Light in Your Lucid Dreams
Exploring The Tree of Life Through Lucid Dreaming
Playing with Lights in My Lucid Dreams and Out-of-Body Experiences
The Experience of Colours and Light in Lucid Dreaming: A Sufi Perspective
A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

★★★★★ **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.
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How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

“Lucid dreaming” as a concept came to my attention in 2006. Prior to that, I did not realize that the dreams I’d had since childhood skirted the edges of what I’d now call “lucidity.” From the onset, lucidity involved a strange kind of black light that frightened me terribly (given my fear of the dark). Besides that, given the emotional turmoil of my everyday life in childhood, I did not trust the overpowering feelings that came with the dreams. Even so, in second-grade, I do recall writing a story about a “lucid” dream in which, after many adventures, a prince and princess fly on a “Lunderbird” to a magical castle in the clouds. The teacher had my mother come to school for a conference because she felt concerned about the “precocious nature” of the story. After that, I kept the dreams to myself.

By my teens (when I no longer feared the dark so much), I associated the strong winds, flight, levitation and whirring sounds that often accompanied approaching lucidity with demonic or evil powers—an idea rooted in the belief that it was okay for biblical characters to have visions etc., but not a girl from Garfield Street. Because of all this, I stopped the lucid dreams. Still, I regarded my non-lucid dreams enough to move from the US to Europe in 1990 based, in great part, on this semi-lucid dream, in which, for the first time, I felt truly safe in the dark:

At the base of the golden, California hills of summer, I wander through crowded carnival grounds, feeling alone. I only want a friend to go walking with me in the hills. The pressure of the crowds pushes me out into the golden foothills where a man approaches me saying, “I’ve heard that you’ve been looking for a friend.” His gentleness reassures me. I feel I can trust this stranger who wears a royal-blue poet’s blouse and has wavy shoulder-length blond hair. His fine features and form radiate beauty. As we walk in the hills, we communicate without words. The sea-washed breeze cools us. He invites me home to meet his family. On the way there, I ask him his name. He answers, “Gabriel.” I turn to him and say, “You know, that name means ‘Child of God’.” He turns to me with a healing smile and says, “I know.” His elderly parents and three sisters greet me warmly. They feed me freshly baked bread and
DreamSpeak

give me fresh milk. I feel the meal makes me whole and gives me new life. After supper, Gabriel tells me we will take a journey into the night. As a child, I had been terribly afraid of the dark, but now it has become a friend. Gabriel and I get into his invisible “car” and disappear at an incredible speed into a velvety blackness. With this, I awake.

This dream foreshadowed my eventual experience of full lucidity. But only in 2006, when I started a psychotherapy training program in London at the Centre for Counselling and Psychotherapy Education (CCPE), did I begin to understand the emotional issues and misconceptions that had kept me from trusting the lucid dreams. At CCPE, we practiced a dream re-entry technique called the Waking Dream as developed by Dr Nigel Hamilton, CCPE’s Director, in which we re-experienced the dream more consciously or “lucidly” with a therapeutic guide. This practice quickly transferred over to my dreams as in the following:

The Rainbow Trout

Find myself walking waist deep in a creek at the base of the Eastern Sierras. Sunlight filters down through the leafy covering, glimmering on the water’s surface and the creek’s golden sands. A few feet in front of me, I watch as a massive rainbow trout swims to the surface. The trout looks too big to be a creek fish. I decide to catch the fish with my hands the way my father and I used to do, but then I realize that the fish represents the Spirit and stop myself. I notice that the trout has turned on its side, revealing a rainbow. It looks exhausted.

“How,” I wonder, “can the Spirit be weary?” Then I think the fish also represents me and that my Waking Dream teacher would ask me to touch it. Just as my finger comes within a hair’s breadth away, the trout snaps to life and darts down into the shiny depths.

What do you recall of your first lucid dreams? Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?

Allowing lucidity to continue beyond the initial rush of energy came as a new experience to me, so I had no idea of what to expect. One of the early lucid dreams from April 2007 conveys this feeling.

Lucid Car Crash

Driving through the California foothills on a summer’s day, I lose control of the car, or rather, the car takes control and begins to speed off the side of the road. After a number of futile attempts, I no longer try to stop it. I calmly make this decision. The car runs over a row of white and blue windcatchers, hitting the side of a golden hill at high speed. It feels like the car has become a particle of light and that I travel at the speed of light where everything slows down.

As the beam of light shatters, my body and the dreamscape disappear. All becomes an expansive luminous blackness. An incredible pressure and noise centers between my “brows.” I feel acutely aware. All goes very silent and still. I know I have been dreaming and have the sense that I have actually died in the dream. With this awareness, although I’d like to stay in this space, I wake up.

Since that time, I have applied the car-crash analogy to lucidity and “surrendered” to a “force” larger than my own. To my mind, wind-catchers signified the presence of the Holy Spirit. And, just as the body of the car disappeared along with the dreamscape, giving way to a black light, so my dream body and the dreamscape dissolve in the experience of lucidity that I call “Lucid Surrender.”

What did you make of that?

Well, it felt like dying before my waking death. I didn’t quite know what to make of it when my dream body and the dreamscape disappeared. Over time, I have come to realize that an invisible, subtle body of light with enhanced sensorial and
intuitive capacities replaces my “ordinary” dream body and mind. Similarly, the light of the new “dreamscape” shines luminously like a black void.

Also, although the void has a “black” and “empty” appearance, my experience tells me that an invisible, living light fills the void. (Interestingly, light without an object to reflect off of also looks “black” in waking physical reality.) I describe this invisible light as “living” because the light possesses a range of emotional tonalities. Out of this “void,” the black light takes manifold forms (as it does in waking life): mineral, vegetable, animal, human, mental, angelic, Divine. Sometimes, when my being gets taken into new dimensions of light, then a new, visible dream body of light takes shape.

Three years later, I had a more direct apprehension of this light as in the following lucid dream excerpt:

...After a long distance in the black, I “see” before me three long, very fine, beams of golden, laser light radiating out from a vanishing point far off in the infinite blackness. The golden beams cross through four fine arching beams of gold. At the points where the straight and curved beams meet, flashes of shimmering, diaphanous mist rise up. “What is this?” I wonder. The answer nearly takes my breath away: “This is the structure of light and I am travelling on light!”...The beauty and truth of this vision fill me with a deep devotional humility. In this state, I feel carried to the vanishing point. And then the thought comes: “If I am travelling on light, then I must also be light!”....

When you become lucid, does it result from a particular induction or incubation technique? Or have you simply trained yourself to notice the unusual when dreaming?

Practising the Waking Dream Technique certainly helped. Also, in my waking life, I had long cultivated an attentive eye for what I think of as “signs of the spirit”— hidden beauties, kindnesses, delightful incongruities and humour. Often in dreams, I recognize these “signs” and insights as the light of the Spirit, sparking lucidity.

When I pray before falling asleep, I usually become lucid and sometimes enter lucidity through the prayers. By prayer, I mean a kind of song of the heart akin to the idea of “Centering Prayer” as taught by Father Keating—taking a sacred hymn or name and repeating it in tandem with the breath, syllable by syllable. Sufis say that when you find the breath, you find God. This feels true. The names and songs I call on in prayer and that arise she tallies up the fresh bread and red wine I’d like to buy. When I notice the love in her eyes, I become aware the scene has become illuminated from within, bringing semi-lucidity. The woman turns left to look where a young man unpacks rainbow and golden trout for display. Watching the young man, I see a piercing white circle of light dance around him and the fish. The light follows my eye movement, not his, so I deduce it comes from me. With this, full lucidity comes and I recognize the market as an image of my ego, mind, or even body. I feel jubilant as I bow my head and wait. The walls of the shop fall away and open into stars. I hear a familiar rush of powerful wind and feel my being lifted onto the black light....

What was it about lucid dreaming that caught your interest and attention? What made you want to have another lucid dream and pursue it further?

Not sure I’d say I pursued the dreams as much as I longed for the Spirit and the dreams followed. I paid attention because I felt the dreams alive with Spirit, signposted with the words: “More to learn in this direction.” Also, I have a special interest in the appearance of light and colour in dreams because I associate both with the presence of Spirit as in this dream from 2008, “The Market Opens”:

I stand at the check out counter in a family market set in Lone Pine, California, at the base of Mt. Whitney. An elderly female cashier smiles at me as
in the dreams come from the Judeo-Christian tradition.

In one of Teresa of Avila’s poems, she describes how she “found completeness when each breath silently repeated the name of her Lord.” This name, her conception of God, took her to a place where “only light existed.” There she asks the Lord if his Holy name serves as “the only key to this place.” The answer comes that “every prophet’s name is a key as is every heart full of forgiveness and love.” I believe the same applies in my own experience.

This dream, “Two Unicorns,” from January 2009 serves as an example:

Awakened at 4:00 and pray. Start the repetition of the Holy Names with the breath. At some point, feel a deepening shift in my mind. Suddenly, find myself in the backyard of a friend from my teens. The scene seems banal. I walk towards the edge of the swimming pool and climb up on the back of a creature that I sense but do not see. As I sit there, a dark-haired man enters through the gate, backing a white horse into the space parallel to me. When the horse draws up next to me, I see it is a unicorn! With amazement, I think, “But unicorns don’t exist, or do they?” And then I lean forward and see a massive white horse’s head with a single horn and realize I’m sitting on a unicorn!

With this, lucidity comes. I say, “Okay God, here I am.” Suddenly, whoosh, my being travels along on my “back” through a black tunnel alive with the ecstatic pleasure of the winds. After a long time, I begin to “see” bright, pulsing lights ahead. They radiate out like enormous white orchid petals in a swirl of bloom. “This time,” I think, “I won’t be afraid.”

