Lucidly Exploring Delta Sleep
In Lucid Dreams, Does Space Exist?
Outside of Time, Space, and Consciousness
Triggering Lucid Dreams to Manipulate Consciousness
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For fourteen years, Lucy and Robert have volunteered their time and resources to creating and publishing a magazine for lucid dreamers. We receive numerous letters of appreciation and amazement by lucid dreamers from around the globe, along with occasional requests to publish articles in foreign languages to help lucid dreamers all over the world. The Lucid Dreaming Experience serves as the only magazine for the lucid dreaming community and continues to grow in popularity and readership.

However, the growth in readership brings more expenses and needs, like an updated website. Since the beginning, Robert has simply paid for the majority of the expenses (website work, contact mail service, magazine layout, complimentary issues, etc.), yet as the magazine grows, so do the expenses and needs.

Here in 2014, we would like to improve and update our website; to provide more features and resources for our readers. We estimate that this will cost around $2,500 to have the basic work done (even with preferential rates from the web designer and free time by Robert, Lucy, and others).

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In coming issues, we will keep you informed of the progress.

Many thanks for your support, and thanks to all of the writers, lucid dreamers, and others who help to make the LDE an interesting, exciting, and educational magazine.

In gratitude,

Lucy and Robert

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

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LDE readers share their lucid dream experiences
Lucid dreamer Chad Adams and his twin brother ventured into lucid dreaming as teenagers. What happens when a regular guy begins to experiment deeply in lucid dreams? Read on and find out.

Tell us a bit about your early dream life. Anything interesting or unusual?

I’ve always had vivid dreams, and good dream recall. I can still remember a recurring dream when I was about 6 years old. It took place on the second floor of the house I lived in at the time. At the top of the stairs, there was a wooden railing, like a small balcony, which overlooked the foyer. In the original dream, I remember climbing onto the wooden railing and jumping off into the foyer. I never hit the floor. Instead, I began floating.

Whenever I had a dream where I was near that spot in the house, I would remember that I could jump off into the foyer and float around. After having this particular dream occur so often, I taught myself to jump off and begin to fly around the house.

When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? Can you recall your first lucid dream(s)? What prompted your lucid dream awareness?

I have an identical twin brother, and we used to talk about dreams when we were younger. It seems like we always had some occasional lucid dreams, but it wasn’t until we were about 14 years old that we really understood what lucid dreaming was. We used to tell each other how incredible it would be to have lucid dreams all the time. To have lucid dreams whenever you wanted – it would be like heaven! Whenever we had a lucid dream, we often would wake the other twin up and talk about it late at night.

I read Stephen LaBerge’s first book and practiced the techniques in it, when I was about 15 years old. While reading the book, my frequency of lucid dreams increased to one every two months or so. The lucid dreams were pretty short, because as soon as I became lucid, I would get excited and almost immediately wake up.

I remember my first really successful lucid dream. I was in a backyard and became lucid. I began to get really excited, and was about to wake up. I calmed myself down, and for some reason went over to a wooden fence. I started to study the grains of the wood and focus on that and nothing else, except
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maintaining my lucid awareness. It worked very well, until I looked away from the fence to explore the dream. As soon as I looked away from the wood slats, everything would begin getting gray and unfocused, and I knew I was on the verge of waking up.

So, I immediately returned to staring at the fence to see how long I could stay lucid. This got very boring quickly! I racked my brain to figure out an approach that would let me explore. Then it came to me. I pulled my hand up in front of my face and focused on all the palm lines and my fingertips. I walked away from the fence, and remained fully lucid. It worked! From then on, I knew that focusing on intricate patterns helped me retain lucidity. Whenever I began feeling like I was losing lucidity, I would stop and put my hand up in front of my face, focus for a bit on the lines, then continue for another few seconds.

But when I reached the street in front of the house, a school bus came by, and I saw kids my age in it. It stopped, so I went into the bus, and it was full of girls! I got so excited that I immediately woke.

The entire lucid portion of the dream lasted about 3 minutes long. That’s it. But it taught me ways to remain lucid without waking up. I knew it involved focusing consciousness and remaining calm. My lucid dreaming path was still a frustrating and long process, because lucidity would only come once in a great while.

Do you remember any of those pivotal early lucid dreams that inspired you? What happened?

I recall discovering my own unique techniques for mastering the lucid state by creating triggers for different stages of my development. One trigger involved finding patterns in my dream journal and then noticing if similar patterns happened while awake. When I was awake, I used the critical reflection technique of asking yourself if you are really in a dream. Whenever I came across something in waking reality that was similar to whatever patterns I found in my dream journal, I would really focus on that and ask myself over and over, “Are you sure this is not a dream?”

I had practiced this technique so often in the waking world that it became commonplace in my dreams. The problem was this: many times I would think, “There is no way this is a dream!” and not get lucid.

I resolved this by merging two triggers. One was the critical reflection technique I just mentioned above, and one was my trigger for flying. When I was lucid, I would try to fly by jumping into the air. Most times in those beginning years, I wouldn’t fly, but instead I would float slowly back to the ground. This gave me a great idea! Whenever I asked myself in a dream, if I was really in a dream, I hopped. I didn’t even have to jump. All I had to do was a small hop, and if I floated at all, I knew without any doubt that I was dreaming. This simple reality check worked every time! Whenever I wonder if I am dreaming, I then immediately do a little hop. Yep! Instant lucidity.

What was it about those early lucid dreams that propelled you deeper into lucid dreaming?

I remember the one pivotal dream that changed everything. After I was successful at it, lucid dreaming was never the same for me. I began meditating in my dreams.

At the time of the particular lucid dream, I had been meditating for a while to the Monroe Institute’s Gateway Series. My goal back then was to have lucid dreams and OBE’s like Robert Monroe seemed to have. I wanted it more than anything else. I didn’t want sporadic, flailing attempts. At the time, I thought my best bet was to meditate. I spent about a year without any type of success.

One night, I lay there in bed, wondering if it was possible for me to get into a deep altered state by meditating. I wanted it so bad, but I was not having much success. Then a thought just popped into my
head. I wonder what would happen if I meditated while lucid in a dream? Not long after, I had the opportunity to explore the idea:

**Sometime in 1997 – First Meditation in a Lucid Dream**

I stand on the beach and small waves lap on the sand. It is dark out and everything is tinged in a deep purple except the sand, which is a brilliant glowing blue. The sky overhead is luminescent with a vast amount of stars and what looks like the Milky Way Galaxy.

I become lucid and immediately want to try a new experience of practicing meditation while lucid in a dream. I sit down on the sand, cross my legs and close my eyes. Strange that immediately upon closing my eyes I become extremely aware of my mind as bi-local, or being in two places at one time. I sense myself lying on my bed, and here, meditating on a beautiful beach at night in a lucid dream. I push that thought away and begin clearing my mind of all thought. Time passes.

I feel a presence. I open my eyes and stand. Someone or something is standing above me. (I cannot recall what it looked like.) It doesn’t speak; instead, it motions me to follow. We walk down a path winding through the sand dunes and enter a cave. The interior is lit with an orange light, which has no source. To our right a ramp leads up towards an archway, above which is a sculpture of an eye etched from the rock wall of the cave itself. The eye is very reminiscent of the one on the back of a dollar bill. I know I am to go through the archway and go under what later I realized was a symbol of my third eye. I walk the stone ramp, underneath the eye. Suddenly, I lose my footing and I’m sliding down a slippery “tunnel slide” that has the texture and appearance of loose skin. It startles me, but doesn’t yet scare me.

When I come to a stop I find myself in a tiny room, the size of a small shower. On all six sides I am surrounded by the texture and feel of skin flowing like a thick curtain. Again, there is a subtle light illuminating the tiny area, but I haven’t thought of its source for I am beginning to panic. Everywhere I place my hand, my foot, everywhere I push, it gives slightly, like elastic. I am really scared now as there is no way out. The panic overrides the knowledge that I am in a dream and I feel as if I am to suffocate and die in this place. It seems unending. The realization of the utter uselessness of “panic” hits me. There is nothing to be gained in the fear. It has gotten me nowhere. And when the fear of enclosure dissipates, I am released. I slow down and slump to the “floor”.

At first I feel resignation, then a bit of guilt for giving up, but it is quickly replaced by a feeling of complete peace. A feeling like a close friend is there, and will always be there. The walls, the ceiling, the floor… fall away. I am infused by a blissful euphoria, floating in no-time. There is nothing around. Fear seems to be a historic past. I remember asking myself how I could possibly be afraid of anything that is so… so wise, so teaching, so…

How can a dream make me feel so childish, so full of the obscene and hurtful emotion of fear? I float there for an indeterminable amount of time. Slowly I open my eyes to the bedroom.

I lay there trying to process what had happened. I was in awe. Everything about my lucid dreaming was about to change. I had been reborn.
At some point, you taught yourself how to do Wake Initiated Lucid Dreams (WILDs). For those who might want to practice this, tell us the approach that you used, and how you managed to move your awareness into the sleep state?

I have found WILDs to be one of the most difficult ways of attaining lucidity. The only time that it seems easy is after waking up in the morning hours, and still feeling sleepy, or waking from a nap. If I am able to stay fully conscious into the hypnagogic state of awareness, then the struggle of having to stay “awake” yet going to sleep, is almost over. It is walking a fine line to keep that balance in check, and is a very difficult mental task.

Having two states of consciousness aware at the same time is hard to accomplish for most people, which is why not everybody masters lucid dreaming. Having ego consciousness (everyday awake consciousness) go from being unaware within the subconscious, to being aware (waking up in the dream), is one thing. But when attempting WILDs, it is almost the opposite. It is keeping the ego consciousness aware while entering the subconscious. Every lucid dreamer knows how difficult it is to keep your ego consciousness in a balanced state to prevent collapse of the dream state. Well, with WILDs, you don’t suddenly become aware like you do when waking up in a dream. You have to have that balance so steady, so naturally flowing, that you ride your consciousness right into your subconscious.

Can you give us an example of one of your WILDs?

I have entered WILDs first thing upon going to bed. It is a long process doing it that way. It is basically meditating to make sure you are aware as you shut down into sleep mode. For me, I have already had a long day, and to attempt a WILD, knowing that I have the entire night ahead of me, seems a little fruitless. The best time is when you do not have anything going on the next day; waking up on a Saturday and not having any pressing matters to take care of, or waking up from a nap.

I’ll give an example:

November 4, 2007 – Lucidity/Vibrations/WILD

My first attempt when I found myself lucid was to try for ‘Clarity.’ To my great surprise - I didn’t think it would actually be as simple as just saying the word! The voiced intention within the lucid dream did have an effect, though not as dramatic as I was hoping for. But I was excited that it worked!

So, I was extremely excited to say, “Greater lucidity.” Something wonderful. A tingling sensation, possibly a precursor to vibrations. I said it again, “Greater lucidity.” Stronger vibrations, but somehow feeling of a different frequency than other types of vibrations I have experienced. But I was excited and so said it again. And lost lucidity by waking up.

Something just seemed to pull me right out of the lucid dream.

Since I was in an ideal place for practicing, I closed my eyes and waited for a dream to begin manifesting. This type of practice owes a great deal of its success to meditation. Using meditation techniques, I am able to keep my mind aware and at the same time let it drift off to find sleep.

A dreamscape began manifesting in my mind, which seems a strange experience. There is awareness while meditating, and although the mind environment is very dark, it doesn’t ‘feel’ dark. It feels like potential waiting to manifest. It is very similar to being in fog (but blackness all around), and beginning to see shapes in front of you, but not being able to exactly discern what the shapes are. Initially, they are like shadows within a darker backdrop. I noticed that if you try and ‘create’ the shapes into a form (like seeing particular shapes in the clouds), the WILD begins crumbling.

Instead, I focus on subtle details within the forming ‘moving picture’ by meditating on them. Slowly the dream environment gets more substantial and soon I find myself fully lucid in the dream. It is very similar to an opening that occurs within the blackness. The shapes in the fog begin taking on more detailed form, and the more details of the form that become visible, the more motion within the visual becomes manifest.

I have realized that if I focus on particular shadow/shapes, my mind wants to construct them into whatever it is thinking they may be. So, instead, I
do not focus, but let them be. Soon, it is like a portal blooms into color and shape and the dream space is suddenly real looking, but as if viewed through a portal. It feels like it has locked into place in my awareness, and I need to push/pull myself directly in to become a part of it.

So what became your go-to technique for lucid dreaming? What did you hope to investigate and explore?

The go-to method was different meditation (focus) techniques within lucid dreams. That changed everything, including the frequency of having lucid dreams. During these times, I also wanted to explore OBE’s and astral travels. I found that the longer I was in an OBE, the more the OBE became similar to full lucid dream states. I was testing the limits of what I could do in those altered states. One of the things that occurred (and still does) while in the standard out-of-body state, is the inability to look at my face. Rarely, I would be able to glimpse my body. My body would look like a fuzzy grey cloud in the shape of a body, with no details. But for the most part, it was always very difficult to look in the direction of where my physical body lay. It was like there was a repulsing magnetic force pushing me away. I have never been able to ‘see’ my head area while in an OBE state. It’s always been impossible to bypass that force or whatever it is.

I was seeing how far I could go. I wanted experiences that were beyond any experience you could have in a physical body. Traveling to different, strange ‘worlds,’ and sometimes living as different beings, exploring environments that are almost impossible to describe, visiting different entities. I even began having relationships with some of these ‘spirit’ entities, and could travel to specific astral locations to find them. We would talk about aspects of the non-material compared to the density of the material. These relationships spanned a couple of years with some of them. There was a very strong sense of connection, as if I knew them, and they knew me, long before my being human.

As you went deeper into lucid dreaming, did you feel like you were being shown new information, or a new perspective on the nature of reality?

The depth of lucid dreaming seems endless. Even the content of what one can learn from experiencing them is of a nature vastly more varied than what is experienced during waking reality. There were three significant areas I felt I was being shown and these completely changed my perspective of ‘the nature of reality.’ To generalize the three, I would say one is science based, one is spiritually based, and one is the ability of lucid dreams to change how you view and experience life. I call it, playing in my sandbox.

So give us an example of a ‘sandbox’ lucid dream that allowed you to explore a scientific question? What did you learn?

In this sandbox lucid dream, I decided to see how small I could ‘see’ or perceive. Researching quantum physics gave me this interesting idea to try, and this one was based on a quantum theory that relates to...
what is called, the Aether Unit. In a simple, brief explanation, it is how quantum 'clouds' manifest as mass. When I originally had this lucid dream, I didn’t understand exactly what I was seeing. Now, after a couple more years of studying quantum states and photons, I do, and what I saw in the lucid dream is extremely accurate to the new research and experiments quantum physicists are currently working on.

June 25, 2012 – A Quantum Viewing

Immediately I find myself lucid. I don't even notice any dreamscape, my mind is so incredibly focused to try and pull this off. I have attempted this type of dream before, seeing as small as I can, but the results are always unsatisfactory. This new technique of confining the experiment to the space between my hands is a major breakthrough. I considered it my Sandbox to play in.

I bring my hands up to form the experiment between them, palms facing towards each other. Everything is clear in between the space of my hands. I drop all awareness except what is necessary. There are no words I need use anymore to manifest the experiment. My mind rests into the feeling of a quantum sized focal point of awareness. Clear. Pure. Silence. Stillness. Patience.

I must have injected my awareness into the space between my hands. There is no awareness of my hands anymore. Little, tiny, tiny silver/white sparks began shining like the tiniest of diamonds within the clear, pure, silent stillness. (The feeling I have remembering them, is indescribable.)

The shine of them, so small, so brilliant with a radiance that stays contained within the miniscule sparks, as if the place is so clear, so empty but for the tiny sparks of perfect light; there is nothing for the light to reflect off. There is no diffusion of the light and the sparks almost appear as if they are impossibly small pinpoint holes of reality, drifting, shining in non-reality. I cannot escape the feeling this environment evokes. It is far beyond awe. It is sacred. Divinity being realized, holy and alive!
Zoom in.

White sphere but see-through. There is something like an energy band racing through it; a result of the streaking flashes’ touch. It is becoming much more difficult to define. Things that were split have combined. Two aspects, whose division was previously invisible, are now combined. I never saw the two aspects, didn’t ever see they were different from a singular ‘thing’. But somehow, I know this is true.

