IT ALL STARTS WITH A DREAM
33rd Annual International Dream Conference
Rolduc Conference Centre
Kerkrade, The Netherlands
JUNE 24 - 28, 2016
www.asdreams.org/2016

REGISTRATION IS NOW OPEN
The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers and over 120 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, a Dream Art Exhibition and reception, the annual PSI Dreaming Contest, and the ever popular costume Dream Ball.

The Program is multi-disciplinary, therefore falls into any of the following tracks: Research and Theory; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Arts and Humanities; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; Dreams and Health; Culture and History; Mental Imagery and a special Dutch Language Dreamwork track.

Venue • The location is the very beautiful 12th century Rolduc Abbey conference facility in Kerkrade in the southern part of the Netherlands. The site is situated on the Dutch-German border, close to several international airports, including those in Germany and Belgium, providing ease of international travel and sightseeing for those who wish to enjoy touring before and after the conference. We warmly invite you to attend.

KEYNOTE SPEAKERS & INVITED PRESENTERS
(From left to right)
Antti Revonsuo:
Towards a Unified Science of Dreaming and Consciousness

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

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

Keith Hearne:
Obtaining Messages from the ‘Unconscious’

Martin Dresler:
Cognitive Neuroscience of Lucid Dreaming

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

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For additional conference information, pricing, and early bird discounts, please visit our website: WWW.ASDREAMS.ORG/2016
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."

Subscriptions
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LDE Website
www.luciddreammagazine.com
I recall meeting you briefly in June of 1995. I was in Manhattan, attending my first Association for the Study of Dreams conference. One evening, I agreed to be the “gatekeeper” for the main presentation on psychodrama, and keep unauthorized people from entering. When you arrived with a friend, I asked your name. Since I recognized your name as the editor of *Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural Light*, I opened the door and let you both in for free.

**How did your interest in dream yoga develop?**

Time passes quickly Robert, that was more than 20 years ago. Thank you for the free pass. What goes around comes around!

I recall that conference well. In addition to attending workshops with Robert Bosnack and Robert Moss, I presented a mini-workshop which included an induction for lucid dreaming and a subsequent psychodrama exercise.

There is one thing about that conference which I confess to feeling guilty about. After my presentation I sold out of my books and took money from a few participants intending to mail them a copy at a later date. Unfortunately, I lost the list and I was unable to follow through. If you are one of those people, I have a copy of my new book *The Royal Road to Enlightenment* for you!

I guess you could say that starting in the early 70s, I became something of a dreamwork junkie. I read the collected works of Carl Jung while I was in college and continued to study dream work during graduate school in psychology.
I made efforts to understand the contributions of seminal figures like Sigmund Freud, Fritz Perls, and J.L. Moreno.

I also avidly read the Carlos Castaneda books, as well as all the early books on lucid dreaming, and I read the *Tibetan Book of The Dead*. This famous book includes explanations of the transition period from our present life through the intermediate stages, or bardos, of death and, ultimately, rebirth. Another book famous amongst practitioners of Tibetan Buddhism, *The Six Yogas of Naropa*, includes some explanations of dream yoga as well as clear light meditation from one sect of Tibetan Buddhism. Collectively they helped acquaint me with the Tibetan Buddhist perspective and sparked my interest in dream yoga.

By the late 1970s I had met my first Tibetan teacher, Chögyam Trungpa. At my first interview, as I sat across from him in silence for a few moments, I felt a very palpable magnetic pull. I began to lean forward towards him and I noticed that he was also leaning forward towards me. Closer and closer our foreheads came until we were barely inches away from each other without having said a word. Suddenly, my mind kicked in and I thought how inappropriate and rude of me to be doing this and I pulled back. Certainly he and other lamas that I have met have sparked unusual meditative experiences and inspired me.

I read that in 1978 you traveled to France to meet a renowned Tibetan lama, Dudjom Rinpoche. Did you connect his teaching on dream yoga with the Western idea of lucid dreaming? In basic terms, how does lucid dreaming connect with dream yoga? And in basic terms, how do they differ?

The late 1970s and early 1980s were unusual in that many great lamas from Tibet were making their way to the West without many contacts and often with no money. I met many of my most important teachers in the late 1970s and early 1980s. One of them, Dudjom Rinpoche, was considered to be the teacher of teachers, and many of the younger lamas came to New York City to study with him.

A small apartment that I had in the East Village became a crash pad for many of these expatriate Tibetan lamas, particularly of the Nyingmapa sect. Incongruously, my small apartment in the East Village, which was then known as Alphabet City and a magnet for punk rockers, was occasionally the place of extraordinarily profound teachings. Although the lamas who visited me were unknown at that time, eventually they all became famous in their own right.

As many of the lamas who crashed at my apartment were also Dudjom’s students, we attended many of his teachings at his center in upstate New York, and also in the Dordogne region of France, together. It was at one of these retreats in France that I had my first experience and direct teachings on dream yoga and the practices of the night. After one of his teachings I attempted to apply his instructions and I found that I had unusual awareness and other meditative experiences.

After attending this great teacher’s retreat, both my understanding of the dream condition and life was truly transformed. His teachings on the bardos helped me to understand the big picture. According to Buddhist philosophy, we human beings have been reborn and died a multitude of times. This is called the wheel of existence. Depending on our karma, we may be reborn in any of the six realms of existence. These include the realms of: gods, demi-gods, humans, animals, hungry ghosts, and hell. Going to sleep at night and waking in the morning mirrors the experiences of birth and death. Most importantly the time of sleeping and dreaming, rather than simply being a time of blissful ignorance, affords an extraordinarily important opportunity to exit the wheel of these countless rebirths and actually provides an opportunity for total enlightenment.

Dudjom's teachings were radically transformative in that he introduced the possibility of developing a state of awareness that one might carry through the day and night and, ultimately, through the transition of the bardos. At or around this time I understood for the first time that, in regards to development within the sleep and dream states, there are two paths. One path, dream yoga, is “with the mind.” What I mean by “with the mind” is that this path requires effort and the application of techniques. The second path, the path of natural light, is beyond the limitations of the mind. This path is also cryptically called the path of no meditation. Subsequently, my understanding of these two paths was greatly enhanced by Dzogchen master Namkhai Norbu.

Dream yoga, which is synonymous with lucid dreaming, corresponds to the path with the mind. We can apply many techniques towards becoming lucid in the dream state. Applying these techniques require some sort of effort, either intellectual or otherwise. For example, the technique of searching for your hands, which many people recall from Castaneda’s books, is an example of a technique which entails effort. In contrast, the practice of natural light refers to awareness beyond the mind. This path is also sometimes referred to as a path of total relaxation—again, implying there is no effort.

In both cases, either the practice of dream yoga or the path of natural light associated with Dzogchen as
presented in Tibetan Buddhism emphasize the need to use the sleep and dream states towards further spiritual development.

I recall that when I was collecting material for the first dream yoga book one Tibetan lama who I greatly respect pointed out that lucid dreaming or dream yoga should not be for the purpose of fun and games. Too often the emphasis on lucid dreaming has been for entertainment or to have a great adventure. There is nothing inherently wrong with having interesting experiences, but there is also the danger of greatly enhancing our attachment. The Buddha in his teachings identifies grasping or attachment as being the cause of our suffering. We would not want to create more grasping by virtue of our attachment to lucid dream experience. The capacity to dream lucidly can be either a tool for practice on the development of true awareness or a great distraction.

In the original Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural Light book, Chögyal Namkhai Norbu emphasizes the point that development within the sleep and dream states should be for the purpose of spiritual development and even enlightenment. This is the most important message of the two dream yoga books.

In one of your books, you mention an early lucid dream, which I have placed below. What technique prompted you to become lucid?

“On this particular night, I suddenly had the realization that I was both asleep and aware that I was dreaming. At the instant of the realization, the colors of the dreamscape became startlingly vivid and intense. I found myself standing on a cliff and looking out over a vast and beautiful valley. I felt relaxed and thrilled, and I reminded myself it was only a dream. I looked out over the lovely vista for a short time and then resolved to go a step further, literally and figuratively. If it was truly a dream then there would be no reason why I couldn’t fly.”

The dream you are quoting occurred when I was in meditative retreat in upstate New York. After looking out on the vista in my dream and knowing that I was lucid and within a dream, I took the leap. What happened next was a bit of a surprise in that, instead of soaring and flying around, I found myself in some sort of house and in a disembodied state. That is, without having a mental representation of my body I was, nevertheless, moving up a staircase. Later, I related the dream to the presiding lama, Shempen Dawa Rinpoche. I asked him what the dream meant and he replied in a rather tongue-in-cheek way that I had passed my driver’s test.

Subsequently, I have had many lucid dreams. However, considering the countless dreams in which I have been fully identified with the dream I am more than ever aware of my own limitations, as well as the extraordinary capacities of someone like Chögyal Namkhai Norbu.

Did anything surprise you about the experience of lucid dreaming? What did you make of that?

At night when we dream we are fully identified with the dream and believe that our experience is real. Once we awaken we discover that it was actually not real at all. The experience of moving from being fully identified to suddenly realizing that was actually just a dream is very important. It can be quite a shock to move from this fully identified state to lucidity.

Even more shocking is the possibility that our daytime waking life is also just like a dream, as the Buddha says. Once we begin to have experiences of lucidity in the dream state, realizing that what was considered to be real is actually illusion, this sense of unreality may begin to seep into our daytime. Diminishing our sense of attachment and helping us to not take things so seriously has immense spiritual value.

Later, you met Namkhai Norbu Rinpoche and learned more about the Dzogchen practice of dream yoga. What impressed you about Norbu and the Dzogchen view?

Before I had met CNN I had already been practicing Tibetan-style Buddhism for some years. I had completed an arduous series of practices called Ngöndro. Although I had, in the course of these practices, literally completed hundreds of thousands of recitations and physical exercises, I look back on the experience as being of only a little benefit in regards to my understanding and spiritual development. I could say in retrospect that my emphasis was more quantitative than qualitative. As a doctoral student I was very familiar with the route of credentialing. We used to joke that PhD referred to “piled higher and deeper” or, as Dudjom Rinpoche colorful stated, “What is the value of shit wrapped in a brocade?”

CNN relates a similar story which changed his life. He had been recognized as an important reincarnation of a great lama at birth. He had subsequently been trained from an early age by many of the great lamas of Tibet. He had studied and memorized and practiced many techniques, but when he met his most important teacher all of it went out the window so to speak.

After having an important dream about this master, within which he had received a very special initiation,
Lucid Dreaming Experience

he had made great efforts to meet him in person, and then had requested a formal initiation from him. The teacher initially refused, and when CNN related his dream he responded by saying something like I already gave you that initiation why do I have to do it again. CNN did not accept this explanation because, after all, it had only been a dream, and so he insisted. Finally Changchup Dorje, the teacher, agreed. Despite Norbu Rinpoche’s great dream, this teacher was initially a great disappointment. He seemed inept at conducting the formal initiation. The experience just dragged on and on and ultimately seemed to be a complete waste of time. He even paused numerous times to consult a kind of cookbook, which explained what steps to take next and which ritual objects to use in which way.

The young lama was completely frustrated by the time the so-called master had completed the initiation. At that moment, at the height of his disillusionment and frustration, Changchup Dorje began to explain the true meaning of transmission and initiation, which had nothing to do with ritual and words. At this moment he gave CNN a direct introduction into knowledge beyond the mind, and CNN realized that up until this point he had not had a clue as to what real knowledge was.

Great teachers such as CNN, Dudjom and others can through their skillful means point out true knowledge and give a qualified student a direct introduction into real Awareness and the nature of the mind.

In the book’s introduction, you recall a dream in which you interacted with Norbu about an older student, who had become seriously ill in waking reality. Tell us about the dream, and what happened?