Getting taken through the white, living light takes a long time. Eventually, my being enters an immense, black-grey cloud or maelstrom that moves so fast I experience its light in slow motion, without any violence, just a tremendous pressure that makes it hard to find my breath. The cloud has a beautiful texture with flecks of light in it. In response to the cloud’s presence, I can only repeat “Oh Holy One, Oh Holy One!” Then my being moves into a small incredibly black silent space. The tremendous pressure of the maelstrom feels relieved. I begin to relax into the holiness of this space. Still repeating, “Oh Holy One, Oh Holy One.” But, after a time, I begin to wonder if I can get back when I choose and in that very instance, whom, I feel taken back horizontally through the maelstrom, light and tunnel at an amazing speed. Find myself back in the original dream, flat on my back on a green yoga mat next to the pool. As I rest in Sivasana, the thought comes that I need to rest after such an experience, so I do so in the dream until I wake up.

At the Asheville IASD conference in 2010, we met and I attended your workshop “The Science of Mirrors” on light and mirrors. Would you mind sharing the essence of that workshop and how it relates to your lucid dream experience?

At the time, I intended to give attendees an experience of the dream-as mirror, in the sense that our imaginations become like a mirror, reflecting aspects of our psyche, mind, soul, Spirit—metaphorically similar to the way the moon reflects the light of the sun. In the Kabbalistic tradition, I’ve come across the idea that God withdrew the Absolute to reveal the mirror of existence—dreams form part of that revelatory mirror.

Symmetry appears fundamental not only to mirrors but also to our ideas about the Divine and Beauty, which have symmetrical attributes, for example, those of mathematical harmony and balance, qualities seen in sacred sites and heard in music.

If you consider your reflection in a mirror as first an image and then a symmetrical reflection, you will realize that what you see in the mirror is fundamentally reflected light. This 3-fold way of viewing what the mirror reflects—as first an object, then symmetrical qualities, and finally light—can be a way of understanding the light in dreams. The apocryphal Book of Wisdom compares the Spirit of Wisdom to a mirror:

She is the reflection of the eternal light. Untarnished mirror of God’s active power. Image of [God’s] goodness.

In this passage, the order of recognition is inverted: wisdom first appears as light, then as an active quality, and finally as an image. I’d go so far as to
say this traces light’s metaphysical unfolding in dreams.

In psychotherapeutic work, we talk about the “mirroring” a child gets from its mother (or doesn’t) as the mother reflects feelings, both her own and the infant’s, back to the baby. Without adequate mirroring, a child may not develop a sense of self, the ability to “see” itself. Mirroring suggests that an individual’s inner light possesses an engaging, transformative and reflective radiance. Dreams can do the same for us.

In some dreams, light has radiated from behind a mirror, making me wonder about the worlds within. Eventually, I realized mirrors could serve as portals to other dimensions as in this abridged dream from 2008:

**Entering the Mirror**

_I rest on the four-poster bed in the bedroom from my teen/young adult years…. I notice a vase of blue and yellow glass roses on my dresser and go over to look at this new knick-knack. Before seeing my own reflection in the large, antique mirror, I feel struck by the beauty of the mirror itself, the still light and beauty it reflects. With this, lucidity comes, and, bowing my head, I recall the guidance that mirrors can serve as portals to new dimensions. Suddenly, my being gets pulled through the mirror, moving flat on my “back” as though on a magic carpet through a black light filled with polygonal structures of intense colours…. I pop through one and, with surprise, find myself with a dream body in front of a training centre that reminds me of the Baptist church I attended growing up. A handful of women who emote strength and independence, a larger-than-life quality, come out to greet me. They already seem to know me. They stroke my face, hands and arms. Their touch feels like the breath of the Holy Spirit, and I think of the poem in which I wrote, “The Spirit puts on your hands like gloves,” and a new line comes: “Touch skin.” When they touch me, I sense they also receive something from me in a wordless, tactile conversation and exchange. I realize we have all come to this place to learn of God, and a line from Teresa of Avila’s poetry comes to mind: “Teach me God all you know.” The women leave the centre together to go where they live. I understand my time to go “back” has arrived. In that instance, I feel lifted out of the dreamscape until I tumble out of the mirror and back into the original dream._

In my experience, dreams, like mirrors, actually reflect and/or emanate the light of imagination and Spirit. A beautiful teaching from Ibn Arabi describes the effect this way: “I am the mirror of Thy face, through Thine own eyes I look upon Thy countenance.”

Because of the dreams, I have collected quite a few mirrors that hang both at home and work. Thanks for asking about the workshop.

**Does dreaming exist as a closed state or closed mirror system?**
Well, I can say that in dreams mirrors within mirrors appear, and the mirrors have a kind of magical active essence. But this doesn’t necessarily mean one can’t get to the bottom of the rabbit hole, so to speak, because I have the sense that in the dreams, as in holy tabernacles, there resides a Holy of Holies, literally and metaphorically. When we reach this point, the dream opens its central teaching to us.

To my mind, doors, veils, tunnels, mirrors etc. suggest crossings into new dimensions of being and reality. I read in one of Ed Kellogg’s challenges that he believes dreams allow us to experience the 10+ dimensions postulated by physicists. That would be my feeling too. In the dreams, these dimensions exist experientially and they all share a commonality: the mystery and magic of light.

Just for fun, we might ask, “How does it feel for light to be light in a dream?” Here’s an excerpt from a dream called “New Morning” in April 2011 that makes you wonder:

… Eventually, I again “see” rows of crystal hexagonal, honeycomb structures forming a vast tunnel that my being descends through at an incredible speed…. Finally, the movement stops and the winds set my new dream body down gently on holy ground, curled up on my side like I sometimes do on the floor at work when very weary. The black covers me like a thick blanket. The position feels one of complete surrender, and I have the impression that the blackness demands and supports this. Part of me thinks, “Guess life knows I need this.”

As I rest there, a morning light surrounds me. It looks like pure light but feels full of life’s forms, containing the sky, trees, birds, the earth and my being. The light has the musicality of water and air. Momentarily, I think I’ve awakened to a bright spring day or what lucid dreamers call a “false awakening.” But, this feels like a misnomer because I’ve actually awakened to what light actually is, what it contains. I feel like a ripe apple resting on a meadow, a creation of light. After some time, a tremendous roar surrounds me as the black winds carry my being into a non-lucid dream….

This dream depicts what I think the poet Hafiz means when he says: “I am just a shadow. I wish I could show you the Infinite Incandescence that has cast my brilliant image!” Alchemists equated light’s shadow with God’s, and I’d tend to agree. To this, though, I would add that colours form the shadow of light. As Goethe, who wrote his own Colour Theory, has his Faust observe: “Life is but light in many-hued reflection.” So, metaphorically, we might say, “Dreams are but light in many-hued reflection.”

Reading your lucid dreams suggests that your spiritual values and aspirations have played a strong role in your life from early childhood. Can you tell us more about this, and how your early religious experiences may have altered your approach towards dreamwork?

As a child, I always felt the world and myself as fundamentally “religious” in the word’s etymological sense of “yoked” to the Divine. You might as well ask, “Could you tell us more about your early experiences of air?” But you could ask me about my early childhood experiences of light—for one, I remember the light on my blonde mother’s hair and on her joyful face as she bathed me in the kitchen sink.

My mother took me to a Baptist Church and sent me to a Christian kindergarten where we learned to read in order to memorize scripture—a process I relished. In both schools, I learned a host of sacred hymns and verses that I would repeat when afraid, sad or simply joyful. I repeated Psalms like “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want…” and felt the words as a continuation of beauty and light. This practice has carried over into the dreams.

I feel tremendously grateful for such grounding in a sacred tradition—though I do regret that I allowed some of the more dogmatic teachings of the church to close my heart to lucidity for so long. I would say that scriptural stories about such characters as Jacob, Joseph, Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Moses, Mary, and Gabriel awakened my imagination. They also taught me lessons about life and dreams as well as inspiring my life-long study of Comparative Religion. But, even without direct access to the rich archetypal treasures of the different Wisdom Traditions, I believe the world of nature, dreams, the Imagination, Intellect and Spirit can help each one of us to create our own symbol system.

Finding a psychotherapy training that suited me...
took me a long time. Eventually, I chose the Transpersonal approach. Essentially the approach takes spirituality—one’s sense of values, purpose, and meaning—into account. Life crises and challenges become opportunities for creative change and growth. In this approach, dreams and the imagination serve as bridges to our inner world, our essential nature, the world of Spirit.

How would you describe yourself in a spiritual-religious sense today? Has this affected your lucid dreaming practices and goals? How?

I would hope that the feeling-tone of my “spiritual-religious sense” permeates my responses to your questions. When a reporter asked Bob Dylan a similar question, he said he believed in the songs. I would say I believe in the dreams. They are my lexicon and my liturgy. Fundamentally, up to now, my lucid dreaming practice hasn’t changed much, but instead, with the help of the dreams’ teachings, my capacity to hold them has expanded.

You frequently speak and write on the idea of “Lucid Surrender.” What do you mean by “surrender” in the context of lucid dreaming?

Dream characters have asked me a similar question as in this excerpt from the dream “Path of Surrender” in September 2010:

…after popping out of the original lucid dream, I find myself semi-lucid in another dream, feeling rather desultory as I walk on an empty city street. Shining objects in a shop window catch my eye. I turn and see hundreds of hanging heart crystals of various sizes radiating white light. The beauty brings lucidity. Again, the black winds seize my being. This time, it feels as if I am swimming horizontally in a stream of black light like a still fish suspended in time and space within a gentle current. My being feels cleansed in this current that suffuses me with both delicate pleasure and purification, reminding me vaguely of what George MacDonald calls a “Good Death.” It feels like taking a bath in God, and God taking a bath in me! Again I wonder if this happens to each of us every night but usually we just don’t remember…. Eventually, I find myself semi-lucid in a dream where a matronly woman sits in a fire-warmed cottage. I rest on a braided rug curled up at her feet, taking in the lucid experience. She looks puzzled and impatient as she asks me, “What kind of lucid dreams are those when you let yourself be taken to God in this way?” I tell her, “Surrender, the Path of Surrender.”

So how does a lucid dreamer surrender? And what do you feel they surrender to—dream randomness, their Self, a Higher Power, God? And towards what end—how can surrender benefit a lucid dreamer?

