STRANGE ENCOUNTERS IN YOUR DREAMS!
ALIENS IN DREAMS AND LUCID DREAMS
ALIEN ENCOUNTERS, LUCID DREAMS, AND OBES
USING LUCID DREAMING TO EXPERIENCE THE SUBATOMIC LEVEL
Statement of Purpose
The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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

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In This Issue

DreamSpeak ................................................................. 2
Robert Waggoner interviews George Gillespie

Alien Encounters, Lucid Dreams, and OBEs .......... 8
An in-depth and thoughtful discussion of the alien encounter phenomena by Ed Kellogg

Aliens in Dreams and Lucid Dreams .................. 13
Robert Waggoner’s dream in which lucidity was triggered by the appearance of an alien dream figure

The Queen’s Space ...................................................... 14
Maria Isabel Pita recounts a shared dream experience within an interstellar environment

Kid Lucid ................................................................. 16
The continuing adventures of Al Moniz’s Kid Lucid

Spaced-Out Dreams influenced by The Force ....... 19
LDE Science Correspondent Bill Murphy reports on a study of how geomagnetic forces may be influencing our dreams

Using Lucid Dreaming To Experience
The Subatomic Level .................................................. 20
Marcelle Liemant shares how he experienced being an electron through lucid dreaming

Strange Encounters In Your Dreams! ................. 24
LDE readers share their lucid dreaming experiences

My Top Ten .............................................................. 32
Phoebe Evans’s Top Ten Lucid Dreams
As I recall, you began lucid dreaming before the scientific evidence appeared in 1980. When did you first become lucid, and how did you explain it to yourself? What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s?

My lucid dreaming began with this dream:

As I came out of the jungle, I came to a missionary bungalow. It seemed to me that I was in either India or Africa. I told the couple who came to the door that I was only dreaming and I wanted to know where I was before I woke up. They said nothing. I went into the house and looked for maps that might indicate where I was. I found maps with names that could have been Indian, but I could not be certain. In another room, there were two old friends from my student days at seminary in Berkeley. I told them about my search. They did not respond. I thought at the time, ‘You know, I can just open my eyes and make you disappear.’ However, I did not open my eyes. Then I woke up.

I had never heard of dreams in which the dreamer was aware of dreaming. I was impressed. That first lucid dream came to me spontaneously in 1975, when my wife and I were teaching in a theological college in the town of Jorhat in northeast India. By the end of 1976, I had 13 lucid dreams. Lucid dreams came on their own, and I didn’t know that they could be induced. Since, as far as I knew, I was the only person that had this gift, I felt that I should experiment with the dreams when I could to study the nature of dreaming. By my third lucid dream, I began to keep a written record of my experiences and have kept a journal since.
After 17 lucid dreams, I saw in the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which I found in the college library, an article on dreams with a simple statement about two men who told of knowing they were dreaming. There were no further details. This was the first I knew that others had reported such dreams. In 1977, soon after moving from Jorhat to teach at another theological college in Hyderabad in South India, I found Ann Faraday’s *Dream Power* (1972) in a book store in that city. So after 48 lucid dreams I had found a discussion of lucid dreaming for the first time.

As you went deeper into lucid dreaming and became more experienced, did you think that you were engaging your unconscious mind, or the larger Self? Or did it just seem like random, non-meaningful expressions? Where did the ideas and information come from?

I just felt that I was trying to understand the dreaming process without assumptions. If anything, I believed that what came to me came through unconscious processes, having heard of Freud. Neither the Jungian Self nor the Hindu Self came into my thinking at first.

Eventually, I began to have experiences of the fullness of light, which were intense religious experiences of the presence of God. The presence of God was understood within the experience itself, and not an interpretation after the event. Even then, after waking up, I did not accept them for some years as truly having been experiences of God. I certainly always did accept what happened to be the presence of God during the experience itself, without question. Eventually, while awake, I took what I considered to be a step of faith, to accept them as having been what they always seemed to be. I had been engaging (to use your word) with God. However, I never thought, like some Jungian Christians seem to, that all dreams were from God. Unless, of course, in the sense that everything is from God.

In your article, “Near Death, Near Dream”, you note a lucid dream, which had common features of the Near Death Experience or NDE. Can you tell us what happened in your lucid dream?

That dream came to me in February of 1985, while I was living in Kolkata (It was called Calcutta then). In the dream, I was explaining to people about death. It was a dream. That dream came to me in February of 1985, while I was living in Kolkata (It was called Calcutta then). In the dream, I was explaining to people about death. It was a dream. It was a dream. I believed (that is, I realized, as it seemed) that I had died. But I knew that I was in the familiar presence of the light that I had always experienced as I call it, before this one, which, as it turned out, was my final experience of the fullness. This is the only one.

The fullness of light this time continued the themes of death, darkness, and light of the preceding dream, which had not been a lucid dream. Earlier experiences of this intense light with religious feelings had interrupted or grown out of lucid dreams. This time I became lucid upon seeing the light instead of in a dream before the coming of the light. Therefore, to be precise, this is the only coming of the fullness of light that did not begin, strictly speaking, within a lucid dream. In any case, when I saw the light, I didn’t realize I was dreaming, which would make it a lucid dream. I believed (that is, I realized, as it seemed) that I had died. But I knew that I was in the familiar presence of the light that I had always experienced before as the outcome of a lucid dream.

This experience must have had a profound effect on you. For those reading this who are not familiar with the NDE experience, what elements from your lucid dream connect with the NDE experience?

There were twelve experiences of the fullness of light, as I call it, before this one, which, as it turned out, was my final experience of the fullness. This is the only one.
that I have thought of as near-death, because of characteristics similar to what I have read about near-death experiences:

I knew that I was in some kind of crisis and believed I had died. That I had died was not a conclusion that I had made, but a belief that just came to me. I floated up through darkness and then into brilliant light. It was the experience of the fullness of light, sunlike intense light throughout the visual field, and the feeling of the presence of God that I was already familiar with. I felt extreme reverence and joy in God. In my mind, my coming into the presence of God, the intense full light, and the knowledge that I had died was a convincing combination of being near death. I can only say that I knew that I was dying. I had no question about it. Even upon waking up I did not understand it to have been a dream.

After I woke up, I saw no evidence that I had been in any physical crisis or near death and pondered the meaning of the experience. I thought of possible alternative explanations.

1. That I was really near death, but could not know afterward what the cause was.
2. That to be near God is to be near death, in some philosophical, psychological, theological, or technical way.
3. That the whole experience of dying was a metaphor for some serious change happening to me—a crisis of some sort that I could not explain. However, until that time, I always had a problem considering the fullness of light experience or even just the light itself to be a metaphor, because I believed the choice then would be between the fullness of light as metaphor or as a true experience of the presence of God.
4. That the near-death part of the experience was simply a continuation from the earlier dream discussion of death. Since I had by that time come to accept my experiences as truly being what they seemed to be, I could not think of it as simply part of a dream.

Many years later I came to understand how that experience was both an experience of God in light and a metaphor. But, therein lies a story too long for this interview.

As you float up in this NDE-like lucid dream, it reminds me of letting go of the physical body and ego concerns. There is no fear or clinging; rather a simple acceptance of a transition.

My thinking about the dreamed body, not the physical body, developed like this. In Hindu philosophy, there is the concept of the four states of consciousness—being awake, dreaming, dreamless sleep, and the fourth, which is an encounter or union with what is ultimately real (brahman). If there were such a thing as dreamless sleep, I was curious about what I might find it to be like. So, as an experiment, I went through a long series of attempts to eliminate the elements of dreaming while staying asleep, in order to experience dreamless sleep, if there were such a thing.

That is a long story in itself. In the process, I noticed that I could eliminate dream elements best by closing my (dreamed) eyes and concentrating my attention on the darkness that I saw. When I did that, I directed attention away from my body experience, actually from my feet first and the ground that my feet were anchored to. So as I concentrated on the darkness, my feet would detach from the ground and I would float up. Being grounded was no longer part of my experience. So I thought of floating as being partway through the process of eliminating the dream.

I also found that my lucid dreams tended to be simpler and less involved than my ordinary dreams, so that lucid dreams were naturally, for me, on the way toward dream elimination. Certainly there was no fear and I was quite used to floating.

In your writings, you mention that lucid dreaming taught you to investigate “entanglement”. When lucid dreaming, what constitutes an entanglement?

Although my lucid dreams tended to be less complex than ordinary dreams, in part because of what I chose to do, there occasionally came to be what I call “entanglements” that interfered with whatever I planned to do while being lucid. The simplest example that I can give of an entanglement occurred when once I went into the air in order to fly. There was a dog below on the ground barking at me. As I flew, the dog did not stop barking. So I went down to the dog and gave it a hug and he got quiet. And thus my entanglement disappeared. Another entanglement that happened a number of times was when I got rid of the ground by flying up into the air, but when not very far up, I
would get entangled by telephone wires above the street.

What lesson did these lucid dream entanglements teach you?

I would say that dreams that present entanglements tend to be dreams that I should attend to and not ignore for my own purposes. An entanglement is a sign that I should forget whatever I had in mind to do and deal with the dream as it is presented to me. This I usually did, but not always. Getting rid of entanglements let me get on with the dream, unless I soon woke up.

As you note, the presence and varieties of ‘light’ began to become a central focus of your lucid dream investigating. In one article, you focus on the experience of “stable intense lights”. To help the reader understand, can you give us a lucid dream example of “stable intense lights”?

Actually, my “near-death experience” included a stable intense light, which was the fullness of light. However, I’ll tell a more ordinary dream of May, 1983:

I dreamed I was walking around New York City and went into a tailoring shop. It was a large room in which I saw an Indian woman and a Chinese man working. I looked around the room, particularly up high at the walls and ceiling. I raised myself up into the air to look at them. My attention never went back to the lower part of the room. The room had white-washed walls with exposed timbers, and I thought, “Oh, this is exactly how walls look in Assam [Jorhat, where we once lived, is in the state of Assam].

Then I realized from my being in the air that I was dreaming. I started spinning around and calling “Jesus,” as was my tendency at that time, and then I swung back and forth as though on a swing. Then I noticed a sun high in front of me, and I started calling “God,” as I continued to spin. There were then multiple suns in a group which I faced continually, in spite of my spinning. Each sun was gold and bright, with a clearly defined circumference. One seemed to be brighter than the others. Each was equivalent in size to the perceptual sun. There may have been six or seven of them, not in any special or obvious spatial relationship to each other. There seemed to be a confusion of rays mixed with the suns. I thought at the time that my spinning around had caused the image of the first sun that I saw to multiply. The suns stayed before me and I could scan them even as I was spinning. A couple of times I briefly felt a rope tangle with my ankles, but that was the only entanglement or interference and I did not let it totally distract me.