White sphere is itself. It is the energy band that has the initial dynamics. The silver/white energy streak is made up of 3 ribbons. Zoom closer to the ribbons. They are toruses, but whose dimensionality is so flat it appears as a thick circular band. But they ARE toruses.

Zoom out.

As the energy streaks by and hits the clear white sphere/bubble there is a snapping-together. Like a clear taught rubber band containing light, snapping while releasing energy. With that snapping, the 3 toroidal shaped ribbons fuse with the sphere. All of them together make a 'hard' field of localized force; a magnetic sphere-like containment of the streaking movement that is now brilliant multi-colored light bands.

Zoom in.

I can hold the new object with my hands. I try to decipher the pattern the ribbons make up but it has already become too complex, too difficult for my awareness to follow. They are like three Mobius...
strips entangled. There is an opening in the multi-colored sphere, a corkscrew shaped hole. I peer inside. It is absolutely hollow. I rotate it around to the opposite side and it all merges together and drapes down into the interior of the sphere, like an incredibly small, tiny... sphincter.

You mention that lucid dreaming also naturally led you to explore spiritual issues. Can you give us an example of a lucid dream with a spiritual aspect? Does anything hinder exploring this area?

The further I went into lucid dreaming, and the sheer number of times I have done it, has allowed me to develop, or create, ways of advancing. And that word, ‘advancing’ is to be taken in multiple ways, not only advancing abilities to attain higher states of awareness, but advancing along spiritual avenues as well. I was recognizing patterns of what could work, and what wouldn’t. I was discovering ways of breaking down barriers that had existed for a long time. I suppose these barriers are part of the individual psyche, but I also feel that these barriers are universal for humans as well. Many of these barriers can be equated with the seven sins, and as cliché as it sounds, love and light.

First let me say that I am a spiritual man, but I am not a religious man. I am of no particular faith, though I enjoy researching them. Many, many times I found that succumbing to the temptation of sins can stop advancement quite effectively. I conclude that sins are actually blockages that actively prevent one’s self from attaining higher states of awareness and consciousness. Most times I succumbed to temptations, I became lost to them. The more desirable the ‘sin,’ or the temptation, the higher the probability of waking consciousness to lose itself, and lucidity slips away as the sin pulls you deeper and deeper into itself.

If I could overcome the temptations within the lucid dreams when seeking spiritual knowledge or advanced states of consciousness (almost always in the way of living symbols and even archetypes), most times I would learn something, have small epiphanies and awakenings that are unattainable in such a manner when in the ‘real’ world. It was extremely difficult to push through those temptations for many years. I felt like I had discovered the blockages of my self.

**August 23, 2008 One of the First Times Playing with LIGHT**

Lucid, I find myself in a dark neighborhood, ordinary, at night. I have been practicing forming light through my hands and body and decide to perform the exercise here. I focus my attention on my hands, imagining them lit inside, made of love/light. I am somewhat successful, but not nearly to my satisfaction. I push intention on them, even voicing aloud the request, but again I achieve only minor success.

I am standing. I spread my arms wide and try a meditation technique that consists of gathering energy and releasing light. Back straight, arms fully out from my sides, I take a deep inhalation and imagine drawing energy in through my crown chakra. Breathe out imagining the energy transformed to light and exiting out through my hands. Incredible!

Bright blue light, like 4-inch in diameter lasers, blasts from my hands. As my exhaling stops and I draw breath in again, the blue beams weaken and retract back close to the palms of my hands. As I draw breath, I repeat the process of imagining energy being pulled in through my crown chakra. Exhaling, I push the light back out through my hands. Straight as a laser. Moving my arms around, the lights beam straight out from whatever direction my palms are facing.

As I am playing around, practicing this newfound ability, a young girl – perhaps 12 years old – runs from around the side of a house and stops abruptly before she runs into me. She has blue beams coming out from her palms also. She says she is scared and that she is worried that she is going to hurt someone with them. I tell her that light is good, it is a higher vibration and that she has managed to work a wonderful trick. She is skeptical of what I say. She sits down in the grass and very carefully practices with the lights.

I get back to swinging the lights around, seeing how far into the distance they will travel. They reach as far as I can see. As I am doing this I see a shadowy dark form some way in the distant. It is
acting as if it is investigating the beams of blue light. I rush past the four or five houses it takes to get to the black human form, a trickle of fear tickling my spine. I run right into him. He is laughing. He is full of hate. He is disfigured, ugly and emitting a dark/negative vibration. My heart is pounding hard and fast!

Without thinking, I wrap my arms around the freaky man and he is struggling to get away. I do the light trick I just learned and place the palm of my right hand directly on his forehead. He is slowly transforming the longer I keep the blue light shooting into his head. He stops struggling and a smile of extreme peace and relief takes the place of that death grin. He begins weeping and tells me how much he loves me for releasing him. He thanks me, and walks away into the dark night.

I think about some New Age readings about how the Earth is damaged and needs light and love to reverse the damage done to it. I place my hands on earth, palms facing down, breathe in deeply and drive as much light into the ground as I can. Dropping my awareness into a meditative-type state, I am able to do this over and over again without thought anymore. Breathe in, push the light deep down. Breathe in while simultaneously pulling light down through my crown chakra. Exhale and push the light down, down. After an unknown amount of times doing this, a male voice, strong but distant, says with absolute clarity in my head, "You are doing very well."

Did any of these spiritually oriented lucid dreams offer you personal guidance or advice? Did they ever point at something that you needed to understand about yourself?

Some might be curious as to how my lucid dream states can include spiritual growth. It seems like saying that might feel a little abstract, but in truth, the experiences can be quite the opposite.

July 14, 2013 Hooks and Attachments

I became lucid while in a dream while fishing with some of my old friends. We had fish on the line offshore fishing, but the fish were swimming all over and the fishing lines became all tangled. I tried to disentangle them, and I was constantly being hooked multiple times. Soon, the hooks and fishing lines were everywhere, like I was being wrapped up in a spider cocoon. The hooks, of every shape and size, were piercing and lodging all over my body. And, it hurt. It hurt really bad. I was lucid while this was happening, so I pushed intention out to remove pain from the experience, but it didn't work. I was moving through all the lines, just trying to get free from being so entangled in them. But, it was just getting worse.

No matter where I went, I would get tangled in them, and hooks would pierce me and pull the skin. As I was painfully removing one, one or more would hook me again because of my movement within the lines. Every time I tried to disentangle the lines from around me, it would pull at the hooks that were hooked in me and would increase the pain and discomfort.

So, being lucid, I stopped struggling with it all and tried to figure it out. While I stopped and began puzzling it out, I became less entangled, and as I began walking I noticed I was now in a dark tunnel-like path through a nasty, dark-looking forest. As I was walking I began accumulating fishing lines and hooks again and was painfully entangled all over again.

When lucid, sometimes I ask my higher self to give me some clue about what is going on (most times I ask my higher self to start the next experience I am in need of for growth). A female appeared, very faint and hardly noticeable, like a ghostly mist. All I could see was a face floating within my conscious.

"It is simple," she said. "These are your attachments."

It was like a bomb of "AHA!!" moments streaked through me.

I began walking away, and the lines grew taught, and the hooks pulled painfully at my skin, all over my body. One by one, as I walked, I felt the specific pulling of a line and the hook that was associated with that line. It is strange, because I was feeling each individual line corresponding with its specific hook by the tautness of the line, and the pain that the hook drew forth. I felt them all individually, but at the same time, tightening, pulling, bringing specific
pain; the differing strength of tension on each line brought a specific amount of pain to an area of my body that that hook was in.

My awareness had shifted to the hooks being symbolic to my mental attachments, instead of physical attachments. I kept walking, and when I noticed that the line was taught enough, and the pain sharp enough, I found I could give a 'pulse,' like a hard jerk, to rip the hook from me. After a while, it became less painful, as I was consciously figuring out how to remove the pain from the experience with each 'jerk' and removal.

The hooks began sliding off of me instead of being ripped from me. The pain began dissolving, and a feeling of 'light' was replacing the pain. Then, at a certain point, all of the lines and hooks just fell off of me as I continued walking down this dark forest path.

I was light as a feather. I was free of attachments. This is where the experience becomes hard to express because of the feeling of being removed from all attachments. It is beautiful. It was like I was released from everything but my self.

Do you ever find lucid dreams in which the instructions are not so clear, or do not make immediate sense? Sometimes it seems easy to 'get' the symbolism, but other times it seems much more difficult.

There are lucid dreams that change the way I live my life. They are like life lessons, but of extremely bizarre natures. I could feel how they were changing me, and feel how they were a catalyst for changing my behavior. Some of the most powerful solutions in life can be found within the most subtle actions of the self, no matter the intensity of the situations. Controlling fear and removing the urge to panic can teach you a lot.

At the time of this next experience, I had been experiencing major bouts of fear. I was struggling in waking life because of the state of the economy, and had moved my family to Tennessee. The fear was more primal.

For the past two years or so prior to this particular lucid dream, I was experiencing entities visiting me in my bedroom, and having constant lucid dreams every night that were very dark in nature. I was at a loss as to what it would take to stop the bad lucid dreams, where I would get pulled down into what I call The Dark Places. There were a lot of very strange nightly occurrences that had been taking place for a span of about 4-5 years. My sister advised me to 'ask' Jesus Christ for a possible answer. So, one night I focused intentions for Jesus, His light, anything to begin drawing me away from this fear that I just could not overcome. I had placed those intentions before the dream visions started. My awareness while drifting off never wavered.

December, 2010 – Lower Astral

At a certain point, I decided to 'travel.' I float about 3-4 feet off the sandy beach, at night. The lighting is as if there are torches lit...a dull, wavering orange-ish light...or maybe like a beach bonfire under a full moon. I spread my arms out and lean forward against a slight breeze, and I lift up into the night. I just go with it, having it take me wherever it chooses, leaving my mind empty of intention.
I begin to see where I am heading. It is a darker spot in the night sky...no stars...no moon...a black hole in the air above me. There are feelings always associated with this type of experience, and anxiety spreads its wings in my soul. So, I am going to the Dark Places. I don't know where or what I will experience, but I have been to these places many, many times. They are not fun, but can be incredibly enlightening to the soul.

When I pierce through the black hole in the dark sky, there is a shift. It feels as if pressure has swallowed me completely, and I 'turn' upside down, falling fast and faster 'down.' Vast areas like dark plains are coming up to meet me. On the black plains there are white holes, my perception sees them as the size of a quarter between the fingers of my outstretched arm. There are perhaps 3 or 4 white holes, and they vibrate. I choose one of them and head towards it. Everything is shaking until I 'lock-on' to it. It is like I must match vibrational frequency, and then the desired hole stops vibrating and swallows me into it.

I keep going down. I know that the further down I go, the 'darker' the experience. Repeating the above experience, dropping down through yet more white holes, to find myself still falling towards another layer of blackness with other vibrating white holes. Match vibrations and pulled through...until there is only one white hole in the blackness...sink through that one...I am laying in a small cramped space.

The space is about 2 feet high, about 6x6. There is a small dingy light on the ceiling (where I entered). It looks like I am underground, the walls, floor, ceiling made of dirt. This is how many of these dark places are like. They are claustrophobic, dirty and uncomfortable as there are 'feelings' associated with the places. It is as if the 'place' has emotions. This one...despair, no way out, etc. And, to top it off, it has dirty brown bugs crawling around in here with me. The ugly nasty things are about the size of a baseball glove. They notice me and begin crawling on me. I can feel the spindly legs gripping me, and an occasional bite. I can't brush them off because there is not enough room.

I HATE this. It is horrible. The entire experience is like a nightmare. I am completely lucid, so I can easily wake up if I want. So, it is a decision that seems crazy...do I wake up, or keep going?

Screw it. Keep going.

There is another dingy light to my left a couple of feet ahead of me. I crawl towards it, and go in it.

...and enter an identical place, but the light is in a different area. More of these nasty bugs, on the ceiling and walls. I crawl towards another light which takes me a few minutes. Go through it.

Again...again...

I don't know how many times, but one time I notice something different. There is a dirty cloth curtain that I hadn't seen before...maybe it was behind me the entire time. I turn around and crawl through it. It is like a partition to an even smaller dirty hole that I cannot fit completely in. Straight ahead of me is another curtain. To the left is a mirror. The mirror is unfocused, so I crawl very close to it and look at myself. I am horrified.

These bugs are crawling all over me. I can feel them, but seeing them on me makes it a thousand times worse. There are huge bleeding swells on me where the critters have bitten and scratched me. I can feel them moving over me. My face is disfigured because of the bugs. Dirty, black and blue, swollen, bumps...I am close to panicking now. Fear is about to take over. It's not worth going through this! And for what?! What am I doing staying here!?

Seeing myself start to panic, makes me calm down, and I stare into the mirror. There is a critter on my hand. I want to shake it off, but there isn't enough room. I bring my hand forward in front of my face and grab the thing with my other hand to try and pull it off. I can feel its legs, like a giant cockroach, clinging strongly to my hand. This...sucks...

I finally am able to pull it off, but I am so confined, I don't have anywhere to put it. Straight in front of me is the mirror...the only place I can put it is...inside the mirror. My thoughts have calmed down. There was never any 'fear,' but immense discomfort. I study the thing, wondering what it is,
while placing it ‘into’ the mirror. As soon as it touches the mirror, it transforms.

A green tree frog. I laugh and smile and grab another insect off of me, and touch it to the mirror. Another beautiful green tree frog. I transform all the insects in my little dirty hole. It is beautiful. The frogs are hopping all over, transforming the entire place wherever they touch. The feelings of the place are changing, the colors, the air, the light…everything. They are going through it all, hopping everywhere, changing everything. This is why I stayed.

It is beautiful…I push through the other curtain and see yet another light…and go through it. Movement, vibrations…off to another place.

What general advice would you give to lucid dreamers who want to explore more deeply?

Use imagination, meditation, and preparedness to guide your development of inner self. Envision what your highest version of self means to you and use your imagination to guide your inner self to achieve it.

Lucid dreaming is opening the door to consciously experiencing the impossible. To access deeper states within lucid dreaming, I found meditation is a must. The process of proper meditation techniques are the same that are used in lucid dreaming. Control of emotions, remaining balanced, focusing on the deeper mental states, actively using the subconscious to bring about awareness, etc., will allow you to stay lucid for longer periods of time, and result in more intense experiences.

Thank you for the interview, Robert. I enjoyed it!

Thanks Chad for this DreamSpeak interview.

For more information about Chad and his blog, please visit http://swingingonspirals.blogspot.com/ or e-mail sixscent@gmail.com
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"Initially I was apprehensive about learning online, now I prefer it to attending a conference or structured event. The video clips are short and to the point, making the format conducive to learning. The facilitators are attentive and answered my questions in a timely manner. I was very pleased with the entire program.” — Pamela, USA, NE
I have experienced lucid dreaming in large part as a pathway to knowledge of “the essence behind existence,” a knowledge of the Self and a more Celestial consciousness. The following lucid dream illustrates my fundamental attitude towards lucidity (2007):

In the dream, my dream teacher in waking life, Nigel Hamilton, sits down opposite me, and, as I look up at him, it feels as if a metal band about four inches wide snaps open across my chest. Suddenly, I have the sensation that my being, now free of both dream and physical bodies, hovers in the air over my bed. I remember what my teacher had said in a recent seminar on lucidity: “…If you’re up out of your body you can fly around and see the world”, but I’ve done all that in the waking world. I want to learn something new in lucidity. In fact, I’d really like to find him here, in the lucid dream, and have him guide me. I call out his name two or three times. As I do this, a clear, five-pointed star appears in each of my eyes filling me with a powerful light. I think my eyes must be open as white light fills the room, but then I realize I haven’t woken up.

When I do awake, my chest hurts. I remain in bed for an hour just taking in the feeling from the lucid dream. I feel regret that I hadn’t realized that by just “being” in lucidity one can learn, and I realize that the yearning doesn’t seem for knowledge in the sense of earthly sciences, but rather for knowledge of the “Spiritual Science”.

