she randomly received a much higher offer out of the blue a month or two later, which she accepted.

I have also met with dream figures that I didn't know in many symbolic dreams, and in a few lucid dreams, that shared insights, inspiration, and information on creative projects that I was working on at the time. When I was close to finishing my first book, I dreamt of two men who were yogis, who were meditating while

hovering off the ground, who told me that they liked what I wrote but that there was so much more to lucid dreaming than anyone had ever written, and that this would be a journey in many ways of unlearning what was learnt.

Sometimes we have lucid dreams where we meet dream figures that have a sense of great wisdom or insight. Some people would call these 'dream guides'. Have you ever noticed this in your lucid dreams? What did you learn? And did it seem beyond your knowing?


Once I was going through a very hard period of change that I felt like I was not handling very well. During that time, I had a dream where I spontaneously become lucid and, in the dream, a Buddhist teacher came to teach me how to move forward more positively. He told me his name, but I forgot it on waking. Anyway, in the lucid dream, he 'manifested' a coffee mug (it looked like the one I use at home), and on it he made clouds appear that were moving.

In the lucid dream he told me that change is like the clouds, soft and moving, because I am the cup. That dream really helped me on waking, especially because every morning I make coffee and use that cup.

There is also a famous Pema Chodren quote where she says: "You are the sky. Everything else is just the weather." Well, cup or sky, we can flow with change, or so I am learning. The same teacher has appeared in my dreams a couple of times, but I am sad to say each time I have forgotten his name each day on waking. I will, however, remember one day!

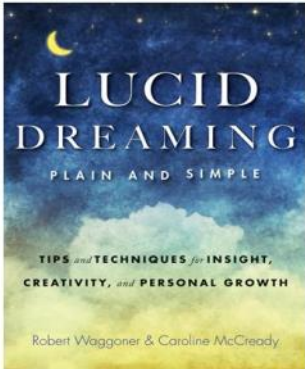
Thank you, Athena, for sharing your lucid dream experiences with the LDE! If people want to learn more about you and your work in dreaming and lucid dreaming, how can they find you?

Thank you! My books, [The Alchemy of Your Dreams: A Modern Guide to Lucid Dreaming & Interpretation](#), and [The Deliberate Dreamer's Journal](#) are out now and have been translated into more than 12 languages worldwide. People can also discover my work at www.athenalaz.com, and find me on social media (Instagram) here: [@athena_laz](#) . ▲




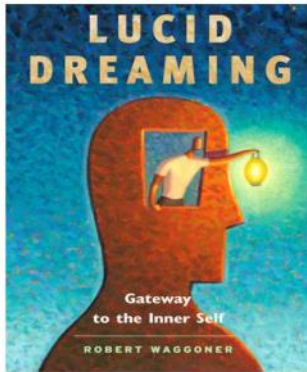
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DREAMING ON SACRED LAND

By David L. Kahn © 2023

*We will be known by the
tracks we leave behind.*
— Dakota Proverb



In early 2023 I had a series of dreams that included powerful scenes with people, animals, and artifacts native to the land on which I now live. Though I matched up some aspects of those dreams with waking life events, some of the symbolism felt far beyond me individually, especially in lucid scenes of those dreams. I briefly touched on one of them in my previous LDE article, *Spiraling Through the Collective*. While experiencing a high level of lucidity, I dove deep into the ocean and entered an old room in which I read a scroll on the water above me. I then noticed a book on a small bench across the room. I opened it to a bookmarked page and had a conversation with a holographic Native American man I saw in the book. I could feel his wisdom, though he had a sense of humor, and I had a deep respect for him. Among the things I recall him telling me was that if I lived well each day, I would have all that I need. He also said, “The kingdom of heaven is here” and “The kingdom of heaven is now” simultaneously. I woke up with a tear in my right eye.

Soon after, I had a dream after visiting Mankato, Minnesota where I had seen several buffalo in a state park. The dream included seeing a herd of buffalo flying towards and over me across the sky. I was unaffected by the heavy wind that flew the buffalo, which my father in the dream said was because we were facing it head on. I had never dreamed of buffalo like this, and it was a dream that stuck with me for several days after.

I began paying more attention to the signs of the history of the area I live in, mainly the Native American names of the towns and lakes. As is true in so many places, the brutal past of this area is often hidden in plain sight.

The 5-week U.S.-Dakota War ended on December 26, 1862¹. That day, 38 men from the Dakota tribe were hanged in Mankato under orders from President Abraham Lincoln in what remains the largest single-day execution in U.S. history. The government then forced most of the remaining Dakota to leave Minnesota. During this same period, bison of the area were hunted nearly to extinction. These animals once thrived on the Minnesota prairies, but eventually less than 1000 remained in the entire United States. The last known bison seen in the wild in Minnesota was in 1880².

For many years I have generally allowed my lucid dreams to show me whatever it is that I need to see, while focusing less on pre-set experiments. I later began to see an-

other slow shift in which I am now becoming more open to seeing things beyond the ego version of who I think I am. The lucid dream of my conversation with the Native American man was among the most intense I have ever had. What is both interesting and inspiring to me is that I felt no sense of anger, hatred, or conflict from him. I only felt peace, humor, and wisdom. The buffalo dream had a similar sense in that there wasn't anything that needed to be done, except to face the wind head on. To me, that feels like how lucidity is—to just be aware. With awareness, things change on their own. I am now more aware of the history of the land on which I live. I wasn't here when the brutality happened.

My ancestors were in Eastern Europe, also being persecuted due to being Jewish. We often end up where we do for reasons that happened long before our births. The land that I am living on has adopted me, and I owe her gratitude. I honor the people and animals who preceded my arrival here, and I mourn their losses. In subtle ways, I am seeing this place a little differently now. In my mind I can see the buffalo still roaming prairies hidden behind the veil of homes and strip malls.

There is one more thing that the Native American man in my lucid dream told me. He said, “It's all in balance.” He didn't elaborate on that, nor did I feel the need for him to do so. I don't think he was speaking of anything specifically. All means all, including things we cannot see or even imagine. What I think most stood out to me about this dream was the sheer realness of it. Even though I was aware that I was dreaming, I had an intense feeling of the entire scene being as real as anything I have ever experienced. It was one of those rare dreams, even among lucid dreams, that I will think about and feel many times throughout my life. It reminds me that the places we dream about are, more specifically, places in time. Lucid dreaming provides us with opportunities to connect physical locations with multiple timelines, and therefore perhaps to also visit with ancestors of that land.

Pidamaya (thank you), my elder friend. I will do my best to respect *Mni Sóta Ma' oce*—Land where the waters reflect the skies. ▲

¹<https://www.usdakotawar.org/history/aftermath/trials-hanging>

²<https://www.startribune.com/when-did-wild-bison-disappear-from-minnesota/567086571/>

The Act of Dreaming

By Ileana Lartigue © 2023



...Only by learning to feel, or sense or intuitively perceive the depths of your own experience can you glimpse the nature of All That Is.

— Seth Speaks / Session 570

A few days after reading this passage from one of the Seth books, I had the following dream:

I'm walking up dilapidated stone steps, in the ruins of some ancient city. I love the feel of this physical movement, of the dusty steps under my feet, of the environment I'm immersed in that has an air of storybook fantasy to it.

The ruins stand among lush vegetation. There is something about the quality of the dreamscape that is completely unique. A contained iridescence. It's like nothing I've seen or experienced before. It has a vibrancy, an almost glimmer, born from the intensity of the frequencies of the energy that lies beneath it, that is bringing it forth. It's slightly unreal. Magical. Like some sort of three-dimensional fairytale dream territory. Beyond oneiric. Meta real. I let the rich sensations it elicits run through me.

At some point I feel myself emerge into awareness. I become lucid. The sense of power that comes with lucidity takes me over. I'm very happy to be consciously aware in this place. I immediately decide to summon fire from my hands, for some reason. I had not planned to do this at all. I can see my cupped hands in front of me. There is a rounded flame blazing within them. It does not burn me. It is my own energy made visible.

Then I'm on the ground floor of a house. I'm not sure where. It resembles the interior of a house you might find in a hot Mediterranean country. It looks like some type of store. The room is quite large, with low ceilings and thick whitewashed walls. It has no windows. The place is full of old dusty furniture and objects of different sorts. I think everything here is for sale. But it's not organized. Things are displayed randomly. The store is cluttered, and yet there is something warm and inviting about it. I feel safe here, enveloped by a reassuring force. All the objects are of great beauty and of a potency augmented, made stronger by the passage of time. It's as if they had accumulated intensity throughout their existence. Layers of meaning. I can sense these different layers, and the complex nuances and richness each thing holds.

I see a man dressed in a white cotton outfit standing towards the left of the store. He is the shopkeeper. His sunburnt skin contrasts with the whiteness of his loose, laidback clothes. At first I think he's a dream character and try to interact with him accordingly. Then I realize he is some kind of dream guardian, the keeper of this place. He knows that I have understood who he is and looks straight at me, smiling warmly. There is something very open and extremely pleasant about him. An old woman, who is sitting on a couch, turns around and looks at me, with a wide friendly grin on her face. I somehow know she was once the keeper of the shop. She's part of the lineage dedicated to watching over it. Now she has passed that role on to the man in white. I walk towards the back of the store.

There is a chest there. I recognize it. It's a chest I keep old stuff in, in waking life. Things from my past. I open

it. I can see my daughter's childhood drawings, sculptures and sketches that my ex-husband made, my own old paint brushes that are miraculously still wet with paint even though I used these particular brushes over thirty years ago. These are not the actual contents of the chest that I have in the waking world but a strange mix of items that have been significant for me at some point. I sense a rich complexity related to the chest and its contents. It's showing me the nature and depth of the energy that links me to my daughter and my ex. The energy that binds us and that is very, very strong. Creativity.

I turn around for a second. When I turn back the chest is gone. In its place there is an old piece of wooden furniture, with shelves and drawers and carved panel doors. It's painted a vibrant hue of cyan. The paint is old and coming off. But it is, again, like all the objects and furniture in the room, and the room itself, strangely inviting. It has power. It seems familiar though I haven't been in this dream space previously, that I can recall. There is a timelessness to it that I can't quite comprehend though I try to. It stores too much information. I can't read it. It contains many levels of meaning, like everything else in the store.

This dream location must be some type of magical portal, a passageway to other levels of reality, that opens up at times giving the dreamer access to meaningful experience or to needed data, and then closes again. A space you can enter when in need of guidance or information.