This experience was not one that I call the fullness of light, which I consider also to be a stable intense light. While I had a desire to call the name of Jesus or God, this was not a numinous awareness of the presence of God. It was more my idea to do this than an experience that is thrust upon me. These suns were stable intense lights in the sense that they remained visible to me the whole time, as though in front of my eyes and were scannable. They were not integrated with my dreamed body movement at all. That is, if they were representing an experience of the sun, I would have seen them only when, while spinning around, I faced them. Nevertheless, this was a special dream for me.

Studying stable intense light in your lucid dreams, what did you notice? How did you begin to think about the presence of these lights in lucid dreams?

As a scholar, you note that these experiences may connect in some ways with the idea of “dreamless sleep.” So what does dreamless sleep mean? And how does the experience of stable intense light connect?

In a number of ways, stable intense lights do not show characteristics of being a part of dreams. I consider them to be beyond dreaming. Not every characteristic shows up in every experience. Please excuse the necessary brevity of this description:

1. As you move your eyes in the dream, you find that they remain at a fixed scannable location in front of you, in spite of whatever your dreamed body is experiencing, even spinning around.
2. Even though some resemble, in an imperfect way, a sun or moon, some do not, and their location within the visual field is not integrated with what is happening in the dream. Nor are they necessarily seen up high, but most often in front of me. Certainly, the seeing of the lights was not spatially integrated with my
spinning around.

3. They sometimes appear outside the perceptual visual field. A dream is percept-like and thus seeing is usually limited to the perceptual visual field, that is, to the size and shape of the visual field as it is when we are awake. A stable intense light can appear beyond this area. For example, an intense peripheral light has appeared on a number of occasions seemingly above my head, in which case in an ordinary dream or while being awake, seeing such a light should be impossible. My head would lie in the way of seeing it.

4. The same type of light may appear during different dreams at the same location. For example, a white blank area has appeared a number of times on the left side of where I tend to look.

5. Sometimes I continue to see the light for a short time after I wake up. It appears in the same location and I can still scan it as I did in the dream.

Because these lights do not normally simulate perceptual experience, as dreams do, and are not integrated with what is happening image-wise in the dream, I consider them to be other than dream imagery. For example, in the same manner, when light coming through my window or the sound of an external siren becomes part of the dream, I consider it not to be dream imagery. If I hear my son say “The newspaper hasn’t come yet” and he speaks from outside my dream, I do not regard his words to be part of the dream. If I concentrate on the visual image of the dream and the dream breaks up and become geometric imagery, I consider the visual image to be no longer dream imagery, even though I am dreaming.

Since they are not dream imagery and I am still asleep, they are, in a sense, “dreamless” imagery. In Tibetan Buddhism, the subjective experiences of dreamless sleep are described only visually, that is, in terms of light and darkness (rather than, say, in terms of body imagery) and are said to be achieved through meditation during lucid dreaming. The dreamless images are said to be signs of dreamless sleep, which means that one is approaching the goal of the clear light. The Tibetans, however, say nothing, at least that I have found, about the lights having a fixed scannable position within the range of one’s eye movement.

Help us understand: when in dreamless sleep and in ‘the light’, where has the experiencer arrived, according to dream yogis? Nirvana? Non-duality? A layer of pure awareness?

I try not to speculate too much. I’m willing to say that my stable intense lights are “dreamless,” but I don’t necessarily see the same thing that the Tibetans refer to as the signs of dreamless sleep. The Tibetan yogis talk about approaching the void or emptiness that underlies all things. They reach what they call the clear light. How the clear light relates to what I call the fullness of light, I don’t know. It is difficult to compare two subjective experiences if you’ve had only one of them.

I would not call the experience of any of the stable intense lights, including my fullness of light as an experience of nonduality. Floating, light, darkness, visual or body image, or any action all create a dualistic experience. In nonduality, there would be only being, only one thing, and no seeing or feeling of another. At least that interpretation of “nonduality” seems more in harmony with what the Hindus or Buddhists consider nonduality to be, and that is what I tend to understand “nonduality” to mean. If I experienced pure awareness, I wouldn’t be aware of any objects of consciousness such as light, body, thought, or darkness. Nonduality or pure awareness would be “not this, not this.”

George, thanks so much for taking the time for this interview. Any parting thoughts for lucid dreamers?

Thank you for the conversation. I wish all you lucid dreamers well. Let’s try to be both generously open-minded and seriously critical.
Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
By Robert Waggoner

★★★★★★ Definitely worth reading, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

★★★★★★ Love the book. Very informative and valuable information on lucid dreaming.

★★★★★★ The key to the lucid dreams world, May 4, 2009 - I've had my first two lucid dreams on the second night after reading first 50 pages. The energy this book emits shifted my perception on very deep level and served me as a key to the lucid dreams world...

★★★★★★ Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★★ A solid guide and a hearty recommendation, January 8, 2009

★★★★★ Page Turner. Expect a lot more from this author, October 29, 2008 - Expect much more from Robert Waggoner's generous and giving spirit in which he writes. His easy to read writing style focuses on reader understanding. I'm hooked.

★★★★★ Intelligent and forward thinking, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!

★★★★★ Amazing and enjoyable, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.
Throughout recorded history, people have recounted experiences of encountering non-human beings, or even of finding themselves abducted by them. For most of this time people identified such beings as supernatural, for example, in Celtic countries specifically as the Sidhe (fairies), and more generically as spirits, demons, or gods. In modern times, accounts have appeared from people who have reported encounters or abductions by similar entities - but now identified as extraterrestrial beings, often akin to those portrayed in classic movies such as Invaders from Mars, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Communion, etc.

Do "alien encounters" and "alien abductions" actually happen? Certainly, at least in the same sense in which "out of the bodies" happen, as psychological realities and as lived experiences. I myself have had lucid dreams and OBEs in which I've encountered non-human beings in environments that seemed very real, and which less experienced observers might well have mistaken for physical reality.

However, before getting into the topic of "alien encounters" as usually understood, let’s consider the possibility of extraterrestrials existing at all, and whether they might visit us physically, in WPR, or “metaphysically”, by which I mean in our dreams or OBEs. Let’s begin with some facts.

**Fact 1.** The Hubble telescope has revealed an estimated 100 billion+ galaxies in the observable universe, with the likelihood that this number will increase to about 200 billion as telescope technology evolves.

**Fact 2.** Scientists have estimated that our Milky Way galaxy alone has around a half million Gaia like planets - habitable planets like our Earth where life can emerge and a full biosphere develop. (As calculated by Franck, S., von Bloh, W., Bounama, C ( Steffen, M., Schönberner, D., Schellnhuber, H.-J.: 2002, “Habitable zones and the number of Gaia’s sisters” in B. Montesinos, A. Gimenez, E.F. Guinan(eds.): The Evolving Sun and its Influence on Planetary Environments, ASP Conference Series, Vol. 269, p. 261)

**Fact 3.** If one assumes that our galaxy seems typical with respect to the number of Gaia like planets, one can roughly estimate that the observable universe has over 50 million billion Earth like planets. Given that number, the probability of other intelligent lifeforms of some kind existing on some of those planets somewhere, becomes in theory at least, almost a virtual certainty.
Fact 4. Finally, experimental evidence has repeatedly indicated that distance does not limit the effectiveness of psi. Many physicists, in attempting to explain psi, have proposed that psi operates non-locally, which means that distance in space, whether a foot, a mile, a light-year, or a billion-trillion light-years, literally makes no difference. Furthermore, in the 1960’s in a series of controlled scientific studies researchers at Maimonides Dream Laboratory demonstrated that subjects could repeatedly tune into randomly selected external targets through psi in their dreams. (Ullman, M., Krippner, S., and Vaughn, A., (1973), *Dream Telepathy: Experiments in Nocturnal ESP*, Penguin Books, Baltimore.) A meta-analysis of post-Maimonides studies of psi-dreaming by other researchers confirmed this finding (Sherwood, S. J., & Roe, C. A. (2003). “A review of dream ESP studies conducted since the Maimonides dream ESP program,” *Journal of Consciousness Studies*, 10, 85-109.) And just as we can have psi-mediated mutual dreams with other humans here on Earth, it follows that we can, and most likely have, had psi-mediated mutual dreams with sentient life-forms physically based elsewhere, no matter how far the distance between here and there.

So, bearing this in mind, let’s consider five possible kinds of alien encounters, ranging from encounters in dreams to physical encounters.

First, dreams of alien encounters inspired by, or derived from the media, such as books, games, movies or television.

Second, encounters with aliens that take place through a kind of mutual dreaming, or even lucid mutual dreaming, with alien intelligences. I’ll give two possible examples of lucid dreams of this type later on.

Third, alien encounters that take place with aliens during OBEs. In this respect it seems worthwhile noting that accounts of both Alien Abduction Experiences (AAEs) and OBEs often include reports of both paralysis and levitation. I’ll discuss this in more detail later.

Fourth, actual physical reality abductions or encounters with aliens, which often serves as the default explanation for many experiencers.

Fifth, dreams of alien encounters derived from actual experiences of any of the previous types, and also, for example, OBEs or WPR experiences falsely remembered as dreams.