I feel a bit like you have asked a songwriter how she writes her songs. Like any other art form, I’ve learned from the dreams. Over the past six years, I have become more comfortable with Lucid Surrender, though I still find such dreams challenging. And, it occurs to me the approach and the dreams may not appeal to everyone. After all, how many of us would truly like to attempt jumping to the earth from the stratosphere, about 128,000 feet (slightly over 39,000 meters), breaking the sound barrier in the process? Felix Baumgartner did this on Oct. 14, 2012. His return to earth took nearly ten minutes. At one point he spun out of control and blacked out momentarily, but landed on earth safely. When I watched a recording of his jump, I thought, “Yes! That comes close to how it feels in the dreams!”

So, when I describe a dream as breathtakingly beautiful or powerful, I mean it in ways that feel hard to comprehend in everyday language. The energy of the dreams can feel nuclear, literally. And, in a similar manner to the five years Felix spent doing test jumps and learning to trust his helium-filled balloon, space suit and parachute, I feel as if I have been in training too.

So, perhaps a “beginner’s training” dream from August 2007, would help to outline the fundamentals of the approach:

At night, I weep and pray about what has arisen in my waking life. In a dream, find myself sitting in a white chair outside a building that looks like CCPE, writing in my pink dream notebook. Another chair sits opposite me, empty. I hear a sound and turn to see Nigel Hamilton, CCPE’s director, walking towards me. He sits down opposite me and when I look up at him, it feels as if a metal band about four inches wide snaps open across my chest—

Suddenly, I feel my being go out of my body.
My being lifts out of my chest and hovers in the air over my bed. I remember what Nigel had said in the lecture at CCPE that evening, that if you feel up out of your body in a dream you can fly around and see the world, but I have done that in life. I want to learn something here! What I really want is for Nigel to give me spiritual guidance here. I call out his name two or three times.

As I do this, a clear, five-pointed star appears in each of my eyes and expands to fill me with a powerful light. Eventually, I think my eyes must be open because bright, white sun enters the window and fills the room, but then I realize I haven’t woken up. Then, I do.

To me, this dream encapsulates some requisite qualities of Lucid Surrender that—with practice and much instruction from the dreams—I have developed inwardly:

1) An opening of the “heart” and intuitive mind (in this case, signified in waking life by my tears and prayers and in the dream by the metal band snapping open across my heart). 2) Courage to take a leap into the unknown and mysterious. 3) A deep desire to learn of spiritual truth. 4) The sense that you have a guiding presence, spirit, or quality to call on in the dreams (in this instance embodied in Nigel’s form, though, over time the guidance becomes more internalized.) 5) A willingness to “surrender” to the irrational and paradoxical aspects of experience and a curiosity about this. 6) An honest acknowledgement of your feelings in the dream. 7) The patience to wait while “nothing” apparently happens. 8) A sensitivity towards light as an active, transformative essence. 9) A capacity to “awaken” to light inwardly with reciprocity rather than awaking as I did in this illustrative dream!

These fundamental attributes appear more fully developed in this dream, five years later:

The Golden Cloud

Wake up around 4:30….Spontaneously, a sacred song arises. As I sing, I hear the whirring round my head. I feel the “heavens part” or ‘the seams on my soul being undone,’ as Avila describes it, but again, my being hovers in an intermediary space for some time. I sense a pull on my being as if it were a boat tugged by a strong current and yet tied to the shore. Finally I call out, “Take me to you, Lord!” and my being releases onto the rushing black light and winds. As usual, my words surprise me. They seem to come from some place other than my mind, perhaps my heart.

On the winds, I “see” before me a new light structure: all perspective lines lead to a V-shape of blue and white effervescent light lit up like a sparkler on New Year’s Eve. As I approach this vortex of light, I feel unsure of what to do with my “arms,” whether to open them to the light or bring my “hands” together in prayer. A voice says, “Just be,” so I remain still while carried on the winds. But something feels missing until the Lord’s Prayer bubbles up from inside my being. This prayer takes a great deal of concentration, and a part of my mind worries the effort will take me out the experience. But then it feels like the prayer seizes me and together we burst into a realm of gold.

The golden radiance has unusual dimensions. I imagine it feels akin to being inside a limitless, bright piece of amber…. In the distance, I “see” an immense golden cloud, the richness of which stands out even against the backdrop of gold…. The cloud hovers over the horizon expectantly. I know it is the Lord. My heart leaps up. Two immense, silhouetted angelic guardians open up a golden path between them. The holy winds carry my being through innumerable worshipful shadows dappling the golden light, past the “gate,” and ever nearer to the golden cloud.

Approaching the cloud, I become aware of an achingly beautiful piece of music. It feels unknown to me and yet strangely familiar, full of layered, mirrored harmonies and motifs…. Nothing I have ever heard on earth shares its texture or depth. It feels as if the very fabric of the space and golden light around me is the very source of this music and that the music is particular to this form. The cloud’s light of music surrounds me communicating a perfect balance of paradoxical qualities: tremendous power and petal-soft tenderness, simplicity and profundity, mercy and might, justice and compassion, longing and fulfilment, immanence and transcendence. But the dominant quality in this golden cloud feels like a mysterious richness in the shadows of which rests a deep humility reminiscent of the shadows within the rose…. Suddenly, I realise that the piece of music
sounds like a variation on the tune to the Lord’s Prayer from my prayers. I wonder if the Spirit hears my simple rendition this way. The desire to create a musical score so that others can share in this rendition of the prayer fills me, but since I lack the ability to do that, it strikes me that I’ll just have to bring this music into life through actions. The music accompanies me back towards waking consciousness.

In addition to the qualities outlined previously, this dream highlights the importance of “focus” in Lucid Surrender, a kind of inner alignment of our deepest desire with what the Kabbalistic tradition calls “The Highest Will.” This reminds me of a question Avila framed in her poetry: “What is God’s will for a wing?” The response: “Every bird knows that.” As an indication of such inner alignment, a reciprocal relationship between the dreamer and dream appears.

As the “Golden Cloud” dream illustrates, music plays a key role in focusing the heart and mind, deepening lucidity through a balance of feeling and thinking toned qualities. A Latin inscription on a table in the (painting) ‘Alchemist’s Study’ illustrates an axiom of the Lucid Surrender approach: ‘Sacred music disperses melancholy and evil spirits.’ This adage works as a leitmotif in the dreams. Like music, such dreams spring from the heart. In my experience, the more you can ‘let go’ in experiencing surrender, the less you consciously ‘try,’ the more likely you will succeed.

Even if you do not feel any attraction to the idea of the Divine as depicted in the dreams I’ve shared, you can call on a particular person that represents your ideal and on qualities you admire such as love, joy, peace, gratitude and curiosity; you can sing a song that puts you in touch with deep heartfelt feelings. Or, you can simply express a willingness to be open to the unknown. In any case, the Self and God-concepts (or lack there-of) that we bring to Lucid Surrender usually shatter like a glass jar in the dreams. The dreams can feel quite annihilative. Because of this, I would advise entering such lucid dreams with the support of a dream group, dream guide, and/or faith tradition as well as grounding work in the waking world.

At the moment of lucidity, you can make choices about what you will do. If you choose to acknowledge the Mystery that feels Other and yet your very self, grace can unlock your heart and mind, opening a gate to a magical mode of perception that you may usually perceive as locked, the gate into the depths of your heart. That’s not to say there aren’t other ways in or that Lucid Surrender will suit everyone, only that this way has worked for me. Sometimes, as in “The Golden Cloud Dream,” once we’ve taken the Lucid Surrender leap, the experience can feel the way the song “The Kiss” by Judee Sill sounds. Here’s an excerpt:

| Love, risin’ from the mists |
| Promise me this and only this |
| Holy breath touchin’ me |
| Like a wind song |
| Sweet communion of a kiss |

| Sun, sittin’ thru the grey |
| Enter in, reach me with a ray |
| Silently swoopin’ down |
| Just to show me |
| How to give my heart away. |

Such dreams illuminate the hidden gold—the light—within us and enable us to share that light and reveal it in others. We may not become ideal human beings but at least we may move towards becoming more fully human and perhaps more patient and kind. This feels important not only for each of us as individuals but also collectively as a species on this planet.

As a psychotherapist and counsellor, you work with a lot of people. Have you ever used lucid dreaming to assist with personal healing? Have lucid dreams given you insights into therapeutic practice?

As my capacity to hold the dreams expands, I note my capacity to hold life’s complexities has awakened as well, though not perhaps proportionately because of my personal “ruts in the road.” Nonetheless, I would venture to say that the work at the charity I direct, HELP Counselling Centre, which serves 150 clients each week—www.helpcounselling.com—and at the Dream Research Institute—www.driccpe.org.uk—has taken shape in tandem with the dreams.

Like dreams, therapeutic work provides mirroring
for clients so that they can “see” into themselves more lucidly, with new light, experiencing healing inwardly and outwardly. Dream work is a pivotal part of this process.

In the lucid dreams, I’ve had the opportunity to receive healing not only for myself but also for people in the waking world, as well as for beings in other worlds. However, sadly, I have sometimes lacked the full capacity to do so. At the end of one such lucid dream, a Tibetan Buddhist, dream yoga teacher appears. He says that dreams unfold according to our capacity and what we bring to them. But a person can build up their capacity for the dreams—both to give and receive. That feels a capacity the dreams continue to develop in me for their own ends.

In the last issue of LDE, we had an interview and articles on lucid dreamers accessing unknown information (i.e., esp) in lucid dreams. Have you had lucid dreams that provided you with unknown information that you later validated?

Yes. The dreams feel about “unknown” information both as it relates to the waking and dream worlds as well as to “Knowing” itself. However, because the oracle of dreams speaks in signs, symbols, and subtle feelings, it may take some time for me to recognize the psychic aspects. I include seven typical examples: 1) letters with written information 2) paintings portraying guidance 3) visual metaphors, in one case, for how to raise £10,000 in 10 days for the charity I direct when in a financial bind 4) Meaningful number sequences 5) Verbal guidance 6) Teachings transmitted via beams, chords, or “quanta” of light 7) Teachings transmitted by Holy beings from different Wisdom Traditions through touch or presence. Additionally, many of the dreams explore the nature of light and our relationship to it as well as other dimensions of being, a kind of experiential quantum physics!