I walk towards the front of the room to leave. As I turn my gaze to the left, I see a long rectangular window. It has white translucent curtains. I had not noticed the window until now. There is a window seat beneath it, with large square cushions, some of them deep yellow, others midnight blue. They're made of sturdy fabric. There is something extremely alluring about the scene. A mysterious glow. A beauty of some magical kind I have never experienced before. The moment I see the open window I reemerge into full lucidity. I had lost the lucidity at some point between the interaction with the guardian and here. The image of the window seat in front of me draws me in. It has a strange magnetism to it, despite its straightforward simplicity. It's overwhelmingly captivating, hypnotizing. I'm transfixed. As I stand there looking at the scene, a sensation of joyous pleasure takes me over. A feeling of power and of flow. What is this feeling? I don't recognize it. It's completely new to me. It's as if infinite possibilities were accessible to me from this state, from this point. As if from this point I could create anything I wished. Limitless abundance. Absolute fulfillment. *(12 July, 2023 / Muret, France)*



The dream was full of emotional textures and nuances. Every visual was accompanied with intense and complex sensations. It was a journey through my own inner emotional hues made visual. The imagery was striking throughout the dream, and extremely personal. I think the dream was showing me the relationship between my own deep inner tones and the dreamscape. I was weaving those tones into symbols. They were not a reaction to the symbols but their cause.

I believe that in this dream I did get to "sense the depth of my own experience" as described in the Seth quote. The window seat with cushions scene had an especially strong impact on me. And I wonder if the rich sensation of joyous pleasure I was feeling was not only because I was sensing my own inner tonalities, my deeper chords, but because I was wielding them. Maybe part of what I was feeling was the pleasure of the act of creating, the alchemical process of transfiguration of infinite energy into symbol, that process through which the dreaming psyche transmutes inner experience into dreamscape to then witness it. The act of dreaming. ▲

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The Relative Experiment

By Arlindo Batista © 2023



Date: 15/09/2021
Bedtime: 2.45am
Awakening: 7.15am
Return to bed: 9.15am
Method of entry: dream
consciousness
Awakening: 11.30am
Attempt: successful

WAKING

I return home from a school run with a strong intention to induce a lucid dream and carry out an experiment to meet a deceased loved one and strike up a conversation. I feel too awake when I lie down on my back, so I decide to relax and meditate.

LUCID DREAMING

I am resting on my side with my eyes shut and hear a male radio voice in my head. It's reassuring me that together we can overcome any problems and it ended with, *Don't worry, I'm always here if you need me... I've got your back.* I feel like I have discovered a strong ally from my subconscious and take the voice seriously enough as a possible helper that I might wish to summon in the future. As I remain still, pondering about the nature of my own mind, I fall asleep.

DREAMING

My wife and I are in the back of a red convertible, speeding down a motorway under sunny weather and facing the rear end of the vehicle as we watch a long stretch of road from our backseats. Our chauffeur, who seems to be a good driver, is unknown. Suddenly, I notice a naked man holding on to the side of the car. I leap in his direction and, fearing he might be trying to hijack our ride, attempt to kick him off it. The nude character proves to be quite agile and swiftly jumps to the bonnet and holds on for dear life. I begin to cautiously approach the miscreant in the hope that I might be able to strike him but this one moves to the driver's side. He holds on to the side mirror and struggles with the driver. Wasting no time, I come to the rescue, managing to push him off the vehicle as it grinds to a halt with sirens growing louder.

The police are right behind us and the naked outlaw makes a dash for a barn on the side of the road in order to hide. "There he is!" I yell at the cops, as I give chase so as to not lose sight of the fugitive. I enter the barn and glimpse him escaping through a gap in the next splintered wall.

Rushing to the gap, I break loose planks of wood in order to widen it and become astonished at the rustic vista beyond as I practically stand on the edge of a gully. *Where did he go?* I look down and see a river shimmering in the sunlight. *Am I dreaming?*

LUCID DREAMING

I plunge into the river from a great height without any regard for safety, as I know I'm dreaming. The water feels just right. When I resurface and begin to swim along the steep riverbank, I notice that the scenery has turned into a vibrant, picturesque village. The riverbank is now a row of buildings and I leap out of the water to grip the plastic sill of a third-floor window, climbing upwards and turning my head to behold the rest of my surroundings and knowing that I am supposed to do something important. That's it! This is my opportunity to encounter my deceased mother-in-law, Sandra, and communicate with her for The Relative Experiment.

I glide away from the windowsill as I make out a building that stands out from the rest: it's an impressive black silo, clearly cylindrical and wide enough to remind me of a giant bin, but majestically adorned with gold-plated

lines and a cross. The entrance is guarded by the figure of a black man wearing a cassock and I immediately take the structure to be a church. *That's where I'll find Sandra! She's inside the church!*

I go over the priest's head and fly all the way to the top of the silo, revealing it to be open and offering me direct access to its interior. I gradually descend to find myself landing between rows of pews and an altar, next to which is an open coffin. I hear the unmistakable coughing of my mother-in-law and witness her figure sit up from the ebony casket. Despite her strikingly realistic form, I am not scared even if a part of me emotionally entertains the possibility that I might be in the presence of Sandra's spirit. In fact, I want it to be her, but I also want to know exactly what I'm dealing with here. She looks and sounds so real! Her trim silver hair, her facial features and her familiar voice are on the money!

She is well groomed, sporting a silky blue shirt and her frame is strong and healthy—contrasting the memory of her gaunt appearance in her final days. She seems distressed as she coughs and appears to be clearing her throat. When she is done, she looks up and bursts into tears before we have an emotional cuddle and sit next to each other by the altar to engage in the following conversation, containing the questions I had planned beforehand:

Sandra: What took you so long?

Me: I'm here! How can I make Stacey happier?

Sandra: Look after my girl!

Me: I will, no worries. So...what is your afterlife like?

Sandra: (Cheerfully) Oooh, I've been to the moon! I've been to marvelous places! I can go anywhere! I've got mushrooms....

Me: (excitedly thinking of magic mushrooms and that Sandra might show me what she experienced via psychedelics) What? Let's take them!

Sandra: Come, come!

She gets up and takes my hand, leading me towards a doorway revealing another room with a few people gathering around a banquet with a lot of fruit. Before I can enter the room with Sandra, I wake unexpectedly.

WAKING

I dash off key observations about my lucid dream and reflect on the experience. It's not the first time I meet Sandra, or deceased loved ones for that matter, in lucid dreams, but it is always an intense and emotional experience. Seeing and talking to them fills me with joy and I always act as though it is really them. Deep down, I want such figures to really be them and not mere products of my mind.

In hindsight, Sandra answered my first question regarding my wife as I imagine she would. Undoubtedly, my mother-in-law would want me to look after her daughter in her absence from the realm of the living. To the second question, Sandra replied in a manner giving a strong impression that I was really engaged in a dialogue with myself. I didn't realise it at the time, but, retrospectively, the fact that my mother-in-law said she had been to the moon coincides with my original plan to meet her, which was: Fly to the moon and find Sandra there. And affirming her ability to go to marvelous places and anywhere she wants parallels my attitude to lucid dreaming and its possibilities.

The very first thing Sandra said to me in this experience, which was to ask what took me so long to meet her, can tellingly reflect my internal dialogue after finally manifesting the conditions in which to execute this experiment. The mention of mushrooms—which I instantly took to be the fungal growths containing psilocybin—in the reply to the afterlife question also seems out of character for the real Sandra and more pertinent to my own experience with psychedelics in my twenties. I often imagine deathbed visions to be akin to psychedelic trips brought about by the release of endorphins!

Nevertheless, there is a desire to believe that such experiences are encounters with the spirits of loved ones who passed away. Deep down, with all the emotions that this experience brought forth, I reluctantly refuse to dismiss, altogether, a scenario where I have communed with the real Sandra—who had access to personal memories of experimenting with magic mushrooms and used it to convey to me what her afterlife has been like—however improbable it is. ▲





Two Time Travel Lucids

Maria Isabel Pita © 2023

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

I'm in a large white space with other people who are all, like me, wearing Medieval-style costumes and armor. But this is not a theatrical production because the sword I'm holding is a real one made of a dark silvery-blue metal. It's a long sword, with a broad blade that tapers at the end. The hilt is large and the metal is heavy although somewhat thin, as if it's a very old sword made centuries ago. It feels strange to be holding this sword, but if I'm going to use it, I should make sure it's a good one. Raising it before me with both hands, I suddenly realize I'm going to have to do some actual fighting with this sword! I'll be cut to pieces in a few seconds! I don't know how to sword fight! I walk away....

I slip into lucidity as I open the front door of my house and step out onto the porch, where I experience the real sensation of a very gentle rainfall. It's surprising, yet sweetly refreshing. It's still night, but the darkness is alleviated by a lovely ambient blue light. I realize I'm not in our actual front yard but in a grove of trees illuminated by this soft blue radiance. Rising a few feet off the ground, I drift contentedly between the trees, happy to be lucid. The trees are much broader than they are tall, their branches stretching out in a sinuous way beneath a dark green canopy. These trees do not look native to where I live.

As I rise a little higher above the trees, I perceive starry golden lights close to the horizon of this celestial blue mist, beneath which I discern a road of sorts. Taking a deep breath, I exclaim, "My Lord!" wanting to thank Him for everything, and feeling there's something I need to do, that He wants me to do, in this dream.

Without thinking about it, I turn to my left, descend, and walk out of the misty blue grove of trees. I emerge into a sunny day at the edge of an open square surrounded by the high walls of a castle or some similar protective structure. An open air market is underway. There are no booths or canopies, just three long narrow tables, covered with white cloths, arranged at right angles to each other.

Before the table closest to me stands a short figure wearing dusty silver-gray chain mail armor that looks like it's seen a lot of use. I can't see his face because he's wearing a helmet, but I assume he's a man. He's holding a sword in both hands before him, the hilt level with his chest and the blade extending all the way to the ground, its point in the smooth dirt. I somehow know he belongs to a force of knights protecting the people of this town. I remember my earlier dream in which I was holding a sword, but although this scene is the real thing, the atmosphere is relaxed; everyone obviously feels safe now.

I walk over to the nearest table, behind which stand two women selling necklaces. Focusing on one of the pieces, I pick it up and run it through my fingers. It's made of narrow and smoothly rectangular small white stones strung together on a very fine gold chain. I ask the women, "What is this stone?" but get no response. They don't seem aware of me at all, like I'm invisible to them. I have to repeat my question a few times, raising my voice, before they finally register my presence. "What is this stone?" I repeat, and one of the women—who is wearing some sort of white apron over a long plain dress—replies, "Rapta." I repeat, "Rapta?" And she says, "Yes, rapta."