Of these five kinds, for the purposes of this *LDE* article I’ll primarily focus here on possible alien encounters of the second and third types. Let’s begin with an alien abduction dream in which I became lucid:

**A Close Encounter of the Dreaming Kind**

39 97 “My sister and I go into an alien saucer. They do some sort of experiment on me, and I find myself floating through the ship, escorted, my brain and body buzzing with consciousness. *I now realize that I dream, but accept and remember the prologue, of my getting onto the alien ship as something that happened in WPR. I see my escorts as the dream equivalents of aliens. As I know that I dream, I use P.K. to move objects about. I feel very lucid, very aware – certain aspects of my consciousness buzzing or activating - I think as a result of the alien technology. At one point I volunteer to try healing someone using a LDH technique. And they ask me, “Don’t you need to love them first?” To which I responded, “I can love anyone if I look at a deep enough level.” But I then correct myself, truthfully adding, “Well, almost anyone.” I then leave the craft and fly around it. It has a ramp leading into it and I notice it has a beautiful sculptured metal shape, and does not really look like a saucer. An alien (?) woman floats after me, followed by some sort of a guard being, that I partially inactivate mentally. I return to the ship voluntarily though when asked, as I see the aliens as benign. Inside, the aliens feel pleased by my response to their experiment, and by my cooperative attitude. However, I see my
brother S., who they also took on board, having his memory erased, also having what looks like his stomach pumped. A man tells me "S. knew their destination." and also tells me that they plan to erase my memory as well, but that they will do so gently, to avoid giving me a morning hangover. This does not seem so benign, and I wonder if they have ever dealt with experienced lucid dreamers before. I mentally review all that has happened, and mentally imprint and intend that I will remember everything, renewing my memories to resist any attempt at their erasure. RWPR

Comments: The ship itself did not really look like a saucer, but more like one of the attack craft in a movie I’d seen earlier that month, Independence Day, so my perception of it may derive at least in part from day-residue, although I did not identify it as such while dreaming. On the other hand, I saw no weaponry, and the ship I saw in the dream looked quite a bit larger, having a far more beautiful appearance than the ID4 craft, more like an art nouveau sculpture than a spacecraft.

As far as I can tell my memory of the dream remained clear, but obviously it would seem hard to tell if I failed to remember something, or did so in an incomplete or distorted way. I did contact both my sister and my brother the morning after the dream, and neither had any recall of having had any dreams similar to this one. After awakening from this dream I did not experience any significant mental or physical effects – ostensibly just as promised, no morning hangover. However, I’ve had other alien encounter dreams that apparently did have after effects. For example, this one:

Alien Experimentation

40 30 "...In a large empty space - I realize that I dream . . . I repeatedly chant the Hebrew letter Resh (raysh) . . . I keep getting pulled along upwards. I finally stop in a cloud space - afraid I'll wake up, but strong, hard hands grab mine. I find myself in a laboratory - a severe looking woman (alien?) with two assistants. She wants to do a procedure on me, and tries to rush me into it - at first she wants to do etheric surgery on my brain, but when I ask "What will the operation do? How will it change my consciousness?" she looks annoyed, seeing my questions as irrelevant. It seems clear she sees me only as an object to do something to, not as a subject to work with. She seems annoyed that she has to get my permission. She describes another procedure -- it affects the "adrenal area" of the brain, changing the pattern of breathing, which will change consciousness - but she won't tell me how. She tells me "if this doesn't work, they can always do the operation, and snip out the adrenal lobes". Not wanting to miss an opportunity for possible enhancement I agree. She immediately straps an apparatus to my head with two cylinders on a sort of headband, oriented into the temporal lobes.

She turns it on. The cylinders light up. At first, the cylinders glow a bright yellow-blue, then a bright yellow-green, the apparatus buzzes and puts painful pressure inside my head - I question whether I should go through with the procedure. I begin to lose my sight and my patience, and realize what alien abductees might go through -- and with no guaranteed, or even indicated, positive results. I take/tear the headband off. I hear the "woman scientist's" voice telling me I've spoiled the procedure by not going through to the end - now I'll have to do over again. I refuse to do so, ask about the effects - a cold silence ensues, fragments of expression on the woman's face. I realize this does not seem a known therapeutic procedure at all - just an experiment to see what would happen. They do not care what happens to me at all!

I lose sight, and again a hand grabs mine, softer this time. I find myself in a different room, with some red color. I see a woman/angel?/secretary there. The lab seems a few doors away. The woman smiles at me, and tells me that the experimenters meant no harm to my soul, or that the experiments would not have harmed my soul. "They just wanted to try out their terrestrial invention apparatus to see what it would do," the woman says with a smile, as if that excused the experimenter's behavior.

I tell her I don’t think so. It seems clear to me, from what she didn’t say, that although the experiment might not have harmed my soul, that it could have damaged me physically, or even killed me. They did not care if the procedures helped or harmed their subjects -- they just had a curious, cold, scientific curiosity about the outcome.

I decide to leave, and chant Resh - again I feel a pull up -- I emerge out of a huge white swirling
energy ball like the sun and travel strongly upwards . . . RWPR "

Comment: I had a mild headache on awakening, which continued all day. It improved after exercise, but remained present at 8 p.m. This seemed quite unusual, as I usually don’t get headaches, just about never wake up with one, and even when I do have headaches, they don’t last long.

Optimistically, I wondered if the procedure had a positive effect on my psi capacities, and decided to test for this by seeing how well I can do guessing playing cards. Out of 19 randomly chosen cards, I guessed the correct suit for 16, whereas I’d only expect to get 5 or so from chance. I guess the correct number and color for three, and the exact card twice. By chance alone, one would expect to average one out of four suits correct, one out of 26 number and color correct, one out of 52 cards exactly correct (number and suit), so my psi-score goes way above expectations. A couple of notes about the dream as to why I included it in the alien encounter category, although it does not include the usual stereotypes - grey aliens, flying saucers, etc.

1. In it, I felt I traveled into the dream reality equivalent of outer space.
2. Although the "woman/alien/scientist" looked more or less human - thin, large head, severe features, this felt like an illusion. She did not "feel" human to me, not emotionally, nor mentally, not even on a tactile level. She had unusually strong hard hands that felt almost like wood. In dreams "we see what we expect to see," and her appearance may have seemed in large part my projection based on my expectations.
3. Overall though, I would say that it mostly seemed her projected Beingness - the "curious, cold, scientific curiosity", without the slightest hint of empathy, that marked her as something other than human.
4. This dream made a large impression on me, on several levels, not only because I had full lucidity during the experience, but because of a number of realizations that had a strong emotional impact following the dream. Chief among these, that for those who have their center of gravity of consciousness above a certain level (even for the friendly “angel/secretary”), at the level of the Soul/ Spirit, that the physical body, or physical existence etc., seems a pretty trivial and unimportant issue, something on the order of disposable paper shoes. If one pair fails, or wears out, one simply throws them away and puts on a new pair.

Just as one might have an alien encounter in a kind of mutual dream, one could also have an alien encounter in the OBE state. If so, how might an OBE-AAE differ from an alien encounter dream?

Well, for one thing, just as for those who have OBEs, those who’ve experienced AAEs often flatly deny that they had a dream, because it felt so real they conclude that it must have happened to them physically. However, as far as I know in all but a very few cases no physical traces, or other evidence for an actual physical abduction exist. On occasion, marks may show up on an abductee’s body, but this may have occurred in a psychosomatic fashion, just as people have reported effects on the physical body through hypnosis or after lucid dream healings.

Of course, those who have never had OBEs themselves, which can also feel intensely real, might not consider this alternative explanation for a purportedly WPR abduction. Because of this it seems possible to me that many AAEs might not take place physically but in an OBE, which would account for many of the common features often reported: 1. The vividness and realness of the event. 2. The substantiality of the environment, which can feel solid and physical. 3. A feeling of paralysis. 4. The experience of floating. 5. The feeling of unusual energies or vibrations.

I have experienced all of the above mentioned phenomena in OBEs and could list other similarities. Although I’ve never had an OBE-AAE myself, I would speculate that many accounts of AAEs describe a subtype of OBEs with one major difference, that the locus of control changes from inside the experiencer to outside the experiencer. People who experience OBEs (including Near Death Experiences) usually report feelings of freedom, well-being, and increased power and control over their phenomenal bodies (now able to fly, etc.). Those who experience AAEs often report feeling helpless, fearful, and of having little or no...
control over their bodies. Perhaps those who experience **AAEs** might learn to gain control over their experiences by practicing **OBE** techniques, just as nightmare sufferers can learn to transform nightmares into positive dreams by learning the techniques of how to become lucid while dreaming.

As far as physical encounters with aliens on Earth goes, I find it hard to come to any conclusions, not having any personal experiences in this area - at least any I can recall. It doesn’t help that many of the accounts I’ve read, even those validated to a certain extent by physical evidence, such as radar records, usually seem bizarre and dreamlike in a number of ways, reading more like bad B movie science fiction scripts instead of what one might expect if extraterrestrials from an advanced civilization visited Earth and contacted us. In this many **AAE** accounts fall in line with a wide range of other validated but anomalous phenomena that simply don’t make much sense when we try to understand them within our cultural biases. (See Kripal, J, (2010), **Authors of the Impossible: The Paranormal and the Sacred**, University of Chicago Press, Chicago for more examples) I suspect that our difficulty in making sense out of events like these seems analogous to the difficulty a Flatlander would have in making sense out of a four-dimensional object passing through its two dimensional space. And if our so called “physical reality” does seem a kind of dream or illusion, as many religious traditions assert, I suspect that anomalous events like **AAEs** in fact serve as lucidity cues, to help us wake up to the realization that no matter what we like to believe, or think we know, that we still hardly have a clue to how “reality” really works.

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**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!

*(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)*
When I think about my dream life and ‘aliens’, a strange fact emerges: I cannot recall a singular regular dream featuring an alien, however in a few semi-lucid and lucid dreams, alien-looking figures have appeared. Sometimes with advice, sometimes with questions, and sometimes with wry observations.

Because of the complexity of dream figures, these alien-looking figures may represent something, such as an alien/outside perspective or ‘far out’ ideas. They may act as projected representations of some personal feeling of alienation. Or they may serve as something else, perhaps visitations from other dimensions. Who knows?

In May 2013, I had one such lucid dream. I found myself in a temple like space, devoid of any identifying symbols. Inside the main hall, a raised dais existed with three figures in blue robes. On either side of the raised dais, sat a long table with three figures (again wearing blue robes) behind it. I sat at one of those tables, the nearest figure at our table to the dais.

When I looked across to the other table, I noted there sat three figures in blue cloaks, but the second one had an elongated head, like a typical big headed alien. Suddenly, I became semi-lucidly aware, recalling the last time I had seen an alien looking figure was in a lucid dream. I did not feel threatened or bothered. It seemed both notable and normal.

A lesson ensued from the three cloaked figures on the dais (telepathically). At the end, one of the three figures stood on the dais, and encouraged us to stand. Then he put his hands out with the thumbs lying flat in the palms (like some type of mudra), raised both hands above the air (like signaling a ‘goal’) and then moved his hands back and forth (like a perpendicular wave). I immediately understood that this meant we were acting to ‘break up’ the collected mental energy above us by moving our hands in this manner.