The dream you are referring to was very important for inspiring the first dream yoga book, which is based on the dream yoga and Dzogchen teachings of Chögyal Namkhai Norbu. An elderly woman by the name of Lara had accompanied Chögyal Namkhai Norbu to western Massachusetts where he was conducting a program at the retreat center of a Gurdjieff community. The teacher of this group, Mr. Anderson, had become interested in Dzogchen, and had invited Norbu Rinpoche. In my dream I was saying to Chögyal Namkhai Norbu that Lara was very ill and that she would soon die. In the dream CNN had responded that he was taking care of her, and that she would be ok. The next morning when I saw him, and before I had a chance to say anything, he said to me that Lara would be fine.

At the least this dream presaged a future event. Even more interesting was my feeling I had that CNN actually knew all about the dream that I’d had before I mentioned anything.

So, from the Dzogchen perspective, an accomplished person could assist in the healing of another while in the dream state? Could a person also get precognitive or clairvoyant information, while dreaming or lucid dreaming? Could initiations occur in the dream state?

As part of the book Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural Light, I interviewed Norbu Rinpoche regarding possibilities and capacities of accomplished lucid dreamers. In this interview CNN affirmed that a highly developed practitioner might enter the dreams of his or her student, so as to teach and instruct. As I had previously related, his own teacher had entered into his dream and gave the young lama a direct introduction or transmission. CNN at that time was too skeptical to believe that it was actually a real transmission.

In addition to many accounts of healing within dreams in the literature of Tibetan Buddhism, these accounts may be found in many other cultures. For example in my introduction to the original dream yoga book I include examples from Ancient Greece, Native American, and other Shamanic sources related to healing experiences.

Through the dream yoga practice, some accomplished practitioners, like Norbu, receive “mind treasures” and also information on the location of relics. Tell us about that, and how it works, or share an example.

There are innumerable cross-cultural examples of inventors, musicians, shamans, as well as lamas solving problems, receiving healing information, or receiving some sort of important meditation practice in their dreams. As previously mentioned, the extensive introduction I wrote as part of the original dream yoga book includes many cross-cultural examples of these special gifts and often channeled information.

To give a glimpse of how this might occur, a highly developed practitioner might actually make contact with other dimensions of beings. In Chögyal Namkhai Norbu’s case he has had an ongoing relationship with a special other dimensional being called a Dakini. This Dakini, Goma Devi, has channeled important information including meditation practices, meditational dances and healing texts to him for many years. The Tibetans call these Milam Terma or treasures of the dream. In many cases these special teachings are considered to be highly effective for our present time and circumstances, and enlightened beings had...
When reading about Dzogchen views of dream yoga, the topic of death and dying seem central to the practice. Briefly, how does death and dying connect with dream yoga?

Sleeping, dreaming and awakening mirror the experiences of birth and death and the transition to another life. There is a French expression, "la petite mort," which compares sleep to a little death. The possibility of reincarnation has increasingly become more accepted even in the West. Simply put, the possibility of developing lucidity and even special awareness within sleep and dreams is practice for maintaining awareness through the transition from this life into our next reincarnation. More elaborate explanations may be found in both the original dream yoga book and my new book, The Royal Road to Enlightenment. I would also recommend Mind Beyond Death by Dzogchen Ponlop as well as The Book of Living and Dying by Tsoggyal Rinpoche.

When you hear stories of people who have Near Death Experiences, you sometimes see comments about "the light." So in that moment, how should they respond to the light?

As we transition from this life into another life we have many experiences. According to the Tibetan Buddhist explanations, shortly after death we will enter into a deep unconsciousness and then after some period of time, usually three or four days, we will emerge from that deep unconsciousness. At that moment, the mind is reawakening even though the body is a corpse. I repeat; the mind reawakens at this point! Of course this viewpoint is not universally accepted here in the West, particularly in the medical community.

Although the mind is reawakening, there is a short period before the mind which intellectualizes and judges experience kicks in. At this point in the transition through the bardo of dharma one will experience a "clear light" experience which, in actuality, is the unfettered and unfiltered arising of our actual true nature. These moments are considered to afford a special opportunity for the practitioner who has developed true Awareness, and the practitioner is taught to integrate with the experience rather than react in some other way, such as ignoring or fleeing. Although everyone will experience this arising of our own true nature at this juncture, most of us will not be Aware, and it will pass in a fleeting moment. The Dzogchen practice of natural light is practice for being able to integrate with this experience.

It is important to note that the Awareness I am referring to is not synonymous with lucidity. Lucidity is considered to be a type of mindfulness whereas true Awareness is beyond relative mind.

In the book, Norbu comments, “Many of the methods of practicing Dharma that are learned during waking can, upon development of dream awareness, be applied in the dream condition. In fact, one may develop these practices more easily and speedily within the dream if one has the capacity to be lucid. There are even some books that say that if a person applies a practice within a dream, the practice is nine times more effective than when it is applied during the waking hours.”

Why do you feel a practice done in a lucid dream may have greater effectiveness than one done in waking hours?

The dream body and, indeed, the body which arises in the transition from our life into another life is called the "mental body." It is obvious that when we dream, it is not our actual physical body which is having the experiences and adventures associated with dream life. The senses are dormant and, consequently, all experiences are arising from the mind. When experiences are filtered through the senses and the judgmental mind, the power and efficacy of the experience, and our capacity to effect change within that experience is vastly diminished. Conversely, when we are able to apply meditational practices or attempt to solve problems in the lucid dream, the full power of the mind may be brought to bear without filters.

At these times the mind is considered to be seven to nine times more powerful than during waking consciousness. This can help explain the extraordinary stories of healing and problem solving that are common in our literature. It is also why Norbu Rinpoche states that meditation practice in the dream state is far more effective than during the day. This is not to say that it is easy. One of my teachers once remarked that “awareness is easy to pick up but difficult to carry.”

In the book, Norbu discusses a dream yoga technique to achieve lucidity, saying as you fall asleep. “Then concentrate on a white Tibetan syllable A at the center of your body. If you prefer an English A it is acceptable. The important thing is that it corresponds in your mind to the sound Ahhh. It is important that when you see that letter you automatically know what its sound is.”

So why is the Tibetan syllable A important? And what is the significance of seeing it as white? Finally, what has been students’ experience with this technique?
The technique which you are referring to, visualizing a luminous white A in the heart as you go to sleep, is actually more associated with the practice of natural light related to Dzogchen. The A is used with its corresponding sound, because this corresponds to the original sound from which all form ultimately arises.

In CNN’s explanation of this technique he explains the visualization and then encourages his students to relax completely into sleep. In this case, relaxing completely into sleep means finding one’s natural state or Awareness with a capital A. In order to find one’s natural state we must first have some direct introduction, also called pointing out instructions, from a qualified teacher.

After hearing CNN speak or after reading the original book, some may have attempted to apply this technique in order to increase lucidity in dreams. Perhaps this visualization is not really a technique for developing lucidity, but more for entering into the natural state of Awareness. If one succeeds in maintaining transcendent awareness within the states of sleep and dream, then lucidity and other meditational experiences may arise as a by-product of this awareness.

**Besides editing Norbu’s book, you have also written a book of your own. Tell us about that.**

In my more recent book, *The Royal Road to Enlightenment*, I have drawn upon my experience both as a psychologist and as a long time practitioner of Buddhist meditation. For example, as part of my explorations in transpersonal psychology I have studied hypnosis, as well as psychodrama, as well as more traditional methods of dream interpretation. As a long time practitioner of Buddhism and a certified meditation instructor within the Dzogchen Community founded by Chögyal Namkhai Norbu, I am also well-versed in the benefits of developing a meditative practice both for day as well as night.

I have found hypnotic induction to be a highly effective means of inducing lucid dreams, and extraordinary transpersonal meditative experiences. When I first began to use induction as part of my workshops more than twenty years ago I didn’t know how I would integrate the entire group into one person’s exceptional dream experience. I discovered that psychodrama of lucid dreams is a truly extraordinary means to effect this integration. When the psychodrama goes well it can feel as if we are all experiencing the dream for the first time.

A Native American medicine man once stated that until a dream is acted on the earth the power of the dream is not released. After many years of doing psychodrama of extraordinary lucid dreams and meditational-type experiences, I have come to believe that these types of psychodramas were the basis for the Greek mystery theater. It is likely that the priests had a repertoire of initiatory type dreams, which were re-enacted again and again to deepen the participant’s wisdom.

My workshops maintain the spirit of Tibetan Buddhism very closely. Participants who have completed my workshops generally have an enhanced appreciation that life is very much like a dream and all material things are impermanent. Some, but not all, of the techniques I utilize, like zhiné meditation, are traditional, but other techniques are related to my experience as a psychologist. Regardless of which hat I am wearing, that of a psychologist or that of a meditation teacher, I consider a reduction of attachment to be a valuable goal of my workshop.

I also wrote a novel called *The White Dolphin*. The heroine of this book is an environmental activist who is proficient in lucid dreaming. In this book she makes contact with an extraordinary white dolphin through lucid dreaming. The novel is fictional, however, an experienced lucid dreamer may make contact with other dimensions of beings. Although fictional, coincidentally as I have gone around teaching my courses several people have come to me and said that they also have dreams of a white dolphin. So you never know.

The novel has been highly reviewed. It is fast-paced with a romantic edge and serves to raise consciousness on the destruction of our environment. Both of my two recent books are easily available through Kindle as well as on Amazon.

**If people want to learn more about your workshops and classes, where should they look? Any final advice for lucid dreamers, as they go more deeply into lucid dreaming?**

I have traveled to something like thirty countries over more than two decades teaching meditation and dream yoga. Frequently, but not always, my workshops are organized by members of the international Dzogchen community. To keep in touch and to publicize my programs I maintain a page called Tibetan Dream Yoga on Facebook which people can join, or we can possibly meet through a lucid dream.

Thanks!
One of the things I enjoy when lucid dreaming is the ability to explore any concept or any way of being. We get the opportunity to experience our consciousness as an animal, insect, a plant or even a different human. Something that we cannot do in waking life seems possible in a lucid dream.

This particular lucid dream has all these elements in it.

In this dream, I became lucid while walking in a park. I wanted to explore the dream environment. I noticed a mosquito that buzzed by my ears. Strangely I found the dream mosquito fascinating and was wondering, “What would it be like to be a mosquito?”

Before I could finish the thought, my consciousness was sucked into the mosquito. As a mosquito, I was flying through the air and my wings were moving back and forth really fast, creating the most pleasant hum! It was a very relaxing sound. This is very different than my experience of a mosquito as a human. I find the sound quite irritating when the mosquito passes close to my ears. I was quite surprised to discover the sound is quite nice from the mosquito’s point of view.

As I approached a tree I thought again, “What would it be like to be a tree?” I got immediately sucked into this large tree. I literally became the tree. It was the size of a 2 story building. My limbs became the branches, my hair the leaves. I felt tall and still. I was strangely silent. I realized trees have no thoughts. I also became aware of insects crawling up my bark. The fungus growing on some of my branches. The bird nest taking shelter between my leaves. My roots that go deep in the earth and anchor and stabilize me. I felt the sun shining on me and the wind blowing through my leaves/hair. I was a whole ecosystem; sustaining life and giving shelter to living organisms. Though I was just standing or being there, I was serving my environment in silence with full acceptance of what I am and what is happening around me. Not complaining. Just being present.

The experience of a tree was so fascinating! I was enjoying the silence immensely. Then one of the birds nesting in my branches took flight and so with it my consciousness shifted.

The feeling of being a bird was one of the most fascinating feelings. I felt the sense of complete freedom of flying through the air. The way I was seeing as the dream bird was very different than the way I see as a human. The field of vision is quite wide. It is very hard to explain. Maybe the closest perspective would be if you saw a photograph made by a fish eye lens.

The way the arms/wings are used for flight is something we cannot relate to as humans as well. It was very interesting to make turns and dives while flying.
In each of those instances, I found myself as an observer inside those creatures and not really trying to control the dream figures.