Putting the necklace down, I take a step back before asking them, "What year is this?" I get the distinct impression I've gone back in time, and that I'm experiencing a real historical location and event. Once again, I have to repeat myself as they stare at me, bemused by my question. Then the same woman replies slowly and clearly, "**The Year of Our Lord 1429.**"

When I repeat what she told me, she nods. I'm sure I can remember this because Columbus discovered America in 1492, so I just invert the 9 and the 2. Repeating the date to myself, and the name of the stone, I

wake up. But in all my later dreams, I'm talking to people about this lucid dream, and in one of them a woman tells me the name of the stone is *namma* not *rapta*.

I was completely blown away when I Googled “The Year of our Lord 1429” and discovered what I had not previously known. In fact, I have always had conflicting feelings about Joan of Arc, and so I have never read much about her. That morning I did!



“During the Hundred Years’ War, on April 29, 1429, the 17-year-old French peasant Joan of Arc leads a French force in relieving the city of Orleans, besieged by the English since October...”

“At the age of 16, ‘voices’ of Christian saints told Joan to aid Charles, the French dauphin, in gaining the French throne and expelling the English from France. Convinced of the validity of her divine mission, Charles furnished Joan with a small force of troops. She led her troops to Orleans, and on April 29, 1429, as a French sortie distracted the English troops on the west side of the city, Joan entered unopposed by its eastern gate. Bringing needed supplies and troops into the besieged city, she also inspired the French to a passionate resistance and through the next week led the charge during a number of skirmishes and battles. On one occasion, she was even hit by an arrow, but after dressing her wounds she returned to the battle. On May 8, the siege of Orleans was broken, and the English retreated.” (history.com/this-day-in-history/joan-of-arc-relieves-orleans)

I Googled “white stone *rapta*” and this was the top search result:

Revelation—What is the “hidden manna” and the “white stone”: In the quote below from the Book of Revelation, the last book of the New Testament, it is Jesus speaking: “To the one who is victorious, I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give that person a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to the one who receives it.” (Revelation 2:17).

If I had Googled “namma” first instead of “rapta” I would not have found anything of any significance. I distinctly heard and repeated “rapta” when the woman replied to my question, as if I was meant to remember “rapta” because it would provide me with the right search result after another dream figure linked the white stone with this quote from Revelation by telling me the stone’s name was “manna”. But as sometimes happens in a dream vowels and consonants can get mixed up, and when I woke up, I thought I had heard “namma”. *Rapta* also sounds like the beginning or a dream-compressed version of *Rapture*.

I felt I was in a moment of the real historical past, and it seems I was. My earlier non-lucid dream of holding a sword—and being expected to really fight with it even though I was a woman with no training—ties directly into this lucid dream. Could the lone knight I saw guarding the people, who was shorter than I expected an armored man to be, and who held a sword like the one I had held in my first dream, have been Joan of Arc?

Continuing my search, I discovered an account of the event penned by a young noblewoman who very emotionally described the miracle of their salvation by Joan of Arc. She concludes: *“My mother invites Joan of Arc to sup with us. She politely declines saying that she must tend to the other sick and wounded and help feed the hungry. I cannot make sense of all that happened today only to say that a miracle happened, and Joan of Arc was part of that miracle.”*

I am in awe! I feel one of the reasons God blessed me with this dream was to encourage me to keep confidently wielding a pen as Joan did a sword.

“So now you must give others an intelligible account of what you see with your inner eye and what you hear with your inner ear. Your testimony will help them.” — Hildegard of Bingen: A Spiritual Reader

Image: earliest extant representation of Joan of Arc; drawing by Clément de Fauquembergue (May 1429, French National Archives). Public domain.

11 Norway

I slip into a Wake Induced Lucid Dream where I laughingly tell my sister that you don't need to worry about making a mess in a dream. But reconsidering, I add, "Then again if you come back in another lucid dream this mess will still be here, so really, it's not good to be messy even in a dream". . . . Another W.I.L.D. into an immeasurably vast white space, and looking out a window I focus on, I perceive the edge of a castle wall made of stone blocks with a greenish tinge in places. I love how very real and present the scene outside the window is as I move toward it, but I can't quite make it out there....

Saying goodbye to some dream characters I've been having fun with, in the process of doing so I become lucid and immediately take off into the sky—a powerful wind is pulling me up, and up. There are trees everywhere in a pure expansive landscape. The lighting is a soft silvery-gold as though it's dusk, or late, in an overcast day in a place where everything is covered with a soft deep layer of snow. I feel fantastic and free ascending over this dream scene.

Then I spot, flying swiftly toward me, a bright blue-and-white bird similar to a blue jay. As it soars past and around me I reach out for it, delighted by the possibility of forming some kind of dream bond. But abruptly it shoots straight down to earth, and I'm pulled down after it. Plummeting toward the ground, I separate my arms slightly from my body, and willing myself to slow down, land nicely.

Taking off again, I become conscious of my nipples, which begins arousing me. Not desiring the distraction, I deliberately pull off what I'm wearing—an old-fashioned bodice that has begun slipping down over my breasts—and toss it away. I find it interesting I was able to simply remove the sensation in this fashion.

A few seconds later, I perceive below me a white street at the edge of some quaint old-fashioned town. Three young men are crossing this street, walking and talking together, and I call down to them curiously, "Who are you?" They are quite animated, and I sense bonded by much more than casual friendship. They're all dressed the same, and their dark hair is neither short or long. Their skin is very fair and radiates a healthy vitality. I especially notice and focus on one of the three, who I sense is their leader. His face is alive with a highly attractive focused energy, and I distinctly sense he and his companions are real individuals from Earth's past interacting with me now in my lucid dream.

Worrying they may not have heard me, I descend to street level, and putting a friendly edge of command in my voice ask the group's leader, "Who are you?"

Stopping as one, they regard me with the same focused attention I'm bestowing on them. All of them are wearing straight white tunics over long-sleeved black shirts and tights. But it's the young man I sense is their leader who meets my eyes and says, very distinctly, "11 Norway."

I ask, "So this is Norway in the eleventh century?"

Speaking for all of them he replies, "Yes." And as they continue regarding me in what strikes me as a fully conscious way, I get the impression they somehow mysteriously know I'm dreaming—that I'm visiting them in a dream—and aren't surprised.

As we all enter another building, which is narrow and dimly lit, I repeat to myself, "11 Norway... 11 Norway..." before asking the spokesman, "What's your name?"

"Hareldson," I hear him reply. "Thursday Hareldson."

I'm sure I'll remember this because the Viking Thor's Day is where our day of the week Thursday comes from. I keep repeating what he's told me, "11 Norway, Thor's day Hareldson." I'm standing very close to him, and his earnest noble face only inches away from mine is partially in shadow. And as I keep repeating this information to myself out loud, it seems to me he begins looking concerned I might not remember what he's told me. Feeling it's time to go so I won't forget, I begin backing away toward the door as I silently repeat in my mind what I've heard, determined to remember it....

I slip into a *False Awakening* in which I waste a lot of time trying to find paper to write my information down on, but it's the usual problem of every pad and notebook, etc. already being covered with writing. I finally

wake up for real, and thanks to how often I repeated the information in the dream, I still remember it.

Dream Notes

A web search of what I was told in the dream yielded information that truly amazed me:

King Olaf, Saint Olaf, 11th Century, Norway



“Olaf II’s old Norse name is Ólafr Haraldsson. He was a pagan Viking raider who converted to Christianity and became King of Norway. He dramatically destroyed a statue of Thor one day as he began fighting to Christianize Norway.

“The huge wooden idol of Thor that he encountered was at a place called Gulbrandsdad in central Norway. The custom was to offer food and gold ornaments to this idol. Olaf announced to the local Thor worshipers that a golden sunrise then in progress was the herald of his God. With all eyes trained on the sunrise, Olaf had one of his men strike the idol a terrific blow with a club. The rotten wood splintered, the idol collapsed. According to Snorri Sturluson, one of Olaf’s principal chroniclers, “Out of it ran mice as big almost as rats, and reptiles, and adders.” Now, if you worship an idol, it is destroyed, and the man who destroyed it is not struck down on the spot by the gods, you are likely to be shaken. Olaf seized the moment to proclaim: “Either accept Christianity or fight this very day, and the victory be to them to whom the God we worship gives it.” The former devotees of Thor promptly agreed to baptism.

“That is according to one account. According to another, gold ornaments offered to the idol, as well as vermin, scattered across the ground. Olaf is supposed to have then observed to the locals that such pretty things would look better on their wives and daughters. That was enough to secure everyone’s conversion. Whatever, “they who met as enemies,” says Sturluson, “parted as friends.”

Vikings Were DREAMERS

“Viking lore is filled with dreams. Like their bloodiness, the importance of dreams to them may make moderns imagine the Vikings as simply ‘primitive’ and ‘barbaric.’ That’s pretty funny. After all, even as the unquestionable bloodiness of the past century ought to keep us from condemning the savagery of any preceding age, it really is bizarre of us to view any people of earlier times as superstitious because they took dreams seriously... If any who are Catholic see it as superstitious or primitive, it only shows how they have been polluted by the spirit of modernity. They ought to be mindful of St. Joseph. One of the few concrete things Scripture tells us about Joseph is that at key moments of his life he receives instructions from an Angel who comes to him in his sleep—who comes in a dream.” (catholicism.org)

Discussion

I emailed this dream to another lucid dreamer and friend:

James: It’s a very interesting and complex dream, Maria. Particularly the analysis. So help me to understand. Since it’s not just the dream that’s interesting to me. But also the how and why? And I believe I know what you’re going to tell me. I think? So what is the purpose of having this dream? How does this information flow into your dream space and for what purpose? Do trust, I’ll be super open-minded with regard to the dreamer’s interpretation. I ask, in part, because had I asked the same question 3 years ago, I know I would have gotten a very different answer.

Image: Saint Olaf in the coat of arms of Ulvila, a medieval town in Satakunta, Finland. Public domain.

Maria: Ah, but I could never have had this dream a few years ago! If there's one thing I've learned is that the WHY of a dream is not something than can be fully pinned down immediately. Although I can glean a part of the meaning, such dreams point to future developments as a result of progress made so far.

So into my dream last night comes Saint Olaf, the son of a pagan Viking king who became Norway's first Christian ruler and fought to unify the country and free it of neighboring oppressors. I can glean one reason for having been granted a mysterious interview with him in a lucid dream. Considering the position I find myself in now (being shunned by a lot of lucid dreamers because I am fully embracing Christianity as a result of my dreams) I feel Saint Olaf is urging me not to be afraid to fight for what I believe, and to use all my personal gifts and intelligence to defend the joyful strength of my newfound faith. He may also be telling me not to worry about my past sins. I also think it's significant I had this dream the night after All Saint's Day.

I transformed from a writer of BDSM romances (and apparently you're aware, James, that my first published book was entitled Thursday Night) to who I am now as a person and a writer, while Olaf was transformed from a teenage Viking killing priests into a champion of the Faith. Both our conversions, as often happens, were dramatic and absolute.