Then suddenly, the figure swooped both the hands down to right below the navel. Again I instantly knew that this action served to ‘integrate’ the mental energy above us into our ‘dan tian’ (the Chinese term for the energy center beneath one’s navel). We then collectively did this action three times: fingers into palms, hands up in the goal positions, perpendicular waving to break up the spiritual/mental energy, and then a broad swoop down to below the navel (with the idea of reintegrating the energy into one’s self – if you wish, stand up and give it a try).

The lesson over, the dream collapsed.

How about you? Have you ever become lucid upon seeing an alien dream figure?
On the same night last year, Igor, one of my dream partners and I both became lucidly aware within an interstellar environment. Here is my lucid dream excerpt followed by Igor’s:

**Maria's Lucid Dream** of March 12, 2014

“Ellisor.” That is as close as I can come to remembering the lovely name of the woman who—it is telepathically communicated to the half circle of people I'm a part of—is the Mother of us all. Where I find myself, I can only describe as a spaceship of soft white light and solid looking walls. Another woman, the one in charge of us, is telling us about our Origin. I glance at a man to my left, smiling in wonder at the beauty of the name “Ellisor” which belongs to a woman who is more than a goddess; a woman who, also known by other names, is the Queen of Life. Our female Handler instructs us on what to do when we come before what I will call—for lack of a better word to convey what I felt—the Council. Normally, there can be only one verdict or judgment, but the Queen has made it possible for us to implement another outcome for this inspection and trial. As I sense the approach of the Council, our Handler secretly urges me to move forward, to reach the *(I can't remember what she calls it now)* which is a “control panel” standing a feet away, next to the wall we are all facing. It looks like a big white plant, around which thin silver reeds rise up out of the floor, and curve outward slightly before “budding” into spherical crystal buttons.

Our Handler commands me to continue talking to her. I'm conscious of being myself, and yet I am also suddenly the man she is addressing, and who I watch step forward. The fingertips of both his hands are pressed against each other where he holds them before him at chest level. He has dark hair, and seems to be wearing black, shadow-like swatches of cloth akin to rags, or a Hollywood-style caveman’s outfit. He/we are fighting the dense gravity. The woman instructs him/me to reprogram the control panel's inevitable outcome/verdict—I can't remember what she calls it, Wipe-*something*—to another outcome she calls Vagi-*something*. This is crucial. I look behind me, but although I sense their approach, the Council is invisible, and so abruptly is the control panel. But I've already seen it, I know
Lucid Dreaming Experience

it's there, so I behave as though it still is. I seem to be typing in midair, but I know I'm doing important programming.

As the Council slowly draws nearer (luminous orb-like chairs is how I sense its members) I suddenly perceive a crude visual simulation of what I'm working with in the form of small brown squares floating in midair inside a golden-brown frame. Some squares are different sizes, smaller and a lighter brown, and I move them all around seemingly at random. The important thing is to act with the confidence of integrity. An older, slender man—he is shirtless, and his lower body is swathed in luminous white—passes right beside me on his way up onto a slightly elevated level adjoining the control panel. Speaking to another Council member, who walks past me on my other side, he refers to me as, “Not much more than a murderer.” Then he seems to be making a serious joke when he calls me, “Our own personal Dexter.” I understand his reference to the TV show about a serial killer is actually an indirect comment on the human race in general.

The second man watches me intently as I purposefully move the brown squares around in midair, and judging by his expression, he approves of what I'm doing. I set a final central square in place and, lowering some mysterious bar, step back reverently, my work complete. It becomes clear then that the female Handler who instructed us, through the power of the Queen, has made it possible for humanity to continue and not to be Wiped, which was, originally, the only verdict this mysterious machine we reprogrammed was capable of. But now we have added an alternate ruling, “Vagi...” A form of rebirth? I wake.

Igor's Lucid Dream of March 12, 2014
It was a very short and straightforward dream. I came to a place where there were many people, but I paid attention primarily to two women. One of them was something like a Queen, she was facing us, and the other woman was among us facing the Queen too. I noticed that the Queen was communicating telepathically with everyone; she was very advanced and could talk to everyone at the same time. When I moved closer to the front row of people, she stopped talking, looked at me, and informed me that I am doing fine, that I have improved much. While everybody was trying to work on their own, I turned to the second woman who was there. I wanted to practice with her, and our first exchange of ideas was that it's better to work in pairs than on our own, and that we will improve much faster that way.

Maria's Comments:
There are some parallels between Igor's dream and mine. I did not see the Queen, but our Handler, who told us all about the Queen, communicated with me telepathically. Then I became aware of a man when he stepped forward. I then worked so closely with him on reprogramming the mysterious control panel, I felt as if I became one with him. Those of us gathered there, and the mysterious reprogramming we were engaged in, eventually resulted in the Council choosing to continue helping us.

I looked up the meaning of “Ellisor” and both spellings seemed relevant:

An Elisor is “someone appointed by a court to assemble a jury or perform other duties of a sheriff or the coroner.”

1400-50; late Middle English Elisor < Anglo-French, equivalent to elis- (variant stem of elire to choose < Latin ēligere) + -our

If I had to describe it in just one sentence, I would say my dream felt like Christian-themed science fiction, except I knew it was all really happening on an energetic level, which my dreaming mind strove to visualize and dramatize as best it could.

Check out Maria’s blogs at: Lucid Living Lucid Dreaming and Dream Shares - Meeting in the Dream Space
KID LUCID?

AT THE BEGINNING OF 2015 I INFORMED THE IASD NEWSLETTER THAT I WOULDN'T BE DOING A MONTHLY CARTOON FOR THEM ANY MORE. I NEEDED TO FIGURE OUT WHERE I WAS GOING WITH MY CARTOONING, IF ANYWHERE. THEY SUGGESTED I LISTEN TO MY DREAMS. A SHORT TIME LATER I HAD THE FOLLOWING DREAM:

I SEE THAT THE LATEST ISSUE OF LDE HAS AN INTERESTING LAYOUT ---

LITTLE, UNIFORM, PORTRAIT SIZED IMAGES FILL AN ENTIRE PAGE ---
UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION I SEE THAT THEY ARE MINI VERSIONS OF DENNIS THE MENACE CARTOONS. MIGHT EVEN BE THE SAME ONE, OVER AND OVER AGAIN ---

I WONDER: IS THE D THE M CARTOONIST NOW WORKING AT LDE? OR HAS SOMEONE ELSE TAKEN OVER THE CHARACTER (AND THE ONE PANEL GAGS) AND USED THEM TO DO AN ARTICLE ON LUCID DREAMING!

MY MOM SAYS LUCID MEANS "LIGHT". I'M GIVING YOU A LUCID DREAM, MR. W.
I look further in the mag -- there is now an ad page. And on the page are regular comic strips, like you would see in the funny pages. And they are all promoting LD's!

I think "forget it! If they have cartoon-ist's of that caliber they don't need me!" The drawings are all so strong and the lines so confident - I just will never...

BE
THAT
GOOD !!!

That's when I realize this is not LDE, it's the newspaper! The regular newspaper! That's why they have all the slick comics in them!

I am -- relieved!!!

© almo 2015
Bizarre aliens and invisible force fields have been depicted in countless science fiction movies. It’s one thing for a person to take in a fun film in a theater, but it’s quite another to have an immersive encounter in a vivid dream. And when the dreamer becomes lucid, those strange powers are in the dreamer’s control.

In an effort to understand how the environment can contribute to a person’s dream “bizarreness”, psychologist Darren Lipnicki, formally with the Center for Space Medicine in Berlin, Germany, documented 2,387 of his own dreams and rated them with a five point system to determine the bizarre factor. Admittedly what is considered bizarre for one person may not be so strange for another, so he included the believability of the dream encounter. With the scoring system in place, he began to look for the factors that could be influencing his dreams. His hypothesis is interesting, and it is related to planetary science.

According to his published study, which was supported by a Research Fellowship from the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation, Doctor Lipnicki proposes that an increase in the naturally fluctuating geomagnetic field generated by the earth decreases the amount of melatonin produced by the brain. Anecdotal evidence suggests that an increase in melatonin results in more vivid dreams. So if Dr. Lipnicki’s theory is correct, a person would have a more vivid dream when immersed in a lower geomagnetic field.

Other studies that suggest exposure to specific electromagnetic frequencies can trigger lucidity, but Dr. Lipnicki’s work is of interest as it incorporates the earth’s geomagnetic field. Humans are bioelectric organisms living on a planet generating its own magnetic field and technology has added many more frequencies to the mix. Although alarmists often cite high energy power lines and cell phone radiation as potentially dangerous to human tissue, we can now ponder how all of these energy fields are affecting our dreams. May the force be with you.

Bill Murphy
LDE Science Correspondent

The full text of Dr. Lipicki’s paper is available here for a fee that supports medical science inquiry: http://www.medical-hypotheses.com/article/S0306-9877(09)00138-8/abstract
The unconscious mind is a powerful place, and this power is only really just being explored. When we lucid dream, the unconscious mind becomes our playground. But I wanted to see what else besides fun it had to offer. I wanted to experience an abstract concept. As a student of chemistry, my first idea was to experience the subatomic level. To actually become an electron and see what new insights my unconscious mind had to offer. However, experiencing the subatomic level is a rather extreme perspective shift. It took a process of trial and error, over four dreams, to finally get there.

**Dream one**

*I became lucid via the counting technique and then had left my bed, inside the dream, to go outside. I said aloud, “Good thing my chemistry lab is in the shed with the experiment all set up and an assistant ready to help.” When I entered into the shed of course that was exactly what I saw. There was a bubbling purple liquid over a flame on a heavily stained desk. This was the most stable this dream situation had been for me, after I’d just chained a few unstable dreams. So the next question was how I was going to actually become an electron.*

*I decided to ask my assistant for a liquid I could drink that would allow me to do so. My assistant handed me a shot of clear liquid which I drank and immediately felt my perspective shift.*

*I was then in a fuzzy sort of environment. But I could also feel that I was laying in my bed. I waited for the liquid to heat up and cause the jump of electrons between orbitals. I consciously made myself heat up while laying there and then made my awareness go shooting around the room.*
It was an uncomfortable amount of energy so I then consciously directed myself to emit colour. As I did so, I had the thought that the experience “felt like the sun was rising.”