As this dream and my reflections on it suggest, in lucidity, I have felt conscious of a relationship between sensory, “empirical” or exoteric knowledge and hidden, esoteric knowledge. Such gnosis feels more received, than gained; more an alignment of our will with a Higher Will, than a knowledge we use to exert our own will. In short, this represents an attitude to lucidity that I call “Lucid Surrender”. After hundreds of Lucid Surrender dreams, I feel that the willingness to take the inner stance of surrender has deepened and intensified the lucid experiences, a feeling echoed in the dreams as in this one:

After an intense, formless lucid dream in which I feel I’ve “taken a bath in God”, “I find myself deposited in a “normal” dreamscape curled up on a braided rug before a cottage fireplace. I reflect on the lucid experience as I rest at the feet of a matronly woman who sits rocking in front of the fire. She seems very puzzled and almost impatient as she asks me, “What kind of lucid dreams are those when you let yourself be taken to God in this way?” I tell her, “Surrender, the Path of Surrender.”

Rather than providing a lucid-dreaming “method”, Lucid Surrender seems more an inner attitude of heart and mind that not only acknowledges the Transpersonal but also expresses a deep longing akin to that sung of by the Biblical Psalmist: “Like the deer that yearns for running springs, so my soul yearns for you, O God.” (Psalm 42:1). From the outset, I have found my best entry point to Lucid Surrender experiences through meditation on the Lord’s Prayer, a sacred song or holy name in tandem with the breath before falling asleep. At the moment of lucidity, the alignment of the heart with the Transpersonal often takes place through simple expressions of surrender: a meditative stillness, kneeling, bowing the head, bringing the
hands together in prayer and/or through inwardly or outwardly expressing a longing to know a deeper level of feeling and consciousness.

In lucidity, I have called out to have an esoterically veiled truth—such as the nature of Divine—revealed. And, I've often felt surprised to hear myself cry out spontaneously, “Take me to you, God!”—a rather more prosaic version of what the 12th century Sufi mystic Ahmad Hatif more poetically expressed as: “To Thee we surrender both heart and life and cast down both this and that before Thee. The heart is surrendered to Thee, since Thou art the ravisher of hearts....”3 But, whatever form the longing takes, it feels to me that the response depends not only on the intensity of the desire held within the request but also on my own capacity to hold a revelatory experience.

Given the nature of Lucid Surrender, I sometimes hesitate to say, “I dream” because I tend to feel that I become dreamed into new states of awareness and understanding. Dream beings have also reflected on this process (November 2010):

In a like manner, dream beings have reflected back to me the dimensions that my dreaming-mind has experienced in lucidity (November 24, 2012):

In one such dream, I recognize that the dreamscape around me has taken the form of the lecture room where my dream guide from waking life gives a teaching. Feeling very tired, I fall asleep as I listen, and, in my dream-sleep, become lucid. The dream-within-a-dreamscape parts like a veil. And I find myself lucid standing at the edge of a beautiful, vast hall. A fiery-colored Persian carpet covers the floor. Surprisingly, numerous babies crawl around on the rug quite happily like little miracles of light. At the far end of the hall there spins a black and white structure that opens up to infinity. I recognize this form as the deeper space in which my being experiences Lucid Surrender dreams—the expanse of black light and the forms, worlds, and knowledge that emerge out of the black luminosity.

As I stand observing the scene before me, I perceive different dimensions of being at once: 1) the mysterious infinity of the abstract, spinning light form 2) the vast hall full of “children of light” in which my lucid-dream-body appears 3) the dream-sleep within the original dream framing the lucid experience 4) the lecture room in which the initial dream took place and 5) the waking world in which I now sleep. In the dream, the awareness of five key levels of consciousness at one time, held in various forms in this way, strikes me as unusual. With this realization, my dream-body collapses to the floor as the hall falls away to black light and I “wake up” lucid in the dreamscape of the original lecture room. I wonder how I must have appeared to those who remained in the room while “I” had entered the lucid reality. A young man tells me, “You were sitting there in a kind of trance speaking all the time about the how all the five dimensions fit together.” He mimics how I moved my hands to show the dimensions. To me, his observations affirmed my own perception of the various levels of consciousness recognized in the dream.4

Intriguingly, another lucid dream entity has described to me how consciousness moves in lucidity (November 27, 2013):

In that dream, I find myself in a field of golden grasses with a dream entity I identify as “Karla”, my
best friend from childhood. She says we all have a “light body” we don’t have to be asleep to access. I watch as someone leaves their dream-body and darts about above us like a golden comet of pure consciousness. I so long for this familiar sensation, especially as I feel weary. When my turn comes, I eagerly curl up on the grasses as instructed. In doing so, a snuggly feeling envelops me like when I first tuck under the covers in bed. Immediately, it feels as if my being slips out of body.

Someone cries out, “Ah, there she goes!” A feeling of release and joy moves through my being, now awash with the most amazing radiance that comes through me as a hymn to Jesus. All thoughts of Waking Physical Reality have gone and it seems enough to simply BE in the beauty that goes on and on through a white, diamond sea of light. Just when waking reality feels worlds and lifetimes away, I hear “Karla” call out my childhood knick name three times. Suddenly I know where I still belong - this awareness pulls my being back into the dream-body, and I open my eyes to find myself resting on the golden grasses of the initial dream.

Curiously, at times when, as a result of a loss of focus, I've apparently “lost steam” on the black winds and light, an invisible force or being has gently pushed my apparently subtle “hands” together as if in prayer. Doing so generally serves to re-align my mental focus with a more heartfelt, sacred awareness; and, it would seem, causes the journey on the black winds to resume as in the following experience (August 2012):

I find myself in a dream carrying lots of stuff and feeling annoyed about this, but then I realize that I dream this! With a sense of great release, I drop all that fills my hands and open my arms to the black winds. Although I now have no visible dream-body, the winds push my “hands” together in a prayerful gesture that focuses my mind and moves my being through the winds at an incredible speed. I delve into the blackness like a deep-sea diver….

In line with my own lucid experiences, the observations and actions of various dream beings suggest that lucid dreams do not easily fit one definition or experience. And even my own dream-ego/persona has commented on the nature of Lucid Surrender. I recall one pre-lucid dream in which I talk to some friends who, in waking life, had presented the day before at a conference on Near Death Experiences (February 2012):

In the dream, I say that we don’t have to go through a near death experience to have a taste of life beyond death—we can have this in our dreams. I explain that falling asleep, as the Tibetan Buddhists and Sufis point out, seems a mini death, and dreams, a preparation for life after death. In dreams we enter the astral realms and planes of consciousness and as alchemy teaches have the opportunity to “Awake in sleep” or “While sleeping, watch!”

In waking life, at the actual conference, one of my friends had briefly mentioned a lucid dream he’d had. In the dream, I refer to his comment on his lucid dream, explaining that just as in life, in lucid dreams, our attitude and intention towards the dream may shape the situation. But I add that it may not always seem just “more of me” in a dream, as he’d suggested, because the lucid dream can also put us in contact with the Transpersonal, especially if we surrender to a Transpersonal awareness by expressing a heart-longing. Then there may be a “death of the four elements”—an ego-death, a death that allows new dimensions of experience to be born…. My friends seem very interested in Lucid Surrender. Here, the dream ends and I awake somewhat surprised at how clear and lifelike the conversation felt.
Although the standard, popular definition given for lucid dreaming generally goes: “Any dream in which one is aware that one is dreaming,” I note that this definition describes the moment of lucidity and fails to communicate the continuum of consciousness that one can experience within the lucid state. Nor does this definition convey the transformative effect lucid dreaming experiences can have upon dreamers in their waking lives. Perhaps the time has come for the lucid dreaming community to put forward a more comprehensive definition of a lucid dream such as: “A dream in which one becomes cognizant of the dream state thus releasing the transformative potential to experience dimensions of the Self, Consciousness, and the unity of existence with awareness.”

Such a definition acknowledges the following potentialities: 1) The lucid experience possesses its own “reality” or “realities” ranging across a continuum of awareness from sensory to supra-sensory, from “reality: with a small “r” to “Reality” with a capital “R” (giving room for Jung’s observation that “anything that acts is actual”). 2) Dreamscapes and beings may possess an ontological status that moves “reality” and our perception of it beyond space-time constraints, free us to experience realms of consciousness and embodied states that apparently encompass and yet transcend our own. 3) Our consciousness has the capacity to both experience and know what apparently “transcends” it. 4) The dream may know more than the dreamer. 5) Human consciousness can know Unity-consciousness. 6) As a result of lucidity, our consciousness may expand and transform. 7) In conjunction with this inner transformation, our experience of waking physical reality may transform as well.

Keeping such an understanding of lucidity potentialities in mind, we can note how Ahmad Hatif’s description of a mystical state reflects the possibilities held within a deeper understanding of lucidity. Describing the opening of “the eye of the heart” that heralds the “vision of spirit” and “invisible things”, Hatif advises:

Give all that you possess to Love. If your spirit is dissolved in the flames of Love, you will see that Love is the alchemy for spirit….you will journey beyond the narrow limitations of time and place and will pass into the infinite spaces of the Divine World….Finally you shall be brought to that high Abode, where you will see One only, beyond the world and all worldly creatures….

Given such perceptions, the working definition of lucidity that I suggest also raises questions about the assumptions present in saying, “I had a dream” or describing a dream as “mine” or even saying, “my dream”. Doing so makes me think of explorers or scientists who say that they have “discovered” a new territory or properties. Does the new-found-land or element feel new to itself? Yet, in my experience, Lucid Surrender dreams have intimated that perhaps the “new” dreamscapes may feel “new” as experienced through the perception of a fresh arrival. As a case in point, consider one of many lucid dreams in which I felt that a dreamscape did, in fact, know itself anew through my perception of it (December 2009):

In the dream, what I experience as black light and winds carry my being to a place where I “see” cubes of bluish-white light interlaced in infinite helix spirals. The light form looks very strange and beautiful and mysterious to me. I feel that each cube represents a very basic building block of life as well as an individual human life—all intertwined. The pattern suggests both individuality and wholeness. From my left and right the infinite, interlaced cubes radiate out and I sense that I myself am part of this chain of linked cubes of light. In that moment, I become aware of both the expansiveness of this awareness and the exhaustion of my actual earthly being. It seems strange to me that both feel true and that this beautiful expansiveness should in any way require awareness of my limited, exhausted physical self. It feels a wonder and very humbling as well as inspiring and encouraging. I intuit this for some time until I find myself back in a dream and eventually awake.

On other occasions, I have had the impression that a “newly discovered” dream being has experienced an invigorating reciprocity through our lucid encounter as in this exchange (February 24, 2014):

I drift off to sleep and find myself in a lucid experience….ecstatic black winds take hold of my being and carry me a long, long, way. When it feels I have reached the edge of the universe where all moves towards a vanishing point... I become
curious about what carries me in such a loving way, and, as in other lucid dreams, I yearn to “see” this unseen entity. I seem just about ready to give up on this when my “head” feels turned by an invisible hand and I “see” that my being appears in the embrace of what my mind at first comprehends as an angel, a very powerful being of golden, misty, light.

This light both holds me and infuses me. For a time, I rest in the strange wonder and familiarity of the being’s light and the feeling of deep, unutterable love between us. It feels as though we have become one, as though I form a book about this light of being that the very same light holds, reads, and is. In this way, I share in the being’s essence and intelligence. Its regal nature dominates, yet the feeling between us seems intimate. Neither the form, nor my own being possesses physicality in an earthly sense and yet we experience a shared presence that touches me with deep joy and ecstatic pleasure. For some reason, this time, the being has revealed itself to me as fully as I have been revealed to it. …at once, Lord, Lover, Friend.

The mutuality of our awareness of each other as both one and separate suffuses our beings with deep pleasure…. I become aware this light fills me for the service I have yet to complete in waking life. Then I think, “Where to?” But it has become hard to breathe. A voice says, “Breathe through your mouth.” By then, however, the effort of breathing has taken all my focus and distracted me from the experience. I awake breathing hard and deep.

This lucid dream experience shares many resonances with the “myth” of Psyche and Eros in which Psyche meets her husband Eros in darkness every night and longs to see him.

Often, in lucidity, I have found that I have received understanding and knowledge non-verbally through an internal, intuited form of communication that may come through the touch of a dream being, through light or breath. The following dream serves as a good illustration of such an encounter (July 2007):

I recall a lucid dream when, after a transit on the black light, my being ends up deposited in a still place on the blackness. A lovely Indian woman wearing a delicate blue silk sari holds a staff in her right hand and, lifting the staff, draws my attention to a dark-skinned man who has now appeared in the blackness before me.

The man wears a sky blue cloak over a white inner garment with a smaller white cape around his shoulders that is trimmed with a band of reddish-orange an inch or two above the hem. A single large feather curves up and inward above his head. He emits a holy wisdom…. The woman silently communicates to me that he and I should embrace, not speak. I feel unworthy of this. But the instruction comes clear so I open what feel like the energies of my arms and hands.

The moment my “hands” touch his shoulders and his mine, there erupts a nuclear burst of energy that rushes into me and sends my being catapulting back onto the black winds in an endless, arching backflip…. My pliant being bends with the motion like a feather carried on the winds, and I understand that what happens seems part of a containment process and that the encounter has continued in this way. The winds rush through, around and in me…. I realize that the energy in this being and in the light I’ve encountered in lucid dreams come from a similar source. With this
realization, a deep ecstasy takes hold of my being.

It feels terribly hard to focus enough to move through it. As I relax into it, the ecstasy subsides and my being falls into the vortex of the familiar grey-black whirling cloud from other dreams. The cloud comforts me and helps me to contain the power rushing like wind through my being. I sense the cloud experiences my feelings deeply. As ever, I admire the cloud’s immensity and the beauty of its presence, and again a deep ecstasy takes hold of me….

In this instance, the touch and winds feel associated “Spiritual Science”, comprised of heart and will rather than facts and concepts, a “science” suffused with a light that may then illuminate Waking Physical Reality.

Given my experiences of Lucid Surrender, it appears that we may not define lucidity as much as lucidity defines us. In fact, when we let go of limiting definitions, the possibilities within lucidity open up. At the same time, the definition and refinement of our awareness, attention, intention, deep feeling, receptivity, self-control and surrender within lucidity can potentially carry our individual consciousness on a continuum experienced both through forms and formlessness, through our dreams and into our waking lives.

Lucid dreams can change our lives because they change our realizations, as well as our perceptions, about life. Fundamentally, such dreams serve as a crucible for psycho-spiritual transformation within and without. Through opening “the eye of the heart” and illuminating our “inner sight”, such dreams can: 1) reveal to us how our thinking may limit or negatively impact our souls, thus providing us with insights into ourselves and others 2) Release healing capacities within us 3) Free our consciousness from the limits of time and space bound perception 4) Increase our awareness of our psi-capacities 5) Provide us with guidance 6) Give us a profound experience of love that spills over into our waking world actions and relationships 7) Enlarge our capacity to hold life’s paradoxes with more equanimity 8) Reacquaint us with our true Selves 9) Awaken our awareness of the unity of existence 10) Align our consciousness with a Higher Will, transforming the question “Who am I?” into “How can I best serve?” 11) Imbue us with knowledge of the “Spiritual Science” 12) Deepen our feeling capacity and our sense of wonder. Any of these results can profoundly transform our waking lives.

Speaking from my own experience, I note that truly realizing the dreams in our lives may take a lifetime (and/or many life times) to accomplish on the earth plane. Doing so may require life changes that create paradoxical conflicts as our external existence comes more into alignment with our inner world.

Gnostics believe that whether or not we recall it, each night our souls become released from our bodies, taken up, and, effectively, washed in the spirit, rejuvenated and refilled for the next day. Without this nightly filling of spiritual soul-sustenance, our being could not exist on the physical plane. Usually we don’t remember the experience, though echoes of it may appear in a soulful dream or waking world encounter. In lucid dreams, I believe that we have the possibility of experiencing this nightly revitalization with awareness.

Happily, it seems, lucidity defies definition. While we may perceive and experience the lucid dream reality, that reality remains beyond our attempts to consider it as simply an extension or creation of our own minds or to examine it based on the criteria of waking physical reality. Indeed, I would venture to say that even our ability to perceive a Lucid Reality originates in what Sufi’s call “The Lord of our Being” rather than out of our own perceptual powers. Let me conclude this article with a dream I call “The Heart” that illustrates what I have attempted to express herein (December 12, 2012).