Many Saints were once hardcore sinners before God took glorious hold of them. ▲

Where's Robert?

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An 8-week course, includes one week on lucid dreaming with Robert Waggoner

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Smart Machines, Lucid Dreams

By Eleanor Cait © 2023



Futurists suspect that Artificial Intelligence (AI) will, in the next few decades, become smarter than humans (“the singularity”). With the advancement of “smarter” artificial intelligence like ChatGPT, I would wonder if it’s possible with sufficiently advanced AI for a machine to dream. Some dream researchers describe the processing of dreaming as akin to defragging a computer’s hard drive, but even from what I remember in the late 1990s, earlier computers needed to defrag a lot less than humans need to dream.

There was a short-lived Nickelodeon cartoon (c. 2004) called “My Life As a Teenage Robot”. One episode involved said teenage robot, Jenny, having her programming updated to enable her to dream, after she envied her human friends’ ability to do that. That episode has stuck with me since then.

A much more well-known fictional robot is Data on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. If he’s programmed to sleep and dream similarly to us, would he lucid dream, and would he always lucid dream when he sleeps? Considering *Star Trek* in all iterations takes place several centuries from now (as opposed to the aforementioned singularity, predicted to happen when a lot of today’s lucid dreamers are still alive), both humans and machines may have advanced to the point where lucid dreaming is used to promote exploration of our inner and outer worlds, and robots like Data would be programmed to lucid dream.

Although I don’t generally encounter modern technology within my lucid dreams right now, I would love to see what the likes of Jenny and Data are like as dream figures, and one of my own dream signs is a futuristic setting. As of yet, human lucid dreamers outside a sleep lab cannot access waking life smart tech functions, but when robots lucid dream, they likely could, be they controlled by a human or not. The same may apply to AI dream figures in our lucid dreams, just like how intelligent biological lucid dream figures seem to be able to access humanity’s collective consciousness (as described by Carl Jung).

If and when robots are programmed to lucid dream, I’d picture their lucid dreams to differ from ours in specific ways. This is because their neural programming was specifically created by humans (at least at first), unlike ours. Their lucid dreams may have significantly more mathematical formulae than I and other humans experience within our lucid dreams, such as binary code. I imagine they’d have fewer dream figures generally (both humans and computers) than we humans experience in our lucid dreams, due to robots’ significantly lower desire for companionship and socialization than humans generally need. Due to their programming, robots wouldn’t need to use reality tests to become and stay lucid—their lucid dream experiences would be akin to a human having a Wake Induced Lucid Dream (WILD), minus the initial bodily sleep paralysis period, and they would have little to no risk of losing lucidity within a dream.

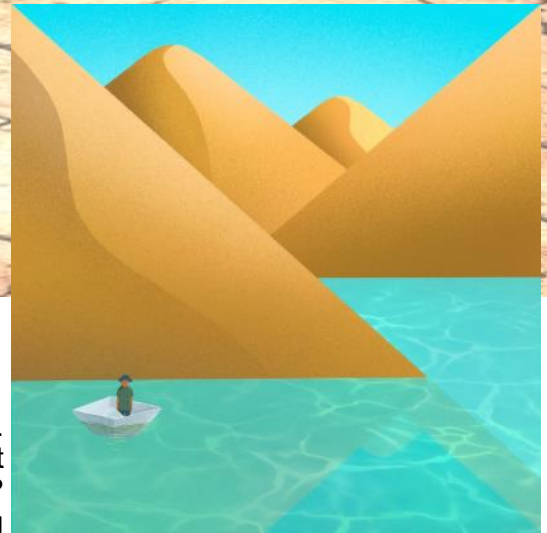
I feel that if robots were programmed on how to lucid dream, they’d be able to simulate within a lucid dream the “taking over as the most intelligent terrestrial species” scenario so often seen in post-singularity science fiction, just like beginning lucid dreamers often take advantage of having superpowers once lucid. Will lucid dreaming robots be better or worse once the singularity happens? I figure we don’t need to wait until AI “gets that smart”—we can test these scenarios in our lucid dreams right now.

(I originally considered co-writing this article with ChatGPT, but I’ve recently come to realize my skepticism towards today’s AI being independently creative. Although it knows what creativity is, and knows how to write in different styles given an appropriate prompt, it cannot yet gain inspiration—much less from the lucid dreams it doesn’t have—from independent thought. Its speculations on its own future are purely based in what humans have put online so far. It learns solely from that broad database called the internet, and without humans contributing to that database, it could not learn, according to this lucid dreamer. However, I should mention that my techie fiancée disagrees with me on ChatGPT’s creative ability). ▲

DRY SPELL:

Breaking the Drought

Peter Maich ©2023



The Frustration of Lost Dreams. Can you relate to this?

“Had recall on awakening; now gone and trying to get it all back. Just on the edge, now waiting for it to come back. Annoying but can’t get annoyed, cast around: Did the dream have a colour? Was it bright or dull? Was it flowing... a river, the wind pushing the clouds across the sky, a raging sea with waves crashing? Noise... a loud voice, a gentle murmur, a child giggling in the background? Emotions... how do I feel, good, bad, happy, disappointed, glowing and buzzing with energy? Can I taste anything... sweet, sour, heavy, light? Casting around for a hint of the dream that I have just woken from; any connection welcome and wanted.”

Dry spells—or runs where recall is hazy or non-existent—can be the bane of a dreamer’s life. If you are dreaming and recording for personal reasons or have some professional interest in dreams and dreaming, without recall and without seeding dreams at times for content, it is just hard and frustrating work, and for me it feels like part of me is missing.

Have you ever just woken and had that feeling of wellbeing, warm and content, with the dream on the edge of awareness... and then it’s gone? It feels like it’s been stolen. This is the most annoying event for a dreamer! I could have been lucid, discovered some awesome fact, or just had a fun, playful time and this could have been the end of that dry spell. It’s so frustrating!

To break a dry spell and get the dream recall back, I think a two-fold approach is required: seeding or intending dreams at one end, and recall at the other. This has been the most effective approach for me in getting back to my normal frequency of dreaming and recall.

It seems to me that dream recall has as much to do with the end of a dry spell as anything and is also a key area to develop for dream awareness and those sought-after lucid dreams. If you can’t recall, how would you know that you were dreaming? If we sleep, then odds are that we did dream—and up to a dozen plus times a night. That’s a rich harvest we are missing out on. I have had my share of lucid dreams and my share of dry spells. Some last many weeks, some not long at all. Each time I feel like it’s all over and they will never come back, but they do, and often in fine style. The dam bursts and they start flowing once more.

There are a few tips and tricks that seem to help. For me, lucidity is triggered when I am either well rested or very tired. Rested and Wake Back to Bed (WBTB) is good and often results in awareness from within the dream. I will get up for a little while in the early hours and then go back to bed. Drifting off to sleep with some intention often does the trick.

If I am very tired, my mind feels muddy, sticky, and heavy on going back to bed and I feel like I am half asleep. It can be easy to pop into a lucid dream or go quickly into sleep and experience a few vivid intense dreams. When I am like that, thoughts seem solid, sticky, and I get dragged into the sleep and dream state; it simply takes over. Lucid, while awesome, is not the holy grail; a good restful night’s sleep and some memorable, vivid dreams ticks the box just as well.

When I feel ready to actively break a dry spell I will start in the following way:

In the evening, I will scratch out a few words in my journal on a dream that I want to have, with bullet points and sometimes a wireframe sketch as well. That’s all that is needed; it sets the intention to have a dream. I

leave it not fully formed as I expect the rest to fill out in the night. I may add some colour to the sketch. This I feel adds emotion to the intention and gives me more of a visual focus as well. I think that a few bullet points leaves my mind curious to complete the story and the same for an unfinished sketch. I start with simple words and that sketch in the physical, and let the inner mind dwell on what might be.

I want to get my inner mind to connect with the dream I am intending to have. A playful approach seems to work best. On drifting to sleep, I will again run through the dream I have chosen to have. It may be riding my bike, visualizing paved roads, France on a summer's day, sunflowers in bloom. Some colour, some feeling of freedom and a sense of motion are all powerful and connect deeply to the inner mind. I drift into the scene, let it come and go without any effort to maintain, and may totally go in a different direction on sleeping. It's a great exercise to relax with. Not long after playing with this technique, I am sleeping and no doubt dreaming. The worst outcome from this exercise is a good night's sleep.

Next is the sticky area of recall.

Don't move your body on waking—and it's a good idea to say this out loud a few times. Give yourself the instruction to not move.

If you wake in the night, don't move your body. This is critical. On first waking, you are more in the dreaming mind than the physical world. Any movement and you are instantly connected to the waking world; senses start becoming active and casting around and connecting you to physical reality. So, if you wake, just lay there without moving, then cast around and see what is in your awareness. Same as seeding the dream, use the senses and see what is

there. Grab anything that comes to your attention, greet it, and see if you break the veil and the dream presents itself.

On waking in the morning, do the same. Don't move. Do a sensory check. I will do this a few times and often an image or thought will appear. This can break the delicate wall between waking and dreaming with full recall of a dream appearing. From that first solid grasp of the dream, go backwards through the dream to recall more. Start with now and go into the past. I find this backtracking, asking for more, to be effective and playful. It's amazing how fast and easy it can become and that instant when the full dream is there to enjoy.

The dry spells always break, and recall of dreams will emerge, but it needs to be worked on until it flows with ease. I never force it; you get to the point when you feel the tug from your mind and its time to break the dry spell.

To recap, in simple form:

1. In the evening, jot notes and draw/sketch a dream you would like to have.
2. Run your mind through each part of the dream, using all of your senses.
3. On waking, don't move.
4. Run your mind again through each part of the dream you wanted, or each sense, and see what emerges.
5. Latch onto any fleeting thought or image, and then allow it to grow.
6. Go backwards through the dream for best effect. ▲



Unidentified Anomalous Phenomena in Lucid Dreaming

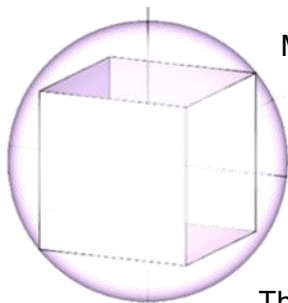
By Melinda Powell © 2023

Picture an aerial object with no evident propulsion that can move at speeds faster than any known aircraft, hover without visible lift thrust, change direction instantaneously, and appear seemingly out of nowhere. What might such an object be? This description fits the characteristics of unidentified anomalous phenomena (UAPs), currently under investigation by the US Congress.