In some lucid dreams, you report encounters with benevolent, seemingly divine beings, who appear to guide you or help you, ranging from angelic to historic spiritual figures. Do you believe these encounters deal with aspects of yourself, or archetypal forces, as a Jungian might? Or do you feel that these entities sometimes have an existence independent of your own?

The choice “Or all of the above” works here, but fundamentally, these holy beings appear to me as embodiments of Light’s attributes: Truth, Compassion, Clarity, Wisdom and Beauty. If we return to the idea of mirrors, such holy beings reflect and emanate more clearly the attributes of the Divine. In the dreams, they exist independently, as well as in relation to one another. And, much to my surprise, in relation to me, too. A dream excerpt from January 2012 speaks to this more clearly:

**Three Holy Beings**

In waking life, work has felt very intense. Almost as a symbol of this, one of the toilets breaks down creating quite a mess. In the night, deep prayers move me. Spontaneously, I ask to be taken to the realm where spiritual beings dwell to learn from them. I’d be honoured to meet any one such being, but long to meet with Jesus, Ibn Arabi, and Elisha. Although Jesus has appeared a few times in non-lucid and lucid dreams, it hasn’t ever occurred to me that I might ask for this.

When I fall asleep, I dream the toilet at work appears backed up again. But then I realize this must be a dream! With lucidity, the ecstatic black winds take hold of my being….The journey continues with sharp sudden changes that disorientate me until a sung version of a psalm springs to mind: “You are my hiding place, you always fill my heart with songs of deliverance whenever I feel afraid I will trust in you, I will trust in you, let the weak say I am strong in the strength of your love.” Finally, I pop into a space full of beings wearing solid, coloured robes. They open a path between them leading to a quiet space where three men in coloured robes sit expectantly. I know who
they are. They exude a holy wisdom and seem to be awaiting me. Amidst their deep holiness, humanity, intelligence and love, I feel their interest and attentiveness...A sense of deep, timeless communion arises among us....

Upon waking, I remain taken aback at the power that simply asking for something holds and struck by how a backed up toilet framed this dream! While the light of guidance may take embodied forms, I'd say that the dreams themselves are the guides, acting like lanterns to light our path.

In lucid dreams, I have also experienced some rather "unholy" beings—some of them feel like aspects of my mind and disperse when recognized as such; others feel like they exist independently and disperse when I call on the holy names of Gabriel, Jesus, or Elohim.

You share some incredible lucid dreams at your website www.luciddreamalchemy.com. Could you tell us a bit about your website?

Thanks for mentioning the website. I launched the site in 2008 as an attempt to ground and share the dreams—like sending out a SETI signal. A few people have responded. I look back fondly at that site, the way I imagine the Hubble Space Craft must look back at our solar system.

I know you have written academic books. Do you plan to write a book on lucid dreaming? Any idea on the theme or a possible title?

The dreams have said to "Finish the book" and I feel aware I haven’t.

In my early twenties, a literature professor introduced me to John Sanford’s Dreams: God’s Forgotten Language, apart from the Bible, my first book on dreams. I so admired Sanford’s work that I sent him a copy of a dream whose strange beauty had haunted me, asking him for help. Dr Sanford kindly rang and told me that based on the dream he thought I ought to work with dreams and write. I’ve taken twenty some years to follow his guidance and now it feels the time has come to do so. As a title, perhaps something after a quote by the physicist Ed Witten, Lucid Surrender: The Mystery of the Matrix.

Thank you for agreeing to do an interview with the LDE. Any parting comments for lucid dreamers reading this?

To paraphrase the poet Hafiz, I hope Lucid Surrender dreams show LDE readers the 'astonishing light of their own being.' Please let me know about your experiences via info@luciddreamalchemy.com. I look forward to meeting some LDE readers at the June IASD conference, where I hope to talk on light in lucid dreams and Transpersonal Will. Thank you for this opportunity to shed some light on the subject of Lucid Surrender.

―Someday perhaps the inner light will shine forth from us, and then we'll need no other light.‖

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)
Seeing lights in my lucid dreams or out-of-body experiences is a very common phenomenon for me. However, before I go on, let me clarify to the reader that, personally, I have never perceived any significant differences between lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences. I see these differences mainly as philosophical, and perhaps they are due to stubbornness by the respective defenders. So, in what I describe below, it could be an out-of-body experience (OBE), or it could also be a ‘Wake Initiated Lucid dream’ (WILD), as defined by the famous Stephen La Berge, which to me is indistinguishable from the old-style OBE.

Experiences of lights happen to me in both, at the threshold of sleep and awakening from sleep, as well as during common dreams or lucid dreams. They appear in a variety of forms, represented by lamps or candles, car headlights that move from one side to the other, or visions of the moon or the sun. Their intensity varies from faint to being so intense as to be bothersome. Once, while very deep into a meditation-like exercise, which corresponds quite clearly to the hypnogogic state, I had even the experience of a very strong light appear on my forehead, at the position of the so-called Ajna chakra. I spent quite a while trying to see if what happened was due to sensitivity to light in the bedroom where I was sleeping, which would be reflected on the wall opposite my bed, from cars headlights driving by the window. However, all my attempts to check this supposition failed. The light on my forehead was too strong, and it repeated twice! This happened in February 1991, and it took a few years until I acquired an OMNI magazine, as it contained an article on lucid dreams. It also contained an article about people having problems with extreme experiences during meditation, which were attributed to Kundalini phenomena. Among the various symptoms described in this article, it included not only the ‘electrical perception’ people sometimes refer to as ‘vibrations’ during the sleep/awake threshold, but also ‘seeing lights.’ These symptoms are assumed to be due to a physiological energy, the Kundalini, which moves up the spine from its seat at the base of the spine, through the various chakras, until it reaches the brain. The information contained in that article constituted an ‘aha!’ moment for me. I had never heard about Kundalini before. After that I investigated several books on Kundalini phenomena.

Visions of lights may not be truly due to the Kundalini phenomena, but I strongly suspect they are, even if the person does not practice meditation, as prescribed by several Yoga teachings. I have had experiences of light in dreams long before I did the practices I was doing continually from November 1989, through 1995, which could be the cause of the phenomenon just described. These practices could be classified as a form of active meditation. Yet, what about the lights I see in lucid dreams? Could they be due to the perception of the same form of ‘energy’ I (and others) perceive?

Following is a recent experience of mine with many aspects that may be involved in producing an experience of the lucid dream type, which contains experiences of lights. I call attention to evoked emotions before falling asleep,
November 28, 2012:

Early morning. I got up at 4:00 AM, as usual, then after returning to bed I had to soon get up again, because my mind was too excited, not allowing me to do an exercise of visualization or to meditate, as I intended to do. So, I went to work on a text I started yesterday, which was about the phenomenon of awareness, the state of attention where one remembers oneself. Then, as I was doing this while listening to music, I stopped writing and started paying attention to the music, which worked as a form of meditation, and also calmed my mind.

After a while I went to bed and lay down on my back with my knees bent and remained very quiet paying attention to the awareness of myself. There was a distinct feeling or nice emotion at the center of my chest, it seemed. On and on I came back to the same attitude and feeling, at the same time as I paid attention to what I perceived on the black-screen of my visual field or third-eye area. There were swirls and varying colors, and also an impression like that of a galaxy rotating. I thought it interesting to perceive this rotation, as “rotation” was one of the exercises I used to do. It felt comfortable being in such a situation, and soon I perceived that this state was deepening, and that the swirls began to change to impressions of places or things. On and off there came these impressions, as I deepened my state, approaching the hypnagogic state, and came back to the surface, again and again, until I felt myself going out of the body.

But no, it was more like “out I was,” as I didn’t quite perceive the disconnection. Yet, by realizing this, I caught the moment saying: “Oh, I know! I got it, I got it!” And I fully moved out into the room, which should supposedly be my bedroom, but all was different, and I began to observe the differences. At a certain point I turned around to look at my body on the bed. As it always happens, it was something different there, like a girl with the bedcovers off to the side and all looked so different that I commented. “Oh, that is not what I expected, was it?” But rather than being upset, as I am used to these differences from other similar experiences, I proceeded to observe the environment around me, keeping careful attention to my state – that of knowing where I was, that I was in a special situation, that I needed to keep myself aware.

I soon began to see little blue lights on or around some of the objects in this environment. As lights are a common phenomenon in my “outings” – and lucid dreams – I tried to fix my attention to them in a relaxed way. This blue light varied, wobbling then disappearing to just appear on something else. I followed this blue light to wherever it would appear. It was not like the common light phenomena I usually observe. It had a form like that of a fluffy thing that fluctuated. (I mean, it was fluffy like children’s toy animals.) Finally this blue light did not appear anymore and I moved on to something else. By then the environment had already changed to something else, also, and I continued paying attention to my awareness experimenting with the way I felt about it to see if I could keep it on for longer.

A couple of times I almost lost my awareness by the environment darkening, which I know means a closeness to waking up, and I talked to myself to keep it up, to remain conscious, and succeeded in returning to the experience. Interestingly, when I talked to myself to keep aware, I noticed how my voice was soft, almost child-like. I kept doing this, but now, as it frequently happens to me, the lights were of the yellow types coming at the border of my field of vision, or appearing as lamps, candles, or the sun in the sky. I tried to observe them, at the same time paying close attention to not make too much effort, but half expecting they may dissolve and disappear, as that was also my common experience with observing these light-phenomena. And so, they did. Yet, in this experience, I once looked carefully at the image of the sun I could see above, and it first almost disappeared, then it came back and became brighter, to my surprise, and it remained that way for a short while, then slowly dissolved.