I then wondered about being human. My consciousness accompanied a few humans walking in the park. Being human was quite a contrast. The mosquito, tree, and bird are quite silent in comparison to humans. I could hear the minds of people having a constant dialogue either complaining about something or other in their lives, criticizing themselves or others, thinking about the past or planning the future.

The last human I experienced was a young lady that was riding a bicycle through the park. Her mind was silent just like the tree. It was quite refreshing to be a present, silent human. She/I cycled through the park enjoying nature and the act of cycling nothing more.

As the lady made a bend in the road my consciousness exited her and I felt quite content and peaceful. I looked around and noticed I had no body. I was just an invisible consciousness without form. I looked around and I knew I could identify with any object, creature, or person around me and experience myself as them. But what was I? Who am I? At this point, I had lost my lucidity.

The question dawned on me and with it came a strange fear. I did not know who I was. It was like a moment of temporary amnesia. I lost my personality and my memories along the way. For some reason I knew I had a primary form that I was assigned to, but I did not know where or what. The “not knowing” became more disturbing so that the increasing fear woke me up and ended the dream.

Awake in bed, I was baffled. Was my true essence this invisible consciousness that can identify and experience itself as anything or anyone? The implications of this were huge. What was the difference between me, or anything/anyone else? Was there really any difference in our essence?

It was a very educational dream.
Observing Transformations: How Self Change Affects a Dream Figure

By Robert Waggoner © 2015

“Who are you? Who are you?”

At the time, it seemed a simple question, which I posed to the young woman in the lucid dream. But this simple question led to profound lessons in lucidity, and taught me much about the nature of transformation in dreams, lucid dreams, and waking.

In the dream, I found myself in a farmhouse kitchen in the South. The farm wife cooked on the stove and I sat at the kitchen table with my oldest brother and someone else. When the farm wife placed a pile of cooked beans on my plate, it all struck me as too strange. Suddenly it hit me, ‘This is a lucid dream!’

Immediately, I knew someone stood behind me, since I could feel the energy. Realizing that the ‘Shadow’ (or the denied, ignored or repressed aspects of the self according to Carl Jung) often remained behind the person, I turned and discovered an attractive, young black woman there. Picking her up, I brought her directly in front of me, and asked, “Who are you? Who are you?” She returned my gaze, and replied, “I am a discarded aspect of yourself.”

How do you respond to “a discarded aspect of yourself?” What does “a discarded aspect of yourself” even want? For a moment, these questions bounced around my mind. And then I just knew — a discarded aspect wants acceptance: complete, heartfelt acceptance. From my heart came complete and total acceptance for this dream figure, this discarded aspect of myself.

After that, something magically unexpected happened. As I sent complete and total acceptance onto this “discarded aspect”, she began to shrink towards her center point, and then transformed into wisps of colored light that headed straight towards my torso, and entered me with an energetic jolt!

Upon waking, I knew the ‘light’ energy had changed me somehow. A week later, the answer became clear: Ever since this lucid dream, I thought daily about trying to write a book on lucid dreams – a project I started two years earlier, but discarded. Now it made sense! The energy of the “discarded aspect” or discarded book project had now re-integrated with me, through my complete acceptance of the dream figure. Moreover, that energy propelled me forward to write my first book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self.
So what ‘lessons in lucidity’ emerged from this brief lucid dream? Here, you can see a few:

- Many (but not all) dream figures exist as projections of your mental energy.
- Shadow-type dream figures (ignored, denied, repressed aspects) can re-integrate with you ‘if’ you totally acknowledge and accept them from the heart.
- Totally accepting such a dream figure often results in it returning to its natural state of mental/emotional energy, experienced as light and energy.
- A lesser acceptance by you may result in the dream figure changing; for example, shrinking, or becoming less threatening, etc. Because they change as your mind changes, you see that they ‘connect’ to your mindstream.
- Reintegrating energy in a dream or lucid dream can dramatically change your waking life experience.

When you think about ‘transformations’ in lucid dreams, you often think about transforming yourself into something – a bird, a rock, a tree. But lucid dreaming shows you that if you transform yourself or your response, then the lucid dream (or the figures in it) may change dramatically. And this change can serve to transform your waking experience, helping you to live more lucidly.
I met a stranger in a landscape. The ground in the landscape was immensely colourful, the sky was a uniform semi-translucent blue. The hooded, cloaked stranger approached over the brow of a hill. I was hesitant at first, not sure if I should be worried by this character, so I asked telepathically, “Are you a friend or foe?”

The stranger stopped at a comfortable distance away from me and looked up. I could see his face beneath the hood, he was golden and smiling. I felt reassured and at ease with the stranger. I suddenly connected with the stranger. I could see and feel the scene from his perspective, whilst simultaneously experiencing my own perspective. When I connected to him, he also connected to me, so he also saw and felt what it was like to experience everything from my perspective.

It started as a static experience; that is, we both experienced the moment from each other’s perspective, but then everything went into flow. Flow is a little difficult to describe. It is when the connection of one multiple perspective, multi-sensory moment moves into a connection of continuous time.

When the stranger and I connected, initially I could see and feel everything in the scene from his perspective and he could see and feel everything from mine. He could feel the change in me from feeling hesitant to feeling at ease, and I could feel his response to this change.

Then, I could suddenly feel and know who he was, his life history, and he could see and feel my life history. I knew all the emotions he experienced and the knowledge he’d learned and vice versa.

This is flow.

At this point, the stranger suddenly transformed into multiple golden selves. These were all the people that he’d ever been in contact with in his life. The selves multiplied to each side of him, in a row. I became connected to, and went into flow with, all of these selves. Then, these selves started multiplying in rows behind the stranger. These were all the people who had been in contact with the all people who had met the stranger in their lives. I went into flow with all these selves as well. What was notable about the selves behind the front row was that
these selves seemed to traverse time. They went beyond one person’s lifetime and back into past history.

There was an immense feeling of love flowing between me and all the selves in front of me.

The stranger then said telepathically, “Now look at the ground.”

When I looked, I realised that the colours also had their own perspective. I did connect with the colours but only in a uni-directional way: the colours flowed into my body but I did not share their perspective of the scene. However, I was aware they were connected to my perspective.

**Senses in Dreams**

Colours are usually multi-sensory in my dreams. When I see colours in my dreams, they are also tactile, which I can sense in my hands and in my mouth. Sometimes the colours are also powder pigments as well as being visual. Sometimes they are crunchy multi-dimensional shapes which I feel in my mouth. If they are multi-dimensional shapes, I also see the perspective from each plane of the shape, whilst experiencing my own overall perspective. Sometimes colours are linked to the sensation of touching objects, so that the colour and tactile sense become a separate sense in itself.

Time is also a sense in my dreams. I say this because time seems to merge with my dream body, so that time becomes light which extends out from my body. Sometimes time branches out, spirals inwards or overlays itself in multiple folds. It’s usually golden in colour, sometimes a deep red. When time and colour come together in my dreams, they always take the form of light.

Love is a constant sense in my dream. It is ever-present and infinite. Sometimes, it also has a visual form. For instance, in one dream I focussed on the love and it poured oscillating golden waves of light from every object in my dream. The love is very bound up with the experience or sensation of being connected to everything in my dream. So, I usually experience everything in my dreams from the perspective of any person or object, whilst simultaneously experiencing my own perspective. Our responses to each other's perspectives are also continuously shared.

**Lucid Dreaming vs. Vivid Dreaming (Active vs. Passive)**

I am new to the concept of lucid dreaming. I’ve only been practising for the past 6 months and managed to achieve lucidity about five times. By contrast, I’ve been a vivid dreamer for 15 years and have incredibly multi-sensory, multi-perspective dreams and have good dream recall. My dreams go back thirty years, to when I was 15 years old, but the last 15 years of dreams have been very intense and immense.

I am struggling slightly with lucid dreaming. Perhaps it’s due to inexperience, but I’ve found that when I achieve lucidity, I become my five-sense self within my dream landscape. I also have my five-sense brain and knowledge. So when I am lucid, I feel restricted compared to what my vivid dreams feel like.

When I dream vividly, I seem to be my “higher self” with my extra senses and multiple perspectives. I have also received knowledge in my dreams about everything in the universe (which I promptly forget upon waking, apart from the fact that we are all eternal) and in my dream world this knowledge is cumulative. When I dream vividly, I know that I am in my dream landscape because of the sense of love in my dream and the colour senses. I have a feeling of, “Great, I’m here again, thank goodness, now on with more dream experiences.” However, my dreams unfold in their own way, rather than me asking questions or exploring them actively. I guess I would describe it as being subtly lucid.

I had one lucid dream which explains what happened when I tried to force things, but again this probably comes down to inexperience.

**Dream Control**

I was in a village landscape. I was talking to a man when I suddenly became lucid. He started to walk away from me, so I demanded that he came back, “because I am lucid” I declared, “so I control you! Come back!” The man started walking back down the hill towards me, when he got up close enough he said the word “No!” firmly in my face and then walked back over the hill.
I immediately turned around for something to control. I saw a tree and ordered it to turn yellow. It shimmered yellow for a couple of seconds, then returned to its normal colour. Then I turned to the villagers who were milling around. I ordered them to “come and have an interesting conversation with me.” They all just stared and walked past.

I then went to the edge of a field and demanded that a lake appear. A muddy, swampy field appeared. I walked back to the village square. The dream spoke to me and said gently, “No, no no. This is not what dreams are for. You know it’s beyond all this nonsense.”

**Purpose of Dreams**

I’m still baffled as to the purpose of my dreams. What I experience in my dreams seems too vital and important, and yet there seems almost no way of sharing it! I seem to live in two very vastly different worlds with two vastly different selves.

About 30% of my dreams are Samsaric dreams. The other 70% of my dreams seem to be like a dream university. They are very difficult to share or even write down because of the multi-sensory aspect and the fact that I forget all ancient knowledge that is passed on to me!

I have started journaling my dreams and patterns are appearing. I am working on revisiting locations and themes in the dreams as well as re-meeting dream characters, who normally make one-off appearances. Hopefully, I’ll find a way of bridging the gap between my two worlds, which right now seem very far apart.
“When you lucid dream, who is dreaming?”

That was the question posed for the LDE winter edition theme. This rather broad question was further refined by a subset of more specific questions regarding topics like dual awareness, shapeshifting, and multiple simultaneous dreaming, and how these experiences have affected your state of awareness.

Scanning through my dream journals, I searched out some of the more unusual states of awareness and perceptions I’ve experienced over the years. What I found was not so much examples of various states of awareness, but perhaps more accurately, various states of ‘me.’

Sometimes I experienced different versions or forms of ‘me,’ or several me’s at once, or, more strangely, no me at all. In these somewhat odd (but deliciously fun!) adventures I was not simply taking on different guises, or feeling different merely because I had some measure of lucid awareness. Though I was me, I was not always, at the core of my being, ‘the me that I know’ in waking life terms.

Below are a few examples. In the first, I was not human, not even animal, but was a mathematical expression:

**I Am a Vector**

. . . Lucid, I’m in a black space, flying a lot, doing a lot of gymnastics in this space, trying to create some visuals but it’s not working, all I feel is motion and I experience/become arbitrary numbers; some are vector-like: 50 miles, 0 degrees, 45 miles at 100 degrees, etc. When I become a vector, I’m flying up and down in a sinusoidal pattern. When I turn or focus my attention 90 degrees away from the direction of motion, I stop and become like a point on the wave, yet motionless. In order to move ‘forward’ I have to turn my attention back to the original direction of motion; the previous focus of attention . . .