This dream occurred as I responded to questions put to me by Robert Waggoner and Ed Kellogg for a Lucid Dream Experience “DreamSpeak Interview” (March 2013): In this interview I shared for the first time - in a public forum - my personal experience of Lucid Surrender, and, I struggled with how to language the dreams and how to
respond in a forthright way to the interview questions. The questions Robert and Ed asked of me—like those of a good Socratic Method—helped me to go more deeply into the experiences and put me into touch with a very deep heart-longing to bring the dreams and the learning therein into manifestation. For me, the dream indicated a dissolving of ego positions and fears so that I could more clearly access the essence of Lucid Surrender:

_In this dream, my dream teacher in waking life, Nigel Hamilton, and I discuss lucid dreams with two dream beings, who I relate to as Robert Waggoner and Ed Kellogg. Semi-lucid, I perceive these two as lucid dreamers who ask me questions about Lucid Surrender in order to help me express my thoughts more fully on the subject for an interview in waking physical reality....Suddenly, I find myself standing against a wall with those who question me standing opposite me a room’s width away...They ask me questions about the lucid dreams, and, when they feel I could answer yet more fully, drench me with a stream of cold water... This reminds me of the way quanta of light have hit my third eye and chest in lucid dreams, and I think of the water as Spirit. But, I don’t become fully lucid, as I feel too caught up in the dream. I do, however, keep responding._

Finally, I’ve answered all I can. Feeling exhausted, I walk towards one of these beings who now sits with his back to the scene. I put my hand on his left shoulder and in doing so feel touched by a deep feeling and begin to cry. Moved by the feelings, I bend down and rest my head on his knees. My heart feels wide open as the feelings course through me. The being rests his hand on my back to comfort me.... As I kneel there weeping, Nigel walks up and, in his characteristic quiet manner says, “Now look, you can do all you want to understand Mary’s dreams with your minds, use formulas, mathematics, but you won’t get the correlations because it has to do with her heart.”

References:

1 Henri Corbin. Swedenborg and Esoteric Islam: Comparative Spiritual Hermeneutics. Trans. Leonard Fox. (West Chester, PA: Swedenborg Studies, 1995) 103. The term “Spiritual Science” refers to a celestial, subtle knowledge of esoteric, internal understanding of symbols and spiritual reality.

2 For more on Lucid Surrender see the Lucid Dream Experience Magazine issues listed at http://www.luciddreamalchemy.com/page/resources


5 http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lucid_dreaming


7 Hatif, 123.
Identity Cube
~ 1990

White.
All is whiteness.
Motion above, outside the whiteness, offside.
Invisible cube glides into whiteness, moves directly above.
Invisible cube descends slowly.
Awareness changes as cube approaches.
Density of environment increases, bringing a sense of heaviness, and as a sense of self dawns, the cube changes shape, like it pours itself into me, becomes me, as it disappears (though it was never visible) and the whiteness resolves into ceiling tiles.
As the realization of who I am grows, so does disappointment as I feel tremendous limitation in awareness and thought, the more I become me.
A sad knowing that here, in physical reality, I must for a time remain essentially closed off from something much, much greater, and much lighter than ego-me.

It may seem ironic that in a magazine dedicated to lucid dreaming, I present an article that opens with a description of an experience in which lucid awareness was not only not present, but would have been impossible. Impossible, because in order to be lucid in the traditional sense, in other words, aware that I was dreaming, I would first need to be aware that “I” was I. But as related above, ‘I’ did not exist until later in the experience.

As you can see by the way it’s written, it is very hard to convey something I’ve experienced when there was no “I” who experienced it. And yet, I have memory of the event; of awareness without identity, and knowing without thought.

Prior to this episode, I was still relatively new to the lucid dreaming phenomenon, very excited about the field of sleep research, and highly motivated. I was meditating and practicing lucid dream induction techniques on a regular basis, and was recording my dreams each morning faithfully, chalking up several lucid dreams per month, so the “Identity Cube” episode, though odd, was not altogether unusual given my intense interest in sleep and dreams at the time.

However, it was the first time that I could remember having awakened without knowing who or what I was; without even a concept or self, body, or thought. It wasn’t until the large, ‘block of knowledge’ (as I first called it upon waking) or ‘Identity Cube’ had appeared, did awareness of self slowly begin to emerge. And though the block was invisible, somehow there was awareness of its shape and size: a cube, of about 2 cubic metres.

Another interesting element was that there was no apparent moment of ‘waking up,’ no point where I opened my eyes – it seemed they were open the whole time (no memory of blinking) so that I wondered if I had slept with my eyes open, or had my eyes opened moments before awareness of whiteness kicked in.
My interest in lucid dreaming continued, and I had many odd experiences associated with sleep and dreams, but it would be over twenty years before another "no identity" event would occur. From my journal:

**Time Construction/Awkward Obelisk**  
**May 2012**

When I got in from work this evening, I was so tired that I lay down for a nap – highly unusual for me, as I rarely nap. When I woke - or perhaps more accurately - as I woke, I had an odd experience. I say "I" but there was no "I." There was awareness, but without a sense of identity, or concept of self in usual terms. It's very difficult to describe. To give the experience context, I was in bed, on my right side, a wall at my head. There was no, "I" or "my" but I need these words to convey the experience in this text.

Though there was no sense of "I," there was a vague, unformed awareness of something called Time, but no concept of what time was. Without conscious direction or input, awareness that Time or perhaps some 'time-related sensory structure' was being constructed.

There was feeling, sensation, motion. Sensation of energy reaching from the back of my head to 'form' or 'construct' a past, my past, seemingly very far away from me, perhaps several kilometres away. It's so difficult to describe a non-physical event in physical terms, but this is as close as possible:

The energy extending from my head formed an extremely long 'triangle-like' structure which later felt more obelisk-shape as it 'filled out.' Its outline was red in black space, the sides if they existed were transparent. Next, awkward gridlines (yellow?) of energy were crossing the triangular form, but not symmetrically, the 'image' filling out like a segmented obelisk structure, in a way similar in appearance to an old-fashioned telescope, where each segment is smaller than the last.

With this image, the sense of high speed motion, awareness of construction; something - objects and events; something called "the past" - manifesting rapidly at the apex, and moving away into the far distance.

Slowly, as the flurry of activity receded away from awareness, (or did awareness turn away from the 'time-activity'??) something akin to awareness of self was dawning, though before there was concept of self, there was knowing to look at the figure (7:00) on the object (my clock) within sight. At first it was completely meaningless, there was no comprehension of what was being observed.

Then the thought, "7." But no concept as to what "7" was. In a moment though, comprehension was dawning, and the image shaped like "7," was then known to be 'seven.' But still, seven what? And then in a rush: 7:00 O’clock. A pause. Something was not complete; then, the thought, 'morning or night?' until I finally got that it was 7:00 in the evening. And when that clicked, so did the idea of “I”....I was the one who was looking at a clock, I was the one who just had a weird energy experience, I was the one who felt that my past was being created at the apex of the energy-obelisk, and so on.

As I rose from the bed, and thought about the event, I was immediately reminded of the 'Identity Cube' I
had experienced over 20 years earlier. But this triangle/obelisk event was a little different. In this recent episode, it would seem that before a sense of “I” or ego-me could exist or function, not only did a “past” have to be constructed, but it seemed the concept of Time had to be learned or ‘wired-in’ to my awareness as well.

Though it seemed that “I” did not emerge until a sense of time had been established, yet in constructing time, or constructing a past in time, implies an awareness attached to the past – for how could it exist without one who ‘lived’ it?

Again, given that I was still very much interested in sleep and dreams, I wasn’t concerned by the event, just very intrigued. And then, a little more than a year later, I had a lucid dream experience that may have some connection with the cube/obelisk events.

**Removed From Physical Reality**  
**November 2013**

(A lucid dream within a dream.) I’m in some dimly lit place, a square room, like a cube, though some areas of the room are darker than others. The room is bare, no furniture, or if there are any pieces, they are hidden in the darker corners. It feels like night time. But as the dream progresses, the room seems more like a spaceship, in that it is poised motionless in deep space, beautiful, colourful nebulae in an ocean of stars can be seen out the one window.

Then there are other people in the room, and suddenly I see a pinpoint of pink and black light wink into existence in the room among us. Excitedly, I shout, “We’re being watched!” and then I proceed to tell those present that throughout my life I have seen these pinpoints of light appear, but mostly they’ve been silver or blue. There is something special about this light, and I’m thrilled to think that something remarkable could happen. (Then there is a blur in my memory here – I’m not certain of what happened immediately next.)

I then see that everyone in the room but me is asleep on the floor. I am awake, and seeing their sleeping bodies on the floor, (some bodies piled up on each other in a heap) triggers me to become lucidly aware that I am in a dream state. I also become aware that for some time now, perhaps even for hours, I’ve been in some sort of telepathic communication with unseen beings who do not know anything about physical life. Communication is not verbal, yet I know what they are saying/thinking, as I look out the window at the beautiful panorama of nebulae and stars.

Through this communication I learn that these beings have removed me and these other people from time and from physical reality so that they can study our thoughts and dreams, as they are curious and have no experience with physical reality at all. In exchange, they have taken me on a journey, showing me the most incredible things, allowing me to experience the most amazing things – most of which are not physical, or even translatable in physical terms.

"ALMOST EVERY INDIVIDUAL HAS HAD BIZARRE EXPERIENCES WITH CONSCIOUSNESS, AND KNOWS INTUITIVELY THAT THEIR GREATER EXPERIENCE IS NOT LIMITED TO PHYSICAL REALITY. MOST DREAMS ARE LIKE ANIMATED POSTCARDS BROUGHT BACK FROM A JOURNEY THAT YOU HAVE RETURNED FROM AND LARGELY FORGOTTEN. YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS IS ALREADY ORIENTED AGAIN TO PHYSICAL REALITY: THE DREAM, AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE THE DEEPER EXPERIENCE INTO RECOGNIZABLE FORMS. THE IMAGES WITHIN THE DREAM ARE ALSO HIGHLY CODED, AND ARE SIGNALS FOR UNDERLYING EVENTS THAT ARE BASICALLY NOT DECIPHERABLE."

SETH, SETH SPEAKS BY JANE ROBERTS
Lucid Dreaming Experience

Outside of Time, Space, and Consciousness

(Another memory blur.) At some point most of us are now awake, and I am telling them about my lucid dream (yet I don’t realize I may be dreaming in this place too), and am excitedly trying to describe my lucid adventure with these unseen beings. I explain to them that I was lucid, aware that I was not in physical reality, I was experiencing other dimensions, other planes of existence, through the dream state. The non-physical aspects are impossible to describe, but I can tell them that these beings also took me to the ‘end’ of our physical universe in time, and that what I saw there was beautiful. Everything I saw was so breathtakingly beautiful. I was euphoric as I described as best I could what I had experienced in my lucid dream, and told them over and over that we have no idea at all of the beauty of this (our) dimension of reality.

There were a few other scenes, dealing with realizing that although some of the people in this square room or cube were asleep, at least one was in an unseen loft area, either dead or in some sort of stasis. Certainly not asleep, like the others, but in a much deeper state of non-conscious awareness. I soon woke with an incredible feeling of elation and euphoria that stayed with me for hours.

In trying to write the dream in my journal, I was confronted with the problem of trying to describe the scenes that were rapidly slipping away from my memory. I was aware that since I was writing from waking conscious memory, that most of what I was recalling was already a translation of a non-physical event into physical terms, was highly symbolic in meaning and that whatever I was ‘shown’ or ‘told’ could not be translated into physical terms and therefore not able to reside in conscious memory, not as a visual or audible concept.

However the feeling I woke with had to be some sort of carryover of the emotion of the event, and however distorted or diluted it was from the original experience, it was still a feeling of euphoria I won’t soon forget.

Had I viewed the ‘Removed From Time dream’ in isolation, I would have chalked most of it up to a dream made up of elements of science fiction programmes, but because of the feeling of the event and the lingering euphoria, I felt this was something more. I began to play with the symbolism.

I thought the room/cube was a bit like the TARDIS, the time machine/spaceship belonging to science fiction Time Travel icon Dr. Who. I also recalled a Dr. Who episode I’d seen many years ago, in which he took his human companion to the end of the earth in time, but these thoughts had not been on my mind prior to sleep, so I didn’t think the removal from time theme originated from day residue. But I did wonder if my dreaming mind fashioned a TARDIS-like experience in order to try to make conscious sense of the inner experience.

In other words, it may have been precisely because I had waking awareness of the classic TARDIS that my conscious awareness was able to use it. The TARDIS was perhaps the closest physical thought I could use to relate to my extra-dimensional experience, to serve as a sort of associative bridge to translate or transfer as much of the non-physical experience as possible, so that the waking ego consciousness would have some glimmering that a multidimensional event of this sort had occurred, rather than my waking with no memory of the event at all. And there is of course no coincidence that the word TARDIS comes from Time And Relative Dimension In Space.

But something else twigged. The cube. It reminded me of the Identity Cube experience from all those years ago. And the ‘Removal from Time.’ That resonated with my more recent ‘constructing time’ experience. I found it interesting that simple geometric figures figured prominently in all three episodes, though mostly these figures were not visual, or tangible within the experiences, but were felt or sensed on an emotional level. In these cases, geometric form preceded awareness of self, perhaps geometric form lies at the threshold of
physical 4-dimensional waking ego consciousness reality?

It was perhaps also no coincidence, that I would associate the elongated-triangle/awkward obelisk with a telescope. Several levels of symbolism are obvious: the telescope as what we’ve used as physical beings in order to bring into focus and enlarge our experience; an instrument of exploration for sailors scanning the horizon seeking new lands, and astronomers scanning the heavens seeking new worlds. The term ‘telescope’ also seems an apt way to describe the feeling I had at the end of the Identity Cube dream – like my greater awareness had to telescope, to condense to a lesser field of awareness, like a collapsing telescope, each segment smaller than the last, fitting inside the last - perhaps as the ego is smaller than the larger multi-dimensional entity, yet couched within it.

I thought of the phrase ‘removed from time’ and instantly realized that in removing linear time from the equation, I could look at these three sleep/dream events from a broader perspective. Though I know I can never be totally sure, I believe that in removing the time factor, these three incidences can be seen as three aspects of one event - one multi-dimensional event, outside of time, outside of the time/space dimension, and outside of ego-I consciousness - but from a physical point of view, one event that impinged on my reality at three points in linear time over more than a 20 year time period.

What if, in a nutshell, the whole event involved my leaving time and space, interacting with my greater non-physical awareness, then returning to the physical reality system – something that we, according to Seth, channeled by Jane Roberts, do on a regular basis, but do not recall – but in this case, I was able to recall bits and pieces of the event and translate them physically as best I could?

What if in the Identity Cube event, the Cube I sensed was the Square Room/Cube in which I had become lucid and interacted with unseen beings? What if the people in the room were aspects of myself, other parallel and/or past lives, other identities? What if the sleeping people, and the one in stasis represent different levels of awareness, or non-awareness? And perhaps the unseen beings represented non-physical aspects of my greater being that reside outside of time and space.

What if the time construction event was my point of re-entry into the physical dimension ‘as seen from 2012’ in which I needed to construct time (remember I had been removed from time in the room/cube) in order to construct or accommodate my physical identity, the ego-me? And, in order to have any memory of the event, my dreaming-self latched onto familiar physical symbols and concepts (like the TARDIS and time travel) that my waking “I” could relate to and carry forward through memory into my waking reality.

In the Cube episode, was that disappointing sense of identity, me (the me in the Square Room/Cube) returning from that euphoric experience with the unseen beings? Was the feeling of disappointment a result of the loss of the greater memory of that event?

I don’t for one moment believe that I have fully interpreted the event(s), and who’s to know that more of this event won’t ‘show up’ in my future. But regardless of what the ‘correct’ interpretation may be, I believe that none of these events would even be remembered if it was not for the flexibility of consciousness that my lucid dreaming has fostered. In the ‘Removed from Time’ lucid dream within a dream, it is lucid awareness that is at the core of the experience, the awareness that I was not in waking physical reality. Had I not been so interested in sleep and dreams, spent over twenty years engaged in lucid dreaming, would I have even been able to recall not only the vague imagery associated with the Identity Cube or Constructing Time events, but the particular feeling that accompanied them? I doubt it.

Experiences like these are teasers in a way. They give us a glimmer of at least the possibilities, the potential, of what may lie beyond the physical, if we could only grasp the concepts. Though Seth says that we travel outside our dimension frequently, to other planes of existence, and that we can’t recall the event, he also says that consciousness is evolving. He asserts that any valid exploration of reality would be done with the mind, and that a first step was to become aware in

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our dreams. To become lucid dreamers.