Using expectations is a very powerful technique when dreaming, for better and for worse. In this dream, it allowed me to create a dream scenario that was seemingly conducive to my goals. But I also made the mistake of trying to control the experience. I consciously directed every aspect of it, making it hard to experience anything beyond my own expectations. I made strained guesses at what it would be like to become an electron, rather than actually finding out. I could have just as easily done this while awake.

I wanted the experience to go beyond just what I could consciously create. I have a lot of information about electrons stored up both consciously and unconsciously. But to experience it, that’s an entirely new level of understanding. I had to somehow work out a way to quiet my conscious mind and let my unconscious take over. In the forums of one of Robert Waggoner’s workshops, he gave me the advice of asking the awareness behind the dream to create this experience for me. I’d done this in the past and asking the awareness behind the dream was always a fascinating way to lucid dream.

Dream two

I used the counting technique to enter into a dream lucidly and immediately jumped out of bed, split the walls in half and went outside. I said to the dream:

“I want to experience the existence of an electron beyond my expectations and beliefs,”

I really wanted to go with the dream so I consciously “gave myself over.”

I immediately began rolling down the road as if I was a ball. I thought to myself “oh I see, the electron spin,” I then directed my intention to experience a reaction of some sort. But unfortunately, I woke up.

This is certainly not what I had been expecting. In my mind I was going to become an electron and experience the subatomic level of existence. So you could actually say that my expectations were definitely defied. Typical dream humour.

However, this was a useful stepping stone. After this experience I thought more about electron spin and decided to do a bit more reading about the subatomic level. I refreshed a lot of the concepts in my mind, helping to reduce any hesitation my conscious mind had over what this experience would be like.

It’s also very important to be selective with your wording. The dream had technically given me an experience that I wasn’t expecting. But I wanted to go deeper and so I altered my approach further in my third attempt.

Dream three

I became lucid in my parent’s bathroom and then went outside.

I said “I want my awareness to become the size of an electron and to experience the subatomic level beyond my beliefs and knowledge.” After that I just let go.

I definitely felt some shrinkage and began to float over the lake in the garden. Everything was enlarged around me and the edge of the lake started to open up. I could see these coloured threads that made up everything. As I watched a giant strand of DNA grew from the threads, I zoomed in closer to see the actual atoms bonded together. I could see the electrons shared between the atoms as moving tendrils almost. On negatively charged atoms a small sign said "take it" (as in the electron to reduce the negative charge) which I found amusing. The dream then ended.

I chose to change my awareness rather than become an electron in this dream because it was a bit easier for my conscious mind to allow. But as this was a beautiful and fascinating experience, I felt like I had dissolved even more mental blocks. What was also interesting about this dream was that I could never have predicted it. The coloured threads and the “take it” sign were very odd and I didn’t quite understand everything I saw.

Robert Waggoner encouraged me to write down every single detail of my attempts, as dreams tend
to communicate in abstract ways in which the meaning may not be initially clear to the conscious mind.

I gave the experiment one last try to see what else my unconscious would come up with.

**Dream four**

*I entered into a dream using the counting technique and went outside.*

*I said “I want to experience the subatomic level.”*

*It took a second, but I trusted that the experience was coming. I was then lifted into the air and the whole dream environment started buzzing, as did I.*

*I then said “I want to become an electron.”*

*I started to whirl around an atom-type centre. I saw other electrons that I would be repelled from and go shooting off in the other direction. I became charged up with enough energy to jump orbitals. I was buzzing uncomfortably and went shooting across a stunning field and came back with purple trailing at my feet. I woke up feeling euphoric and peaceful.*

What I learned from this dream was the experience of being so charged with energy that I had to move. I was also filled with immense joy. The dream led me to wonder a little more about electrons and what truly drives them to behave as they do in their strange, playful manner?

What else did I learn about electrons? Electrons are no longer just a word or a negative charge to me. They are very real, though very strange, particles that somehow exist in absolutely everything. I have thoroughly deepened my connection to the concept, which is the best way to truly understand and learn something so abstract. Also, as I continue studying chemistry, maybe some of the more abstract meanings of these dreams will become clearer.

The unconscious mind is a place of mystery and wisdom. I encourage you all to experience concepts within your lucid dreams.

See where your dreams can take you.

You can read more about my lucid dreaming experiments, including meeting the main character of my novel, at my website:

www.marcelle-liemant.com

Twitter: @marcelleliemant

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**Future Space**

by Juana Rosa Pita

Will anyone be able to tell me the house in whose blue window I appear doesn't yet exist in the tangible world: it was only a project that sang in your soul one clear day.

But if that house will exist, then it does already in a future space with its window open through which I venture now to the bridge between reality and dream.

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In my dream I know that I am dreaming. I turn to my left and see a beautiful woman's face. Her face is an emerald green colour and she has a long thin feather pierced through her nose in the style of New Guinea headhunters. Her features are more Anglo-Saxon than native New Guinean though. A good vibrational feeling emanates from her. I feel myself begin to awaken.

I open my eyes and am awake, but I still see her face in the green foliage of the pinon tree outside our bedroom window. Her face is very clear, not just a vague impression. I feel she may be a tree spirit. She and I look at each other for a few minutes. It feels as though she is pouring a blessing on me. I feel my wife Anna moving and turn to see her writing a dream in her notebook. Then I look back at the tree outside the window. The beautiful wild green woman's face is still there, quite clear. I watch her a while longer, but then I have the thought that I really have to get up and get ready for work. With this thought the green woman's face fades away. I am left with a feeling of well-being that lasts all day.
Strange Encounters In Your Dreams!

Marlise
Show Me Full Liberation

I’m standing on a bridge and realize that I’m dreaming. As I consider things, I remember a goal that I wished to explore in lucid dreams. I then speak out loud: “Show me an experience of full liberation!”

Suddenly, I’m flying or falling down from the bridge into an infinite depth in the company of a (tourist) guide or mate (don’t know who it was). “This is a dream,” I say as we continue to fall. I let it happen, but I’m hoping that it comes to an end soon. Therefore, I speak out again: “Show me an experience of full liberation!”

Finally, we arrive at a large locality. It’s crowded with strange creatures. The scene reminds me of an oriental market in a fairy tale. The beings are wearing silk-like clothing/blankets in vivid cold colors of white, blue and red in irregular patterns with black lines. Their bodies are invisible. Suddenly, my companion is transforming into what looks like a chocolate bar to me, wrapped in white and red aluminium foil. I’m worried and cry out: “No, I still need you!”

One of the ghostlike creatures is coming next to me and looking at my hand, saying: “This really is a hand of a human being, very delicate! Have you never been with us before?” I reply, “No, this is the first time.” Unfortunately, I was too astonished to ask about where I am or who they were. But then I decide to ask: “What happened to my mate?” Another creature answers, “That’s the course the things are going...” From behind someone else is asking me, if I wouldn’t wish to finally wake up again. But I’m too curious about this place and want to stay longer, although I begin to feel a bit uncomfortable.

Immediately similar ‘blankets’ or towels as the creatures are wearing are around me, but they are in warm colours of white, golden brown and olive green patterns with black lines. I’m not sure if they want to suffocate me. I consider it probably would be better to wake up and wish to. But it feels like I need quite a long time before finally waking up...

Inside the dream I thought I had travelled to a world of aliens. But after waking up, I wondered about what I could have been liberated from? Was I liberated from the limited human consciousness/awareness? Was I given an insight into another type of consciousness/awareness (perhaps of beings who are fully liberated)? Was it a location inside my unconsciousness that human beings normally don’t have access to? When asking the question, I did not expect an answer like this, so it is rather weird to me.

Aluna
ET Encounter Lucid Dream Remembrance From the Dream Deep Infinity

So this is my story of how I met my ET hybrid daughter, Pearl:

Basically, I am climbing this beautiful tree and it felt so whimsical and light that I felt immediately I was dreaming and I became lucid. I wondered at the beauty of the dreamscape, so alive and vibrant with colors... and I suddenly remembered that I could meet an extraterrestrial. I felt a strong sense of confidence that I could make contact, that even if I felt fear and didn’t know what to do that I was not going to let it stop me. I searched many landscapes for an ET, coming upon many children and asking who they were. Then I came upon my friend Karen’s home. On her couch sat a young girl with large pale blue eyes. I knew instantly, this is my daughter*!!! (*I am referencing the alien abduction phenomenon wherein humans are detained and taken on ships and their genetic material is used to create races of being that are part human, part ET. I have abduction memories from childhood, so this was of no surprise to me).

The little hybrid girl looked to be about 9 years old in human terms, had short blonde hair and bangs and pale blue eyes. Her name is Pearl. She had a striking resemblance to me when I was her age.
Strange Encounters In Your Dreams!

The first thing I said was, “Wow you’re so cute, your hair is so cute!” And I hugged her for a long time. Then I said, “I’m sorry that was silly, I can’t believe that was the first thing I’ve said to you.” She consoled me sweetly by saying something to the degree of “It’s OK, we [the hybrid kids] understand you and can relate.” Then I remarked about her eyes being larger. She was very bubbly and yet I could tell she was keeping very reserved while I acclimated to her energy. I was so surprised by how human she looked, and yet how ET she really felt. Eventually, I lost lucidity and faded out of the dream. I was able to jump back in for a second but when I returned, she was gone and we were now speaking to one another on a cell phone. That eventually faded as well.

I met her again in a lucid dream a week later, which was much deeper and prolonged:

I was flying on a bicycle and realized I was dreaming. I remembered the girl and called out her name, “PEEAARL!” I heard her voice faintly saying “Yes!” and then I slowly dissolved into a new dream scene. We were in a big house with high vaulted ceilings. Pearl was in the kitchen cooking something in a skillet. I thought that was quite peculiar because I imagined that they don't actually eat food. I walked up to the stove to find she was sautéing meat. I was confused because I thought that the hybrids did not eat at all, let alone eat animals! We discussed it for a moment. I realized later that she had made it for me. She directly inquired about my relationship to eating animals. I told her that it feels good to my body at certain times so I just listen to my body and eat what it wants me to eat. We walked through the house, I saw my boyfriend, Tom, and another woman with long dark hair. She asked me if I knew that he had other loves in other layers of reality. I was triggered by this and I immediately went up to Tom and asked him if he was seeing someone else? He grabbed me, held me and said “You are my only love, ON EARTH.” I took note of the “on earth” point, and realized that there is no way for me to be his “one and only” in an infinite eternal universe. Then I felt into the idea and experienced it fully that we are essentially all one and ultimately there is no “other.”