**I Am a Purple Mist**

. . . It seems I am lying in bed again. I get up, feeling groggy, and find it difficult to open my eyes. I touch my face and am startled to find it’s swollen. I move my hands and discover that my whole head is swollen. I get a bit panicked, wondering briefly how I am even able to breathe. I stumble into the hallway as fast as I’m able, trying to call for D in the next room, knowing he will get me to a hospital where I can get
some help. But I can’t talk, I can’t utter a sound. My ears tingle, and I still can’t open my eyes fully. I can just barely make out light paneled walls in the wide hallway when my eyes crack partly open for a split second. However, I know the walls are not paneled here, and the hall is not wide. Then I slow down, and decide I must still be asleep and these sensations are the result of sleep paralysis.

I know that relaxing will reduce the sensations, and possibly eliminate them. Soon I get the sensation of lying back in bed and I think to myself that this would be a good time to try for a lucid dream or out-of-body. But I feel so tired.

In the next instant I feel as though I am a black/dark purple, thick liquid/mist in the outline of a human body. I feel I am in this body and yet I’m also observing it as though lying beside it. I think about sitting up while leaving my physical body lying down. In a moment, it feels like I’ve done this successfully.

Then, suddenly, I hear the theme music and see a brief scene from the opening of an old TV show from the 70’s. Just as quickly as the music and scene appeared, it is gone and I begin to spontaneously and slowly rotate upwards - as though doing a backward somersault - my (liquid/mist) legs in the air first. With my legs still higher than the rest of me, I twist, like a corkscrew back into my physical body, feeling then like a small dry mist, or smoke (now light purple or mauve) curling inside the head and upper portion of my sleeping body, as I settle/dissolve into the physical body. I don’t maneuver like this intentionally, it is all very automatic. I wake, stretch, and ensure that I’m able to move my jaw and talk, my head feeling normal and not swollen at all.

Dual Awareness – Hip Wiggle

I have several false awakenings; more than once, wondering if I’d really awakened, ‘this time.’ At one point I have to HURL myself out of bed (likely fighting sleep paralysis) and I stagger quickly out to the hallway, again wondering if I’m really up. Standing there in the dim light, for some odd reason, I wiggle my hip, feeling no contact with anything, while simultaneously, I also feel my hip push up against the body pillow back in the bed. I know then, that I’m out of body in the hallway. A few seconds later I’m back in bed, disappointed that it had not occurred to me sooner, while still OBE, to look back into the room at the bed to see if I could see my physical body sleeping there.

Out of Phase (or Time Delay) Dual Awareness?

This isn’t a personal dream, so much as an idea that occurred to me several years ago and appeared in Dr. Jorge Conesa-Sevilla’s book, “Wrestling With Ghosts: A Personal and Scientific Account of Sleep Paralysis.”

I wondered - regarding the nightmarish descriptions of sleep paralysis experiences (like the classical incubus on a sleeper’s chest), and the fact that some people have reported having difficulty either waking up, or getting back into their bodies from an OBE - what if the strange and sometimes frightening sensations are the result of the sleeper himself experiencing difficulty in trying to get back into his body? For example, if the sleeper is jumping on his own chest in an attempt to wake, or get back into, his body, could it translate to the dreaming mind as something terrifying pressing on his chest?

We all know that time does not behave in dreams in the linear manner that we’re used to in waking reality. So, what if there is a time delay between a sleeper’s OBE activity, and the sensing of this activity by the sleeper’s body? If the sleeper doesn’t recall being out-of-body, but only experiences the sensations, his mind (perhaps in a still dream-like state) may try to conjure up imagery to translate the event as best it can. However, the sleeper’s fear may distort the attempt, and produce nightmarish images and sensations instead.

In other words, could the generation of sensations and the feeling of sensations be experienced out of synch, or out-of-phase?

Could this be a kind of dual awareness, but not a strictly simultaneous one? Could sensations being produced during an OBE be physically felt not as they are initiated, but perhaps moments after they are produced?

Flowing Between Two Aspects of Me

About a year after the death of (Y), shortly after becoming lucid in a dream, looking through various
rooms in a house: . . . I check several rooms, turning on lights as I go. I'm a little nervous because it's such a gloomy, spooky place. I don't want to be startled out of lucidity.

. . . Then I see a door to a living room. I go in but find it's the 'porch door.' I back out, but now there is a living room door where it 'should be.' I see a figure lying under a crumpled quilt on a couch. I go to the person under the quilt, intending to pull the covers back, hoping I'll find XX there. For some reason, I'm a little afraid of what I'll find. I sit on the edge of the couch beside the figure. Then, just before I pull the quilt back I know it is not XX under there, it is (Y). I try my best not to be alarmed when I see how she looks. She doesn't look well at all. Her arms look to be a bit deformed. Their proportions are all wrong.

I become a little upset (lucidity wavering). I ask her how she is. She mumbles something like, "Not good." She stares at me, with intense, dark eyes. I'm getting emotional. I ask her if she is dead. She says she doesn't know. I tell her I am out of my body and I need to know if she is OK. I begin to cry, as I caress her arm. I tell her, "I need to know that when you died, there was no pain and you were free." I sob as I watch her arms continue to deform, and her face becomes a pattern of shadows and light grey areas. Though I am sobbing and upset, I still maintain a glimmer of lucidity.

I then feel another 'me,' just behind me, embracing both me and (Y). This 'me' is much larger, and somehow I know that if I turned around to look at her, she would appear to be transparent. Suddenly, but gently, I feel myself drawn back and slightly upwards, flowing into this 'me.' Now I am the larger 'me' who is embracing the other me and (Y). I'm (as the larger 'me') not emotional, yet I care for the other (upset) me. I'm calm, patient, allowing the other me to experience her heart breaking emotions, yet I feel no emotion at all. I'm almost completely detached from emotion.

Momentarily I 'flow' back into the other me who is upset, and I feel smaller, my body 'more dense,' and the emotion feels like a heavy burden. I flow back to (and become) the larger 'me,' again, aware of losing the visual picture soon; that the scene is changing. I wonder if I will go on dreaming (whether lucid or not), then I open my eyes; I'm awake. (But which "I" wondered if I'd go on dreaming?!)
This was the first time that I could remember having awakened without knowing who or what I was; without even
a concept of 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. ‘I’ did not exist
until later in the experience.

From No Identity to Personal Time Construction

Emerging from an evening nap . . . 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 these words are needed to convey the experience.

There was no sense of “I,” only a vague, uniformed 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 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. The energy extending from my
head formed an extremely long ‘triangle-like’ structure which later felt more obelisk-shaped as it ‘filled out.’ . . .
accompanied by a 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 . . .

From mathematical expressions, to twisting as colourful liquid/mist, to flowing between seemingly ‘higher’ and
‘lower’ selves, to the effortless feeling of experiencing self in several different ways simultaneously, to awareness
before a sense of ‘I’ emerges from sleep, these are only a few examples of the kinds of experiences we are all
able of having.

We are each multi-dimensional, ever evolving, adventurous selves, so much more than the self we identify with in
waking life. Lucid dreaming, conscious awareness in dreams, offers us many avenues through which we can
explore the multi-dimensional Self, the “kaleidoscopic” I.”

So, “When you lucid dream, who is dreaming?”

“I” am.

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continually shifting from one set of relations to another, rapidly changing
Shaun St. Clair
Simultaneous Dreams

I had a/two brief simultaneous dream/s recently, but was also lucid for a short while. I was only lucid for what felt like a few seconds but it was long enough to become fully aware of how completely natural and effortless the experience felt. Being lucid however, I was aware that this wasn’t how I ‘normally’ experienced things and I did question myself as to how I could be having two dreams at once. I didn’t receive a verbal answer to this question but a feeling of ‘why are you even asking it in the first place, this is normal/easy.’

In one of the dreams, I was sat on one of the beaches in Newquay, watching my eldest daughter walk slowly along the strand line towards a cave. At the same time, I was stood by my garden pond watching two fairies sat down, talking at the opposite side of the pond. One of the fairies was particularly distinctive in that its body colour was very dark purple. If you’ve ever seen the film Pan’s Labyrinth, from what I can remember, my fairies looked very much like the ones in the film. I became lucid for a few seconds before I woke from these dreams and so, without a doubt, I know that they were definitely occurring simultaneously. I could/can remember the sound of the sea lapping at the sandy shore on the beach and at the same time the tranquillity around my garden pond.

I woke up very soon after becoming lucid, still with a vivid memory of these dreams occurring simultaneously and the sensation of it being nothing out of the ordinary. However, the more I thought about the sensation and I guess the more fully conscious I became, the two dreams separated and became stacked on top of each other - rather like watching a split screen TV.

It (the simultaneity) really did feel very natural, so much so that you don’t even question it until reality starts to creep in. The sensation of reality creeping in and almost imperceptibly changing the character of that feeling reminded me of the feeling when you’re trying to remember dreams that you know are there, you’ve just had them, but you can’t quite grasp them. If you relax and drift back towards sleep you can sometimes pull the dreams out but run the risk of falling asleep completely and forgetting about them for good maybe. Alternatively, if you concentrate too hard and begin to wake fully (or at least fully enough to be able to write down a few key pointers) then it sometimes feels like a shutter has very subtly been brought down between you and the dream - you know there’s something behind it but you can’t quite see it or get to it.
Helen Symmons
The Girl with a Turquoise Nose Ring Becomes a Crow

After morning meditation (So Hum mantra and Tibetan bon tradition 3 pills) I had a vivid dream. I was in a shabby office working with a group of men who were all in investments and very rich. One of them showed me a picture of a row of run down shops that he had just bought for the rental income. I suddenly needed to find a toilet and went all over the office building looking for one, then out onto the street where two of the men were dancing together. I went over to another of the men who was standing by a lamppost and asked him why I could not find a toilet anywhere. I immediately realised I was dreaming as this is a big dream sign for me. I focused my awareness and the scene brightened becoming full Technicolor; it was a street in a metropolis of pop art style like in the film “Zero Theorem”. There were cars, people and bright green buses. I rose into the air and noticed a green bus was also floating in the air above the street.

I remembered my intention and asked to experience my higher self, and immediately I was whizzing backwards through a grey void. I was flung into a deckchair and continued moving backwards very fast through a whole group of empty grey deckchairs. I came to a stop by a back wall and there were two young men in front of me sitting on straight back chairs. They both had long brown hair and were wearing smart casual clothes with shiny shirts, like they were straight out of a 60’s rock band. They both had lovely foreign accents (I thought Colombian for some reason), the one on the left spoke the most, deliberately and slowly, but I could not understand a single word. I told them that I wanted to experience my higher self and asked if they represented it.

They both smiled a little and looked down then stuttered that they did not (I think). The one on the left then lifted up a beautiful pair of gold and turquoise drop shaped earrings. He said he wanted to put one in my nose and implied that my higher self would have the other. As he put it in, on the right side, he said that it would hurt a little so I flinched but felt only a tiny sharpness. I wondered if it would still be there when I woke. I sensed the meeting was over and explained to them that I wanted to find my purpose in life. They just looked at me blankly, so I said, “I have to do that myself right?” and got the impression that they thought I did.

I came out of the large room into a wide open space, the sky was stunning with beautiful clouds; it was a silver grey blue rather than bright blue. I came to a railing and looked over, there was a vast lake stretching out in front of me. It had a small island in the middle with a few trees. I took off into the air and remembered my other shapeshift intention; I asked to fly as a bird would, particularly thinking of a crow. I found myself in the air soaring and gliding with my arms outstretched but I could feel they were actually wings. I could just see the tips of the wings which had long black feathers and I wondered why I was not seeing them as silver (as Castaneda had done). I did not feel any different or bird-like, but the flying felt amazing I was gliding effortlessly so decided to bank round by tipping my left wing down. I swooped round towards the island then I banked the other way but suddenly lost my focus and confidence. I felt my stomach turn and came down very fast onto a cobbled street, then woke.

Dean Clayton Edwards
Becoming a Werewolf

I was outdoors in an abstract area, faced with a man who was physically threatening. I decided to wake up, at which point I had practically told myself that I was dreaming ... Although I was lucid now, I was surprised to find that the atmosphere was still threatening and so I considered that I needed to make myself less physically vulnerable.