We may not be able to grasp non-physical reality concepts now, but I believe that as lucid dreamers we certainly have the potential to get as close as we can to recalling our other-dimensional adventures. Through lucid awareness could we explore reality and being further and realize a more accurate view of the physical dimension and what may lie beyond it? If Seth is correct, and a new consciousness is emerging, I believe it is lucid dreamers who are pioneering the way, pushing the boundaries of ‘known’ consciousness as we venture forward on the leading edge of this new evolving consciousness.

As I was composing this article there was one other symbol that kept niggling at my mind. It was the image of myself in a gymnast’s outfit in the mirror inside the cube. As a child I was very flexible, and loved acrobatics and gymnastics, but I never owned a gymnast’s outfit. I believed the symbol was used to demonstrate flexibility of consciousness through lucid dreaming, but it felt like there was something more, something I was missing.

But as I was wrapping up this piece, I realized my dream-self had also used the symbol of ‘gymnast in the mirror’ very cleverly, and very playfully, as a reflection of one of my favourite Seth quotes from the Early Sessions Book 1 in which Seth says jovially, ‘I have been visiting other planes lately. I grow quite gymnastic.’

And to me, that says it all. 😊
In Lucid Dreams, Does Space Exist?

By Robert Waggoner © 2014

Does space actually exist in your lucid dreams? Many of you may find this question strange. Once lucid, you fly around cities, go through walls and explore the dreamscape. In fact, some lucid dreams involve almost constant exploring. Space *certainly seems* to exist, since you perceive yourself moving through it.

Yet as a lucid dreamer, you may notice that you could announce, “Let me see the Eifel Tower in Paris when I turn around!” And with a sense of positive expectation when you turn around, you now find yourself looking at the Eifel Tower.

What does that say about the ‘space’ behind you?

Or as a lucid dreamer, you may have ignored the dream figures and called out a request to the non-visible awareness behind the dream, “Show me something important for me to see!” Suddenly, the previous dreamscape vanishes, and you find yourself looking at an entirely new environment.

What does that say about the ‘space’ in front of you?

Or as an experienced lucid dreamer, you could stop in the lucid dream (as I once did), cross your dream legs and begin to meditate (for me, this meant emptying my mind). Doing so with eyes open, I noticed that the visual space in front of me began to get torn away like a ripped screen, and brilliant light shot through the ever-increasing rips and holes.

What does emptying your mind say about the nature of ‘space’?

Or perhaps you could play with space, as did Alan Worsley, the first lucid dreamer to signal his lucid awareness with his eyes while sleeping in Keith Hearne’s University of Hull sleep lab in 1975. For instance, when lucid, he might see how far his fingers would extend if he jumped off a tall building while hanging onto the ledge. He lucidly watched as his dream fingers stretched longer and longer as he hung onto the ledge.

Yet Worsley also played with ‘space’ in lucid dreams. Seeing a distant spot to visit, he lucidly refused to fly to it. Instead, he pulled the distant spot to him through the power of his ‘will’ or intent. Suddenly as he watched, the distant spot *came rushing to him*.

When a distant ‘space’ comes to you in a lucid dream, what does that say about lucid dreaming space?

In these examples, you can see the foolish question, ‘Does space actually exist in lucid dreams?’ may not seem so foolish after all. When you play with space, you begin to realize (much like Alan Worsley...
and others) that you play with an idea, or perhaps you might call it, Ideational Space.

Ideational Space seems to have certain qualities connected to it:

- Ideational Space appears mentally responsive (e.g., When Alan Worsley pulls a distant spot to him, it comes.)
- Ideational Space seems mentally reflective (e.g., As I empty my mind through meditation, the imagery begins to disappear.)
- Ideational Space seems infinitely capable of expressing form or potential (e.g., As you announce, ‘Show me something important for me to see’, a new unexpected tableau appears.)
- Ideational Space allows for communicating and exchanging energy and information with another layer of awareness.

Knowing that physicists like Einstein have shown the linked or relative nature of time and space, or space/time, could a lucid dreamer also play with the concept of Ideational Time?

In lucid dreams, does Ideational Time seem mentally responsive and reflective? Can you move through Ideational Time in a lucid dream? Does Ideational Time possess an infinite capability to allow for the expression of form and potential? Does Ideational Time allow for communicating or exchanging energy and information with another layer of awareness? How could you play with Ideational Time?

Playing with time and space in lucid dreams, naturally leads to viewing time and space in the waking world as fundamentally nonessential or non-foundational. Space and time may exist as only convincing illusions that have no fundamental reality. The eighth century Buddhist dream yoga teacher and meditation master, Dawa Gyaltsen, expressed it thusly:

- Appearance/Vision is Mind
- Mind is Empty
- Emptiness is Clear Light
- Clear Light is Union
- Union is Great Bliss.

In lucid dreams, what actually exist?
“Hieroglyphs are pictures used as signs in writing. Many depict living creatures or objects (and) some signs represent the object they depict... However, very few words are written in this way. Instead, hieroglyphic picture-signs are used to convey the sound (and meaning) of the ancient Egyptian language.” From *How to Read Egyptian* by Mark Collier, Bill Manley

Dreams are hieroglyphs of the unconscious, the mysterious, vivid, colorful, precise and beautiful language of our inner Self. The Rosetta stone—an ancient Egyptian stele inscribed with a decree written in three scripts one above the other, Egyptian hieroglyphics, Demotic and ancient Greek—provided the key to our understanding of hieroglyphs. Before its discovery, the fascinated curiosity archaeologists felt when studying ancient Egypt is comparable to how many people feel about their dreams—that they will never really be able to fully understand them because they don't quite know how to read this pictorial language of the unconscious. But it can be done. The first step is to stop taking all dreams literally, because then they make no more sense than a hieroglyphic texts does if we try to read it assuming each image stands only for what it literally represents.

One can wonder exactly why the ancient Egyptians chose particular creatures, objects and shapes to represent the sounds and meaning of their language. For example, a picture of a “plow” =  mr which when combined with the hieroglyph for mouth, and the determinative of a seated man with his hand raised to his mouth, spells the word “love.” Now consider why the ancient Egyptians chose these pictures to mean “love” just as we might ponder the meaning of dream images... A plow makes a path through the earth in which seeds are planted, seeds that grow into food we take in through our mouth to nourish us. We want, we need, food. *We cannot live without food.* The ancient Egyptians may have been inspired to assign certain sounds and meanings to their hieroglyphs by the way dreams combine images to convey meaning. By choosing a plow to represent the sound used to write the word “love,” the ancient Egyptian scribes who first developed the hieroglyphic language may have been emulating the eloquence of our dreaming minds to express the belief that love, like food, keeps us alive, that love is life. When two feathers are written after the sign for plow it spells mry, “beloved.”

In dreams as in hieroglyphs, images can represent the object depicted while also being part of a language penned by our unconscious. The ancient Egyptians employed “determinatives” or “meaning signs” which were sometimes placed at the end of words to provide a general idea of the word's meaning. For example, a rolled papyrus scroll was used to indicate an abstract word or concept. Anyone who pays attention to their dreams, and
especially those of us who engage in prolonged dream work, know there are different kinds of dreams, and that each dream provides us with mysterious “determinatives” as to how it should be read or interpreted. The more fluent we become in the language of our dreams, the more easily we can identify “determinatives” or meaning-signs that help us understand them.

The following is an example of how in a single key dream object, just as in a single hieroglyphic sound-sign, much can be contained and expressed. The main dream object/symbol “airplanes”, when combined with the other picture-signs surrounding it, can be read like a hieroglyphic text:

I had two nearly identical lucid dreams in one night. In both dreams I witnessed two large airplanes approaching me from different directions, both of them flying so low they grazed the roof of my house on which I was standing. Yet even when the roof collapsed beneath me, I was unaffected and not really afraid; I was much more in awe of this totally unexpected brush with two dangerous but thrilling forces that looked as though they might collide directly above me. The wings of the two planes grazed each other but both moved on without crashing disastrously over my house and property.

When I woke, I was tempted to interpret the dreams symbolically as the union of opposing forces coming together inside me and bringing me closer to the exhilarating powers of my inner Self, etc. etc. And yet how I felt about the objects and events of the dream, that they were “other”, “outside of me”, served as a “determinative” that suggested a more literal interpretation might be in order. It was soon all over the news that two massive storms were moving toward each other, Hurricane Sandy approaching from the south, a Nor Easter from the west, and there was a very real danger they would converge where I lived. I suddenly understood my dreams. “Air” moves over “plains”, the two weather fronts. Phonetically “airplane” even sounds a little like “hurricane.” Airplanes are also filled with passengers, an indication that lots of people would be affected by what they represented. New York city was in Hurricane Sandy’s path—another disaster was heading the city’s way, the biggest since 911, in which, of course, multiple airplanes were involved. Also significant is that I had two nearly identical lucid dreams in a single night, paralleling the two identical airplanes and the two threatening storms. Fortunately, we experienced only the fringe of both fronts, which included strong, but not devastating winds from Hurricane Sandy, and light snow from the Nor Easter, nothing compared to the crippling three feet of snow that fell in the mountains just west of us which caused the roofs of many homes to collapse.

In these two lucid dreams, I believe I received an incredibly precise precognitive message written in the hieroglyphs of my unconscious. How I felt about the airplanes, that they were “other” or “outside” me acted a determinative cluing me into the fact that the dreams were not about my inner life. This dream helped teach me how to better read my dreams.

Right now I am using the words of a language common to millions of other people to write this article, but how I express myself with it is subtly different from how everyone else writes. We all share a common dream language by virtue of living on the same planet, but how our unconscious or inner Self expresses itself is invariably unique. The word “water” in any language, including the ancient Egyptian sound-sign for water, refers to H2O, a modern “hieroglyph” for this life-sustaining compound that exists in liquid, solid and gaseous states. In a dream when water appears in its liquid state, for example, it can literally be water, but it can also represent abstract concepts or qualities such as “flowing” “formlessness” “the opposite of fixed or rigid” and so on. The interpretation depends on the images and events surrounding it and the all-important determinative of how it feels. As the authors of our own personal hieroglyphic-like dream texts, we are also the best readers, the most fluent in their mysteriously beautiful language.

Literature is organized into two principle categories or types: “non-fiction” and “fiction”. Similarly, experience has led me to believe there are two principle types of dreams. A scientific book reads and feels very different from a fantasy novel; we would know the difference between them immediately whether or not we had any prior knowledge of what sort of book we were picking

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up. Some dreams, like my two airplane dreams, are “non-fiction” in that they relate to actual events in the physical waking world. Other dreams are “fiction” in that they relate primarily to the creatively scripted and dramatized dramas of our unconscious, which nightly “processes” our thoughts and feelings, hopes, fears and desires. It is my experience that lucid dreams are more likely to be “non-fiction” than non-lucid dreams, and yet they can also be “fiction”:

From my Lucid Dream Journal, October 18, 2013:

I’m walking down a crowded city street in broad daylight when I see a man in black robes running straight toward me, his arms stretched urgently out before him. “Help me! Help me!” he begs. “You can heal me! You can heal me! You’re my healer!” I already know I’m dreaming and, hurrying over to him, I slip a supportive arm around his shoulders. I become rooted in the dream scene as I help him walk quickly in the direction he had been running. Trying to understand what happened to him, I lead him to temporary refuge against a wall where he crouches down, weak and helpless. I leave him there and go in search of something, perhaps his possessions. I seem to be walking on rocky, sandy cliffs. I remain conscious of being in a dream, and yet I also behave as though I’ve woken up as I begin telling some invisible presence about this lucid dream, broadcasting what I’m seeing as though communicating via a hidden microphone. I tell my contact how real everything looks, that it’s like watching a huge screen TV, but not really because everything is in 3D and absolutely true to life. I watch troops climb and assemble on the upper level of a structure protecting a large compound. They are all lining up there in preparation for something, overlooking the open white concrete of what might be the tarmac of a large airbase or simply desert. I inform my invisible audience, “It’s so realistic! I can’t see their faces because the sun is behind them.” The troops are in full uniform, and suddenly I know it’s wrong to call them troops because they don’t look like American military; their uniforms are slightly different, they feel foreign to me, and there is a distinct circular dark-green patch on their sleeves. Many of the men are holding rifles, and they are all wearing caps of some kind.

After waking from this dream I knew right away from the determinative of how it felt that it was “non-fiction”. I Googled key words and immediately found a breaking news story about Afghan insurgents who, at around the time I was dreaming, attacked a residential compound in which many important foreign officials and their families live. The International Security Assistance Force was called in and their uniforms, logo patches and caps exactly matched those of the troops I saw in my dream. I feel the man in the black robe may have been one of the two fatalities cited in the news report. I had had similar experiences in lucid dreams before, which helped me recognize this dream as most likely telepathic and “non-fiction.”

From my Lucid Dream Journal, September 15, 2013:

Next thing I know I’m back outside a large building at night, fully lucid again. I want to talk to my friends, so I insert three wires into the seemingly dead intercom. The wires are firm and a bright green, red, and yellow. I don’t think it will work because the button I press is almost flat to the wall and not lit up, but then I hear one of my friends pick up inside the building. I say, “Hey, can one of you come down and free me?” because my ankles are tied together. I think it has something to do with how I’m sleeping in waking reality... In response to a brief back and forth, I explain to them, a little impatiently, why I’m asking for assistance: “So I can get on with my lucid dream.” Finally I see one of my friends approaching through the building’s glass front... She is young and beautiful and wearing a tight thigh-length black leather dress, her dark hair loosely pinned up with strands framing her face, very sexy. She stands on the other side of the glass looking out at me. I say, “I just want to be with you, I don’t care where we go.” The young woman steps back and I push open the door, which doesn’t even appear to have been locked. We walk toward the staircase, and as we begin ascending I ask, “How can you stay in here so often when you’re lucid? It’s weird.” I’m thinking how it would be so much more fun to go out and explore the city and meet people and do things. As we walk up the steps my friend says something to the effect of, “It’s actually quite interesting” and I understand she performs lucid dreaming experiments here in a stable environment.
How I felt when I woke up told me this young woman—who looked and dressed very much as I did in my twenties and who in the dream felt like my best friend—was probably not a “real” person but rather a representation of how I was feeling at the time about the loss of my youth and the sensual excitement and desire that was so much a part of it. This determinative put the dream firmly into the “fiction” category. The green, yellow and red wires seemed then an obvious symbol of doing some mysterious energy/emotional work on myself. What struck me is that in the dream my physically younger self behaved as I do now in waking reality. I wrote in my dream notes: “The older and wiser me merges with my forever young and desire-filled dream body in a creatively empowering way, so that the old French saying is actually possible now in lucid dreams: If the young only knew, of the old only could!”

Until the Rosetta stone was discovered, hieroglyphs were an impenetrable mystery. Dream work is akin to the Rosetta stone, the three levels being the dream itself, how we feel about it when we wake up, and any relationship it has to our inner and external life. I know from experience that after only a few weeks of writing down, thinking about and seriously paying attention to our dreams, what at first may seem a confusing or even meaningless jumble of images soon begins making sense. After years of keeping three different dream journals—one for lucid dreams, one for semi-lucid dreams and one for intense but otherwise “normal” dreams—I have become much more fluent in the language of my unconscious. Reading and deciphering my dreams is always an exciting, entertaining and enlightening process.

UPCOMING LUCID DREAM THEMES

Autumn Issue
(Deadline August 15, 2014)
Lucid Dream or OBE?

Have you had both lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences? How do the two differ? Do certain features stand out as belonging to one experience but not to the other? Some say they are the same thing, or that they originate from the same state, others say they are very different and separate experiences . . . the debate continues! Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Autumn issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Please send your submissions to the Lucid Dreaming Experience via our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or send to submissions@dreaminglucid.com
As lucid dreamers, we all recognize the importance of REM sleep to dreaming and we try to join it as precisely as we can during our lucid dreaming attempts, so that we can enjoy a lucid dream that lasts as long as the REM period itself. That’s all good, but what about the rest of the night? What about the periods of non-REM (NREM) sleep we all experience every night? Can we be lucid then as well? If so, is it worth the effort? I believe the answer to those last two questions is a resounding yes.