I gazed into Pearl's eyes and she suddenly shapeshifted and took on a toddler form. I continued to look deeper and realized that I had been relating to her as if she was a human child. So I let up on that thought and allowed her alien energy to seep into my perception. I was slightly nervous at how incredibly alien she actually felt. I could feel that she contained all cosmic knowledge and was in direct communication with Source. Unfathomable intelligence… then… I felt a sliver of fear creep up in this immensity she held, and watched as a red boil appeared on her cheek. She was reflecting to me my fear in her own physicality!! While the fear was very slight, it manifested and I was a little upset by what I felt “I had done.” Later in the dream, we were doing arts and crafts. I was talking to my friend Kirk and my lover Tom and realized that this was the first time I could remember being so lucid. Upon this realization things began to feel crystal clear. I had a physical headache in my sleeping body, and I was able to, from that dimensional reality, heal it with my dream body energy by envision light pouring through my synapses. I felt the headache melt away within seconds and it opened up energy circuits in my brain. I was instantly more conscious, more lucid and felt as if I had let the larger portion of my human identity go… and I remembered more and more of my true essence… it was very existential and spiritual. I felt timeless.

In a succession of other dreams, not as lucid, Pearl showed me her animal totem, which is a white seal. She also introduced me to another hybrid ET child who was also my daughter. Her name is Merope. (They both named themselves).

Lucy Gillis
“Girls” From Another Reality

Lucid, I am with M at what is supposed to be our Grandmother’s place. For some reason, we know that we are not supposed to be there. The area seems to overlap with another reality. I start to go upstairs. It's filthy. The stairs are full of debris, it’s hard to get up through it. I pull myself over stuff and move things out of my way as I look around. I know something is not right,
but it feels so real I almost question if this could not be a dream after all. Then I look out a window and see three or four dark-skinned girls smiling, singing, and dancing in the sunshine. I know I'm dreaming, and I go out to the girls. I want to talk to them about this place (this reality).

At some point we are in a moving vehicle (similar to a car) with these (non-human) people. Most of them seem teenaged and female yet they say they have no real sex distinction. One of them, though, looks more male than female. M and I describe to them the sex/gender differences in our reality. The mostly-male of the group says, "You mean like some of the girls here," (in his culture). We just say, "Yeah," assuming they must have only a few "true" females and that they are rare.

Then, in another scene change, M and I are in a basement. We discuss meeting those 'girls.' M opens an air valve on some piece of equipment. It makes a loud hissing noise and draws the 'girls' from the other reality. As they come down the basement stairs, M say, "We had to get your attention somehow." In some way the hissing noise accomplished this.

They sing and dance all around us, and we join in as best we can, playing with them. Soon an older female(?) comes down the stairs, presumably looking for them. I think that she must be their mother. She appears to have two rows of top teeth but otherwise looks human. She is wary and makes a rude comment about M. I retaliate with a rude comment about her, but realize that is wrong of me, so I explain to her that we are from another reality and that we find their culture beautiful and fascinating and want to learn more.

She is flattered and says to one of her daughters that they should sing the "*****ship" song to us. (I don't remember the whole title or word on waking.) It seems it is an ancient song, a 'song of creation' or something like that. The girls think it's a great idea, and as they begin to sing, I wake.

**Brendan Moran**

**Starting Off Simple**

I "woke up" in my dream, knew I was dreaming and decided that I wanted to experiment to see where I could go in my dream. I remember my mind filling up with ideas of traveling to the moon or Area 51 to see the UFOs they have there, but I settled on a simple experiment. I told myself, "Let's start off simple" and see where this goes.

I said to myself, "I want to go to a time when I was a young child and see my mom and siblings." In an instant I was transported to a scene where I was an invisible observer. I think this was in the early 70s and my mom was in her 20's, thin, and she had a hairstyle common to that era. She had jeans on and a colorful blouse. I saw myself, as a young boy, probably around 7 or 8 years old. My brother and my two sisters were there as well.

My siblings all being there helped me figure out how old I must have been, because we are all about 2 years apart and I'm the oldest. I had blond hair, my brother too. My mom was there talking with her girlfriend. This was one of my mom's best friends. I remember her very well, she also looked very young with a 60s or 70s hairstyle. They both seemed very happy.

The next morning I woke up and wrote my dream down. It was the first time that I was able to control my dream and I wanted to continue to explore this.

**Brendan Moran**

**Atmospheric Entities**

This was my second lucid dream. This time I had an agenda and when I "woke up" in my dream, I said that I wanted to go to the Moon and check out all the structures there. I know that we are not alone, but I wanted to see what was there.

I had in my thoughts that I wanted to actually travel there, like flying, so my body lifted up and I shot out of the atmosphere towards the Moon. On my way there, about halfway between the earth and the Moon, I could see many entities all over our
atmosphere. I could not tell what they were, but they were beings suspended in space. They were alive and many were conversing with one another. From what I could make out they were in humanoid form, but they were not human. I noticed while flying by one group that one of these entities engaged in a conversation looked at me while I was flying by, stopped the conversation, and flew after me. I could sense this presence did not have good intentions and felt that it was going to harm me. As the entity was approaching me, I sensed that it was going to try and stop me from going to the Moon. It came upon me and wrapped its arms around me to stop me.

I had a previous lucid dream where I used telekinesis to move large objects around, so when this entity tried to thwart my advancement towards the Moon, I pushed out a strong electrical vibration from all around my body, like a pulsating force field, to keep this entity from getting me. It worked, but I was so shook up by the experience, that it woke me up from my dream and I never got to the Moon.

Maria Isabel Pita
Dream Underground

I'm with a group of people, all of us running, escaping a threat. I have a sense of being in a forest, and then coming upon what I imagine must be the entrance to a pitch-black cave. I pause there, becoming semi-lucid as someone walks confidently in ahead of me even though we can't see a thing. And yet I sense an opening ahead of us, a low, long crack in the back wall leading deeper into the mountain, a place of refuge. To my right, a pair of men are discussing the shells of old cars that have been here a very long time. In a flash of light, I glimpse them for a moment, still intact, but burned out, lifeless. We pass the inert vehicles, walking through the pitch-black darkness toward an exit that is also an entrance.

We all pass through it, but a tall man, our leader, looks back anxiously, calling out a name. A large golden dog, maybe a retriever, is the last member of our group to run into this underground passage. We are all relieved to see his beloved pet, whose companion is a similar large black dog. We all made it! I know we'll all be staying here for a time, and as I begin walking around, intending to explore the place, I lose the dream, but not completely... I cling to the feel of it, and I can still see the figure of our leader a few feet away, his back to me in a long-sleeved white dress shirt. I will myself to walk toward him, and grasp his right shoulder with one hand. When he turns around in response, I explain, “I need your help to stay in the dream.” He's wearing what appear to be clear goggles that fit more like large glasses. He has a strong face, with handsome features. Looking me in the eyes, he says, “I understand.” That comes as a relief, and a pleasant surprise – a Dream Character who is aware this is the dream space. But as I look around me, I lose the dream again.

For the second time, I will myself back into the same dream. I'm facing a female DC now with reddish hair, and something like a pedestal or lectern stands between us. We're in the midst of a conversation, and in no time at all, the dream is stable around me. She says, “I think you can agree that all of us here have contributed to reducing
harmful emissions, and that what we're trying to do is helping the environment." I do agree, but I'm also a little confused, and ask, "What does that have to do with this place? There aren't any emissions in the dream space." She steps around me, and I follow her, asking her again what relevance environmental protection efforts have on lucid dreaming together, like I know we are all doing in this place. She looks directly at me again and replies, "I think I remember all of your questions." Does she mean soul emissions, negative thoughts, bad feelings, evil intentions that contaminate the dream space? I follow behind her as she walks up to another lectern, presided over by another woman, on the way remarking, "We are all liars here."

I find that an odd statement, and as I stand there, along with a few other people, she says, gesturing toward me, "That one there has never read a book in her life." What? I tell her, and everyone else within earshot, "Not only have I read countless books, I've written quite a few books myself." She smirks at me, and it occurs to me then that she was deliberately lying, and that I fell for this baiting statement instead of paying attention to her earlier statement, "We're all liars here."

I walk away, happy to be stable in this dream again, then pause and turn slowly in place, studying the walls, one of which is lined with rectangular posters/plaques of some kind. It feels like an underground station, but there is no train track, and I know we are deep inside a mountain. This is, quite literally, a lucid dreaming underground. Some people are walking up and down this main thoroughfare, which is atmospherically lit, while other people stand together in loose groups. As I pass a short young woman standing apart, I walk up to her and ask her, "What's your name?" Smiling up at me, she replies quietly but distinctly, "Maria." Wow! I inform her, "My name is Maria too" and immediately she says, "I'm Katie Lately." I laugh. Apparently, she didn't like having to share my name, and so she picked another one? Smiling, I tease, "Oh, so your name is Katie, lately" pleased with my little joke as she smiles up at me with a look of smug innocence. I lose the dream.

For the third and final time, I re-enter the same dream, where I abruptly find myself seated at a table with a blonde woman on my left, and slightly above me, like she's sitting on the top edge of a pub booth. There are other amorphous figures seated around us listening to her talk about the dream space, particularly about a force that lucid dreamers have to deal with, and she gives a name to this male entity who can lead us astray. And yet, though she believes in negative or challenging forces, she doesn't give any indication of believing in a positive power/influence which is just as conscious as the problematic entity she described. I listen to this woman for a while, before deliberately informing everyone, "I don't think in those terms anymore. It never got me anywhere... except to Christianity."