At that time, I was writing a novella series featuring werewolves and becoming a werewolf was the first thing that came to mind. When I growled at him, it just sounded like me, but with concentrated effort the noise became half-human/half-wolf. At the same time, I made myself grow. My viewpoint in my dream shifted up by a foot or two as my dream body transformed. My hands became clawed and hairy. My muscles bulged. I felt powerful and resilient.

The dream character’s response, however, was to smile and growl back at me. Realising that I didn’t have full control of this very realistic dream, I thought my strategy was about to backfire. I had no intention of giving up though, because I hate a bully, and so I countered his aggression. I felt my facial features crack and shift, like something giving birth, just as I had described in my books.

Much more powerful than my aggressor now, I was enjoying this battle of wills. The thought that other dreamers might be giving that guy a hug and beaming love at him crossed my mind, but I’d committed to dominating him and thought that any back down would be disastrous. I happily prepared to rip him apart limb from limb, manga style if necessary.

His smile faded and he backed away, momentarily defeated. I was wary of letting my guard down, but
also keen to enjoy the lucid experience. Wary of a revenge attack, I thought it prudent to change location and so I leapt into the air ... and flew.

**Simon Rausch**  
**Transforming into a Lion**

Once it was my goal to transform into an animal in one of my lucid dreams:

One day I was in front of my home and performed a reality check out of the blue. I went lucid immediately! Great, this is my chance to become a lion!

I got on all fours and shapeshifted into a lion. I remember feeling the heavy weight of my mane—the weight surprised me! The first thing I did was I roared! It sounded not very impressive. Then, my real life cats appeared and accepted me and nestled up against my mane.

I started running but suddenly, I was kicked out of the lucid dream!

**Albert Lauer**  
**Shamanistic Transformation into a Buzzard**

I had actively been disengaging my inner dialogue for several days, remembering how I started that practice twenty-five years ago. With my physical body in almost optimal condition, I sensed that I could easily drop the borders of the intent that held my attention in place and allow a more open, softer and dreamlike constellation. From deep inner stillness this does not lead to dissociation, but there is a good reason that we are not usually open in such a way.

I woke up in Bali just before the first light. I came out of bed after recapitulating my dreams. Still silent inside, I had wandered about for a bit enjoying the beautiful tropical morning and made sure that I was physically wide awake while I kept my mind fluid, playfully flowing over its usual borders.

After a while, I carefully climbed back into bed where my girlfriend was still very committed to sleeping at this early hour. Lying butt to butt, I decided to use my formless and more open awareness for a loving study of her beautiful energy. During that process of deeply sensing her, I had gone back very close to where awareness becomes dreaming on the edge of my physical body. I placed my dream hands and dream feet gently in her side behind me for some extra closeness and increased focus. Something deep inside me associated the way I had placed my dream limbs with a sitting bird with talons and wings. Unlike an ordinary association, it came without a visual image of a bird. Instead, I sensed that my dream body began to take up the form of a bird, but I felt it as though I was inside a bird’s body.

It happened within the foggy cloud that I was at the time, my formless dream body. From deep within, something inside me arranged itself around the sensation of being a bird. My awareness was both in and out of my body, so I had something of a double perception: a double perspective, feeling the bird’s body and my own body, both within the larger energy that I am. I gently allowed for the transformation to progress, feeling inside a bird’s body, until I saw the feather cloth of a buzzard. This time it was a mental image, with feathers around the talons and wings of a light creamy brown with white specks, my favorite colors for a buzzard. The process held at a threshold that would not be crossed without a clear intention on my side. The threshold felt similar to the moment before I fully enter my own body from a dream. There is a threshold before we get locked into the physical body and wake up. At that time, I was actually sensing much of the inner body of a bird. Not as a replacement of my own body, that was still in bed, but as a transformation that a part of my dream body had engaged in. Beautiful. If shamans have ever been able to transform into animals, it must have happened in this kind of spontaneous way.

Maybe on a dream level there is a link with a recent lucid flying dream I had, where I wished to fly like an eagle. I had been flying fast through narrow streets solely through intent. I remembered my earliest wish about lucid dreaming: to be able the transform into an eagle and fly like one. Joyously, I had put my imagination to work trying to feel like an eagle, when gently I had sensed that my arms where transforming into wings. When I looked to the side I saw my wings, but with a different kind of brown and white. Shortly after, something inside me woke me up. I had clearly sensed a kind of warning, as if I needed permission to transform further, or that there would be consequences.
I did not know about yet. Or perhaps I just needed more preparation. I prefer not to speculate about things that are not revealed to me. I am patiently willing to discover the answers later, if at all. From the dream perspective, both while sleeping and awake, there are so many beautiful events in awareness that I never feel as though I am lacking experience.

**Britton Theurer**  
**Two Lucid Dreams**

I am a very novice lucid dreamer. But one of my experiences is a unique example of shape-shifting/morphing. And the second dream might encourage others to try the Castaneda technique to find one’s hands in order to wake up in a dream. As background, I have been working on intentionally becoming lucid in dreams recently. I have been particularly inspired by Robert Waggoner’s book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*. Years ago I read Stephen LaBerge’s books and even bought and tried a Nova Dreamer mask to signal when I was dreaming. When I read in *Lucid Dreaming* about Carlos Castaneda’s recommendation to find one’s hands in a dream, I was reminded of my efforts in high school and college to do the same, but not with Robert’s success. I redoubled my efforts prior to the following dreams. One of my ambitious dreaming goals has been to try to heal my wife’s arthritis in her fingers so she can more easily play her viola.

**Dream 1, October 4, 2015: Being a Harpsichord: Music From the Inside Out**

I am with my daughter or sister. I am fuzzy-headed, so don’t know which! I am learning to morph into a harpsichord. (I am a recently retired trumpet professor and an active composer.) Gary Smart (a brilliant composer, pianist, and friend) is there to help. I am at this point aware that I am dreaming. I become very still and notice that, looking up or out, I can see the keys of the harpsichord being played (I assume by Gary). The sound is far away – barely can hear it. I stay still so as not to disturb the dream or the state of being.

Then I am in a post-dream breakfast area with my wife and daughter. There is lots of food. Rice balls and weird seafood: network of thin, red and white tentacles arranged like choral – very tasty. There is a recipe book of a Japanese Friend of my Japanese-Canadian wife. My daughter or my sister (I am no longer lucid) says she had the same “harpsichord experiment” dream. I realize I have not awoken but am in a “false awakening.”

**Dream 2, October 16, 2015: See My Hands!**

I am walking in a big expansive field with several options for engagement: A circus or carnival (sort of bent like Ray Bradbury’s *Something Wicked This Way Comes*) and a town with tall buildings. I feel that I just came from a disturbing dream so I choose to go between the town and the carnival, which I sense is not an obvious choice. It is apparent that I have much work to do to build my ability to MEME as Robert recommends in *Lucid Dreaming*. In order to sustain the dream, one must 1. Modulate one’s emotions, 2. Elevate one’s awareness, 3. Maintain focus (by avoiding staring at any one dream object), and 4. Establish one’s aim (which I did in this dream).

The journey continues!

**Laura A.**  
**Morphing Animal Dream (Semi-Lucid)**

My dream night started off pleasantly enough (but without memorable detail) then I began dreaming of animals in the process of shape shifting. First there was an overly huge grizzly bear that seemed to be charging toward me while it morphed into what looked like some type of leopard / perhaps a lynx (definitely in the large cat family). The charging forward only slightly slowed down as each new animal appeared. The leopard turned into a small painted horse which sprouted wings out of it sides, and morphed into a very large white owl and flew away. I was frozen in place with fright as this strange animal charged at me, but I tried to gain lucidity in the dream to fly away with the owl, but failed. There was something else in the dream that I could see in the corner of my eye to my right. I tried to define it with my eyes, and tried to follow it by walking. Whatever this creature/thing was, seemed to have a transparent light about it. It lead me to an outdoor sale where two women introduced themselves. One name sounded like Cinnamon and the other like Sage. The conversation was aggressively confrontational, and I got the impression that they were
hiding someone I know in their home. They then told me that I had seen enough shifts for one night, and pushed me away.

**Troy Lucid Healing**

Before this dream, I hadn’t had a lucid dream in a while and my recall had not been very good lately. I hadn’t remembered a single lengthy or detailed dream in weeks due to a lack of effort and other things, but last night I put some real intent in my mind as I was going to bed. Before falling asleep, I repeated a mantra from *Lucid Dreaming Plain and Simple*: “Tonight while I am sleeping, my body will be restored to its natural health and vibrant condition, and I will awake feeling refreshed and energized." I estimate I was able to repeat this about 20 times before dozing off.

I ended up becoming lucid within a couple of hours of falling asleep. I had many transitions from dream to dream. I would become lucid, and then be kicked into another dream, only to find out I’m still dreaming. The setting was dark, which may have symbolized my personal struggles and lack of awareness lately. I asked the dream to turn the lights on a few times. The lighting improved slightly, but things really changed after I became lucid the third or fourth time. I felt this was symbolic of the effort I was putting in... A question? “Can you maintain your awareness?” Finally, it seems I was able to continue a dream uninterrupted and the setting was bright again.

I went outside with a couple of dream characters and I attempted to fly, but I kept falling back down. I noticed one of them was grabbing my leg and pulling me back down. I asked, “Do you have a problem with me?”

He said, “Yes.”

So I said, “I wish to accept you.”

Out of his chest came a golden symbol of energy that flew towards me and I caught it with my hand. I believe he disappeared afterwards or at least changed form/demeanor and soon I was in another dream.

In this dream I was in a bar with two pool tables, and I became lucid again. I managed to keep myself from engaging in distracting, pleasure-seeking behavior, although I was tempted, and I almost followed through on the temptation.

I asked the entire bar room, “Does anyone have a problem with me?”

Everyone said, “Yes.”

So, I said, “Let’s line up and I will accept you one by one.”

There were probably 15 people in a circle of chairs. I started with the first guy. I said, “I accept you.” The same energy symbol came out of his chest. This time I received it through my chest. The second or third guy started a conversation with me after I received the second person’s energy.

The conversation seemed a bit nonsensical, but I do recall it and I found plenty of symbolism in it. I wasn’t able to finish this conversation or accept this person as the dream ended in the middle of the conversation. I woke to find it had been about 1 hour and 45 minutes since falling asleep. I felt energized and refreshed! I had terrible stomach ache before I went to bed, and it was completely gone when I awoke. I was amazed.

Moving forward, I will make it back to that bar soon, or at least interact with other aspects of myself in an effort to continue this healing process and gather more data.

I am truly grateful to both *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* and *Lucid Dreaming Plain and Simple*. The suggestions in these books really do work.

A bit of dream analysis: Although some expectation was involved, the way by which I received energy was unexpected. I also thought it funny that my dream character pulled my foot to prevent me from flying, which I recall happened to another person whose story I read in one of Robert Waggoner’s books.

**Gerard Nijhuis Lucidity Got My Goat**

Generally, my lucid dream experiences start to occur in the very early morning. I would have already woken up a few times just before day break and something out of the ordinary in a dream would invite me to become aware of the dream space. In this particular instance it truly felt like I had just gone to bed. There was no particular precursor for becoming lucid. I went to sleep and next thing I know I am standing in the bathroom directly connected to my bedroom in my, then, Texas home. It is pitch black and I am fully aware, more aware than I usually become in a lucid state.

I stand in the bathroom facing the mirror, but before I even notice my vague reflection in the dark I know I am not in human form. I am very much aware I am a white goat with floppy ears. I instantly panic, not because of the shape shifting, even though I truly wonder not how I became like this, but rather the question of how permanent this will be. I feel very vulnerable and feel like something/someone is aware of me and is standing...
behind me. I also notice that I appear to be stuck with my back end forced against the tub and my front pushed against the counter.