First, what is Delta sleep? Named for the long, slow brain waves produced during some NREM periods of the sleep cycle, Delta is the period of deep, quiet sleep that precedes each REM period. Though Delta repeats throughout a normal night’s sleep as the sleeping body cycles through the stages of sleep, it lasts longest in its first occurrence of the night, often for as long as an hour. Delta occurs between REM periods for shorter amounts of time as the night wears on, down to just a moment if you manage more than 10 hours of sleep.

In the lucid dreaming universe, Delta is traditionally considered an obstacle to lucidity. It is that oft dreaded long period of emptiness that makes Wake Initiated Lucid Dreams (WILDs) almost impossible to do right at bedtime. But I have found that there may be great value in Delta sleep exploration. So too have many other dreamers and consciousness explorers, especially practitioners of sleep yoga.

If you have a high level of self-awareness and memory during Delta, then its quiet emptiness, with a thorough lack of active unconscious input, can afford you with unique opportunities. These include: relaxing in perfect nothingness, deeply exploring your Self, tapping your still-dormant dreaming mind in a manner unfettered by existing dreams, exploring transcendental states, and perhaps connecting your awareness to the supernatural-plane-type things we all get excited about, like dream-sharing and Astral Projection. In Delta, all of this can be attempted without the distraction and misinformation of your brain’s REM dream engine.

My lucid experiences in Delta go way back. When I first became interested in dreaming, back in the pre-internet dark ages of the 1970’s, I usually attempted to stay awake straight into my dreams when I went to bed at night. Stephen LaBerge’s crowd hadn’t even invented the term “WILD” yet, and I was still a teenager with no knowledge of dream physiology, so I didn’t know that trying to WILD at night is a no-no. Needless to say, I failed almost every attempt, although I experienced lots of Dream Initiated Lucid Dreams (DILDs) thanks to my strong intentions and waking-life preparation. However, occasionally I would succeed, and find myself drifting in this weird non-space that I would later learn is Delta sleep.

At first, I did little more than pay attention to the nothingness, and in time I noticed it wasn’t necessarily all nothing. I could hear distant voices if I listened carefully: conversations that were audible, but with words that were not quite comprehensible. I could “add” small things like shapes, lights, and tangible thoughts to the nothingness with some effort. Although I knew it wasn’t actual dreaming, I sensed potential.

But two things happened that stalled further exploration of Delta. First, I discovered that trying to have a WILD (I still didn’t use that term) works better after many hours of sleep. Second, I went to college, where I had an opportunity to formally study the stages of sleep. I “learned” that, for my purposes, Delta sleep didn’t matter and could be ignored. So ignore it I did, and I began simply going to sleep at night and reserving any active lucid dreaming efforts for the next morning.
Some twenty years later, my lucid dreaming practice was taking me to self-imposed places devoid of all things and all input. These were places of singular stillness, of real peace, of blank slates set for real creation and unique dives into the ocean of my unconscious. At the same time, I heard about sleep yoga and discovered that it was what I had been doing all along—except that sleep yogis don’t just stay aware in REM, they stay aware in Delta as well. I realized that it might be time to look at Delta again, if only because it seemed a lot easier to remove everything from my dreams if there was nothing there in the first place.

Since then, I have enjoyed several dozen excursions into Delta that I can honestly say happened, and were not just hypnagogic imagery or false lucids. The experiences varied from moments of undisturbed oddly linear thoughts, to several occasions of non-dual blissful emptiness, to seriously transcendental mind-blowers. Essentially, I had returned to a place I had chanced upon over 30 years ago, and used my time-tested lucid dreaming tools to make that place both interesting and spiritually valuable.

So how can you tell you are in Delta? I’m guessing the answer to that is different for each person who consciously experiences the state, but there is a baseline experience that we all share. If you are familiar with WILDs, you will know that there is a "pause," a brief moment of absolute stillness, between the last vestiges of waking life and the first moments of dreaming life. If you are engaging your WILDs in the conventionally taught manner and making your attempts in the morning after several hours of sleep, that pause may be brief, but you are likely experiencing it. You may have ignored it, failed to notice it, or noticed it and just didn’t care in previous attempts, simply waiting for it to pass in anticipation of things to come, but it was there.

At night, if you attempt a WILD when you first go to sleep, that pause can seem very long. If you are able to pay enough attention to it, you will find it is less empty than it initially appears. Thoughts still stream, but far more slowly and palely than usual. If you listen carefully, you might hear sounds or voices that always stay just out of range. You might also experience something else altogether, since we all approach these things with our own collection of thoughts, expectations, and perceptions. Still, when your self-awareness enters Delta intact, you will recognize the pause for what it is.

If you are able to maintain self-awareness through the entire initial Delta period, you will know that you are there, and there will be no confusing it with hypnagogic imagery or other pre-REM WILD phenomena. Keep in mind that it is possible to dream that you are in Delta when you are actually not, but once you experience the real thing, you will be able to tell the difference. To build your faith in “knowing,” let me give you three examples from the distinct categories into which Delta experiences seem to fall.

First, there is a state I’ve often been in, during that long wait for REM, where I am alone in darkness. I’m bodiless, with a fading and distant awareness of my physical form. Almost invariably in that state I will hear voices having quiet conversations—voices I hear quite clearly, but I can never make out the words. At first, this was frustrating because I thought the voices carried meaning and ought to be heard, but in time I accepted the incoherence,
and the “unheard” voices now provide me with an odd sort of comfort.

Something else that regularly happens in Delta is a subtle shift away from the thoughts that normally (even in my dreams) flutter chaotically about my head like a thick swarm of tireless, annoying butterflies. In Delta, that swarm is reduced to a quiet cluster of distant psychic flickers. The few lingering local thoughts that remain seem to slow down and stretch out, becoming strangely tangible, as if entities unto themselves. It is difficult to describe, but perhaps these thoughts are the little brothers to the thoughts that become “reality” in dreams.

Now the ironic bit: Clear and slow-moving as these thoughts may be, I can remember absolutely no specifics about any of them—it’s as if they never happened. Yet, I can still feel their pressure and presence, as if their energy were more significant than their content.

There are also rarer experiences in Delta. On several occasions I held onto my self-awareness long enough to attempt to do something during the pause, with the occasional success. At first, I tried the things I wanted to do in my dreams, like constructing the places or situations I wanted to visit, but I quickly knew that it wouldn’t work. Each attempt left me with either more “nothing” or a loss of self-awareness and surrender to normal sleep and dream (though a DILD usually followed). So, taking the hint from those quiet voices and tangible yet unheard thoughts, I decided to be subtle. Initially, I summoned geometric shapes in primary colors with some success. I even managed to visit a few strange places, though these places were always very dim, very gray, and oddly immersed in the wind of my physical body’s distant breath. Other things occurred, some of them fun and novel, but image-making in this state is a limited process. Perhaps this is due to a disconnect with the physical mechanisms that create dreams during REM. (Oh, and pretty much all of my perceived out-of-body experiences started from this state, though I haven’t thought much of this fact.)

Beyond these examples are the precious few transcendental moments when I could command my self-awareness with enough gusto to try the big stuff—like taking a metaphoric dive into the ocean of my unconscious to see how deep I could go, what or who I might be swimming with, and whether I could pour that ocean into a spiritual cup and take it home with me. Those were amazing dives, but I have trouble describing them because my memory of where I went is fraught with things I cannot describe even to myself, and because I cannot say whether these things truly happened during Delta, or if they occurred later in REM. It is all too vague.

Suffice it to say that some very excellent stuff was initiated by my interest and conscious presence in Delta. So next time you are doing a WILD, or simply going to sleep at night, and you find yourself in that deep luxurious pause that is Delta, have a look around; you will find the effort deeply rewarding!

Peter A. Luber is a lifetime oneironaut. Peter began his journey in the 1970’s, developing his lucid dreaming skills on his own. Over the decades, he has honed his skills with the help of many thousands of lucid dreams. For the past few years, he has focused primarily on using lucid dreaming as a tool for expanding consciousness and transcendental adventures. He has published three books to date, all of them focused on dreams, with content drawn primarily from his own experiences. Peter was a moderator for the Lucidity Institute Forum in 2001 and 2002, and posts frequently on the website Dreamviews.com, under the moniker of Sageous. Peter is currently semi-retired, focusing his labors on his dreams and his artwork.
People have sought to understand how our mind perceives the world from the beginning of history. Although no written records have survived, the Greek philosopher Pythagoras (570 BC – 495 BC) has been credited with the insight of gaining wisdom in the darkness of caves. Giving him credit may be based more on legend than fact but it demonstrates early attempts to see with what has been called the mind’s eye. Building upon this, sensory deprivation has been recognized as a valid technique for creating an atmosphere that allows the mind to control the experience instead of permitting the environment to dictate what we see and feel.

In the early 20th century people explored being immersed in neural noise via Ganzfeld Experiments. These tests relied on exposure to monochromatic light while wearing goggles and listening to only white noise. By depriving the participant of meaningful stimulation, it is thought that the mind attempts to create logical information by amplifying the ambiguous signals.

By the 1950’s isolation tanks took this a step further by blocking all light and sound while reducing the distracting effects of gravity. Developed in 1954 by neuro-psychiatrist John C. Lily to test the hypothesis that if all stimuli were eliminated the brain would go to sleep, it led to an ongoing study into consciousness and the brainwaves generated while entering a relaxed state of being. What was gained from these tests is that the brain does simply shut off if deprived of stimuli although it does generate unique frequencies.

The study of brainwaves has been an ongoing subject for the lucid dreaming community as the data reveals how the brain generates specific frequencies that have been associated with the various states of consciousness including lucid dreams. In the well publicized 2009 study conducted by the Neurological Sleep Clinic Lab in Frankfurt, Germany, it was revealed that their research suggested that
Lucid dreamers generate very fast frequencies referred to as Gamma waves, peaking around 40Hz. Occurring in the frontal and frontolateral areas of the brain, regions associated with self-awareness, it makes the case that lucid dreaming should be considered a unique state of consciousness. Now a new study has taken these results and used them as the basis for stimulating lucidity.

Although people have experimented with chemical stimulants, binaural beat audio, and various forms of self discipline in an effort to increase their own awareness while meditating or within a dream, this new research takes a different approach. Psychologist Ursula Voss of J.W. Goethe-University in Frankfurt along with her team outfitted volunteers with electrodes that applied the same low voltage 40Hz frequencies to their sleeping subjects who then reported a dramatic increase in the number of lucid dreams. To maintain the integrity of the experiment, it was conducted as double-blind - meaning neither the researchers or the volunteers knew who would be receiving the 40Hz cranial stimulation according to the report posted on Nature NeuroScience.

Despite the sometimes conflicting results of various studies of lucid dreams that have been conducted through the decades, this latest finding is of interest as the science behind it is more mature than ever. However, it is recommended that any research that involves electric stimulation of the brain should only be conducted under medical supervision.
Lying quietly in bed in a darkened motel room near the San Francisco airport, I kept repeating my psi dream intention: “Tonight I desire to experience and recall a dream that clearly presents the central image, or the one closest to the center, on the designated target page. I desire the dream to be as accurate as possible and very little, if any, extraneous material.”

Since I presumed the target was a picture in one of the many pages of a magazine that was in a sealed envelope, I intended for the psi dream to access only the picture on the right side of the page when the magazine was opened. The magazine had been selected by a colleague and inserted into an opaque envelope that was tightly sealed and placed out of sight on a shelf in my motel room. A thin marker had been carefully and randomly inserted inside the magazine without opening it to specify the location of the psi target page. There were about 150 pages in the pictorial style magazine.

That night, this dream occurred:

**Silver Shell**

I am in a dark room, talking with someone I cannot see. I hear this unseen presence say, “Here is a long silver spoon that is used for fishing.” I do not see anything, but then a portion of the room becomes lit and I realize that I am in a dream! The only item that I can see is a large square table. I approach the table and see, in the center, an object that resembles a large seashell. It appears to be silver or silver-white, and has a 3-D concave circular shape with fan-shaped grooves, a small hole, and thick edges. I am impressed by its luster and think of it as being very beautiful. I pick it up, and to my surprise, feel that it is heavy. I now know that it is not a seashell. I place it back on the table. Then, on impulse, I raise my hand and swiftly strike hard on the object’s edge! I am amazed to see it flip up high, rotate over and over, and slowly fall back toward the table. I hear a loud clang when it hits the table. It wobbles, slows down, and becomes motionless. I say to the unseen presence nearby: “No fish is big enough for that silver spoon; it could be better used as a large tray or a plate.” The silver tray or plate is very shiny and seems real. I begin to wonder if I am actually awake in the room standing at the table, and not in a lucid dream.

Then my awareness shifts to being in bed. The room is dark; I had not been walking around. I turn on the bed light. There is no table in the room. There is no silver tray or plate on the desk at the end of the room... I had just returned from an exceedingly vivid lucid dream!

The lucid dream seemed to have the desired characteristics of a very clear central image, was brief, and had no extraneous material. The act of striking the dream object seemed to be an attention calling act signifying “hitting” the target. The act of feeling and lifting the object called attention to the object’s characteristics of what it was and what it was not. But was this the correct image?

Immediately after waking up, I carefully sketched the dream image and recorded the lucid dream scenario. Later, in a high state of anxiety I grabbed the sealed envelope, tore away the tape, removed the magazine, and flipped it open to the page at the marker. There it was, the silver shell dream image! In the exact center of the target page was a pewter plate on a display case with a design exactly like a seashell. My sketch was nearly identical to the plate. The curved lines and hole I had
sketched resembled a portion of an overlapping image, a candleholder, in the target picture. The entire page was an advertisement for Gorham Pewter items: forks, spoons, plates, cups, and the like. There was a caption at the top of the page: “Gorham makes today a beautiful day for pewter.” Below this caption in small print were several sentences with words extolling the pewter’s “mellow glow,” its “distinctive hand-polished patina,” “classical elegance,” and the “full beauty of this timeless metal.”

On the left is the sketch as recorded in my dream journal and on the right is the actual silver plate shown in the exact center of the target picture.

Silver Shell certainly made my night beautiful. It gave me confidence for the formal experiment I was participating in a few days later as part of my official involvement with remote viewing and psi research. In 1977, I was involved in research monitored and evaluated by physicists exploring the potential of psi communication with a submarine at the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) in Menlo Park, California.

The Sub Communication Experiment

The submarine communication experiment had two aspects. The experiment would explore the potential for contacting a submarine from land in a shore-to-sub mode and contacting land from the sub in a sub-to-shore mode. For the shore-to-sub mode, two remote viewers would attempt to remote view sites in the San Francisco Bay area while onboard a deep diving submersible (the “sub”) while it was at sea in 500–1,000 feet of water near Catalina Island off the coast of Los Angeles, 500 miles from San Francisco. The sub would remain at sea for two days.

For the sub-to-shore mode, someone on shore would attempt to either remote view or psi dream the content of randomly selected target pictures in sealed envelopes that were onboard the sub. I was the psi participant selected for the sub-to-shore portion of the sub communication experiment.

Coded printed messages were associated with the Bay Area sites and the on-board target pictures. If a correct site or picture description could be matched in a corresponding codebook, then its associated printed message would have been transmitted and received. The onboard sealed target pictures would remain unopened until the research team returned to SRI several days after the sub returned to port. The experiment yielded positive results; we had demonstrated the potential for psi communication with a submarine.
Learning from *Silver Shell*

The *Silver Shell* lucid dream provided more than confidence in double blind psi dream protocols. It may have provided hints about how lucid dreams can represent waking state reality. For *Silver Shell*, I interacted with a dream image to obtain accurate information about the three-dimensional characteristics of the object represented in the center of the picture. I had sensed the dream “object” visually—its shape, color, and dynamics. I heard the clang the “object” made when I struck it. I manipulated the “object” by feeling, touching, lifting, and hitting it. The image in the dream also invoked an aesthetic sense of the object’s beauty.

But how did I see the target picture in that opaque sealed envelope? I could not have accessed the information telepathically from someone else’s knowledge, because no one knew the target picture’s content. There was no sender. If the dream image was not of the real target, it had to be a representation of it. This realization led me to suspect that a duplicate of consensus or waking-state reality exists, somewhere, in some type of global or universal information dimension or domain outside of ordinary three-dimensional reality. This information source probably has holograph-like attributes. It is as if an intention creates an alignment, a resonance, or a frequency matching, with this duplicate or virtual representation of three-dimensional reality and a search or scanning process is initiated. When a correlation between an objective or intention and an appropriate element is located in this hypothetical “representative space,” the associated information is presented to sensory and memory regions of our mind and reconstructed, perceived, and understood. In *Silver Shell*, I interacted with something like a virtual image to extract information about the picture’s central image.