As I speak, I project an image of struggling to swim in dark, murky waters before finally pulling myself up onto the solid ground of a Christian perspective on lucid dreaming, where everything became clear to me personally. Referring to some other dream forces she was talking about, I explain, "I don't use those terms anymore, I call it the Holy Spirit." Her eyes widen, and she is speechless for a moment, but then she smiles condescendingly and says something like, "If you're thinking in those terms, you've been...?... since 1956." I can't recall all she said, and I wonder at the specific date of 1956, but she seems to be implying that I've regressed to some outmoded way of thinking? I get up and, standing over her, I accompany my next words with the seductive vision of a tall handsome man dressed all in black: "What you don't understand is that the Holy Spirit can penetrate you. And when He penetrates you, it's like having a soul climax... but it's not really like that, it's not a physical sensation... it is, and yet it is so much more." I can see she's intrigued, but as I sit down again, she concludes dismissively, "Balderdash!" to which I reply, smiling, "Yes, you look like someone who would say balderdash" which I understand now is one name for the negative entity she was talking about earlier. And suddenly the other lucid dreamers seated around the table begin echoing my words: "You look like someone who would say Balderdash!" "Balderdash!" "Balderdash!" Even a young male waiter leans over and says right to her face, "Balderdash!" We all laugh, and I tell him, "Good one!" as I lose the dream.
Lucy Gillis

Travelling Through Multiple Realities

I’ve been traveling, either with friends or I’ve met them somewhere. We’re in a large complex like a convention centre/hotel. Several people are milling around, mostly strangers. I talk mostly with R and D – we all seem very busy; there is a lot of activity going on.

Whether by accident or on purpose, at some point I’m out on my own. As I move through the huge complex, I meet various groups of people, each group unique in some way. Sometimes the ‘complex’ feels more like a gigantic spaceship. With a light level of lucidity, I do know that I’m visiting other realities; that each unique group of people I meet represent different realities, different civilizations.

In some realities (or dimensions) I easily interact with the people, in others I just wander through, and don’t think they can even see me, much less care to bother with me. In one, I’m surprised to find a small group shouting and throwing rocks at me. Clearly, I am not welcome here. I get the impression that I am in a desert-like place. Ahead of me are about 5 or 6 people, mostly men. They wear dusty, tan coloured, loose fitting trousers and shirts (there may have been 1 or 2 wearing long robes?). They also wear what looks like old rags sewn together and wound round their heads, a bit like a turban, but not as ‘neat.’ Their black hair sticks out around their deeply tanned faces. One man in particular stands ahead of the rest shouting something at me. I either can’t make out exactly what he says or I simply don’t understand his language – either way, I don’t know what he is saying, but the meaning is clear enough – he wants me to leave.

Though I’m not overly frightened - more startled than anything - I don’t want to cause trouble, so I back away as one of the thrown stones hits my arm (though I barely feel it). I turn and jog away from them. Briefly, I’m concerned about my purse. I left it somewhere, either just beyond the rock throwers, or somewhere else before I came upon them. But I decide to just let the thought go and keep going. I’m sure I’ll find it later. (And with that, the thought of my purse never returns.)

I’m then inside (though I don’t seem to notice this in the dream, inside and outside often blend into one, there is no strict boundary between the two) and go around a corner over smooth brown/orange brick-like cobbles. I go up a few steps, and can hear people running behind me, presumably the same people who were throwing rocks at me.

I go around another corner and see a dark green door with a white doorknob at the end of a narrow hallway. I run to it. On the other side, the hallway turns abruptly to the left, then there are a few steps up, and another dark green door at the end of that corridor. Though I have no actual memory of going through any of the doors, it is my clear intention to go through and keep moving.
There is a quality about the door(s) that is hard to describe. Despite its plain appearance, it is very ‘attractive.’ I am drawn to it, not just as a means to get away from whoever is running behind me, but because there is something very attractive and desirous about the door itself. Somehow I just know that it is a perfect rectangle, not one crooked line anywhere, not on the door, not on its frame. For some reason this ‘perfect symmetry,’ this geometry, this form, is powerfully attractive. (Yet, I have no memory of touching the door, opening it, or stepping over the threshold. I have only memory of being on one side of it, then the other, going round a corner and facing another perfect, somehow ‘desirous’ door.)

This scenario repeats, in that each time I see a door, I keep moving forward, am then on the other side turning left around a sharp corner, going up two or three steps, and then seeing another door, etc. This happens about 6 or 7 times before I begin to realize that the corridors are getting shorter and even more narrow and the doors are getting smaller. Eventually I won’t be able to fit through.

The repeatability of the doors is a symbol I recognize (while in the dream) as one that has appeared in my dreams before and I know it represents my traveling through parallel or probable realities, though I have not seen this shrinking effect before.

I stop running. The door now in front of me is about the size of a kitchen cupboard door. I can still fit through it, but I feel a strong impulse to stop. I turn, ready to face whoever is following me, wondering if it is still those people who were throwing rocks at me.

I’m pleasantly surprised to see a young woman, longish wavy brown hair, slightly chubby face, in her 20’s or early 30’s round the corner and stand at the bottom step. She is all smiles and is very cheerful. I sense that there are other people with her, but I can’t see them around the corner. I recognize her from an earlier interaction, but I don’t recall her name (she is not known to me in waking life). I’m happy to see her and we talk about something (forgotten upon waking). She is not from the ‘original friends’ meet-up at the huge complex (or spaceship?), but is someone I met just earlier on my travels through other realities – seemingly just minutes before, yet on some other level I know that months, or even years have passed since that meeting.

Then I step down, round the corner and follow her and her group (I assume I go with them, can’t recall for sure). But, curiously, I don’t retrace my steps in the succession of corners and doors that I just ran up through. Instead, when I round the corner, I find I’m in a public space, like a large hotel foyer.

Whatever happens immediately following is unclear (I may have gone with the woman and her group somewhere for a while - can’t recall). Then, I mention to the woman (or to someone else??) that I should phone my friends, to check in with them. I feel the need to let them know I’m ok, in case they are wondering where I’ve got to. I stand at a phone (public phone??) and somehow get through to D. I tell him that I am very far away, in another reality. We talk for a moment, while I look at a map that is on the white wall before me. It is of the Atlantic coast of Canada and northern US, and is like a mesh of a satellite image and a detailed drawing. I look more closely at Nova Scotia (it gets bigger, but I don’t seem to notice this). I tell D about the map.

I look at Cape Breton Island, which is not quite shaped correctly, but is close enough. I also see two more islands next to it, roughly in the same shape and size of CB, though in diminishing resolution. The one immediately next to the ‘original’ CB, is fuzzy, or blurry, about the edges, and is not as well defined as the first. The third or last CB is more ghost-like, pale, with a hazy outline. I know that this map shows three probable realities, three probable Cape Bretons. (Not sure what happened next, if anything, then I woke.)

Notes:
1. I like the symbolism of my friends’ initials R&D. “Research” into new dimensions, and “Development” of inner senses and skills, perhaps?
2. I’ve had this missing or lost purse symbol in dreams before, and knew that it related to identity (my purse is where I keep my personal (“purse-onal”) identification), but not until this dream did I make the connection that my purse may refer to my waking ego identity, and that to ‘go back and get my purse’ would have put me closer to waking reality. If I had tried to take my purse, my waking ego-identity with me, it may have limited or even prevented any further ‘travel’ inward. Perhaps those realities I had gone through were the ‘farthest’ I could take that ego part with me. By leaving the ego-identity part of my self behind, I was better able to use inner senses (I presume) and travel farther or deeper into inner reality. Perhaps the scenes where inside seemed to blend into outside were reflections of inner and outer perception/senses.
1) Showing Off
I am in the ocean at the rivers mouth. I am bobbing in the swells, watching waves wash up a path along the riverbank. I see K and two others stand up as they paddleboard towards me. I can feel a huge wave coming up from behind me. I realize this is a dream and the wave cannot hurt me. Then I am so pleased to show off body surfing on such a big wave in front of K (my high school sweetheart 35 years ago).

2) The Seagull
I am in the lighthouse. In the top room, I am looking at a metal bed that looks like a torture device. I realize it is a dream and continue to explore. As I open drawers in the desk and look at strange old fashion office supplies I then say, ‘I wish something exciting would happen!’

A huge white seagull flies up to the window. I open it and he says to me, “Charlie? Yeah, he passed.” I struggled to formulate a question to ask the bird something besides, ‘Who is Charlie?’ which seemed inane. I open my mouth and can’t speak. I wake.

3) Marrying K
I am trying to make time alone with my high school sweetheart so I can kiss him. When I get him alone, I realize this is a dream, and so I ask him my prepared question, “What does it mean when I dream about Golden Sandstone Cliffs?” He says, ‘I don’t know, let’s ask the man who is going to marry us.’ [Then I see] It’s Jeremy Taylor!

I [turn to Jeremy] and ask, “What is the meaning of Golden Sandstone Cliffs?” He says, ‘Light.’ I say, “Light?” I don’t understand. He then says something much more informative about fish bones and fossils in layers – which I can not recall.

I then ask for healing for my feet. Light comes from my palms towards my feet. Then light comes from the eyes of K and Jeremy towards my feet. I find
this alarming, but also worry that it is hokey, and that I have made it up – that only I could come up with something so B-grade Sci-Fi.

4) Subway Station
I am in a Victorian subway station going up a broad set of steps. The railings are filigree cast iron, painted dark green. There is some non-slip material on the treads. I am examining these stairs very closely and figuring out the dimensions in my head, and I realize it’s a dream.

I’m so excited! But then at the top of the stairs I find myself in a claustrophobic slant-roofed space. [I think] This is a dream, I can do anything that I want! I burst up through the roof. But now I find myself in another tiny space. Again!? Five or six times? Finally I am on a sidewalk in a city. I look down at the cement, marveling at how many layers – worlds, really – are below.

5) Flying off a Cliff
Trapped in a house on a hill by an evil man who is trying to convince us that we are losing our minds, a friend and I manage to escape, but then find ourselves balked by a sheer drop. Suddenly I grab her and say, ‘Wait, this is a dream! We can fly off the cliff.’ She responds, ‘No way am I jumping off of this cliff.’ I tell her, “It will work, watch!” It takes an awful act of courage to run and jump, but I do, grabbing her, taking her with me, and holding onto her as we fly. We land on a solid rocky surface. We’re free!

6) In the Desert
I start to walk down a slope of golden grass. No! I don’t want to go downhill! (In precognitive dreams, I believe it means something bad is going to happen.) Alright, Great Goddess, I remember I promised, whatever you want to send me. I look at my hands and continue down. It levels out and becomes High Desert. I meet a creature of some sort, probably a Rock Chuck. I want to speak to it, but I see a shadow; someone is approaching me from behind.

It is a figure from many nightmares, The Tramp. Very old, very tall and stooped over, wearing a flat cap. I am terrified. I spin again hoping to change the scene, but he is on the other side of me too. I put on the act that I put on when I have to deal with a difficult customer in the shop; I put a silly little smile on my face and gaze over his shoulder. But over his shoulder I see a city forming in the air above the desert – it’s so beautiful. Like San Francisco, but more Art Deco, all pastel colors. I am so excited to see it forming – I wake.