When watching the video recordings released by the United States' Pentagon in September 2021 and listening recently to the testimony of government and military professional during the July 2023 Congressional Select Committee investigation on UAPs¹, I noticed that these accounts bore an uncanny resemblance to the phenomena I had previously encountered in my lucid dreams, in particular, polyhedrons involving cubic, rectilinear, and pyramidal forms.

In my book *Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming* (Archive Publishing, 2020), I share about my experiences of what I call “wormholes” in the lucid void. Until now, however, I haven’t shared much about what can be regarded as UAP encounters in dream lucidity. Given the recent revelations of “credible” evidence disclosed by the Pentagon and the witnesses testifying before the Congressional UAP Select Committee², it is perhaps timely to open a discussion on what UAPs in lucid dreaming could be and why they should appear when and as they do.

In this brief article, I explore three first-hand accounts of my own. I will start with a polyhedral form of the kind that has been reported by both a commercial and navy pilot when flying at 30,000 to 35,000 feet: a translucent sphere, about 15-feet in diameter, containing a black cube.³



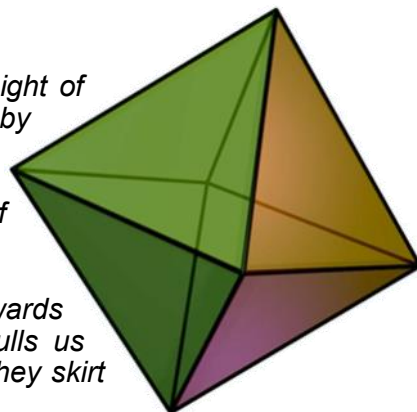
Many years prior to these UAP reports, a geometrically similar structure appeared in one of my lucid dreams from 2010. In this instance, an outline of white light traced the sphere’s three-foot wide circumference and purple light infused the cube. The cube contained a pulsing red ball of light which hovered in its central point. Rather than perceiving the structure as a UAP, I experienced it as a Being of light, more specifically, an abstract representation of my mother, whose voice emitted from the innermost red sphere.⁴

The spherical UAPs described by pilots raise the possibility, if not the likelihood, of advanced, non-human technology. Similarly, their appearance in my lucid dreams suggests to me the presence of a cosmic intelligence, materializing to human perception as a complex mathematical structure.

Some UAP sightings have described pyramidal or triangular shapes. These accounts remind me of a lucid dream I had in 2018, by which time I had learned to be less fearful in the presence of such otherworldly forms:

In dream lucidity, a curious shape emerges on the shimmering Black Light of the Lucid Void—a massive tetrahedron pointing upward, mirrored by another pointing downwards. Together the two tetrahedrons create an octahedron with a narrow slit between the two halves. Their otherwise smooth surfaces have carved channels and layers within them out of which pinpricks of light shine.

More octahedrons seem to move towards me as my being is drawn towards them on the invisible black winds. I wonder if our mutual “gravity” pulls us together, and I fear I might hit one and set it spinning off course. Then they skirt



by me at great speed, curving off to the right in an infinite progression, while turning towards me at right angle, as if to acknowledge my presence.

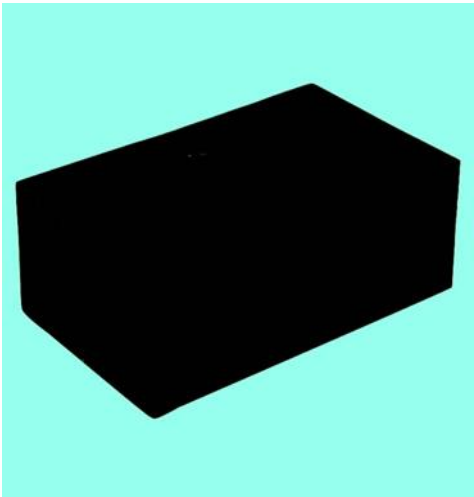
The octahedrons have a blue-grey hue and hold a powerful “magnetism”. Their surfaces look polished, unnaturally smooth as if prepared by a profound intelligence. They hang before me, suspended on the Black Light, like crystals of light, awe-inspiring in their majesty, vastness, and profusion. I continue to gaze on these parading forms until I break through into waking consciousness.

Here, I must add that although I have sometimes felt afraid at the approach of such mysterious presences, they have never actually threatened or harmed me in any way, not even when I have been directly engaged by a UAP or found myself taken inside one of them.

Another UAP, this one rectangular in shape, appeared strikingly in a lucid dream of mine in 2019:

Before falling asleep, I had been reciting the “Jesus Prayer”—“Jesus, Savior, Son of God, have mercy on us.” In the dream, I find myself in a pub with lots of people happily socializing. I realize I am dreaming and say to myself, “This is a dream!” and immediately become lucid.

I become curious as to what might happen if I were to say to someone in the pub, “Do you know this is a dream?” At this moment, a man comes up to me, turns me toward him and presses his right forefinger against my 3rd eye.



With this, I realize that I must surrender to the experience and do so. We lift off! It feels as if the man carries me, but I cannot see him any longer. We descend vertically down a seemingly endless wormhole ringed with light and glowing ridges. Popping out into an azure blue space, I find I am alone. To calm myself, I breathe deeply and return to singing a sacred song.

Then I wonder, “What am I to ‘see’?” As I look up, far off in the distance and against the field of blue light, a massive, black cuboidal form is approaching, spinning clockwise incredibly fast, looming larger and larger as it moves towards me.

The spinning slows as the form nears me. The immense structure is smooth, without windows, and made of an impenetrable black material with a grey oval on its underside. It feels completely self-contained and intelligent.

For a moment, I wonder if it might be a spaceship and, if so, what beings might be in it? The form comes to a stop with the oval just above me. I reach up with my left and right palms extended flat to touch it. Then, everything implodes, dissolving in a burst of energy, and I wake up.



Having had many such lucid experiences, I now understand the following seventeenth-century alchemical emblem as having both literal and anagogical meanings. At first glance, we see a countryside scene, representing our everyday waking state. However, as the text explains, the presence of cubes in the air and on the ground represents the Philosopher's Stone, intimating a greater consciousness. Viewing this emblem through the lens of my encounters with UAPs in dream lucidity, I can see this alchemical emblem may well be portraying an encounter with an ensemble of intelligent UAPs!

This brief article marks the beginning of a deeper investigation on my part of the meaning of dream UAPs, one that I hope will involve other lucid dreamers, along with the support of the Lucid Dreaming Foundation, and that may lead to a future issue of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* magazine on this topic.

Meantime, if you have had a lucid dream that you would describe as a close encounter with a UAP, please do share it with me at: Melinda@melindapowelldreams.com . ▲

Author Bio: Melinda Powell, née Ziemer, co-founded the Dream Research Institute at the Centre for Counselling and Psychotherapy Education, UK. She is the author of *Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming* (2021) and *The Hidden Lives of Dreams* (2020). melindapowelldreams.com & www.driccpe.org.uk

References:

¹ For a full recording of the Congressional hearing entitled “Unidentified Anomalous Phenomena: Implications on National Security, Public Safety, and Government Transparency”, see <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Glw76YKuWCY>. The hearing was hosted by the House Subcommittee on National Security, the Border, and Foreign Affairs.


² The three witnesses who testified before the Select Committee under oath included Commander David Fravor (Ret.), Former Commanding Officer, Black Aces Squadron, United States Navy, Ryan Graves, a former lieutenant US Navy, F/A-18F pilot and the Executive Director of Americans for Safe Aerospace, and David Grusch, former US Department of Defense Reconnaissance Officer. Grusch came forward to testify under the protection of the Unidentified Anomalous Phenomena Disclosure Act of 2023, passed by the US Congress to encourage disclosure of UAPs by government personnel. See <https://www.congress.gov/amendment/118th-congress/senate-amendment/797/text>

³ Regarding unconfirmed evidence related by an Airbus 320 commercial pilot on February, 2020, over Medellin, Columbia, see “The Proof is Out There: Cube-shaped UFO Shocks Pilot”, The HISTORY Channel, 05 March, 2022, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-CHMQDqxFRY>. See the testimony of Ryan Graves given during the Congressional Select Committee regarding this account which he was given by another navy pilot and during his interview with Lex Fridman in 2022, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hT6av8ZFCks>

⁴ This dream features in full in my new book *Dreams My Mother Taught Me: Lessons in Love, Light and Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave*, pending publication.

⁵ From Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens: Sources of an Alchemical Book of Emblems*, originally published in 1617, ed. H. M. E. De Jong (York Beach, ME: Nicolas-Hays Inc., 2002), Emblem 36.

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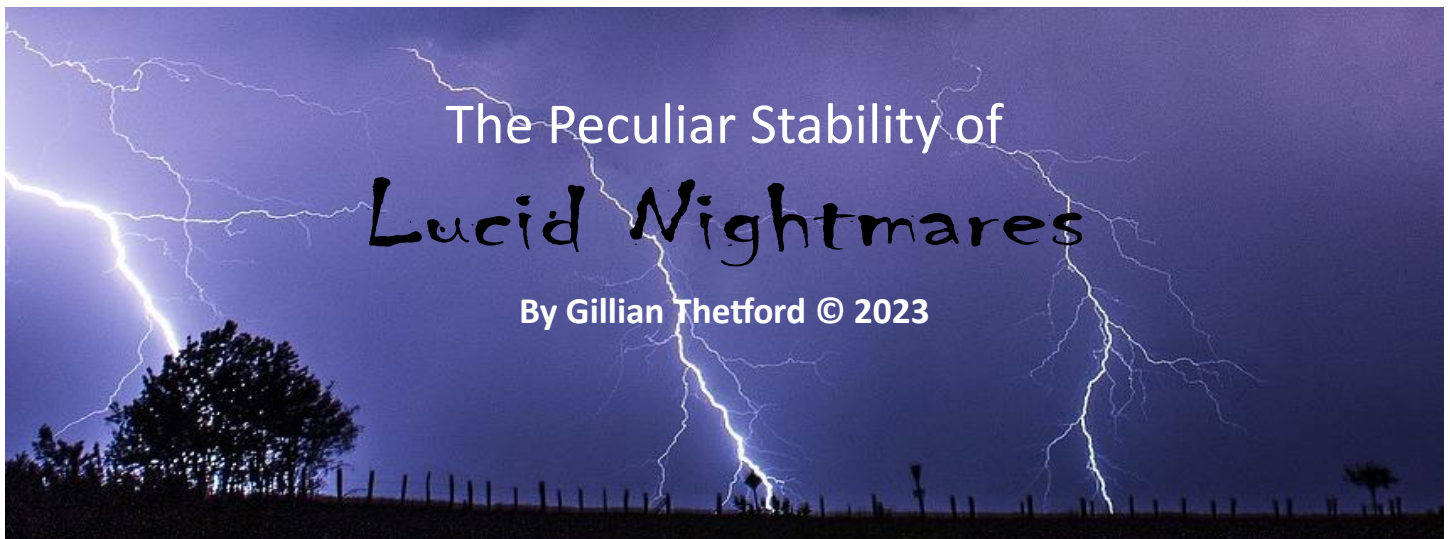
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The general consensus amongst lucid dreamers is that fear or other heightened emotions will shake the stability of the dream and wake the dreamer up, and for the majority of my lucid dreams this has remained true. However, sometimes precisely the opposite is true; in fact, the longest, most stable, and most realistic lucid dreams that I have ever experienced were lucid nightmares, full of heightened emotions! In this article, I will share two such lucid dreams with you.