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Exploring The Tree of Life Through Lucid Dreaming

"I have given over to you ten keys, and with them you can enter gates that are otherwise closed."
Joseph Gikatalia (1248 - 1325) in Gates of Light.

The Tree of Life (TOL) has become one of the most well-known magical glyphs in the Western world. (1) Mystics have used the Tree as both a focus and a map, to guide them in their meditations, visions, and dreams. Adepts unlocked hidden potentialities and abilities by working with the Tree by means of designated keys - chanting, visualizing, and/or inscribing Holy words or Holy images specifically associated with particular aspects. In the last century, people in a variety of spiritual traditions have discovered that working with the Tree of Life can enhance their own methods of self-transformation. Similarly, I have found that doing TOL pathwork in lucid dreams makes for a particularly effective and entertaining! - means of facilitating both Individuation and Self-Realization.

The ancient Sefer Yetzirah, or Book of Creation, written circa 100 - 500 C. E., first presented the specifics of the Tree of Life as we know of it today. (2, 3) An "Archetype of archetypes", every aspect of the Kabbalistic Tree has its root in a specific kind of primordial power and divine light. Indeed, the very organization of the Tree reflects the processes and relationships of the Universal Laws of Life, Death, and Homeostasis. Neither masculine nor feminine, the Tree encompasses both; the “Right Pillar” has a traditional association with masculine qualities, the "Left Pillar" with feminine, and the “Middle Pillar” with a third and distinct quality neither male nor female, signifying balance.

Ancient mystics used the Tree as both a focus and a map, to guide them in their explorations of the Universe in their meditations, visions, and dreams. Adepts unlocked hidden potentialities and brought them into manifestation by working with the Tree by means of designated keys, such as Holy words or images, to open the "Gates of Light". Practitioners needed to know not only which keys to use, but how to effectively pronounce or visualize them. Even more importantly, they needed to bring the correct Kavanah - a special kind of focused and purified Intent - to the endeavor. In the "Gate of Kavanah," (4), written in the 13th century, Rabbi Azriel described this Intent in a meditation on light, in which one focuses the mind as follows:

"He must then direct his concentration in the proper manner, so as to perfect it, so that the Highest Will should be clothed in his will, and not only that his will should be clothed in the Highest Will.

The highest influx does not descend except when the individual does this correctly. He must bring himself to the Highest Will in such a manner that the Highest Will clothes itself in the will of his desire."

It seems clear that that some ancient mystics used what we today would call lucid dreaming and/or intentional out-of-body-experiences in their spiritual practices, as a means towards Tikkun olam, of
healing the world, and of healing themselves, through experiencing the Divine in all its aspects. One can find many references to "lucid dreaming" (someone knowing that they dream while they dream) in the Jewish mystical literature. For example, 1 Enoch (5), written over 2,000 years ago, describes the experiences of Enoch, who goes on a guided tour of "Heaven" in a series of "visions" that we today might call lucid dreams: "I saw in my sleep what I now speak... And behold I saw the clouds: And they were calling me in a vision; and the fogs were calling me; and the course of the stars and the lightnings were rushing me and causing me to desire; and in the vision, the winds were causing me to fly and rushing me high up into heaven." (1 Enoch, 14.2-8) According to tradition, afterwards God takes him - while still living - from Earth, and transforms him into the Archangel Metatron. As one might expect, Enoch became a prototype for a fully realized Hebrew mystic.

One can even find a likely lucid dream of the TOL in Genesis 28, where Jacob, while sleeping in the city of Luz, dreams of "a ladder" reaching into the Heavens (perhaps the first description of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life), with the Angels of God moving up and down on it. Afterwards Jacob proclaims the city of Luz - the "Door to Heaven" and renames it Bethel, meaning the "House of God." Although Luz, meaning "almond tree" in Hebrew, has no apparent linguistic connection to lucid (from the Latin, lucidis, meaning to shine), I can't help finding the coincidence intriguing. According to Jewish mystical tradition, Luz later became the City of Immortals.

Merkabah mystics believed that to ascend through the throne-chariot of God, practitioners had to pass through the Seven Gates of the Seven Palaces in the Seven Heavens. They needed to bring the right seals for the Gatekeepers, but also had to recognize them, in order to call them by their proper names. Before attempting an ascent, adepts would specially prepare themselves, in order to enter a condition of ritual and spiritual purity.

What kinds of "keys" did adepts use to open gateways on the Tree of Life? For the Sefiroth, major energy centers on the Tree, potential keys would include their Hebrew names, their sacred God-Names, or the names of their designated Archangels. Any of these might serve as an effective focus to enable an adept to experience the qualities and attributes of a Sefirah. With respect to the connecting pathways, I've found that simply chanting and drawing the Hebrew letter that designates it, with Intent, can work quite well. Effectively using a key also involves other factors, such as pronunciation, body language, gestures, and imagery. However, I've found, like early Kabbalists, that the state of mind one brings to the undertaking, one's Kavanah, can play an even more important role. Letting go of ego identification, while "lucidly surrendering" - to use Mary Ziemer's term, (6) - to a Greater Self, can have amazing empowering effects. For example:

"White Light"

EWK 42 51 (Fully Lucid)"... I go down the hall and down the stairs, lots of flights of wooden stairs, that reminds me of the Tree of Life. I realize I dream, and remember my task. I chant Kah/VOAD (Kavod, Glory) a couple of times, it feels really good. Two wise looking little girls appear on either side of me on the stairs. "Do you belong to an order of angels?" I ask, curious. I've never
seen angels appear in little girl form - they have usually shown up looking like little boys. One offers to take my dog, Shazam, and I let her, with some reluctance, figuring he can return to WPR if necessary. The other girl, blonde, looking 10 or 11, leads me by the hand, promising to take me someplace interesting. We go down the stairs to an all female section, then the girl, now looking like a 20 year-old black woman, leads me into what looks like a bar. She sits with some friends, I see people drinking, and then smoking as I look for a place to sit. Not my kind of place. However, I see a sunny landscape and beach outside through the back windows of the 'bar', which looks much more attractive. I go through the window, and hear a shout of alarm behind me as they realize I escape. Someone grabs my foot, but I slip out. I now find myself in a bright beach or desert scene. I repeatedly chant Kah/VOAD and feel myself drawn straight upwards into the heavens. I keep chanting, the chant feels very good, everything turns a brilliant white. I feel ecstatic and find myself surrounded by blinding white light. I notice that my arms feel locked in place, straight out above my head in a sort of V posture, palms down. this worries me a bit - as I wonder what holds them there. I lose my Kavanah, and the feeling of ecstasy diminishes."

Comment: I chose to chant the Hebrew word Kavod, "Glory" because of its association with Kether, meaning "Crown", the first Sefirah of the Tree of Life. After the dream, I realized that the final position of my arms corresponded to the position of a priestly blessing. I also found, in my waking life, an increased capacity to experience the world from an empowered "beyond time and space" viewpoint.

In this lucid dream I described what happened when I merged with a "Higher" aspect of myself. However, self-actualization can also take place through integrating with "lower" aspects as well, as TOL work facilitates connecting to both "the Above," and "the Below."

"God-Beast"

34 60 (Fully Lucid) ". . . I fly out the front window to perform my dream tasks (remembering clearly that I wanted to experiment with the effects of Kabbalistic words in dream reality). I race very fast while chanting: "I call upon the power of Rah/figh/ALE, to heal my throat and make me well." I finally yell, "Slow! slow!" and end up in a sort of grassy valley. I lose vision, but hang onto kinesthetic sensations until I can see again, to find myself in a cubic room, 10'x10'x10', lined with yellow pine. I decide to continue chanting, repeat the Rafael chant, then chant to Ra as I see a wall hanging (papyrus?) that looks vaguely Egyptian, and I think of Ra as a god of healing. I then chant Geburah and Gedulah while visualizing red and blue energy spheres in my consciousness above me: visualization seems clear - did not take the place of DR environment visually perceived, looked and felt similar (but increased in quality) to visualization in WPR. I also chanted Alef while visualizing this path of self-integration between Geburah and Chesed. I don't feel much happening, but like doing the chants. I invoke a mirror to see myself: it appears when I turn around. I look like a young, extremely handsome, muscular, and vigorous beast like creature covered almost everywhere with dark long hair except for some white on my chin and forehead. I look audacious. A young woman, covered with long dark hair like me asks if I've finished. I respond, "First, let me ask you your name". She says "Tia" or "Teeda" and invites me to come in and meet the others like us. I feel extremely powerful, go into a large lecture hall with bleachers - the others look like me but smaller, weaker. I see the woman presiding, and jump easily to the top of the bleachers. An overweight, middle-aged man with a turban climbs up the bleachers and tries to put a spell on me. "Go to sleep. You feel sleepy," he says. Angered at his presumption, I project an energy ball from my right hand and push it at him. He looks fearful and realizes that he has made a miscalculation, (that he did not confront a mere animal, but a powerful integration of both Higher and lower aspects of Self). I push him down the bleachers to the floor, overcoming him. Fearful and stunned, he remains on the ground as I leap back up and sit down next to a young beast-woman, who says to her companion, "Oh, I didn't know Godzilla sat here,"
sounding half-mocking, but also, like the others, very impressed with my prowess."

Comment: This TOL dream had a profound effect on how I experienced myself physically. I felt more vital and alive, and much more in tune through my "inner beast" with my physical environment. Physical activity - even running and exercise, became far more enjoyable, something I looked forward to, rather than something I did out of duty.