I wonder if incidents labeled as psychokinetic (PK) illustrate how intention can, in certain circumstances, interact and manipulate three-dimensional reality. Perhaps the effect occurs through a highly focused objective and emotional alignment between the intention and virtual representation of the object. Shifts occur in an information-frequency domain, not in space-time. Energy and momentum are not actually involved; they only appear to be. Some forms of psychic or spiritual healing, including lucid dream healing experiences, may also involve shifts of appropriate information elements of an individual’s “mirror image” in such a holographic representation.

*Silver Shell* did not have a PK aspect…or did it? Something that may be related to PK, a synchronicity, may have occurred. I thought it was unusual that such a clear and unambiguous target image would be on the exact center of the target page, as desired. When I paged through the entire magazine several days after the experiment, I could not find any other page that had a clear image in the exact center. About a third of the pages contained only words and the other pages had small pictures off-center or large pictures with no distinct image at the center. So I wonder, did my strong intention for a clear image in the center of the page create a “field resonance” that influenced the individual selecting the target magazine, and the random placement of the thin marker at perhaps the only page in the magazine that could result in a clear and unambiguous dream image?

Did a retro-causal effect occur involving the subconscious cooperation and actions of others? If so, was this an example of synchronicity involving the manipulation of “real” space-time in how the best page came to be randomly selected? Did the dream become lucid in order to more directly interact with the appropriate aspects of a representational domain of three-dimensional reality?

As I reviewed *Silver Shell*, I wondered if it could be an example of precognition. Psi perception of only an object’s visual appearance may not provide sufficient information for accurately knowing what it represents, or its meaning. Something additional is needed: appropriate clues on the target page. These could be the setting or the context of the picture’s elements if perceived accurately. Clues could also be available if there are printed words on the target page that can be read along with psi-perception of the picture’s image. If precognition is the operative psi mode, then words on a target picture would be seen and read during the future feedback phase. Since words are not the focus of psi experiments involving pictures, the potential effect of these words, even if on the pictures, would not be discovered.
When I examined the actual target picture, I realized that it had printed words. This gave me an opportunity to see if the words may have assisted in improving my understanding of the target image. The words in the advertisement focused on metal objects and beauty. Both of these attributes were emphasized in the dream. My original perception of the image in the dream was a seashell, which became corrected as the dream dynamics progressed. This shift in meaning is suggestive of reading the words at the time of feedback and hints of precognition as the psi mode for this lucid dream. Even the actual dynamics at feedback may be relevant when I flipped open the magazine to the page at the marker. In the dream, I hit the silver shell and see it “flip up high.”

It seems that the sequence of my visual activities during the feedback phase had a role in how the dream was presented. When I opened the magazine to the target page, I was initially aware of the structurally dominant long silver-handled forks on the left side of the picture. I quickly shifted my gaze to the center and stared at the silver shell plate. The recognition of my dream silver shell as the desired target image created an emotional shock. After a few moments, I scanned the entire full-page advertisement and only then read the words on the page. This flow of attention is similar to how the dream content unfolded.

This similarity, I believe, provides a strong hint that precognition was the primary psi mode during this lucid dream. It as if my future actions, physical and emotional, fed back into my dreamtime to enhance the connection and accuracy of the psi dream. This observation tracks the findings of Daryl Bem, Professor of Psychology at Cornell University, as described in his paper, “Feeling the Future: Experimental Evidence for Anomalous Retroactive Influences on Cognition and Affect” Journal of Personality and Social Psychology (2011).

The words “long silver spoon that is used for fishing” spoken by the unseen presence at the beginning of the dream probably resulted from some of the target picture’s objects, long silver handled forks, being perceived and subconsciously associated with memories of similar looking fishing lures referred to as silver spoons. These objects were not presented as images in the dream, probably due to my desire to have only the central image on the target page enter the dream’s field of view. The unseen presence may have represented a non-visual communication mode linking with the linguistic processing part of my mind. Maybe the presence was symbolic of an aspect of me that can shift between the seen and the unseen, between different levels of reality, and between the real and the representational.

Silver Shell was more than a confidence inspiring lucid psi dream. Silver Shell is still very much alive in my subconscious, and continues to inspire new dreamtime exploration. This lucid dream connected me with deep regions within my own psyche and with unknown sources of information beyond.

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My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are the “Top Ten” things you’ve done in lucid dreams?
Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked:

“What is your most...?”
memorable
profound
entertaining
unusual or bizarre
enlightening
life-changing
other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!
(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)
On January 28, 2014, I tried for the second time in a lucid dream to meet up with a man called 'Flow of My Soul', who I never met in person, but who was virtually introduced to me by a mutual friend.

**Flow of my Soul's Lucid Dream:**

It started in emptiness, I thought of going back to that field and meeting you. As soon as I appeared there I thought that this time I want to look for your dreams instead of creating mine... I thought of your name, remembered my email conversations with you and tried to recall if I got your name right: Maria Isabel Pita. It was dark; I was in some kind of emptiness. I saw a woman. I thought it was you. I came closer and she looked like you... Several things happened at once, you came really close to me, face-to-face. I had the impression you were about to kiss me... I came to you and left you several times... the dream continued, we kissed and so on...

**Maria Isabel Pita's Lucid Dream:**

I slip into dreams and at one point become aware of sitting in the leather chair in my study facing the small round black table in the corner where I usually stack books I’m reading. Instead of books there is a man's head sitting on it... I tell him something to the effect of, “I’m going to speak directly to you.” … The man’s head is now closer and has changed, become absolutely present. I clearly see his features and large dark eyes as they look up and meet mine. I realize with a haunting thrill that I’m still dreaming, of course. I see the man’s face clearly, his short black hair and large dark, absolutely sentient eyes. The moment his eyes meet mine is so intense, the mysterious shock of another awareness.

The head begins speaking to me. I listen and watch in absolute fascination because I’ve never experienced anything like this in a lucid dream before. He speaks rapidly and, I realize, keeps switching from one language to another. First it sounds like Russian, then it sounds like French, and when I hear “Gustav Flaubert” my impression is confirmed: he’s quoting examples from the literature of all these different nationalities. And I get the feeling there is something romantic about the quotes. I tell him, “Your face changes every second” as I can’t take my eyes off what looks like a super-accelerated computer morphing software at work as his features, even the shape of his skull, of his cheeks, the texture of his skin, etc. all shift and yet also flow together at the same time so that I see the countenances of countless different men, young and old, all addressing me as a single man, as one magically talking head!

I’m not really afraid, but I have been pushing my chair back away from him a little, not quite
knowing what to make of this uncanny phenomena. “You're just a head,” I protest, staring at it where it sits on my black table, then suddenly it's gone, replaced by a rectangular and colorfully illustrated cover of some sort. It looks like a video cover for a romantic film. I'm slightly relieved but mainly disappointed. “And now you're just a cover,” I say, and wake, wondering what the heck just happened.

**Flow of my Soul's comments:**

In my dream I had no dreaming body. It was just me trying to find what you were dreaming... I did not focus on my body at all, all I was trying to do was see your dream world, how it looks to you and how you imagine your dream sharing location. Maybe that's the reason why you saw my head only. I was not walking, not doing any physical movements, I just observed your world and communicated with you. It was more of a communication than a kiss; when we kissed it did not feel like an action, it felt like communication, but a weird communication, because I was not sure what was happening... Yea, the eye contact was very intense!... In all my lucid dreams, I never limit myself to how we are in real life... I do not pay attention to one language, I just pay attention to communication, and I often find myself speaking in other languages in my dreams. Also, in almost every single dream, I find myself using quotes of famous people. I wake up and search those quotes and sometimes they're real, sometimes not, and sometimes I can't understand what I said because it was a language I don't know. In my dreams I am often shapeless, formless... I feel like being a solid object limits me a lot; in other words, having fixed and limited knowledge limits us from being who we are. Now you understand how surprised I was when you wrote that you saw the man's head always morphing and changing, talking in different languages, using literature and quotes from different people. I am still shocked. I think it **was** me there in your study. I never knew that in dreams my appearance can be dynamic and always morphing.

**Maria's Conclusions:**

I believe the Dream Space is my inner Self, a creative expression of my Soul which, metaphorically, is a uniquely self-contained drop in an infinite ocean of Life-Consciousness. In quantum speak, the rhythm of the tide is the unfathomable power of Thought collapsing probabilities in a glimmering foam of universes. My inner Self has access to immeasurably more knowledge than my waking personality because it exists beyond the confines of time and space, much like a child playing a game who only pretends to be limited by its rules. And like individual living cells in a single body, I believe our dream spaces constantly brush up against and partially merge with other dream spaces, other inner Selves. Planet earth and its archetypal unconscious may also be just one cell in the organic structure of the cosmos, so that in the Lifeblood of dreams we potentially meet and flirt with other forms of being.

If you are interested in dream sharing, please visit: http://lucidfriendfinder.com/dreamshares/
Lucid Dreaming & Shamantic Awakening
Presented by:
Robert Waggoner & Sandy Corcoran

2 days of exploration into lucid dreaming and shamanic states to expand consciousness & spiritual self-realization

September 12-14, 2014
Friday evening meeting,
Saturday 10-4:30 with evening ceremony & Sunday 10-3

• Successful techniques to become a lucid dreamer, reaping the benefits of the immense potential for personal growth, healing, & wholeness.
• Practical guidelines for maintaining the lucid dream state while allowing you to successfully explore & experiment within it.
• The fundamental characteristics of various altered states: sleep paralysis, OBEs and lucid dreaming, and how best to respond in each situation.
• Shamanic dream meditative experiential through 3 states of awareness, to meet your inner guides, totems, or muses for expanded knowledge, and/or personal healing.
• Techniques for deciphering the multi-levels of your dream symbols to widen your perception of your inner dream dialogue for added insights.
• Saturday evening dreamtime fire ceremony to set the construct for a group evening dream and/or to set your new personal dream moving forward.

please bring journal, 2-3 dreams & a single clear quartz-crystal point & curiosity

Pumpkin Hollow Retreat Center, 1184 Route 11, Craryville, NY (just over the MA border)
http://www.pumpkinhollow.org Nestled amidst the Berkshire and Taconic Mountains the center offers 130 acres of nature trails, streams, a labyrinth & the campfire grove for our evening fire ceremony.

**** Registration required Sandy: sandy@starwalkervisions.com or 508-435-2681 and not available through Pumpkin Hollow

Participants: Limited to 25, space limited

Cost: $425.00 a $150 nonrefundable deposit holds your space. Early paid-in-full discount of $360.00 due by June 15.

Your cost covers: Friday evening dinner, 3 full meals on Saturday, breakfast & lunch on Sunday. Room & linens in heated double occupancy cabins or dorms (which are on a first come basis), all with bathrooms, there are also 2 single occupancy cabins which require an additional supplement of $285 for the weekend, all teaching instruction, materials & hand-outs.

Robert Waggoner is the acclaimed author of, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, a past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASSD) and co-editor since 1999 of Lucid Dreaming Experience Magazine. He lectures nationally/internationally on the topic & is considered an expert in the field.

Sandy Corcoran is a shamanic counselor, body-oriented psychotherapist and the author of Shamanic Awakening: my journey Between the Dark and the Daylight. Mentored in a wide variety of esoteric studies & indigenous cultures since ‘83 by wisdomkeepers in North, Central and South America.
www.starwalkervisions.com
Rey Brannen
Healing My Jaw In A Lucid Dream

On March 27th, 2014, I was reading all about healing through lucid dreaming in Robert Waggoner’s excellent book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*. It was perfect timing and a bit coincidental because I had a severely swollen jaw and rear gums on the right side of my mouth.

When I looked in a mirror, I could clearly see the right side of my face and jaw was protruding from the swelling. It was so bad that I could barely chew and the night before I woke from the throbbing pain. I thought while reading the book that it would be nice to have a lucid dream to try to heal it, but I did not think it was likely that I could have a lucid dream that night.

Despite my lack of faith, that night I had a dream where I was looking in a bathroom mirror. My reflection looked very feminine and my eyes looked a bit weird (they were bluish-black instead of brown), so I realized, "Hey, I don't look like that, this must be a dream!"

I plugged my nose and tried to breathe as a reality check and realized with certainty that it was a dream when I was able to breathe easily. Now that I was fully lucid, I remembered that I wanted to try healing my jaw. I immediately started trying to charge up my hands and I got this tingly, particle-looking purple energy going and then massaged it into the right side of my jaw.

Unfortunately, I forgot to also do a chant like Ed Kellogg suggests in Robert’s book. I had thought before I went to bed that I would chant out loudly, “BY THE POWER OF AWE, I NOW HEAL MY JAW!” Admittedly, this was not the best chant but I was not really thinking that I would have a lucid dream that night. It was more of an afterthought. Despite the fact that I forgot this chant, I was just happy I even had a lucid dream in the first place and remembered to try healing.

I have only been having lucid dreams for about a year, so I became too excited, which caused me to lose concentration on the task at hand. I ran out of the bathroom to find my wife and it became a false awakening of sorts, in that looking at her I thought I was awake and I do not really remember where the dream went from there.

When I woke up in real life, some of the swelling had gone down and I did not feel the pain I had felt the night before. I think this is what allowed me to sleep enough to have a lucid dream in the first place. Later in the day, my jaw was still swollen, but instead of pain I literally felt like someone had injected me with Novocaine, I felt as if I had been to the dentist.

The swelling got maybe a tad worse the next day, but quickly started receding and I felt 90% healed and had no problem chewing. At the worst point prior to this, I could barely open my mouth. About a day or
two after this initial improvement I was completely healed.

This jaw issue is a recurring problem that I think is due to my gingivitis. The first time it ever happened to me I was prescribed penicillin, which I had to take for many weeks. Other times it has not gotten so bad that it hurts, so I usually let it heal naturally. However, this time I was seriously considering going to a doctor or a dentist the next day.

It is hard to say with 100% certainty that the healing would not have happened at the rate it did without the lucid dream, but what was very clear to me was that I had essentially hypnotized myself to feel no pain in my jaw. In fact, as I mentioned, it actually felt numb the next day!

I sincerely thank Robert for writing his book with such amazing detail on the topic of healing in a lucid dream. I clearly would not have had this wonderful experience had I not read it.

Katy Curtis
Rediscovering Powerful Art Objects

I am with my friend Erin in California and we're in a car, she's driving. I am dimly aware that I'm dreaming but not fully. It's the 1920s and someone tells me there are a painting and a statue of me here. I want to find them. They tell me that there's one to the left and one to the right. I feel like we go to the right. California is still undeveloped so we're surrounded by nature. We take a turnoff and come upon an area with a bunch of tourist shops. We drive down the gravel driveway and then it becomes submerged in water.

I say we can't go this way because it's just for boats but Erin narrows her gaze at me as if to remind me that I'm dreaming and continues driving on the water. I remember that we aren't constrained by the same laws as the waking world here.

Eventually we come to a building. It's made of concrete and is rounded, like a rounded cylinder but smaller at the top, in a sort of spiral shape that reminds me of a Richard Serra sculpture. I'm with more people now and my companions say we should go in. They can't believe we're actually here at one of these houses, made by a famous architect. The house, along with the painting and sculpture of me in this dreamscape, no longer exist in the present time, but here we are.

Inside there are a lot of cool paintings on the wall. They seem really modern and it occurs to me that artists today are taking their cues from these artists of the past, many of whom are gathered here now. One painting is mostly black and it says "TRANSCENDENCE" in bright orange letters. I ask if they have the painting of me here. A man says, "If we do, it's that one," and points to an abstract piece on the wall. It's green-black with a yellow shape in it. I keep looking at it and the black becomes the ocean. I do see
myself there, with a big dark serpent wrapped around me like some kind of sea goddess. I wake up having found the painting but not the sculpture.

**Mitchell Tutins**  
**The Birth of Myself**

I find myself in a giant room of bounty hunters. Upon seeing my brother in the midst of the bounty hunters, lucidity hits me. I try to grasp the feeling of lucidity by rubbing my hands together and telling my brother that I am in a dream, which he doesn’t believe. To prove my point, I pull a gun from my pocket and shoot up, causing an uproar among the community of bounty hunters.