Frantically, I attempt to turn around. I feel and hear my hoofs on the tiled floor! Clickety-clickety-click! I KNOW someone is behind me. I feel very threatened and I want to move. I want to scream for help, but all that comes out of my mouth is BAA, BAA!

Then the next moment I sit up in bed and it is all over and even though it felt like I had just gone to bed, it is already 2:00 a.m.

It is truly one of the most amazing reality changing experiences I have had. Considering the difference in awareness between the various lucid dreams I have had over the years and this shapeshifting one, I don't even know if it truly was something in the dream scape, in other words something inside of me, or something completely different. Hopefully, if it ever happens again, I will keep my cool and find out who/what was behind me and what the exact lesson is behind shapeshifting.

Steve
Lucid Dreams

I have been inducing lucid dreams from a wakeful state for many years. I've had a few dreams that might pertain to dual awareness. In the past year or so, I have made it a practice to sit and meditate once I enter a lucid dream. It helps keep me calm, and seems to stabilize the dream.

When I meditate in a dream, the feeling is indistinguishable from my usual meditative state when I am awake. That is to say, that I seem to be both awake and asleep during this dreaming meditation.

I have also been able to induce a lucid dream while already in a dream. I have only had two experiences, both quite unsettling. In one dream, I induced another lucid dream and found myself in an unfamiliar car in a parking lot. Being quite agitated, I "woke up" back into the first dream. However, it was not the same dream. Not long after that, I woke up, but was not sure if it was yet another dream. It took maybe an hour or so for me to be comfortable that I was really awake - whatever "awake" means....

Maria Isabel Pita
Becoming a Hawk

Deep in a lucid dream… I sit my husband down on the grass and, squatting in front of him, once more attempt to "wake" him up to the dream in which I wish to heal him. But I suspect I should have found a more private location as people begin pouring out of the building we just emerged from ourselves. I ignored them at first, but then some of them begin taking an interest in us, which I don't sense is positive. My intuition is confirmed when I see a young man approach my husband from behind holding a knife-like weapon in his hand I quickly get up, and fearlessly wrest it out of his grasp, discarding it as I consider breaking his wrist for good measure, but I refrained from doing so, seeing no need for that kind of violence I grab my husband, and pull him up into the sky with me.

We become airborne as, with my left arm, I pull him up while flapping my right arm like a bird's wing, faster and faster, stronger and stronger, until it begins feeling more like a wing than an arm I say to the dream, "I want to know what it feels like to be a big bird, like a hawk, like a raptor." I am careful not to say that I want to become a raptor. Something happens… I am still carrying Stinger, but I now I have two wings I feel growing longer and more powerful as I soar higher and higher, and then fly in broad, swooping circles. I hear the rush of the wind, and another sound, a distinct high-pitched frequency I vaguely feel vibrating in my left ear. I truly feel that I changed shape, and that my field of vision has broadened as I circle high above the world, looking down at black grid-like divisions between spaces "dotted" with red and yellow colors. Farm plots and autumn trees?

The next day, curious about the sound I heard when flying as a hawk, I went to http://www.allaboutbirds.org/ and learned that, "Broad-winged Hawks give a plaintive, high-pitched whistle that lasts 2–4 seconds, with a short first note and a long second note: kee-eee. The male’s call is an octave higher in pitch than the female’s. They give this call on the nest and in flight throughout the year."

Jaime Lundquist-Munoz
A Rock and Red Dragon

In one of my experiences I woke up fully conscious in my dream, and stated that I wanted to experience what it would be like to be, and fly like a dragon. I then became a beautiful Red Dragon and soared into the sky. It was an incredible feeling!
Lucid Dreaming Experience

I also had the opportunity to transfer my awareness into a rock. It was very funny. I was there in stillness mode (lol!). Then I realized that the rock I was in was alive and I could feel the energy and particles of the rock. I gained more understanding from this experience on how we can transfer our awareness into whatever we want to be or experience.

**James**

**Transforming**

I wake up in bed and go to take a galantamine pill. I fumble around with it and drop it on the duvet cover. I go to pick it up and realize that the pill had split and that white powder was starting to come out of it. Scooping up the white powder, I put it in my mouth expecting a bad taste, only to find that there was no bad taste at all. My awareness sharply rises and I smiled as I realised I was dreaming without even needing to perform any reality checks. The lack of bad taste in my mouth combined with increased awareness from taking 4 mg galantamine & 200 mg choline with WBTB allows me to gain lucidity at this point. I happily jump out of the top bunk of my bed and seamlessly end up on this road facing in the same direction. The clarity at this point is crystal clear and equivalent to waking life. It is pretty early in the morning and the sun is coming up out of view, giving the sky a very vibrant hue, typical of a morning.

I walk down the right side of the road for a bit near the curb and a cyclist on an Olympic racing bike goes past me and says, “Good morning.” I say the same in return. I get to this point and remember the LC and my intention to summon R. Reaching behind myself, I call out, “R” and feel someone grab on. Upon turning around, I see R standing before me, whose appearance I sworn I had seen somewhere before. Unlike last time, I see R very plainly in a true to life fashion. We shake hands, greeting each other. Walking across the road so we were standing on the pavement just opposite of the nursery, I ask R if he can transform me into the Gillman from *Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

R looks puzzled for a moment and then says, “Right, let me get this straight. I spend all week role playing as you for the LC and then I get asked to transform you? Can’t say I’m too familiar with this but I’ll give it a go.” Standing before me, he whispers an incantation in a non-English language and moves his hands/fingers around in a stereotypical magician fashion. He stops and, around three seconds later, he tells me I’m beginning to change and he chuckles happily.

Looking down at my hands, I see my nails realistically stretching out becoming claws and I distinctly see the webbing forming between my fingers. Trembling with a mix of fear/delight, R continues to chuckle away and I look down at my feet as my toe nails grow out into claws and the same webbing starts forming between my toes. As this happens, I distinctly see the armour like folds/plates forming on my legs and arms.

I lurch forward uncontrollably as I feel the changes go into my face. I distinctly feel the lower part of my face pulling forwards causing my nose to flatten and merge with my upper lip. My mouth is forced into the same fish-like shape. I also feel sharp teeth within my mouth as this happens. Glancing up, I see a wall with a poster advertising the movie, as well as a picture of the Gillman on it. I would have preferred to have seen my skin change colour but I physically/mentally feel as though the process has finished. I look to my right and see a family that had stopped to watch my transformation. I approach a small child in the group, growl at them menacingly, and take up a stereotypical threatening 50s B movie monster posture. The child starts crying and slaps me, which jars me awake.

**Laura A.**

**Animus Morphus**

There’s a bit of magic happening in this dream. For unknown reasons, I can see a herd of zebra in the distance. There’s strange movement, one zebra that is away from the herd. It catches my eye that I can become aware that I am dreaming, and can now witness a man who is shape-shifting from a human to an animal. This creature in zebra form slowly walks over to me and nuzzles my shoulder. It can speak (audibly? telepathically?) and says, “Keeper of Animus Secrets.”

**Mary Nason**

**Lucid Spinning - Feline Me**

I am wandering through a house full of long, dark,
In Your Dreams!

Lucid Dreaming Experience

winding hallways, and blocked exits. Perplexed, I end up in the far back of the house in a dimly lit carpeted doctor’s office with dated fake wood paneling and 70’s decor. I am surprised because it's such a weird place to have a doctor's office. A nurse takes control of me, telling me to hop up on the counter, which I do. She informs me that I have a terrible disease and I begin to freak out. I'm devastated. Suddenly my friend is there and when I look into her eyes I somehow realize I'm dreaming. I say excitedly, "Wake up! This is a lucid dream!" She smiles knowingly and I can see that she is also aware we are dreaming. She says, "I think you'll be okay in 2 months," and with these words, I become elated. I feel so great and happy. I say, "Let's DO something! Let's fly!"

We are suddenly outside where we hold hands, lift into the air, and try to fly to the moon. But, holding hands causes drag and we can't accelerate. I tell her I'm not good at flying yet and we part ways. I fly onward to a large, open space... a beautiful, green, grassy park on a bright, sunny day. I see a large overweight man lying on his back, sunning himself. Upon landing, I have an intense desire to test my lucid environment, so I ask if I can jump on him. He smiles wide and says, "Sure!" So, I hop on his tummy and find that he is quite squishy and dense, not bouncy and trampoline-like as I expected. I take off and fly on.

I land next to a fenced field where some kind of game is going on with many players. A tiny pink Frisbee-like object is tossed to me over the fence and I catch it. Upon inspection, I find it to be some kind of technological gadget, possibly otherworldly, and I do not understand what it is. So, I throw it back in the direction it came from, but it doesn't soar as I intend. I keep going.

I'm concerned about losing lucidity and feel it fading, so I try spinning. I open my eyes to find myself in a completely new location and am delighted that spinning really works! However, I'm surrounded by a concrete city full of tall, grey, imposing buildings. There's much hustle-bustle and lots of people walking and talking everywhere. So, I spin again.

I am outdoors again in the sun at a different grassy location where there is a festival and another game being played. I go into a tented booth and see some flowers on top of a tall cabinet. I want to smell them, so I change into a cat and hop onto the cabinet fluidly. I feel very active and inquisitive in this form and feel my tail swishing behind me. I really like how I feel, how lightweight, dainty, and agile I am, and being up so high. Since I'm closer to the flowers now, I can see that they are fake and am surprised by this. I lean in to sniff them and find they have no scent. I just don't expect this. I want so badly to sniff 'real' lucid dream flowers as a feline. I feel so disappointed by how things aren't living up to my expectations. I want things to be more 'real', less boring, less mundane. Shifting back to myself, I spin again.

Now I am standing in the middle of a busy road feeling fearless. I decide to play dodge with the cars since I know I can't really get hurt in this dream. I stand in front of them, then move out of the way at the last second, causing them to swerve. Suddenly, I'm now driving a vehicle and I chose to go down the wrong side of the street and cause a lot of trouble for the other drivers. I'm weaving in and out of traffic like a pro race car driver. I laugh and know I can't get hurt. It's a rush and a thrill. I'm having a lot of fun.

Suddenly I'm now in the woods at night, standing on a path covered with blankets. I realize I'm close to waking but I want to stay. As I head up the path, the blankets envelope me and I wake up.

*Note: There is a lot of hopping in this dream which seems to represent a growing level of self-control... In the beginning of the dream, the nurse takes control, telling me to hop onto the counter. Then, when I first become lucid, I ask if I may hop onto the man's stomach. Finally, there is a turning point when I decide to change into a feline. I come into my own power by doing the hopping without being told, without asking permission. Becoming the cat gives me the boost I need to take charge and get the experience I want. Later, there is more hopping when I play dodge with the vehicles for fun and thrill-seeking.

Josh Langley
Trying to Experience Dual Consciousness

I had intended to run an experiment to see if I could go lucid and still acknowledge my sleeping self at the same time. After went back to bed after being up for about 15 minutes, I incubated a lucid dream with the intention to see if I could be aware that I'm in bed asleep as well as lucid dreaming.

I'm dreaming I'm walking to the back of a shop with small offices and a clearing at the end of a corridor where I see a desk. I turn around and see the desk is different and that triggers lucidity.

I immediately remember my instruction of remembering I'm still back in bed while having this experience and I'm thinking about being in the two places at once with dual consciousness and I feel the sensation of oscillation in my dream body. I then direct a request to the dream
itself or the awareness behind the dream: “Show me what is real!”

I cannot remember a thing after that! It was a bit of an anticlimax, but it taught me that at least I can remember to run the experiments!

Scott
My Guardian Encounter

I slipped straight into a dream from the hypnagogic state. I remember being in my grandmother’s back garden. There was no specific trigger, I just knew it was a dream as I had been awake only minutes before. I became lucid.