In the first dream: I became lucid while driving in my car in the countryside. It started as a beautiful sunny day. I was in my old high school car, with music playing on the radio. I could feel the texture of the steering wheel. I could feel the grooves on the radio dial. I was definitely fully aware that I was dreaming and yet suddenly I had the thought that everything was too quiet and something bad was probably going to happen! Immediately dark storm clouds began to roll in and a lightning storm commenced. As it rained harder, it became more challenging to see the road, and I began to fear that I may crash. I knew that I was not in any real danger, as it was a dream, but the experience of it was so real that I could not tame my instinctively increasing anxiety. The intensity of the storm grew in response to my emotions and I became anxious that I may be struck by lightning.

As if to make room for this possible scenario, my car disappeared, and I found myself standing in a giant puddle in the pouring rain with bolts of lightning touching down all around me. I could feel every droplet of water on my skin, and my clothes getting soaked through until I began to shiver. I heard the wind roaring around me. It was all quite shocking and the most realistic lucid reality I had experienced to date.

I took shelter under a tree, which quickly turned into a metal pole that the lightning began to travel down and hit the puddle I was standing in. By this point I felt completely miserable; I was cold, I was wet, I felt very unsettled and I wanted to wake up. I closed my dream eyes and told myself to wake up. I waited a moment then opened them again, only to find myself precisely in the same spot! This had never happened to me before; usually in all my previous lucid dreams, closing my eyes would cause me to wake up or put me in a new dream scene. However, this dream reality that I found myself in was so solidly stable that none of my usual tricks for waking up would work! I tried standing perfectly still, I tried to direct my senses back to my physical body, but I found myself stubbornly standing in the same spot.

The minutes ticked on, and I didn't know what to do. At that early point in my lucid journey, I had not yet learned how to conjure up new scenes at will or change the reality in front of me. So I just stood there, unsure of what to do next. I felt quite frightened and thought, "This cannot possibly get worse."

Suddenly the scene changed, and I appeared in a dark, abandoned parking lot. There was an older man watching me, while smoking a cigar. I edged away from him, and he began to chase me while throwing sticks of dynamite around me! I made it back to my car and tried to get away, but the gas pedal melted into lava and I could not go anywhere. So I just sat there, rather panicky, trying to wake myself up again and again, but nothing happened. I continued to sit in my car, and the man caught up to me, but he just stood there doing nothing. It seemed as though he only chased me because that is what I assumed he would do, and the dream merely responded to that. I sat there in silence and simply waited to wake up. I knew that it would have to

happen eventually, and once I had relaxed ever so slightly, I woke up.

In total the dream seemed to have been about 15 minutes long, which was the longest I had experienced at that point after practicing lucid dreaming for about half a year.

A few months later, I had another lucid nightmare during which I was surrounded by giant clowns popping out of jack-in-the-boxes. Once more, the fear heightened my lucid awareness and sharpened every detail of the dream around me. I could not wake myself up and felt solidly stuck in the dream reality. This time, however, I used it to my advantage by eventually choosing to ignore the clowns and instead exploring the variety of objects in the playroom I was in. The heightened levels of adrenaline were still there for me, but I no longer felt as afraid as I had in the beginning. Instead, I explored the room for a while, then flew around the room and out through a mirror portal. This dream was about 10 minutes long, and crystal clear in every detail.

In truth, those lucid nightmares did deter me from trying again for a while, simply because I felt unsettled that I could not control when I woke up. However, I eventually had more spontaneous lucid dreams and figured out how to change elements of the reality around me—such as changing cold water to hot, night to day, transforming objects, etc. This gradually increased my confidence and I returned to lucid dreaming intentionally.

In total, I have had about five lucid nightmares over the years, and each one was extremely stable and even more realistic than waking reality. Each of those dream experiences taught me a valuable lesson about how my beliefs and expectations directly manifest in the dream around me. Every time I felt afraid and worried something worse would happen, the unconscious listened to me and tossed in even worse scenarios in the dream. In my lucid dreams now, I try to remain mindful of what I expect to happen next or where my focus is shifting, and bring myself back to the present moment with a quiet mind.

Although they were unsettling at the time, the lucid nightmares were also just as fascinating as any other lucid dream. The experience of lucid dreaming never ceases to amaze me. Every sensation of sight, smell, touch, texture, temperature, and anything one experiences in day-to-day life is brilliantly recreated by the dreaming mind in just milliseconds!

The dreaming mind is an artist whether it is creating an adventure story or a thriller. ▲

● Research Survey Request ●



Hello. My name is Jayne Gackenbach, PhD, and I am an Emeritus Professor in Psychology at MacEwan University, in Alberta, Canada. I am also a past president of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. My research interests in dreams started with lucid dreams and evolved into how electronic media use are influencing nighttime dreams. Towards that end I am soliciting research participants to fill out a short survey telling me about a dream they had when electronic media was featured and answering a few questions about the dream and about their media use habits.

Here is the web address for the survey: <https://macewan.qualtrics.com/survey>

At the end of the survey there is a link to previous research on this topic and my other research on lucidity and its relationship to media use.

Thanks for your help. —Jayne

Lucid Dream Induction Through Meditation

By Kristina Kiehl © 2023



When I got into lucid dreaming many years ago, I initially worked in the classic way with a dream journal, reality checks, and WBTB. I experimented for a long time and found that I got the best results with this combination. However, inducing lucid dreams this way was hard work and during that time I had a maximum of two lucid dreams a week, but I wanted more. In addition, a stressful everyday life has often mixed up my lucid dream training (especially the reality checks), so that the lucid dream rate collapsed quite quickly.

After some time, however, I noticed something interesting: I had been doing 20-30 reality checks a day for a long period of time, and these checks trained my ability to concentrate and—as the Buddhists say—the “one-pointedness” of mind. I’ve been meditating (mainly Zen, intermittently) since I was 16 and I’ve also noticed that the reality checks changed my meditation. My concentration was easier to maintain, it became effortless and pinned to a point.

During this time I mainly practiced meditation with an object, my focus glued to my *hara* or heart chakra. The strangest thing, however, was that I increasingly felt a presence that I located just above my head. During my meditations, I had the impression that I was no longer concentrating, but that the presence above my head was “concentrating on me,” and I just had to allow it. Since at that time I could not find anything about this phenomenon of presence in the meditation literature, I did not pursue it. I somehow dismissed it as imagination, however, I accepted it and continued to do my practices.

It was shortly after this time that Robert Waggoner’s first book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* found me and I took my first steps towards consciously “contacting” the Self in my dreams. In hindsight, I realize that my Self has been communicating with me all my life mainly through non-lucid dreams, but I needed Robert’s book to finally understand. In terms of the sense of presence, however, it still took a while for the penny to drop. Sometimes you can’t see the forest for the trees.

Years later I stumbled across the books by Jürgen Ziewe. He is an astral traveler and afterlife researcher and has published several books on these subjects. In his books he reports on the feeling of “presence” that arose through his practice of meditation (T.M.). In his book *The Ten Minute Moment* he describes meditation as a rather “passive” process. *The meditator does not meditate, he is meditated.* That sentence hit me like lightning! Because that’s what it felt like!

Jürgen Ziewe’s routine consists of two meditation sessions, one before bed, and one during WBTB. This is how he initiates out of body experiences. I adopted this routine, and in an amazingly short time, I was reaching a rate of two lucid dreams a week with ease. And I felt that this was just the beginning. I don’t find the two meditation sessions a day (in which I allow myself to be meditated) to be exhausting; on the contrary. I continue to keep my dream journal, but I no longer do reality checks. During the day, however, I often feel this presence above my head and if my everyday life allows it, I accept the invitation to meditate.

What Jürgen Ziewe and other meditators repeatedly emphasize is that the meditation should not be carried out with the intention of inducing lucid dreams or out of body experiences. The focus, the striving, the intention must remain on the Self. Rather than imposing one’s own agenda on meditation, it is much more an exercise in humility.

I find this progression from strenuous concentration to “being meditated” exciting. I will continue to research in

this direction. I found some useful information about this in Yoga. Yoga speaks of the eight limbs or levels of yoga (*ashtanga*). The well-known postures (*asana*) and breathing exercises (*pranayama*) represent level one and two. There is a clear distinction between level 6 concentration (*dharana*) and level 7 meditation (*dhyana*). Unfortunately, I have not found anything more precise about the transition from concentration to meditation in either the meditation or yoga literature. It is often said that this happens by itself through sufficient practice.

The reality checks have obviously helped me to expand my meditation practice and reach this point. And that sense of presence is directly related to lucid dreaming. I can now predict when I will have a lucid dream based solely on the intensity of this presence.

As I understand it, the feeling of presence that Jürgen Ziewe describes is exactly what Robert Waggoner calls “the inner awareness.” If we take one step towards this Self, it takes 100 steps towards us. This Self communicates with us through our dreams—lucid and non-lucid—as well as in waking life. I often experience that when I accept an “invitation to meditation” during the day—important insights follow and I am grateful to have this inner companion by my side. Now at 45 I feel like a child again, learning to walk, growing and marveling at the world. ▲





Pamela Vaillant — *The Rise of Aphrodite's Return*

I am floating in the sky above the ocean. I look down into the waters and see myself swimming peacefully. I am suddenly aware that I am somehow in two separate body forms yet still attached as one. This is the key moment when I recognize I am asleep yet awake in a dream state, experiencing an out of body episode. From the very beginning of the dream, I am lucid and in control as the observer from the floating body in the sky. I'm not sure what was the trigger for this awareness; it was just part of the experience from start to finish.

My floating self feels and sees what the swimming self is experiencing below in the vast ocean. My floating self is unsure of what the swimming self is planning to do because I am concerned that I cannot stay in the ocean forever. There is a telepathic connection that comes naturally as I tell the swimming self it needs to find shelter. I'm not sure why I can't just let myself be but rather feel a need to dictate movement.