7) The Tsar and His Family
I’m at the wheel of a speed boat at a pier, telling a family to get in. They are the Tsar and his family, looking just like the famous pre-1917 photo: Edwardian clothes, sad intense Russian faces. They get in and I take off, going so fast that the boat skips over the water. They sit, looking as still, glum and intense as ever. Suddenly we come to what seems like the edge of the world. I slam on the brakes and spin the wheel. We do a somersault like a cat jumping onto a windowsill, and finding the window closed.

We end upside down like the Olympic bobsledders with everybody still in the sled. I flip the boat right-side up again with a flick of my wrist on the steering wheel, and say to them, “Don’t be afraid (though they have not evinced any reaction to all) – this is a dream and we can fly. We’ll take it slow, so here we go.” It turns out to be the edge of an infinity pool and we fly out over a gorgeous Mediterranean scene. NOW they stand up in the boat and hoot and holler for joy.

8) Decapitation:
My husband and I are in a dire situation. Bad guys are rounding up everyone on this piece of land and are going to kill everyone. I say, “This IS a dream and we can just go ahead and let ourselves get shot. It would be very transformational.” My husband says, “I don’t have the courage for that. What if it’s not?” I say, “I know it seems very real, but it really is a dream.” He says, “How about we meet at that big standing stone we liked the last time we were here? The bad guys destroyed it last time we were here, so if it’s there then we’ll know it’s a dream.” I say okay and we go off in separate directions – he tries to save the good guys (our friends) and I go off to kill bad guys.

I encounter a small blond woman (I used to work with her and her first name is Faith and we share...
the same last name). I know she is one of the bad guys and I know I need to kill her. I have some red plastic discs 10 inches in diameter and a quarter inch thick. I should be able to kill her with this since this is a dream. I fling one at her and it bounces off. I come at her with another, determined to make it work this time. It slices into her neck just about the collarbone. She says encouragingly, "You did it!" I say, "Yes, but is too low and the neck is too thick at this point." She says, "Try higher up." I then cut it into her neck at the narrowest point. I say, "Last time I dreamt this, there was another way."

9) Down a well
I am in someone’s backyard looking at a little square plaza, paved with bricks. I walk up a set of steps made of railroad ties, and notice a well in the center of the plaza. It is a metal tube about 3 feet in diameter, sticking out of the bricks about a foot, and the water is level with the very top of the tube, like a reflective pool. Pale gold sandstone rocks are arranged decoratively around the well. The water is very dark. I shiver and give the well a wide berth.

I cross the plaza and began to clamber up some rocks. I realize it’s a dream and say to myself, "If you had any courage at all, you would go down the well." No! Out the well! Not down the well. Yes little girl you were going down the well. Okay it’s just a dream, and nothing can hurt me. But do I have to dive in headfirst? No I can lower myself slowly, feet first. The water is not really as cold and slimy as it looks.

I drop down to the water about 10 or 12 feet, and find myself at the bottom of the sea. Now you need to explore. No, I can’t – I’m too scared to leave the circle of daylight I can see above me from the opening of the well. Underwater with the roof above me? No way! You should be able to breathe under here, that’s what Jeremy Taylor says advance dreamers should be able to do. Okay, okay. I can’t! Just pretend it’s like air down here. Okay. Now leave the circle of sunlight. Remember how you burst up through layers of concrete? You can do this. I take three or four steps (slogging through water, why don’t I swim?), and see a castle ahead of me. It is like a castle one would see in a fishbowl, made of fake coral and painted with Day-Glo colors, but it is a real castle.

10) In the aquarium
I am in the Monterey Bay aquarium. It is nice and I am alone. I realize it is a dream and shout out, "Show me something I need to see!" I turn around and see an octopus lying on the floor. He holds up a tentacle beseechingingly to me and on the end is a hand. Each finger is the tentacle. He needs help and I pick him up and rush around until I find a cylindrical glass tank. I hoist him in and he sinks to the bottom. Am I too late? No, he waves his hand at me -- Thank you.

I’m excited to explore while I am lucid. I opened a door and find a little space with a slate floor and a spiral staircase of beautiful wood. I go up the stairs and at the top is another door. I open it and the blaze of sunlight pours fourth. I step out onto a little Metal White painted balcony. I see that this is the spaceship and it is hovering over the sun. This really is quite cool and I am enjoying it, but then the thought occurs to me: those boys in the lucid dream magazine are always so dang interested in space, but this is rather boring and there’s nothing happening up here! I walk along the balcony and go into another door. It’s a small room with only a table in it. On the table is a metal box full of disposable razors, navy, pink, and lime. I shout out, "Show me something I need to see." I spin around and the octopus is floating there (in air) on his tippy toes, raising his hand and giving me a proper thank you, now that he’s fully recovered. I remember an artist I know telling me something about this pose; octopuses don’t actually pose this way, they actually do something else, but what is it? What? Thinking too hard, I wake.
The Program is multidisciplinary with a little something for everyone, professionals as well as those simply interested in dreams. Sessions include: presentations; symposia; panels; workshops; special events; morning dream groups; and poster papers. Tracks include: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and History; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Mental Imagery; Dreams and Health; and Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams.

**Keynote Speakers & Featured Presenters**

**Dream Theatres of the Soul**

Jean Raffa, PhD, is a Jungian psychologist and former college professor and teacher at the Winter Park Jung Center. She is an award-winning author of three books which explore the heroic journey into the unconscious depths of the human psyche, including *Dream Theatres of the Soul*, a practical guide for Jungian dreamwork.

**Dreams, Memory, Trauma & Resilience: How Emotion Shapes Our Brains**

Dawson Church, PhD, is an award-winning author whose books include the best seller, *The Genie in Your Genes*, linking emotions and genetics. He is the founder of the National Institute for Integrative Healthcare, editor of the journal *Energy Psychology: Theory, Research & Treatment* and manages the alternative medicine site EFT Universe.

**Sleep, Stress, and Emotional Memory Consolidation**

Dr. Jessica Payne is Associate Professor and Nancy O’Neill Collegiate Chair in Psychology at the University of Notre Dame, where she also directs the Sleep, Stress and Memory (SAM) Lab. Payne’s research focuses on how sleep and stress independently and interactively influence human memory, emotion, and mental health.

**Working with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder Nightmares**

Stanley Krippner, PhD is professor of psychology at Saybrook University, San Francisco, and a past president of IASD. A former Director of the Maimonides Medical Center Dream Research Laboratory in Brooklyn NY, his many books include the co-authored *Haunted by Combat: Understanding PTSD in War Veterans* (2007). He was recipient of the APA Award for Distinguished Contributions to the International Advancement of Psychology, 2002.

**What Do Dolphins Dream?**

Heather Spence is a marine biologist researching dolphins, a PhD candidate in Biopsychology and Behavioral Neuroscience at the City University of NY, a founding partner in the Global Research and Arts Center for the Investigation and Advancement of Sustainability Solutions, and leads international collaborative conservation projects in the Mexican Caribbean.

**Using Biblical Dreams to Unlock Your Nightly Dreams**

Rev. Bob Haden, MS, is Director of The Haden Institute and author of *Unopened Letters From God*. He holds Masters degrees in Theology and the Use of Dreams in Spiritual Direction, studied at the Jung Institute in Zurich and is a Diplomat of the American Psychotherapy Association. He draws upon 30 years of counseling experience.
UPCOMING LUCID DREAM THEMES

Summer Issue
(Deadline May 15, 2015)

Creative Inspiration

Many artists, writers, inventors, and creative individuals have benefitted from their dreams. Have you found inspiration for your creative work in your lucid dreams? Have you used your lucid awareness to seek out creative inspiration and new ideas? How have your lucid dreams influenced your work or projects?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Summer issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Autumn Issue
(Deadline August 15, 2015)

Physical and Emotional Healing

Have you experienced a healing in your lucid dreams? Was it a physical healing of some bodily ailment, or was it an emotional, or psychological healing? How did it occur? Or have you performed healing on another in your lucid dream? Did you follow a specific plan or procedure or did you just ‘wing it’ in the moment? Were physical results apparent in waking reality?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Autumn issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Winter Issue
(Deadline November 15, 2015)

Multiple Awareness and Shapeshifting

When you lucid dream, who is dreaming? How does your awareness differ from waking awareness? Have you experienced dual awareness, being aware of both your sleeping and dreaming bodies? What about simultaneous dreaming? Have you ever experienced that unique state of awareness where your attention is fully and completely focussed in more than one dream at the same time? If you have changed your dreambody, shapeshifted into another form, how has this affected your state of awareness? Do you feel or sense things you would not normally sense in your usual state?

Send in your lucid dreams, OBEs, thoughts, and observations for the Winter issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience.

Please send your submissions to the Lucid Dreaming Experience via our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or send to submissions@dreaminglucid.com
THANK YOU!

For fourteen years, Lucy and Robert have volunteered their time and resources to creating and publishing a magazine for lucid dreamers. We receive numerous letters of appreciation and amazement by lucid dreamers from around the globe, along with occasional requests to publish articles in foreign languages to help lucid dreamers all over the world. The Lucid Dreaming Experience serves as the only magazine for the lucid dreaming community and continues to grow in popularity and readership.

Thanks to our generous contributors, we have reached our goal!

The Lucid Dreaming Experience website has been revamped and relaunched!

www.luciddreammagazine.com

Find us also on Facebook and Twitter, too!

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www.twitter.com/LucidDreamMag
Lucid Dreaming Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner's Book Website
http://www.lucidadvice.com

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

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

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

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner - World of Lucid Dreaming
www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale
http://www.ld4all.com

Ed Kellogg
http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers
http://durso.org/beverly

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com and http://www.driccpe.org.uk

Lucid Dreaming Links
http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm

Lucid Sage
www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming
http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com

Ryan Hurd
www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita
www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World
http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com

Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey.
http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams
http://sealifedreams.com/

Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid
http://www.kidlucid.com

Jayne Gackenbach - Past editor of Lucidity Letter
www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
www.saltcube.com

Janice’s Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites
http://www.hopkinsfan.net

Fariba Bogzaran
www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss
www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc

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www.albertlauer.com