I had set clear intentions and went about achieving my goals. First, I tried to stabilise the dream as it started to become very hazy. I focused on my hands, but I could not see them. I tried to focus on objects around me, but the landscape was blurred. I called out to the dream, “I want to see my Guardian.” This was the first time I have shouted out an intention in a dream, I’m a humble beginner. I was surprised to hear my own muffled voice; it was not at all clear. I repeated my intention twice more. I remember the sensation of being encased in a large duvet, trapped within it. Perhaps I was? I saw blurred images trying to form, blacks and reds. I was anxious at what would appear.

I felt like I was being transported through football-sized spheres of blue light. The spheres appeared in a kind of double helix formation. I floated through them for some time. I then awoke in a bed (still dreaming, still lucid). My wife was in a separate bed next to me. She was sitting upright rubbing her forehead as though recovering from a deep slumber. The room seemed like a medical centre, with white walls and white sheets on the bed. It was simply furnished with desks at the far end. I saw a face, alien looking with pale green skin, sunken cheeks, small beady eyes, bald and aged. In fact, it looked quite like a corpse, but not decomposed.

Whilst the alien face didn’t morph as such, the dream seemed to skip to an image of a more human face: grey hair, spectacles, perhaps mid-sixties with an air of authority, certainly much more alive. I asked the man if he was my guardian, and he said, “Yes.” I asked for his name, he told me it was Joseph, but I didn’t catch his last name. It sounded like Leibowitz. I asked him if my wife was committed to our relationship. He said, “Who is she?” I found this extraordinary; my own subconscious doesn’t know my wife? I told him her name and he went on to say, “She may have her faults, but you have nothing to worry about. You should have no concerns whatsoever.” It was the way he said it that I distinctly remember. He was quite stern, like a father telling his son in a way to make the child really listen, to truly believe. I was about to ask my next question when the dream suddenly collapsed. It was as though I’d had my one question, my one shot.

I awoke with a feeling of great relief. I was almost overwhelmed with emotion. At first I was baffled that the dream figure did not know who my wife was. However, on further reflection, I was reassured that my guardian seemed to possess a certain level of independence, which made what he said all the more believable. I’ve needed someone to tell me those words for many months, as I’ve had a particularly rough ride in waking reality. That reassurance was very comforting, particularly when it came from my own inner self.

Bahram
My Other Me

I was registered on a website for healing where normally names are written on a list and a prayer group prays for those on the list every Sunday.

Once I became lucid for a short time. I saw a whirlwind of people, when my other me stepped out of the whirlpool and looked at me! He was white-blue! Then he rejoined the group.

Christin Michel
Guinea Pig

I was followed by some strangers who wanted to insult me or do something bad to me. In the dream I didn’t know what they wanted, only that I should run, because they were bad. So I entered a room with glass walls. It looked like a bar. This was the point I recognized that I was dreaming.

A friendly barkeeper stood behind the wooden counter. I realized that I could transform into a guinea pig, because that way, the strangers would not recognize me anymore. It was my first transformation into an animal.
Lucid Dreaming Experience

The transformation started in the moment of thinking of the guinea pig. I knew that I shrank because the counter got a lot bigger.

It was only a short moment of being so small, then I woke up. But I knew I felt a different way than I usually do in a lucid dream. It was a special moment that hopefully occurs again and for longer.

Laura A.  
The Body Morph

A strange dream. I am on a cruise ship of some sort, and there is a large family pool on the first floor, but then you can walk upstairs to a second pool that is a clothing option / adults only area. I’m handed a bright purple wrist bracelet to indicate what entertainment level I’d like. I walk around the pool area and see couples in various states of quiet intimacy. I take a seat under an umbrella and watch a very fat woman sneak her two children into this area. Everyone glances at her but continues their activity. I see myself approaching this woman and tell her that this area is inappropriate for children and she’s putting her kids at risk. She pushes me and says in a very ignorant sounding accent, “You ain’t no alpha dog here!”

At this point in the dream, I become lucid, and can feel my body physically shift. My shoulders and back become tighter, my chest expands and becomes larger and I gain muscles all throughout my upper body. I literally growl, then bark at this woman. Taking a crouched position I lunge at her, knocking her over the banister and down into the family pool area. Her children look surprised and a little frightened. I pick them both up by the scruffs of their necks (like a cat would do to move kittens) and bring them to a man named Joshua who was the person giving out wrist bracelets. He tosses them out.

Otters  
Otter Passenger and the Terrible Pennywise

The scene takes place in what was formerly a very popular spot in my hometown, but has since become a lot of boring offices. My dream takes me back to when it was still a cool place to go, but in my dream it was still quite different. It had an additional second-hand store (which is a favorite shopping experience for me), and there was a movie theater in different place than where it was in waking life.

I have moved from one extreme end of the mall to the other, where is the second-hand store. I meant to merely pass through it (front to the back) to where there is an egress to the mail portion of the mall in the back, but I stop to admire a wonderful array of plastic toys. I think I want to buy them, as they look so unique. I remember some deer and a Chinese dragon with all the paint worn off, but the attention to detail was so exquisite that it didn’t matter. I reach to pick it up to see what the price was, but someone walks behind me, and disturbs me. The aisles here are ridiculously narrow, and because of this I stop and remember that I wasn’t here to shop, and need to get going.

(I forgot to mention that on the way there, midways where the mall’s main entrance was, I stopped to pick something up off the ground. The object kept changing, but at last stabilized as a pair of glasses, which I identify as mine. I wonder, how had I not noticed they were missing? I have to adjust them somewhat and the parts that go over the ears are somehow adjustable.)

At that point, out of the corner of my eye I notice a large slightly chubby man approach. I can tell he’s trying to be sneaky, but I ignore him. I can also tell he’s wearing a costume that is supposed to be Pennywise the Clown from Stephen King’s novel Its, but the resemblance is poor.

While I am still kneeling on the ground, I can see that he’s standing there, presumably waiting for me to notice him standing there, in order to cause me a fright. I am not threatened by him, and I am sort of annoyed by his presumptuousness that I even would be frightened. He must think I am some delicate child or something. I put my glasses on my face and stand up. I give the lousy Pennywise man a slight glance and then keep walking. I hope that he felt embarrassed for totally failing at scaring me.

Now I am in the main part of the mall heading back from where I came, but through the inside of the mall this time.

I still have not found my friends, but as I am approaching the center I can see the Pennywise man ahead of me. He hasn’t seen me coming yet, and I almost feel sorry for him, as the mall is sparsely
attended and he’s got almost no one to try to frighten today. The more I think about it though, the less sorry I feel, and then I just feel contempt for him. What sort of shitbag shows up at the mall specifically to frighten other people or to make them feel uncomfortable?

I come to the center of the mall, where the fountain has been closed, and boarded up (I can’t recall if there had ever been a fountain there in real life). The movie theater is to the right of the fountain, and there are benches arranged around it. That’s where Pennywise is standing with his back to me. I suppose he finally hears my footfalls, but it’s too late for him to attempt to surprise me. I suppose he’s feeling embarrassed and he turns and waves at me. I don’t even nod, and make a sharp turn to the left, heading to the main entrance to go out.

So, I am back outside the mall, right where I had been when I had found my glasses somehow on the ground.

Some things happen here that I can’t recall, but it’s getting dark now, and I am becoming frustrated that I can’t find my friends. I wonder if I had stupidly missed something, and maybe they told me they were leaving, with the understanding that I would find my own way home. I think about calling them on my cell phone to find out where they are, but something stops me from actually doing that.

I walk around the mostly empty parking lot thinking to myself. I finally wonder to myself if I am dreaming. The environment seems very stable, but something still feels off about all of this, and in an attempt to test the reality I try to float. I think I succeed, but I’m still not positive. Then, I am sure I am definitely floating. Just barely, but enough to convince me that I am dreaming.

I am excited and wonder what I should do with it (with the lucidity). I think I can hear sounds that are actually occurring in the waking world. I try to ignore them.

I try to force the scene to change, and thankfully the drab gray mall parking lot vanishes and up ahead of me on a grassy hill, there is a trolley stopped at a station. I hurry to catch it and stop right outside it where there is a sign.

It says something about otters, but I forget exactly what that was now. I get on the trolley where there is just one other person, a mousy looking woman who is staring at me when I enter. I sit on one of the benches on the same side that I get in on. I am excited to see where it takes me.

While I am sitting, remembering what the sign said, I will myself to turn into an otter. The signs said I had to do this (though I still can’t quite recall the exact instructions).

My clothes just sort of disappear and my body elongates. I have to curl my spine into the shape of the roof of the trolley as I have gotten so large. I am delighted at the glossy reddish brown fur that is sprouting all over me. My hands become webbed and also get a coat of glossy fur.

Fully transformed, I must have been around eight feet tall. The mousy woman seems pretty frightened, but that can’t be helped. I am anxious to try out my rudder tail in some river. The trolley stops and I get off. We have stopped on a bridge.

I assume the bridge must be over some water, and I anxiously run down to see it. The stream is very narrow though, and very brown with the sheen of oil on top of it. I am very disappointed, and think to myself that there is no way I am going to try swimming in that water. It looked disgusting.

Sadly, it is about here that I wake up.

Maria Isabel Pita
Star of the Sea

Riding hypnagogic imagery, I slip into a visual I can’t remember now but which I know relates to my Lord, and I am fully aware as I suddenly seem to be pulled at high speed into another scene. My disembodied consciousness like a ship floating on the ocean at night, I have eyes only for the young and slender female being floating above the black water a few yards away. She is in profile to me, and her short hair is white as the moon. Her elegant figure is clad in the “fabric” of the sky — a darkness softly glimmering as though with the light of distant stars, further obscured by clouds and the atmosphere of the dream night. Enthralled, I am fully focused on her presence as she “performs” like a dancer, a relaxed, joyful smile on her gently luminous face. She appears to be, very slowly, sinking into the water, yet she actually remains poised above it as, with a supreme elegance, her palms open gently upward, she slowly raises her luminous bare arms, one before her and the other behind her, each arm gently curved upward. There is a purely potent, effortless yet powerful grace in all her movements, and the instant her arms are level with her face — like a conductor preparing to perform a symphony with all creation — I slip into, and yet also somehow leap, into a lucid dream as my body sinks into sleep.

Wow! I have never experienced a more beautiful and arresting transition into full lucidity! It’s as though this
luminous being, clad in the night of my dream space, took very special pleasure in showing herself to me, and letting me see how “powers” like herself help direct us into conscious dreams, our physical bodies like instruments playing our souls under a higher direction; angelic conductors performing our dreams like a divine music.

The second I felt my body fall asleep, infinitely soft white and fluffy clouds became visible to me just above the dark waters, and stretching for as far as I could see while my awareness drifted along, just below and beyond them. The woman had disappeared, but I remained so in awe of her, and of what had just happened, I couldn’t concentrate on finding another dream scene to slip into, and soon woke up.

Peter Maich
Mini Death to Experience the Field

Just home from a 1000k drive to take my kids back and had about 5 strong cups of coffee during the 12 hour round trip so it’s now 00:30 and I decide to take 8mg of Galantamine and go for broke.

I am now in bed and have been waiting for around 40 minutes, that’s the normal time for it to start working. The first few pings and twinges are now arriving and it’s time to get serious.

WILD: One instant of observation and I am there, into the place. So fast I can’t say it’s a dream. Too quick and too fast, just there in mind space but how would I know where I am.

I deal to all the low level stuff, play around, and chat to a few people. I don’t try to sharpen up the dream senses as I don’t want a clear imitation of reality this time so I don’t exercise control and let it all stay a bit dim. I want to be un-grounded. I don’t want a hyped up human experience - plenty of that during the day.

I want to feel as a tree, be a tree, live as a tree, bond, be, feel and exist as a tree, so I ask, and I prime by letting go and then feeling for what is around me.

I see trees dimly around me, feel their life and they give me parts of themselves, hunks of branch and trunk, matter full of life. I take this in my hands, feel for it and let it be absorbed and it hurts. My hands and arms swell, I get strong and feel growth, a powerful swelling, life flowing but it’s not enough. It’s just feeling, not being, and I want more.