The body in the water that I'm tapped into feels nothing but calmness which makes the other half of me above feel uneasy. I watch as she begins to swim in one direction for a few moments. Before long, I notice up ahead an island coming into view. It takes my eyes a few seconds to adjust and focus on the imagery. I see the color red glowing everywhere at first and then realize the island is on fire and full of chaotic destruction. My floating self begins to panic because surely I cannot let the other part of myself find refuge on this island. As I look down at myself still swimming, I can still feel her sense of tranquility. She is swimming closer and closer to the island. The version of me floating in the sky, observing and absorbing it all, realizes she will soon be to shore. Now, I feel more panic begin to creep into me. I'm not sure what directions to give to her but I let her know she cannot go there. She needs to swim another way. With peace and ease, she shifts in the water.

I watch serenity glowing from her as she follows my commands without protest nor care in the world. She just seems happy and eager to please my cues. Time passes slowly, and yet quickly, and I see nothing but myself swimming through ocean water. Her body is like a boat generating waves that ripple out from both sides of her torso. I am in awe of this scene. But only for a brief period of time because suddenly I feel fear and panic coming back into me. The mind begins to question, where am I going? I can't just swim in this vast ocean forever, I'm feeling internally, in this floating body observing the scene. A few more moments pass before I see a tropical island appearing on the distant horizon.

Now I feel the deep serenity that the swimming part of me felt. I watch her as she gets closer and closer to shore. The vibrant hues of multiple shades of green are coming into focus. I can even hear birds chirping. The version of me in the water is now close enough to stand and walk the rest of the way to the shoreline. From the floating self, I look down on the scene to the sandy beach and see a man waiting for me there. He is filled with love and happiness, as though he has been waiting a long time to be reunited. The version of me, below, now on the shore, smiles and embraces the man. My floating aspect feels the exhilaration that comes from this couple.

Suddenly, I recognize that the part of me who had been swimming was the Goddess Aphrodite. An archetype that expresses herself through my psyche and one I have a close bond with. The man is my twin flame. The dream ends.

I wake immediately after this dream ends and sit in my bed remembering every single detail, emotion, thought, connection. I grab my journal and begin to record it all. In this process, I realize that the floating self is my ego and the swimming self is my soul. The ego filled with fears, doubts, and uncertainty keeps taking charge to control the situations while my soul is trusting and abiding to my free will. Yet, I recognize the symbolism of the journey and how it is reflecting my current reality in the day-to-day world. I am sending myself into chaos and destruction through returning to toxic friendships and environments. In that split second, I feel shaken to my core by this significant self-awareness. I made a vow to myself right then and there that I would never do that to myself again. I would not cause my own suffering due to the fears of the unknown waters I must navigate to get to a better place. I have kept that vow after all these years and that dream, every detail and feeling, still stays fresh in my recollection.

Sara Casalino — *The Spirit Guide*

I looked at my hands and saw they were wavy, and I became lucid. I was whisked away by a force and into the air. I remembered what I had planned to do in my lucid dream. I said, "I want to meet my spirit guide." Then things began to change.

It was like a vortex opened up in the ceiling and a woman descended. Now we were all in some university-like classroom, like an auditorium. I was sitting in the front row. The woman had a table in front of her and there was a large screen at the front of the classroom. The woman began giving a presentation. She told us that a catastrophe was coming to Earth.

On the screen she showed us images and information about other worlds. There were other alien races, and she was teaching us about them. She also went over the different things that were going to happen.

She did an object lesson at some point. She had two glass bowls on the table with her and a few little beanbags. She did some experiment or demonstrated something, which I don't remember.

The woman was very knowledgeable and looked right at me. There were a few phrases on the screens, which I tried to commit to memory, but after waking I couldn't remember anything except the word "apples." After that, I had a false awakening. I was having vivid hypnagogia and I thought I had awoken and couldn't see the real world yet, just the cartoons from the hypnagogia. I figured I had to wait until it faded so I could see reality. Then I realized I was still dreaming and once again felt the floating sensation.

I was in the lobby of a large building with some other people. A woman had announced that a catastrophe was coming to Earth and that we had to send an astronaut in a spaceship to stop it. The astronaut had medium-long black hair and her astronaut suit reminded me of a white knight's armor. She was going to go on a long journey or had come back from a long journey to tell us of the dangers. Or maybe she was from another planet and had come to warn us.

Luke Schoettinger — *Rubedo Sphere*

I am in a room made of brilliant white light, with a guy I used to go to school with. In a previous lucid dream (published in the LDE June 2020 issue), I saw him looking depressed and had asked him what he represented. He had said, "The perfection of charismatic exuberance." He was charismatic when I knew him.

In this dream, he was happy, which seems to signal a change in the expression of the symbol in my psyche. I share with him the notes of insights I've had over the years, and he seems impressed with them. We decide to go somewhere else. As we're walking out of the room of light, I notice printed words near the rafters saying that this is a graduation of one of the schools I used to attend.

We walk into a hallway of brilliant white light, and I realize I'm dreaming, which is pretty clear due to the otherworldliness of the light, but I decide to follow the current direction of events.



We climb up a ladder at the end of the hallway and arrive in an elevated courtyard. The building is still made of light but there is lots of snow on the ground of the courtyard. After savoring the experience for a minute, I decide to head back the way I came. I jump on some of the snow and it melts. I go back down the ladder to the hallway of light and there I see several glowing, white spheres. I look at one and it turns to a brilliant, bright, light red.

I go up to it and put my hands around it. It starts flying upwards, taking me with it. It takes me to a planet, and we descend into the middle of the atmosphere. I see zombies everywhere and hear lots of flies buzzing. The red sphere in my hands starts to emit more light, driving the zombies and flies away. The dream ends.

Paul Sauers — *Turquoise Lake*

Carol and I watched a documentary called “Ariel Phenomenon,” about a UFO experience witnessed by some sixty children at a school in Zimbabwe on September 16, 1994. The event was investigated by a Harvard Child Psychiatrist and a BBC crew and was felt to be quite believable, based on the children’s stories and their similar drawings of the account. Several of the children were telepathically ‘invited’ to join them (the beings), but said they were scared by the beings.

The film was recommended to me by my dream partner, with whom I’d had a session that day. I was extremely tired after watching it and decided to go to bed, not even wanting to wait up to see the fourth of July fireworks displays that night. It was also a full moon that night. I went immediately to bed with a blindfold, with no dream intent or incubation, but rather just to sleep.



“Turquoise Lake” Artwork by Paul Sauers © 2023

I had an experience I would describe as a ‘visitation’ with a lifelong friend who recently died, after being in the hospital for some 6 months after a traumatic brain injury following a fall. He suffered, in and out of consciousness during that period. Several of his children just couldn’t let him go, though it was obvious that he wasn’t going to survive. In the dream they took him to the emergency room (that I interpreted as his ascension), and I told them to give him morphine so he wouldn’t suffer.

While departing, I saw a large, beautiful, turquoise lake surrounded by beautiful trees, like some kind of resort setting, and indicated to Carol that we’d have to come back to visit. I saw crabs and fish in the water that looked like toys and knew instantly that I was dreaming. I walked around the lake, at one point walking in the water which was very warm and comforting. The water had a viscose quality, heavier than our water. Someone indicated that I shouldn’t be there, so I walked out. I noticed some of them talking; the language seemed like Polish, and a younger man commented on this to me but I couldn’t quite understand what he was saying. The water was inviting, and I would have liked to have jumped in. I sensed it was ‘full of energy’.

I asked the Awareness if this was ‘real’ or just a projection? He said very definitely that it was very ‘real’. In a recent lucid motorcycle dream I discussed in our Seth dream class, I explained to our instructor David Cielak that the dream had the feeling of being both ‘sweet and sour’. David asked me to explain that. I told him it reminded me of the ‘sweet times’ of riding a motorcycle around the world and the ‘sadness’ about all of the friends I missed that I could no longer ride with, because of my age, and because several of them had died. When questioned further about the feelings, I told David that ‘I’d have to think about it’.

In this dream, I had the same ‘sweet and sour feeling’ and asked the Awareness what it meant. It explained that there must be ‘balance’. Reminding me of the lemniscate or infinity symbol one sees in the Magician and Strength cards of the Tarot.

I was both missing my old golf partner who had died but also ‘happy’ that he’d transitioned to a better place.

And with every death there is a 'transformation' of sorts; a new beginning. I interpreted this to mean that we have to have both experiences to understand or value/appreciate both the good and the bad in life.

RickM — *A Force Of Nature: The Prequel*

This dream occurred prior to one I shared in the LDE September 2016 issue [past issues are available on the LDE website archives]. The dreams were similar in that they were both lucid, hyper-real, and featured a mechanical force/awareness that moved me as if on an amusement ride. It had a jerky, mechanical feel where you have no control but just go with the flow. In a lifetime of dreaming, I've only had two of this nature.

I should also mention that a REM Sleep Behavior Disorder sometimes has me acting out my dreams, to the chagrin of my loving wife. Once, I was thrashing my legs so violently during a dream that she almost got bounced right off the bed.

In the dream I came upon a granite fortress with huge wooden doors. It was nighttime and I had to pull hard to gain entry. Once inside, it was pitch dark, and I felt my way along a wall in an effort to find a light switch. I did so and, once flipped, it illuminated a huge hole in the floor in the center of a large hall directly ahead. Walking through to the edge and looking down, I saw a group of gargoyle-like creatures sitting in a circle around a campfire on the floor below. They were staring at me and laughing at what appeared to be my hap-hazard intrusion. I was gazing curiously when this mechanical force picked me up and carried me downward into their midst. This action triggered lucidity and had me wondering what to do next. The force placed me gingerly next to them in a seated position. The group seemed unconcerned but also curious as to my next move. In a very soft and gentle voice, I whispered: "Please listen very carefully... I am a representative from God, and if you challenge me..." then shouting, "...I WILL DESTROY YOU!"

And, yes, my wife had to wake her screaming husband.

Barry — *An Offer I Could Refuse*

Artwork by Barry © 2023



I was riding in a very small train car. All seats were filled, except one. Many seats seemed to be covered with dried dead bodies, animals and humans.

One person was inviting me to sit. It was a man with his head cut off, and holding scissors in his hand. His head looked sort of like Gomez from *The Addams Family*.

He offered to cut off my head with his scissors. I thought about it, and thought about sitting down. I became lucid and realized what he was asking. Instead of getting my head cut off, I woke up with a scream. Then, it was exhilarating! I realized that I should have let him cut off my head so I could see everything from 360 degrees. I felt sad that I didn't complete the act.

A few days later I was in a dream and tried to catch a balloon. When I reached for it, I found myself on the floor with an agonizing thud and nearly had my head taken off, sustaining a broken collarbone and a sore neck! I believe I was trying to get back to the former dream in the latter one.