I begin to think about escaping when I see myself from the future manifest into my present reality. I follow my future self and he explains how to travel through time in my dreams. I throw a potion on the ground that allows me to transport myself to different times and alternate realities in my dreams. After leaving my future self, I go back in time to when I was in the room with the bounty hunters to tell my past self how to travel through time.

After becoming the future self that I encountered earlier in the dream, I go back through time into another dimension where I can see my being coming into existence through the act of my soul entering my worldly body. I witnessed the birth of myself in an alternate dimension.

**Cassandra Pegg**  
**First Lucid!**

This was my first time becoming lucid. I woke up at around 6:00 AM and went back to bed. By around 6:30 AM my mind was wandering. I believe I was thinking of a beach and it was the first time that visualization actually worked for me. I heard and felt the dream (although I don’t think I was actually sleeping at this point) and then I told my self, "I'm dreaming." I almost lost the dream a few times from the excitement.

Saying "I'm dreaming" didn't actually make me lucid, but I visualized my hands and said, "I'm dreaming," one more time and then I think I was lucid. I flew into the dream, but it was more like bouncing because it was my first time and flying was difficult. I asked a dream character to tell me something about myself, but he told me to ask one of the older dream characters, which I didn't get to do before I woke up.

I also changed the nighttime into daytime. Then I got too excited and woke up. I'm so happy, but I don't think my lucidity was strong enough since I couldn't fly very well.

**Alex**  
**Aware Dream Figures**

I was riding on a public transportation bus with a friend. Riding with us was a Jewish woman in her late thirties or early forties with her older teenage son who appeared to be about 18 or 19 years old. Both the woman and her son were good-looking people. They were looking for a synagogue.

Looking out the window of the bus, I saw a building with beautiful wooden doors with Hebrew writing on it. It was dark, heavy, expensive looking wood, varnished and glossy. I said, "Hey, there is a synagogue!" and I became lucid. The door was so beautiful that I made a point to remember it whenever I woke up from the dream. The bus stopped and we, my friend and the Jewish woman and her son, got off the bus.

We walked up some stairs on an embankment towards the synagogue. The lady and her son passed me and sat at the top of the embankment before going inside the synagogue. There, they shape shifted into two plain, unattractive young women in their early to mid-twenties, with acne and a little bit of facial hair. They looked like real people, just unattractive people. They started to walk down to the bus and as they passed me they initiated a conversation:

"Where are you from?" one of them asked me.

"I'm from New Orleans.... where are you from?" I responded.

"We are from Italy," the young lady responded.

"No really, where are you from as dream figures. I mean, you are dream figures. Who are you?" I said.
At this statement, they became very angry and said, "We are not dream figures!" I said, "Yes, you are, you are dream figures!" They said, "No we are not!" I said, "Yes you are!" "No we are not!" they said again, as they jumped me and started beating on me, having now multiplied into four! Needless to say, I was completely surprised at this reaction!

We were now back in the bus. In order to prove my point that they were dream figures, and to end the violent attack, I commanded, "All thought forms must disappear!" Surprisingly, although everything in the background disappeared and there was darkness in its place, none of the dream beings disappeared! They continued to beat me in the dark void and I wondered within myself, "Are these actual dreamers?"

Once again, however, I commanded out loud and with more authority, "All thought forms must disappear NOW!"... and none of them disappeared! They continued beating me! One of them, the leader who initiated the conversation, paused, backed up a little, looked me in the eyes and angrily said, "Now you know we are real," and continued to beat me.

The bus was now a school bus. I started to defend myself, beating and kicking and punching and throwing them off me! But then, even more dream beings kept coming, ganging up on me They kept coming and I kept beating them back!

Finally the leader said to the others, "OK, time's almost up, let's go!" At that, they stopped beating me and quickly filed out of the school bus and up the embankment.

I woke up. A minute later the clock alarm rang, and this made me wonder if the dream figures also knew that my alarm clock would ring in a minute, and therefore they knew it was time to go?

**Jillian Brunner**

**My First Successful Lucid Dream**

As I lay in my bed asleep, I feel the strange, yet familiar, sensation of turning and feeling a massive sense of energy buzzing through my body. I have done some research, and suddenly I realize, "I am asleep! This means I can have a lucid dream!" I’m excited, but I stay focused.

The dream scene is a black emptiness. The first thing I can think of is to fly. I realize that I’m standing in the front yard of my childhood home in Arkansas. As I start hovering in the air like I’m standing on a skateboard, I do not have a lot of control. My feet fly up underneath me, and I’m shocked that flying is a challenge. I quickly get my bearings and look down. I see my 6-year-old son swinging in a tall, red swing set in my front yard. He is smiling, waving, and happy to see me. I think he even says, "Hi." I am unable to speak, but I wave back and smile.

I do not immediately see my 3-year-old daughter and it worries me; I wonder what this means. Moments
Lucid Dreaming Experience

later, she comes from behind a tree, and she's wearing a dress. She never looks at me and is busy playing in the grass. I decide to go look for my husband. I fly to the end of my street, look around, and see my high school gym where it's located in real life. Out of nowhere comes my husband, jogging next to me down the street now that I'm no longer flying. I'm happy to see him smiling at me and we greet each other. I take off and say, "Let's race!" He catches up to me and jokes that I got a head start. I kiss him on the cheek, and am amazed at how real it feels. I even feel his beard poke my face.

Suddenly, the dream scene is going black, but I know I'm still jogging. I bump into Chris, and a lighter falls out of my pocket. We bend down and I say, "We need to quit anyway." I decide to end the dream.

I was so excited that I went into the other room to wake him. He said he was just having a dream about us and the last thing he remembers saying was, "Let's go smoke a cigarette and we'll talk about it." We go in the other room and discover a green lighter in the pocket of my sweatshirt, just like in the dream.

Maria Isabel Pita

Asking My Father About His Life on the Other Side

It's a lovely day and I've walked halfway down our long curving black driveway, which is surrounded by trees in full summer leaf. After I take care of some private ritual business off to the side in the grass, I begin walking slowly back up the driveway toward the house. Everything feels absolutely real, more vividly sensual than normal; even the slightly rough texture of the black asphalt beneath my bare feet tempts me to lie down on it and experience its unique sensation more intimately.

I dismiss this urge and for a few moments the world goes dark, but not completely, because to the right of one of our tallest tulip trees there is still the luminous sky, and the edge of the darkness is defined by the shape of this beloved tree I look at every single day. Relaxed, I continue walking, simply waiting for my full vision to return, which it does. Once again I'm walking on a lovely sunny day. I'm thinking about, feeling deeply grateful for, how much I love my home as I round the final curve in the driveway. The house comes into view and immediately I see a man walking toward me. Behind him, an intimate group of people is gathered at the top of the driveway where it merges with the brick courtyard. My heart literally seems to expand in my chest when I realize the visitor is Papi!

He strides across the grass toward me, smiling his beloved smile. Above "normal" clothes he's wearing a flesh-colored fur cape, long and affluent-looking but light enough to billow around and behind him. I hurry to meet him, staring joyfully at his face and into his eyes. "Papi! I didn't expect you!" I see that his third wife Adela (who is still alive) is part of his retinue as she shoots me a look that clearly says they need to be on their way. Papi lets me know without actually telling me so that he only dropped by to say hello, he can't stay; already he's turning toward the big car around which the others are gathering. I suffer the sinking feeling I am all too familiar with—it's obvious I want to spend more time with him than he does with me, which makes me really sad. I protest, "You can't just stop by for five minutes, Papi! You have to stay! Please, Papi!" I will NOT let him leave so soon...

Abruptly, we are all inside a small rectangular room I know is part of my house (not in waking reality). I instantly grasp that this is an antechamber of sorts where guests can congregate, as they do now, some sitting, others standing and talking in the even light. There are no lamps, no furnishings at all, but a man with dark hair, his back to me (my brother?) is loudly and passionately playing a piano. Papi is standing a few feet away from me, smiling and saying something to someone. He looks good, healthy, and this makes me happy but also confuses me. Can it be his leukemia is in remission? He has been sick for years, and yet not only is he still alive, he looks as though he might actually be getting better?

A dark transition I can't remember... The next thing I know, I'm sitting in a bigger and darker room, and Papi is seated in the center of a couch diagonally across from me. Keeping my focus on him, I somehow manage to pull myself up and over to him, where I look intently down into his eyes and

In Your Dreams!
say, “It’s okay, I’m lucid now. I wasn’t lucid before. I understand that you’re dead.” Smiling he replies, “Of course I’m dead.” Still standing over him, I declare, “I haven’t been lucid like this with you since the night on top of that building in Coral Gables, when we were going to go down and eat together.” He responds to this but all I remember of what he says is, “Of course you would.”

I sit down beside him on the couch to his left. As we talk, I look directly into his dark eyes, which appear bloodshot... or is it that his pupils and irises are wider than in physical life and obscuring the whites? I ask him many questions, and our positions relative to each other occasionally shift as we converse. I wish I could remember everything we talked about word-for-word, but I know for a fact that I was perceiving the Other Side as he is experiencing it. At the beginning of our long conversation, I clearly sensed from him that life-after-death wasn’t what he had expected it to be; it is much like physical life but infinitely more dynamic, a “process” he is actively, profoundly engaged in.

At one point, while we’re both standing, he tells me about a female acquaintance who really wants this particular golden mausoleum. I realize he’s making a joke about dead people tomb-hunting just like living people house hunt. I exclaim, “You don't really live in mausoleums here!” and he smiles at me the way I remember him doing when he was pulling my leg.

Well into our conversation, I ask him, “Is there an infrastructure here?” He looks away, and the wonder in his voice is shadowed by fear as he answers, “Maria, it’s as if the center of the city is alive...” This makes wonderful sense to me and I tell him, “It must be the heart” as in the Sacred Heart. The image that flashes in my mind when he says this is of an open city square filled with a misty dark-blue light manifesting between the buildings and joining earth and sky, jutting out slightly almost like a breast subtly pulsing, profoundly, unfathomably alive and yet only one small intimate connection—like a private bay adjoining an unimaginably vast ocean—to an absolute supreme awareness, all-knowing, all-nurturing, all-giving, unending Life.

It is nearly impossible for me to describe what I felt in that vision, but I instantly grasp that the world Papi is living in now constantly manifests his innermost thoughts and feelings. Excited, I tell him, “I have a theory, Papi, that we are all like cells in a single body, so here (the Other Side) individual souls might be like cells bringing this world to life.” I seem to comprehend that the activity of “day-to-day” life here centers on experiencing and “working” with your soul which is effectively turned inside-out.

Perhaps before the above exchange Papi and I are facing each other, only now I'm lying on my back with him straddling me. Studying his appearance, I observe, “You don't look like yourself right now, Papi,” because I'm seeing an attractive, dark-haired, naked young woman with a pale chest as flat as a boy’s. He tells me, “This is what I want to look like... this is me...” I understand. Years before he died, he once
confided to me, “Whatever else might be true of me, there is no doubt I love beauty,” as he gazed at a woman who had just entered the restaurant where we were eating. In the dream he tells me, “I have all I want right now, to look like this, and to be with you, Maria,” which makes me very happy.

We’re sitting up facing each other while also somehow embracing. I say, “I’ve asked you a lot of questions, Papi, and I’ve been dreaming for a long time. It’s going to be hard for me to remember everything you said. Can you go back to looking like Papi now?” At once he does so and I suggest, “Let’s go over the points we covered. First, the infrastructure here is alive...” I phase out of the dream.

Mitchell Tutins

Only The Now Exists

Upon falling asleep, I visualize a river. At this point I am lucid. I float on a raft going down the river. Green forestry surrounds me. I ask out loud, “Where does this river lead to?” A great booming voice that I know is a reflection of myself answers: “This river doesn’t lead to anywhere. Anywhere doesn’t exist. Only the now exists.” With this reply giving me peace of mind, I continue to float down the river until I gradually lose lucidity and wake up.

Sharon Pastore

Driving Dreams

A little background first...

In waking life, I have had highway driving fear for several years due to a bad accident almost 20 years ago. I recently stopped going on highways and this has interfered with my life. Feeling shameful and only recently admitting it. I have tried different therapies, EMDR and now exposure therapy - with a therapist in the car with me.

While the exposure therapy has stopped the bad driving dreams, I still have fear. I'm just more accepting of it. Now I am trying lucid dreaming.

FIRST LUCID DREAM OF THE NIGHT:

In the first dream, I become lucid when I am at a company I don't work for, looking in the mirror with a mug . . . this must be a dream - I don't work here.

While I couldn't put my hand through the mirror as a reality check, I knew I was lucid because sometimes I just feel like I am sleepy - I blink a certain way and can tell. (It’s hard to explain).

What to do?

I go downstairs into an empty auditorium, and realize, hey, I want to practice my highway driving and work on my phobia! I’m excited to try.

But how to find a car?

"I know!" I announce, "On the other side of that door, I will find a car to drive." I am determined. I have a real important task!!

Lo and behold, there is my childhood street with lots of cars to choose from. It's snowy and night time. But I know I'm ok to drive anywhere!!

Most cars are big vans. I wanted a little car to start. Ahh. There is an older, almost clunker car, sitting in front of my old house. Not ideal, but it'll do, I think.
In Your Dreams!

I get in and drive - immediately the song, ‘Highway to the Danger Zone’ by Kenny Loggins comes on. I keep going, looking for a highway, the car is moving so fast, almost without me - like following the music. I see the sign for the highway - I get right on, knowing it’s a dream - and that I can crash and still be ok.

I'm so out of control by the time I get on the highway, which seems to be going up and up like maybe toward a bridge. Lots of intersecting highways around it.

Off in the distance, I hear a driver yell at me, "Slower!!"

Too late, I am out of control, and I fly off the curve. No worries though.

The song, ‘Highway to the Danger Zone,’ has been playing the whole time, getting louder.

I wake to another song in my head that is slower, but the lyrics from it, "like a race car driver" are in my head.

SECOND LUCID DREAM OF THE NIGHT:

I walk out of my childhood house again. This time, I see a much classier white car and the door opens for me, like the awareness (of the dream) is giving me a more luxurious driving experience. I slip in and start to drive again, heading for the highway to practice.

This time, when I turn, there are people walking by and stores - more like I am driving in some busy indoor mall. I almost run people over, not caring, knowing I needed to get to the highway before I wake or lose lucidity.

I see a police car, but ignore it. I think about what I have done in waking life to slow things down before I drive - what I have been doing with my therapist. Oh right! We meditate and do deep breathing before we get on the road!

I decide to pull over around all those people and meditate. Of course, I'm concerned that I will wake up by being so still. Just then, I think of Karim, from dream class. I wonder if I can pull him in to help me. I see a guy that looks kind of Arabian.

"Karim!!" I yell. He is wearing a black t-shirt with white letters around in a circle. He has light eyes and black curly hair. I'm excited by seeing him and become more focused on getting his attention to come help me that I can't meditate. I feel myself waking up.

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Dreaming with the Other
PsiberDreaming 2014
Sunday, September 28 - Sunday, October 12

Dreams can tell us much about ourselves. But some dreams may take us beyond the familiar boundaries of ourselves. Have you ever had a dream that seems to be from, or for, or as, or with someone else? Another person? Another species, animal or alien? A different culture or distant world? Some other dimension? The “other side”?

Join IASD in an exploration of Dreaming With the Other in the 2014 PsiberDreaming Conference: two-weeks of online papers, workshops, presentations and discussion from Sunday, September 28 to Sunday, October 12, 2014. Expand Your Boundaries!

If you become a NEW International Association for the Study of Dreams member between August 1 and October 12, 2014 you can attend the PsiberDreaming Conference with no additional charge!

For detailed information: http://asdreams.org/psi2014

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www.asdreams.org/regionals

IASD encourages its members to host regional meetings and co-sponsored events, and IASD will provide logistical and financial support to promote such events.

The benefits of regional meetings and co-sponsored events are twofold. First, they help IASD members in a particular geographical region to meet each other, socialize, network, and share their different approaches to dreams. Second, they help to advance the basic mission of IASD, which is to broaden public awareness and appreciation of dreams.
The Lucid Dreaming Experience
www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank
https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/

Robert’s Book Website
http://www.lucidadvice.com

Dr. Keith Hearne
Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
http://www.keithhearne.com

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams
www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón’s
Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."
www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival
Several articles on lucid dream-related topics
http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Mary Ziener
www.luciddreamalchemy.com
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Jayne Gackenbach
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