I now see a big old tree nearby and I lay against the trunk and ask to be part of the living tree. The answer is that it can’t assimilate me into itself so I give and accept a small death to lose human awareness and let the process begin.

I now lean in and again ask to be in and of the tree, the collective that is living energy and I lean back harder and start to be absorbed. I have long since lost ‘me’ and there is no awareness of being human. It is all energy and matter. A thousand, million trillion cells all active and connected. An awareness of life without any me, a spark among this field of energy that joins the cells. The energy not the cells. The geometric pattern, living and moving and flowing is not the life, just the expression of it and energy precedes matter. I get this in some way and experience being part of this living field.

I accept the mini death that is life in another form and experience it without senses. (Total dream time approx. 80 minutes)

This was an incredible experience, the letting go was difficult as it really felt like a small death and the transition was full of snakes of energy nipping and invading. In the past, the feeling during the transition has haunted me for most of my life as it is so invasive and could make me whimper in my dreams and take me out with a sweaty clammy wake up. A horrid invasive fizzing up the spine and a feeling like it will rip out, it is so intense. I feel really happy that this barrier is now broken and that I can explore in what I hope are deeper levels of mind.

The feeling of being part of the living field of energy is so hard to describe, no send of physical self but feeling of living and connection that lasts well beyond the
dream. I will leave it here as I don’t have words to do it justice.

Mabon

About Moving in Another Form in Dreaming

It’s always an amazing experience to shift into another skin, like turning into an animal: panther, snake, eagle or an insect: a spider for example.

It was amazing how I felt in a spider body. How my body was with all the legs and the sensation of crawling on a wall upside down. It’s interesting how we are able to feel like another thing or being that have more or less members and part of body that we have.

I also turned into a female, very interesting experience.

In other dreams, was taught to turn into water and wind. I felt fluidity and power the sensation of having an elemental body was great.

The most amazing, I think, is to have no body. Just being a whole big thing with no form and no dimension. Just consciousness which fixes itself wherever it wants.

I believed we are that choice; just a focus which can chose to move and fix where it wants.

Dream well!

Jamila Suzanne

Shapeshifting and Simultaneous Dreams

I shape shift a lot in my dream time, have been aware of my sleeping body multiple times while dreaming and most recently about a month ago I had a simultaneous dream experience for the first time.

The dream started out with a street scene in a European town. Small alleys and old plaster or lime walls curving through and around brick cobblestone narrow streets. My vision was higher as if flying at a birds-eye or insect view. At the same time a visual came into play with a restaurant scene. Dull, dusky lighting and burgundy tablecloth on a circular table for two. Rudimentary silverware, glasses and a plate of appetizer snacking food in the middle. Bread, cheese, olives. No people present though.

It was as if I were waiting to see who the characters were that were going to be in the show. As I registered the second visual scene, I realized that I could see and be active in viewing both scenes at the same time. It looked as if I had two windows open equally and simultaneously on my computer screen side by side. I awoke and thought to myself, whoa….that was interesting.

The shapeshifting piece is quite frequent for me. I rarely dream myself in dreams. I’m usually viewing a scene and not seeing my embodiment or I am taking other forms.

One of the most powerful shapeshifting dreams I’ve had was at the beginning of joining one of Ed Kellogg’s lucid dreaming workshops. He had asked us to find a reflective surface in a dream and share what we found when we looked into it. In my dream, I was in a Chinatown somewhere and I walked into a bustling restaurant where everyone was speaking Mandarin. I felt called to the kitchen, so I just walked through a narrow entrance and walked into maybe a 4ft wide, 12ft long corridor crowded kitchen, workers bustling about me.

I looked up on a shelf and saw a large stainless steel bowl. I went toward it and asked the bowl to show me my true reflection. As soon as I did, the bowl crumpled up like a ball of tin foil about the size of a baseball and hovered. I in turn immediately transformed into a very small ball of light. As soon as I was in light form, the metal reflective ball shot out across the room and I followed, presumably at light speed. The metallic ball proceeded to take me on a journey through what I can only describe as wormholes. A smooth tangled mess of a labyrinth in every size and color. We traveled for what seemed like quite a long time. All the while I was in curious rapture, full attention and quite weightless. We ended up in complete blackness. What felt like “the abyss.” All of our communication was telepathic. I experienced absolute tranquility.

Yhawa

Transforming Into an Elephant During an OBE

This was not a lucid dream, but rather an out of body experience. After leaving my body, I decided to move outside through the balcony door. Outside, approximately 6 feet away from the house, a curtain hung down from the sky, more like a network with holes, approximately 3-4 inches in size. I noticed other similar curtains further away. My surroundings were hazy; the sky, the air, and everything else was a rusty brown colour, although in various light and dark shades.

I really had wished to land in a nicer place, so I decided to go back into the house. Inside it was light. My husband was sitting up in bed surrounded by something that looked like a mosquito net, cheerfully talking on the phone with a friend. I heard him mumbling something about an elephant. The person he was talking to must
have asked, "What elephant?" My husband said something about an elephant next to his bed. I wondered, does he mean me?

At that moment I realized I was an elephant. I looked down towards my legs and I saw clearly the legs of an elephant. Also my body felt different. I felt a change in my face, and thought to myself, "That's how it feels to have a trunk." However, that thought scared me, and I decided to morph back into a human being. I quickly succeeded, though it took some strength and effort.

Jase
Sometime in 1992: My First Lucid Dream

I was standing on a rugged mountaintop, no vegetation, the rock was a reddish color. I found my hands by instinct and became lucid.

The first thing I wanted to do was change my appearance, so I gestured to the ground and summoned up a sheet (unadorned) mirror and looked at myself. I then clothed myself in a dark, cowled robe.

Red glowing eyes looked back from the mirror, the reflection appearing as a nazgul from Tolkien’s Lord of the Rings. Satisfied with the 'outfit', I turned and flew into the sky as a storm started to brew.

Albert Lauer
A Foggy Dream Body Like an Apple Tree

My dream body doesn’t always manifest resembling a physical body, and I have experienced several different forms in dreams over the years. The forms seems to relate to the type of awareness I am wielding at the time. Here’s a recent example of a different type of dream body:

I fell asleep in the early evening. Outside it was still light, as the sun sets late in Dutch summers. I was lucid while I was dreaming in a deep trance, although that didn’t matter much to me, as I was very inwardly focused and experienced my own energetic aspects and was not engaged in thinking about anything. I had drifted out of my body and into the garden, light as a cloud. And that was how I was, when about fifteen meters away from the house, I drifted upwards into a very big apple tree, at least thirty years old. All the time I had peripherally noticed where I was, but I hadn’t been involved in the direction I drifted.

While I was floating between the branches of the apple tree, a soft deep voice spoke shortly, “You are just like us!?” with both appreciation and noticeable surprise.

I was aware that the communication of the tree had come to me as a deep vibration that translated within me to as words spoken in a deep voice. I may not have noticed if my dream body, and hence my awareness, had been of a different form at the time.

“What do you mean?” I expressed without words, telepathically expressing the “huh?” feeling that you can have while shrugging your shoulders and opening your hands, palms up.

“Well," came the answer also without any real words, “You know… foggy.”

Here the translation was even more obvious, as most of the words were being translated into my native language Dutch, apart from the word foggy, which was in English. I have found many times that in telepathic communication, translation may be instant. However, I also have experienced times when I heard another language, like in France, dreaming lightly in the early hours of the day.
I hung around for a few moments longer and woke up. I was foggy. Like them.

That came as no surprise. Even as I did not see or meet the tree as a foggy presence that day, I have seen another tree in our garden, a hazel tree, from out of a dreaming trance. That time, I was not near the tree. I was in a similar out-of-body trance, just outside my house, shortly after sunrise. That meant the tree was about thirty meters away.

The hazel tree has plenty of stems going straight up, some thicker than others. The stems spread out and the leaves make a nice reddish canopy of leaves that turn green later in the year. It’s amazing when you look up while the red light of the setting sun plays under the leaves.

From that trance dream I saw a fog hanging in between the stems just above the ground. It was more like layers of smoke hanging vertically in the air. From what I could see, the fog did not go all the way up the tree. It had a diameter of about two meters with a deep orange-brown hue. It didn’t speak, but my gaze was fixed and I almost saw a drawing appear in the fog and sensed an appreciative smiling face. Trees know us better than we know them, as they see us but we see branches, leaves and stems only. As if we would see each other without expressions on faces.

From these observations, I understand that a tree is aligned differently with its body. The fogginess is because the tree is both in, and between its branches. It is somewhat odd that our dream bodies so often resemble physical bodies at all. The intent of identifying with our physical body is so powerful that we have these similar dream bodies and we will have them after death.

Often, when I drift out of my body like this in order to engage in dreaming, I have to alter my focus intently. Before, I may even be blind in the dream as I can only see my own light even when looking out. After remodeling my focus, I can see that I am out of body in my room and then my dream body also looks somewhat like a physical body

I have seen and sensed trees and plants on occasion. Anything animated can be invoked to share a thought with you, and any of these thoughts will appear to have been spoken, typically as very faint whispers. However, I never heard them talk like this apple tree.

A month earlier I had come through India, where I saw a huge, ancient banyan tree. I had had the impression that this tree also talked to me, but I didn’t hear it as such. I tried to fall asleep under it, but I only came close. Yet, I could really feel its enormous presence. It was very loving and benign.

The most profound dreaming experience with a tree however, was with a tree some 10 meters away, as I write this from my hammock in our house in Bali. Before we got the land, I had looked up the tree, which is a huge, fast growing tree about 40 meters high. That night I had a dream image of the same tree. I had not been lucid, but as I was staring upwards at that tree again in the dream, suddenly I felt the enormous presence of the tree linking with me. I became lucid just because of that. While the energy of the awareness of the tree continued to link with me, I felt lifted up in awareness to an extent that I do not often experience myself. I had a profound sensation that my consciousness had become much larger and I sensed things that can hardly be put into words. I was very telepathically connected with everything around at the same time.

That same day we decided to get the land because otherwise the owner would cut this tree, among other reasons. It was as if the tree had reached out to me. It doesn’t seem so odd now to hug a tree every now and then. Look for a sharp electric effect and you’ll know that you and the tree have connected. I am really enjoying how my dreaming connects me with many aspects of nature and leaves me less isolated.

Torstein Simonsen
Flight of the Eagle

During a period of many difficulties, including the end of a relationship that had resulted in 3 kids, and the death of my Saami shaman teacher and friend, I stayed at a friend’s house. This was one year ago.

During the night I had a strong dream of flying. In the dream I was an eagle.

The eagle is one of my animal totems, and the sea eagle has shown up many times in physical reality as well. My grandfather was of Saami origin, and when he died I had many strange and close encounters with eagles. These encounters have continued off and on.

In the dream I fly high in the sky. The feeling is ecstatic. I am an eagle, but at the same time I am also myself. Flying high, I wake up in the dream, becoming aware of the dream and that I am dreaming it. My body is filled with life force and great strength. Even though I wake up, the dream continues. The feeling of flight and power is ecstatic.
At some point I arrive at a place. The place doesn’t seem so important, but it’s essential that I get something. It is like a clean glass jar used for jam. It is empty and shiningly clean. I put it under my wing/arm, and fly on. It stays there without any problems. On my return flight, still lucid, I suddenly notice that I have become a seagull. I think to myself, “I am not a seagull, I am an eagle!” and I immediately become an eagle again, just like that. I have huge wings, and experience powerful and effortless flight, returning the way I came.

This was the dream, short and simple. My interpretation was that the seagull symbolized the small self, and the eagle the true self. The empty, shining container of glass could be regarded as a vessel for something new in life, connected to the heart in some way. The overall feeling was one of great power, freedom and possibilities.

My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your “Top Ten” 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!
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Best wishes for a Happy New Year filled with lots of lucidity!

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