Mrinal Choudhury — *How I Meditated in a Lucid Dream and How it Felt*

The day of lucid dreaming meditation: It was the night of 21 December 2020, when the two giant planets of our solar system, Jupiter and Saturn, came closest to each other. The event was visible from all around the world and enjoyed by many astronomy lovers. I'm an astronomy enthusiast from childhood. That afternoon I enjoyed the event with my parents and my sister. The two planets were clearly visible with the naked eye. I took some photographs with my phone and went back inside my home. That night I was able to become lucid.

As soon as I became lucid, I wanted to fly. As a new lucid dreamer, I did it almost every time I became lucid. But in this lucid dream, I thought, 'Let's do another thing....' In this dream, I was behind my own home at night. I said, in my mind, 'Show me something amazing.' As soon as I said that, I saw two full moons together towards the east. The view was so beautiful, and something I had never seen before.

Still lucid, a thought came to meditate in my dream. I sat on the ground, closed my eyes, and began to focus on my breathing. After focusing for three or four breaths, my mind became calmer and calmer.

I never felt that much calmness in my real-world meditation. It felt good, so I continued.

After some time I felt my heart beat a little louder like *dhak dhak...dhak dhak*. As I heard that sound, the feeling became better and better. So, I continued. After a little more time, I began to feel that heartbeat sound in my head, also. It felt like something was beating on my head in a two-second interval. It was like a heartbeat in my head and it felt so good. I never felt that much calmness in my meditation in waking life.

After that, I woke. This was my first lucid dream meditation.

Meditating in a lucid dream is one of the best feelings of my life and it is beneficial, too. After I meditated in my dream, I found it easier to meditate in waking life. I was already a meditator, but after that night I became a better meditator in my waking life. I am able to become calmer more easily and more quickly than before.

How to practice a lucid dream meditation? If you're already a lucid dreamer, it's not difficult. In your waking world, you just have to remember and tell yourself 4 to 5 times throughout the day that you'll meditate as you become lucid in a dream. After becoming lucid, the frontal lobe of the brain gets activated. That's why you'll be able to remember your wishes or desires. You'll be able to remember what you thought in your waking life.



Bahram — Car, Out of Control



I have been driving with my family but I find I am losing control of the car! I tell my wife, "I must be dreaming?" I do a reality check by trying to cross my hand with my finger, and I see my index finger transforming the palm of my hand...so I tell the family, "This is a dream!" But no one listens to me! My daughter even covered her ears so she couldn't hear me! I get out of the car and I go up a hill and from there I bring the car back up while driving with my thoughts. I tell the family again that we are dreaming, but without success.

David L. Kahn — Your Glasses Are Your Superpower

I'm at a stop light with 4 or 5 other cars in front of me, and I've been sitting here for quite a while. The light finally turns green. I make two right turns and enter the parking lot of a strip mall where the grocery store that I'm going to is located. I feel like I am re-familiarizing myself with the area.

I am now in a store and feel as though I would like to get back quickly. I don't want to take the time to buy anything, so I decide to leave. I'm a little hungry still, but I'll wait until lunch to eat again. I go to leave and am in an entry area without shoes. I could go get shoes, but I don't feel like I really need them and think about just leaving them there. I now become lucid. A room next to the entry has a man standing behind a counter. It looks like a small liquor store inside of a grocery store. I don't see liquor or any products, just the man behind the counter. He looks to be in his 40s with a full but well-manicured beard.

As I realize that I'm dreaming, I say so verbally. Saying that I'm dreaming helps me to become more lucid. The man behind the counter responds, asking me what I am going to do. I respond by asking him, "What do you think I should do?"

The scene shifts, and there is now a little girl of about 5 or 6 years old lying down on a reclining chair. She

has thick glasses, almost like goggles but they are glasses. She is going to have surgery. The surgery isn't a physical one. It's like she is going to sleep, and I will be going into her dream to help her. She seems self-conscious of her glasses. I tell her, "Your glasses are your superpower."

Peter Maich — *Me and Me*

(Early morning dream; OBE entry.) I am lying in bed in the early morning around 0300 am and attempting to set up for an OBE or lucid dream. I have not decided or committed to either at this point and just loosely casting my mind out and seeing what is coming back. I want to establish if my mind is calm enough, if the internal chatter is low enough, to attempt a direct entry into a lucid dream or if I should put some energy into an OBE and a roll out of bed for that type of experience.

Deciding to try for an OBE, I start to breathe gently and firmly for a few cycles. Full breaths and full contractions to feel a little pressure in my pelvic area on release and a little pressure in my head on full inhale. Next up is body scanning, running through each sense and dwelling for a few seconds in several cycles. Seeing with eyes closed, feeling pressure of lying in bed, listening in each ear for any sound, any taste, any scent. Several cycles of this and then back to gentle breathing and waiting for my mind to seek sleep and for me to stay aware and awake as my mind and body drift off.

Aware that part of my mind and body are at sleep onset, and feeling as if my limbs are drifting up, I start to create the sensation of movement in my mind. A gentle rocking and I feel the separation start, I roll out of my body, and I am standing next to the bed where my sleeping body is resting. Feeling pretty good, I start to walk across the room to the glass doors. At this point not all my senses are online; the walking firms up the feeling of moving, and I feel the coolness of the evening on my body as I move. After a few steps, my sight is improving and I am in a semi-lit room, my room and near the glass doors.



Now facing the doors, I reach out and place my hands on the glass. Gently pushing the glass feels spongy and starts to soften and it's easy to push this out into a bubble. I enjoy the sensations and push my hands in and out a few times. The glass always amazes me with its spongy, pliable feeling.

Now, with hands on the glass, I move forward and walk through the doors. There is no feeling now; the glass has allowed me to move through it and I am on the second story balcony, looking up into the night sky.

I jump up in the air and land on the top of the balcony guardrail. It's a nice feeling to be able to just jump and gently land on the rail. Balanced and stable, I again look up, see stars, and feel cold night air on my body.

There is now an odd sensation, some gentle noise, almost singing but not quite musical. It's after my attention and I submit to the sensations in my mind and now my face feels like it is being tickled. I ponder on this and decide that it's my physical body in bed, in a resting position that is being tickled. Like a stone in a shoe, I need to do something about this.

Deciding to check if I'm correct, I wake myself. (It's a nice skill and I use it a lot, just decide to wake and I am back in bed, awake but still connected to the dream state as I have not moved my physical body yet.) My physical body was on its side, and the pillow on my chin was indeed tickling me. I move to a position on my back, arms at my side, and let my mind relax and attempt a second OBE entry. This time it's easy; I am fully relaxed, feel the physical body relax, sleep come on fast. When I decide it's time to try for the exit, I simply intend to flip out and it works. In one easy move, I am again standing beside the bed next to my sleeping physical body.

I am now moving across the floor a second time, gently walking, and again the scene is firming up with touch, feeling on my skin, and sight, in that order.

Partway across the room, something latches onto my back. A strong grip and firmly on me. I am a bit surprised at this, stop, and take a moment to decide on what to do. I wriggle and wrestle this entity off my back, have it at arm's length and realize that it's another me. Somehow my physical body has cast out this form and it doesn't want to be left behind, so tracked me across the room, latched on and did not want to let go.

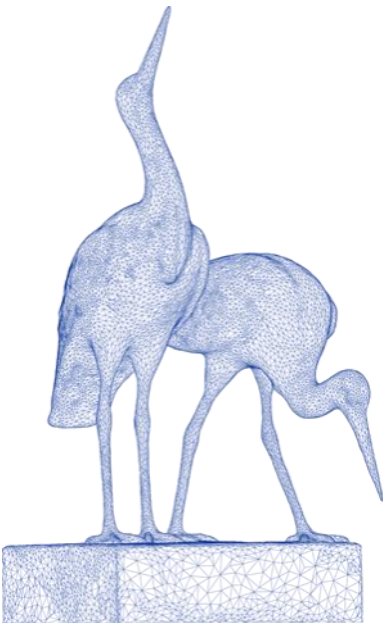
I decided to resolve this by taking the energy into me, merging with it. A tingling sensation and a sense of fullness is what I feel as this process plays out. Now fully absorbed, I again move to the doors, soften them, and lightly jump and balance on the top balcony rail again.

Now I'm happy, comfortable, and with the other energy form seemingly settled as I gently jump off the balcony and rise into the night sky. Gently rising, feeling the cold air on my body, I look around and see small forms made of light. They are almost firmed up symbols but not quite. Like a shape not fully focused in a camera lens. I reach out and touch some: a small red cube. I let it rest on my hand, then let it go. Drifting up, I see another. No real form but a fleeting shape, now a round sphere, light and glowing. I touch it, then let it float away and continue the ascent and look forward to what is offered in this reality tonight.

Don — *Exploring the Marble and Crystal Carvings*

Through a glass wall of my porch, I see a racoon or opossum and start to shoo it away from the house. It saunters over a low wall. I decide to go out to look for it and start to float over the wall. I begin to realize that I'm dreaming and I turn back toward the house. I'm surprised to see 6 very large, white, marble statues (roughly 30 feet tall). I notice they are all female and all have similar features such as (maybe) curled beards, and the next group of shorter statues are all men with curled beards. As I look at these, I become more lucid. My lucidity is quite stable. I'm looking at the statues, trying to understand or intuit their meaning and origin.

As I continue to float, I see several round holes in the smoke or clouds below me. I catch glimpses of many-colored crystalline carvings of birds and other animals—each a single iridescent color, and bright, as if lit from below. These are 1 or 2 feet in size and on pedestals carved out of the rocks. Still quite lucid, I decide I want to examine them more closely and so I will need to go down to do that.



I start to turn over to begin a downward plunge and I'm both surprised and annoyed that I can't do so easily, despite being what seems to be quite lucid. As I start to drift past one of the openings in the clouds, I say out loud, "I CAN go down!" and I feel quite sure that I can do this, yet I'm still not very good at directing where I want to go. I do manage to go down, but feet first. Great. Just as I get below the clouds or smoke, I suddenly awaken. Drat.

Some brief reflections: The giant figures remind me of an experience that I had re-read recently in which Jane Roberts saw giant faces looking in on our reality from their "larger" reality. I had received a carved wooden box as a present the day before this dream. A few weeks before this dream, I told a visiting friend that I was both annoyed and puzzled by my dearth of lucid dreams over the last year or two. The creativity behind the carvings and crystalline birds is perhaps related to my recent belief-change exercise using, "I direct creative energy well," as my suggestion.

Flying upwards quickly while lucid has awakened me many times, but never flying downwards that I recall. ▲



Check out the [Lucid Dreaming Foundation](https://luciddreamingfoundation.org/) website!

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

International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

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

www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

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

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer

<https://melindapowelldreams.com>

Dream Research Institute, London

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Lucidity4All

www.lucidity4all.com

Ryan Hurd

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

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

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

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/>

DreamViews Forum

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