Over the years, I've found, compiled, and experimented with many variations of potential keys in lucid dreams. Some of those keys, that have consistently worked for me, I've shared in my lucid dreaming groups, and in general, participants have confirmed their effectiveness. Early on, I asked a Rabbi friend of mine on how to "correctly" pronounce Hebrew words and letters, but I soon found modern pronunciations often proved ineffective in the dream state. Ancient Hebrew texts did not usually designate vowels (or even provide spaces to separate words), and modern Hebrew seems at best a reconstructed version of the original spoken language. In any case, over the millennia Hebrew has undoubtedly changed greatly from the pronunciations used in Biblical times. My approach became experimental - I'd try out different words and pronunciations until I'd find an effective one. At that point, I may notice a transformation, hear a chorus of voices joining in with my chant, or feel myself powerfully drawn away at a great rate of speed to end up ... somewhere. That "somewhere" might correspond to the attributes that I would expect from my Kabbalistic map - or not. In the latter case, I'll revise the map to fit the territory. Where I go, and the effects that the journey has on me, can profoundly impact both my understanding and my Beingness. For example:

"Judge of Judges"

42 95 EWK (Fully Lucid) "In a dream analogue of the living room of the house where I grew up, I realize that I dream, and decide to do the assigned task while looking at myself in the mirror over the mantel. I chant cHok/ MAH Ell/oh/HEEM. My face begins to shift and change, growing huge and monstrous – very severe looking, like a combination of the Wizard of Oz and the Face on Mars. I see a white massive head floating above my body, detached, large black eyes with black eye-like hollows below them. I wonder how I could describe this to my lucid dreaming group. It looks inhuman and powerful – a Judge of Judges.

I stop chanting, and look around the living room. I see my dog Shazam, and decide to repeat the experiment with another mirror. I chant cHok/ MAH Ell/oh/HEEM, and my face becomes beast like, with golden hair, turning into the face of a man-lion. I continue chanting, and it changes back into the face of the Judge of Judges. When I look through the picture window I see a beautiful countryside, green grass and trees. I decide to chant Ah/METH (Truth), and to see what happens. I begin chanting, and feel a strong pull and fly off . . . I get distracted, and lose visuals, but I hold onto some grass until the visuals return.

I now find myself in a beautiful park like setting, and resume chanting. I pass a collection of nice gray houses, and decide to stop and talk with whoever lives in them. I go to the door of one and a nice lady, who looks 40 or 50, greets me in friendly
fashion, and takes me to the shared garden park at
the back of the house. She casually speaks in
Japanese to an oriental woman, and I ask her if
everyone speaks multiple languages here,
although I suspect telepathy. She calls over a
group of the inhabitants, very diverse in race,
cultures, and interests, but all of them intelligent
and friendly. I sense only harmony between them –
no friction.

After waiting for a few minutes for something to
happen, I realize that this takes too long, and
decide to leave. I say, "Excuse me, but I have to
say good bye before I . . ." At this point a young
woman jumps on me, and sort of wrestles with me,
closing my mouth before I can say ". . . wake up!" I
immediately get her point – these people think they
still live in physical reality, and do not know they
have died. The young woman-spirit looks very
fresh and attractive, 18 or so in appearance. I say
"Good bye!" to the others and wave, with the girl
still wrapped around me. I ask if she acts as a
spiritual guide for me. "Oh no," she replies,
"another woman-spirit brought you here, but I
decided to keep an eye on you to see what you
would do." I tell her I have not seen this guiding
spirit, though I did feel a pull, and in other dreams
I've occasionally felt hands in mine when this
happens. She asks how long I've had this dream. I
tell her, after reflection, "about 10-15 minutes,
perhaps as long as 20. I've actually had a very
interesting time."

I tell her about the Chokmah Elohim chant and the
Wizard of Oz effect. I tell her I want to go home –
by which I mean my real home. I start flying off at
the thought, and reluctantly untangle her from me
and put her on a rooftop, though I feel tempted to
take her with me. She seems very sweet and
innocent. I tell her to please visit me any time
– physical reality does not seem so bad – it helps
develop some spiritual muscles. She looks a bit
bemused, perhaps disappointed?, like a Peter-Pan
fairy. As I fly off I chant Ah/METH!, my Kavanah
improved, my voice sounding deep and rich, and I
even hear a hint of a chorus of voices joining in. I
come to a sort of giant ladder made of chain metal
links three feet high. I lose visuals, but try to stay in
the dream by holding onto my kinesthetic sense as
I climb down it. This works for awhile, but RWPR."

Comment: In this dream I tried to tune into the
Sefirah Da’ath, first by chanting a potential God
Name, Chokmah Elohim (meaning "Wisdom-
God"), and then through an alternative title
designation, Ameth ("Truth"). As best I can tell, I
ended up visiting a rather nice section of the
afterlife, where the recently departed become
acclimatized. In waking life, after this dream I found
my point of view could shift far more easily to the
impartial observer/fair witness aspect of me, so
much so that even now, when I think of myself,
instead of an image of my human face, the image
of the "Judge of Judges" often springs to mind.

Why have I decided to devote so much time to the
Tree of Life in my lucid dreamwork? For years
brief descriptions of the Tree in metaphysical
books had left me intrigued, but baffled. However,
after I had a series of dreams in which "Kabbalah"
came up repeatedly, I realized that I could
congruently overlay the TOL diagram on my own
phenomenologically based maps of consciousness
(7), and that doing so resulted in a far more
detailed map. It also provided a potential means
for exploring and experiencing different kinds of
consciousness - by means of time-tested Hebrew
keys.

In the Sefer Yetzirah, the Hebrew word used to
describe the creation of the connecting paths,
actually means "engraving." This implies that for us
as individuals, not all paths come "pre-installed",
but that in some sense one has to "engrave" them,
making the connections intentionally. Well-traveled
"engravings" might look like superhighways, others
might barely exist at all, or only in potential. The
same applies to the Sefirot, though I suspect that
these major centers functionally exist in everyone
to some degree. When I invoked an image of my
personal TOL in the following lucid dream, it lacked
some diagonal pathways on traditional
representations, and showed others
in the process of formation:
In bed, fully lucid, I hold up some papers and chant: 'By the Power of Alkahest / Let the Map of My Tree of Life Manifest.' A diagram appears, then fades away, thin black lines on a white page, not the standard paths. Later I see a similar diagram in another dream. Description similar to a standard tree, but with 11 Sefirot - including Da’ath. The diagram shows all outside paths, also the 11th, 12th, but not the 13th path (Shin) between Binah and Chockmah. Tifareth and Da’ath only connect via the Middle Pillar, but they have multiple unfinished paths radiating upwards from them."

In this dream I believe I saw something equivalent to a "circuit diagram" of my soul. Since that dream I’ve done a lot of work in both waking life and while lucid dreaming, intentionally engraving the pathways, making and deepening interconnections, so I expect that my personal TOL diagram looks a lot different now, than it did when I had this dream in 1996.

In setting up dreamwork I make use of a TOL consciousness diagram, that I initially based on the Short Version text of the Sefer Yetzirah (2), but that has changed a great deal over the years as a work in progress. I have now spent almost two decades researching and exploring the Tree. My own lucid dreamwork, plus more than a bit of intuitional inspiration, has allowed me to design a diagram that I’ve found quite useful, if rather limited in dimension when compared to the "real" Tree of Life, that it can only partially represent, as this early lucid dream clearly indicted:

"Traveling Up the Tree of Life"

"Sandalphon to take me along" but when I remember the archangel actually associated with Keter, I ask for the help of "Metatron to take me along." I feel lifted up above the hut then down into it. Inside I see a treasure chest. On my left, I see a black wolf-like beast, my dog Shazam now with me on my right. I open up the treasure chest, looking for something I can use but it looks full of mundane things - pearls (looks like costume jewelry) and little items of hardware. [Shazam] goes after a red fuse, I grab it and pop it in my mouth. I see a small refrigerator and look for something to eat (Food of the Gods or vitamins), but see nothing. I think of swallowing the fuse, but then feel slightly nauseous at the thought." RWPR

Comment: I saw the Tree - a huge Evergreen, perhaps miles in height, in twilight. The hut at the top shifted in the wind, and looked rather unstable, although firmly attached by a steel belt secured to a platform grafted onto the Tree, so it could not fall off. I saw other artificial structures, like giant ornaments, attached elsewhere. The Tree had
many, many, branches, not 22, though the Sefiroth looked artificial, just stuck on.

To me the message came through loud and clear. I'd intended to see the "real" Tree of Life, and expected to see some variation of the usual diagram, but instead I encountered an enormous, living Tree, with artificial looking structures, representing the Sefiroth, grafted on. Although very useful, and a great way to focus one's intent, I understood from this dream that the Kabbalistic Tree of Life diagram at best only shows one two-dimensional slice of a far greater multidimensional reality.

**Conclusion**

In my experience, TOL lucid dreamwork in effect can result in something like what Jung called individuation, but in a broader and more profound sense, in that it can facilitate greater wholeness in the practitioner on a multitude of levels. Jewish mystics believed that Biblical texts, in the original Hebrew, have four levels of meaning that simultaneously coexist:

- **Peshat** = Literal level
- **Remez** = Symbolic level
- **Drash** = Allegorical level
- **Sod** = Mystical level.

These four levels make up the acronym **PRDS**, or PaRDDeS, a root term for paradise that literally means *Orchard*. I believe these levels apply to dreams, including lucid dreams, as well.

In its very essence, the Tree of Life exemplifies the Alchemical maxim, "As Below, so Above, as Above, so Below." The archetypal fractal, one can apply its pattern of relationships to anything, from the microcosmic to the macrocosmic, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small. Some might ask, what actually happens when one explores the Tree of Life through lucid dreaming? On which levels of reality does the experience take place? On what levels might it have an impact? Physical? Psychological? Spiritual? Transpersonal? (8) Personally, given my own experiences in exploring the Tree of Life in lucid dreams, I'd have to go with "all of the above."

**The Tree of Life Lucid Dreaming Challenge:**

**Simple Instructions:** Choose a key - the Hebrew title for one of the Sefiroth in the chart below. Memorize and practice its pronunciation. The next time you have a lucid dream, center yourself, chant the word with focused intent, and notice what happens!

And for those who want more detailed instructions -

**A Step by Step Guide:**

In Waking Physical Reality
1. Set up a dream incubation to provide information to help you choose which Sefirah to focus on.
2. Based on the dreams that result, or upon your waking intuition, select the Hebrew name of a

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Note: ? = dream chorus, *** = taken to path, ** = strong pull, *= weak pull
Sefirah of the Tree of Life to use as a key to unlock the path it designates. (Alternatively, you can instead use the name of an Archangel. See references 9 and 10 for more information.)

3. Practice chanting the name, using the recommended pronunciation, several times a day, as a meditative exercise, while making movements or gestures if any feel appropriate to you.

4. Try to do this while centered in the integrated, non-attached mental state of Kavanah.

5. On the nights on which you intend to do Tree of Life path work, do what you normally do to facilitate lucid dreaming, but also bring yourself into a condition of "ritual and spiritual purity." This can seem a simple as taking a bath before retiring into a clean bed, or as elaborate as the preparations made by the ancient Greek supplicants before going into the Temple of Asklepios in hopes of a healing dream. A quiet evening, a news fast, a centering meditation, and a Daily Review, all can play an important part in setting up TOL dreaming.

In Lucid Dream Reality

1. When you next gain full lucidity in a dream, while staying centered and focusing your intent in a respectful way similar to prayer, clearly chant the name of the Sefirah you've chosen. Make hand or body gestures if this feels appropriate. Repeat. As best you can, bring yourself into the meditative state known as Kavanah, which aligns the lower will with the Higher Will.

2. Pay attention to any changes in yourself or in the dreamscape, visual, auditory, or tactile. You may hear a chorus of voices joining in, feel a strong emotion, see the dreamscape glowing with an inner light, or even undergo a bodily transformation.

3. If you feel a pull, surrender to it, but continue chanting as you travel.

4. When you arrive, and the dreamscape has stabilized, take note of your surroundings - colors, shapes, or other qualities, as well as any entities that you meet, etc.

5. Bring yourself to full lucidity, and go exploring!

6. After returning to WPR, write your dreams down in detail. If a dreamscape particularly impresses you, make a colored sketch of it for later reference.

Check out more of Ed's lucid dreamscape at http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html

References:

1. Charles Poncé, Kabbalah: An Introduction and Illumination for the World Today, Quest Books, 1973. Highly recommended to beginners as an approachable overview of the complex, fascinating, world of Kabbalah. (See also reference 8.)


4. Rabbi Azriel, "Gate of Kavanah" translated by Aryeh Kaplan in his Meditation and Kabbalah, pp 117-124. (To see my adaptation of this technique, "The Gate of Kavanah for Lucid Dreamers", send requests to alef1@msn.com.) This book also includes excerpts from Joseph Gikatilla's Gates of Light.


8. E. W. Kellogg III. For those who require a succinct summary of the TOL, explaining essential points, these very short articles, "The Tree of Life: The Archetypal Fractal" and "The Tree of Life and the Tarot: Pathway to Initiation," can help bring you up to speed. Send requests to alef1@msn.com.


As I am writing about my experiences of light in lucid dreams, the winter sun is shining brightly over the horizon and is illuminating every corner of my room. The last day of this year will soon come to an end. The theme of light is of utmost importance for my dreaming and lucid dreaming. In fact my interest in dreams as a teenager was triggered by a visionary dream in which I observed how an incredibly huge sun rose over the horizon. It was so huge that it covered nearly my whole eyesight from the left to the right. I could feel its tremendous power and saw how protuberances of fire and energy shot into space. In spite of the absolutely overwhelming experience I was not frightened – no, I felt exhilarated, enhanced and very well. This state of consciousness continued after waking up and faded slowly away during the next two weeks. This experience triggered my curiosity because I understood instinctively that in my dreams is a source of incredible strength. I decided to become a psychologist and later followed a mystical path because of it and dreams where always in my focus up to these days where I am 58.

For me the symbolism of light is very central, it is the symbol of consciousness, as well as the eye which perceives the light. In the mystical tradition of Islam for example the Quran verse of light is famous: “God is the Light of the heavens and the earth.” The parable of His Light is a niche wherein is a lamp – the lamp is in a glass, the glass as it were a glittering star – lit from a blessed olive tree, neither from the east nor from the west, whose oil almost lights up, though fire should not touch it. – Light upon light – (By the way, I do not believe in God, but in the soul – in my soul, but useful knowledge can be found in religious, mystical and esoteric philosophies ….and rubbish too - this as an off-topic side remark).

So for me it is always an interesting question: How was the light in a dream? If it is rather dark, then the state of my consciousness is dull, clouded, muddy or sombre. If the dream is in a bright light, the state of consciousness is clear, exhilarated and joyful. Some lucid dreams, not all, qualify for that category. Most of my lucid dreams immersed in light are flying dreams where I float or soar through the open skies of my dreams as I described in my story “Jacob Flies” which was published lately in this magazine. Bellow me I usually see the landscape in gorgeous illuminated colours. My eyesight is unusually sharp, my state of consciousness is extraordinarily clear. It is similar to an LSD trip but without the feeling of intoxication. On the contrary, I have the feeling of enhanced sobriety! In these dreams I am freed of gravity, which is an all-encompassing symbol of my limitation, my heaviness, my daily concerns and sorrows: my life on earth. In these dreams I am close to my core nature, which is light. So for me it is difficult to understand when skilled lucid dreamers advise to overcome the pretty common lucid flying and sex dreams to perform more important tasks. Do they want to impose duty on my experiences of mental freedom? Shall I use my short escapes from the cave where we are all bound to watch the flickering lights of a hidden fire, to use another famous metaphor written by Plato, to perform mental exercises? I know, those tasks and exercises can be interesting to study.
the nature of dreams and of consciousness in general, but my thirst for inner freedom is not yet satisfied and therefore I cannot belittle those lucid shiny flying dreams.

Now to come to an end to my text I want to mention that I have some, but not much experience with a sharp overwhelming and blinding light, which dissolves my dreams for a short time or which shines up in hypnagogic experiences or in the intermediate state of the void between lucid dreams. Those are called bardo states, in-between states by the Buddhists. I think this is the “clear light” or “natural light” as the Tibetans coined it. For me, that consuming light is (still) too much, I can’t bear it.

In my eyes light dreams are near the core of personal mystical experiences beyond any philosophical forms and concepts. And yet all religions and philosophies know the value and the symbolism of light. Without light (and sound) we literally do not exist because there would not be any perception or awareness, which are qualities or actions of consciousness.

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The Scientific Study of Color in Dreams

At the 21st Annual International Conference of the International Association for the Study (ASD) of Dreams, former ASD officer Robert J. Hoss, MS, presented an analysis of colors reported in dreams. His 2004 presentation was part of a much larger study of dream reports that Hoss continued through 2010. His research has been published in his book *Dream Language: Self-Understanding through Imagery and Color* and excerpts can be found in websites including [http://dreamgate.com/dream/hoss/index.htm](http://dreamgate.com/dream/hoss/index.htm)

To derive an association of colors reported in dream journals with emotions that the subjects stated they felt, Hoss began by expanding on a dream color chart derived from color psychology literature, specifically the Color Test by Dr. Max Luscher that was augmented by Carl Jung.

The premise of using “color psychology” that would normally be useful to gauge the emotional response subjects report to colors while awake, is interesting as it may be helpful in interpreting the symbolism of colors in dreams since the hue of objects visualized in a dream state is optional for the dreamer.

Additional research by in a sleep lab by Robert Van de Castle, Ph.D. reveals that when subjects were awoken from the REM state, distinct color was reported in 70% of the cases and vague color in another 13%. It has been suggested most people perceive dreams as colorless due to limitations of recall. Spontaneous non-laboratory dream reports collected by Van de Castle (normal daily dream recall) indicate that only about 25% of dreamers recall full or partial color. Stephen LaBerge writes in his book *Lucid Dreaming*, that color recall may have to do with the nature of our consciousness in dreams, and provides the example of the vivid colors usually associated with lucid dreams.

*Bill Murphy, LDE Science Correspondent*
IN THIS EPISODE, KID LUCID CONFRONTS HIS PRINCIPAL ARCH-NEMESIS.

MYSELF???

YOU BEST BELIEVE IT....KIDDO!!

Meet el Kid...aka - THE KIDDER!

IT APPEARS THIS "ELKID" TAKES GREAT GLEE AND WILL GO TO GREAT LENGTHS TO THWART OUR HERO, KID LUCID IN HIS NEVERENDING AND NOBLE QUEST TO WAKE UP..

...AND STILL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

L.E. - LUCID DREAM!

THERE, MIGHT AS WELL LOOK THE PART.

To this end, El Kid is constantly pulling the wool over and the rug from under our hero. As Kid L strives to gain lucidity, THE KIDDER maddeningly counters with a shell game of shifting rules and tantalizingly close encounters, all bent on keeping our main man off balance...

HERE. LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE - A RECENT DREAM....

YEAH, WELL... THE DETAILS AIN'T IMPORTANT I JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. "KID" RECOGNIZES THE "SIGNS" AND DECIDES TO TEST FOR WAKING REALITY IN HIS USUAL WAY...

I'M DRIVING ALONG, SEE. WITH THIS VAGUE, UN-NAMED COMPANION AND WE COME ACROSS THIS STRANGE LITTLE CITY WHERE THERE SHOULDN'T BE ONE AT ALL AND...
AND

I'LL JUST JUMP IN THE AIR

DRAT, NOPE! THAT DIDN'T FLOAT MY BOAT.

HEE HEE HEE!

GOOD THING I WAS READY FOR HIM!

BUT THEN AGAIN, IT DIDN'T WORK LAST TIME I TRIED IT IN A DREAM EITHER. IT'S ALMOST LIKE MY UNCONSCIOUS GETS HIP TO MY TRICKS AND UPS THE ANTE...

WELL, TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME. I'M JUST GONNA....

DRAT HE'S ON TO ME! NO NO NO NO NO.....

KEEP TRYING!

HEY!

I'M FLOATING!

I'M LUCID!

THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES....BRING ON THE

GREY FOG!
THE THING ABOUT THE GREY FOG IS...I USUALLY JUST KEEP MY EYES CLOSED BECAUSE OTHERWISE I'M AFRAID, IF I OPEN THEM, I'LL loose my lucidity, OR WORSE....

"WORRY IS ONE OF MY BEST AND GREATEST SUPER WEAPONS!" - EL KID

OH WELL, COMPANION... I'M GLAD AT LEAST YOU ARE HERE.

yezz, and we muzz remember and figure out zis dream, later on!

HEE HEE HEE!

AND HERE IS WHERE I PLAY MY FINAL TRUMP CARD!

WHA?? I'M WAKING UP AGAIN?

ANOTHER FRIGGIN' FALSE AWAKENING! I SHOULDA KNOWN! HAPPENS ALMOST EVERY LD. NOT THAT I HAVE A LOT OF 'EM. CAN'T ALL BE ED KELLOGS, AFTER ALL. SOMETHIN' TO KEEP A THIRD EYE PEELED FOR NEXT TIME. ANYWAY, PASSED THE RT*

AND THAT'S PROGRESS!

OH YEAH!

*REALITY TEST

WHAT DO YOU THINK... THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE EASY???
The Experience of Colours and Light in Lucid Dreaming: A Sufi Perspective

By Nigel Hamilton, PhD

The experience of vivid colours in lucid dreams can make a lasting impression upon the dreamer, often serving as a reminder of the significance of the dream itself. Whilst the form or container that the colour appears in has a meaning, be it an object, a person’s skin colour for example or clothing or even in a landscape, it is the colour that carries the vibration or feeling quality of what comes through to the dreamer. Usually, the experience feels like a numinous one, one that either awakens or transforms our consciousness.

Several spiritual traditions have been aware of the significance of such vivid, colourful experiences and have tracked how and when they appear in the aspirant's non-lucid dreams. The experience of the colours in lucid dreams manifests in a similar manner. This article gives an overview of the phenomenon of light and colour in lucid dreams from a Sufi perspective.

Vivid, luminescent colours mirror the awakening of our consciousness to the subtle energy centres within our 'subtle light bodies' that are co-extensive with and which penetrate our physical body. The subtle centres awaken in a sequence starting from the base of the spine, culminating in the opening of the most subtle, the crown centre. In lucidity, as each energy centre opens, the dreamer becomes aware of a vivid, luminescent colour, a new subtle energy, emerging consciously into the psyche.

Notably, as each subtle centre opens, its colour begins to predominate, the colour itself becoming the central or most significant image in the lucid dreams. Of course other colours may be present too, but one notices the ‘shift' in the emphasis of the key colours as the inner process of transformation unfolds. The predominating colour (associated with the centre that is opening and coming into consciousness) integrates into the dream’s central image as a way of ‘incarnating or coagulating’ the qualities the colour impresses upon the dreamer’s psyche.

Secondly, once a centre has opened, its colour does not disappear or get ‘quickly absorbed' in the dream background as the successive higher centres open up. Instead, it is incorporated into a cumulative sequence of enriched, vivid and luminescent colours that appear in the lucid dream state, i.e. the dreams become increasingly colourful with increasing frequency and intensity of light and colour luminosity.

In the Sufi tradition, the first colour that emerges is associated with the centre at the base of the spine and is a relatively colourless grey. This colour represents the energy of the earth’s magnetism in the body. The Sufis regard it as a vibrating pattern that molds the form of the physical body. Historically it is associated with Adam, the mold of the human being. The Oriental Vedantic traditions designate a bright red for this centre, signifying the aggressive, passionate feelings aroused by this energy. In dreams (and waking life) we are likely to recognise this via an angry bright red face or in the red-browns of an earthy landscape.
The 2nd colour is an earthy yellow, associated with the opening of the centre just below the belly button – this yellow is not to be confused with the colour gold, as the earthy yellow images the centre of our desires and appetites. In a lucid dream it may appear in a door, the colour of a room or building, or as clothing we are wearing etc. The Yogis designate red or a red-orange to portray the creative and passionate sexual nature of this energy.

The 3rd colour in the Sufi tradition is a dark red wine or red-purple colour, associated with the human feeling heart (the Qalb), located spatially on the left side of the breast, next to the physical heart. In the early stages of conscious awakening, the concrete rational mind still dominates over the heart, cutting us off from our deeper inner soul wisdom, our capacity to enter into the realms of nature, the psyches and souls of other people. The central images or landscapes in our lucid dreams that hold these passionate feelings (e.g. mad, sad, glad, or bad) often give off this colour. Of course variations can occur, such as orange or orange-yellow signifying a similar energy. When the Qalb is connected to the central heart centre located at the centre of the breast (the Sirr), its colour changes to a healthy red-pink showing the warmth and loving nature of the soul. The Vedantic tradition does not concern itself with the subtle centres at either side of the Heart Centre. Such images teach us much about our psychological state.

Once we have integrated our feelings and become more self-aware psychologically, the 4th colour, white, starts to predominate in the dream imagery when the Ruh, the subtle centre on the right side of the breast opens. To the Sufi’s, this indicates the opening of the dreamer’s consciousness to a more expansive and transpersonal awareness. The Yogis speak of white light in dreams, and the Buddhists refer to the stage of the ‘White Mind’ in which the dreamer experiences a blinding white light. However, unlike the Sufis, neither of these traditions associate this phenomenon with a particular subtle centre, although it clearly involves at least a partial opening of the ‘3rd eye’, the centre between the eyebrows. Whilst white, for example, white snow is a common dream image at this stage, it is the experience of the intensity of brilliant light, e.g. ‘balls of light’ that impresses the dreamer, changing their consciousness in the lucid dream to a more cosmic quality. This quality enables the dreamer to maintain an aspect of witness-consciousness in waking life and marks a movement towards a more ‘soulful’ orientation within the dreamer’s psyche.

The 5th colour, a luminescent emerald green, sometimes combined with gold, starts to feature prominently when the heart centre, called the ‘Sirr’, opens inwardly. Sirr means the ‘Secret of the Heart’ in that the most hidden or essential aspects of our soul nature are revealed to us. Similarly the ‘secrets’ or what Sufis call ‘true knowledge’ of the nature of creation are revealed. This idea links up with the archetypal images of the green tree that can be the ‘tree of knowledge’ or more fundamentally, the ‘tree of life’, the very essence or spirit/life force in us. In response to this colour, the dreamer feels inspired to bring the attributes of this colour into manifestation in their daily life.

The 6th colour, a luminescent dark-blue/purple associated with the opening of the ‘third eye’ next appears in the dream imagery, typically as a ‘royal purple’ combined with reds or emerald green, or gold or white. At this point, the consciousness of the lucid dreamer is experienced as being ‘out of life’, almost ‘empty’. Many dreams of death and dying come up including the colour black. Apparent Angelic Lights appear as flashes of light accompanied by visions of beautiful heavenly landscapes, grand buildings and halls etc. These lights may give the lucid dreamer a sense that waking physical reality seems only one of many, enabling the dreamer to approach personal concerns with even more detachment and the concerns of others with more openness and compassion.

The 7th colour, black is associated with the crown centre, the most subtle vibration of our psyche. This colour takes the dreamer ‘out of personal consciousness into that of Spirit to experience a blissful state, even a state of oneness, timelessness, and no space or orientation. The blackness eventually reveals what is hidden – visions of increasingly abstract luminous forms, angelic lights and heavenly visions filled with a luminescent emerald green in the landscapes. Such experiences become increasingly profound until the point is reached in which no duality of
consciousness or separateness is experienced. These experiences typically carry over into the waking state as conscious waking visions. The energy held within this centre inspires the lucid dreamer to dedicate their waking life to the service of the spirit of unity and a more transcendent love. Descriptions by the Sufi mystics regarding the last two centres, Crown and 3rd Eye coincide with the detailed accounts of the Yogis and Buddhists.

The Sufi tradition does not address the throat centre, whereas the Vedantic traditions usually associate the emergence of emerald green and even purple with this centre. For the Sufi, this may be because the experience of the opening of this centre is already incorporated in the opening of the Ruh and the Sirr, in which we become aware of ‘soul consciousness’. But then the Sufis say the soul is essentially ‘individualised spirit’, which becomes evident when the Ruh centre opens. In the Vedantic system, the same is experienced when the throat centre opens – this suggests a correspondence between the two systems regarding the ecstatic experience of ‘spirit’. In lucid dreaming, the ecstatic experience is encountered whenever we feel deeply impressed by the luminescent lights in the dreams.

The following dream of a long-term psychotherapy client, who had a very negative inner, feminine archetype, illustrates the role colour and light plays in the transformation of the dreamer’s consciousness:

Lucid Face Dream

Long dream sequence of which I remember nothing, then out of nowhere, there manifests a face filling my vision and my consciousness. As soon as the face arises, I become fully lucid. The face, female, with almond-shaped eyes, appears black and oval in shape. The face has a definition and luminosity to it that is mesmerising, more real somehow than objects we can see with our own eyes. I am captivated by the shimmering intensity of the face, awestruck really, but I am also startled by the eyes in this face. They are fierce and unyielding, shining with clarity, strongly feminine and ever so present. As suddenly as the face appears it dissolves away into nothingness. I wake up.

The dreamer has a stark awakening to the fact that his inner, feminine nature is not weak and manipulative, as he had experienced with his mother, but instead is beautiful, clear, strong, and supportive. Initially, the blackness signifies the veil of the ‘black light’, related to the activation of the crown and third eye centre. In the lucid dream, this energy gets translated into the lucid dreamer’s consciousness of the black, oval face, and the ‘black light’ reveals itself through this form, communicating an inner knowledge that transforms the lucid dreamer’s perception of himself and his attitude towards the feminine, a transformation that carries into his waking life. In Sufism, the lucid-dream process is viewed as complete when the colours experienced in the dreams and the qualities they possess are brought, through the dreamer, into the manifold colours of manifestation.

For a more in-depth look at a Sufi perspective on dreams and light, see www.driccpe.org.uk.

Bio: Nigel Hamilton, PhD., is the Director of the Centre for Counselling and Psychotherapy Education, a Transpersonal Psychotherapy Training Centre and Clinic in London, where he lectures and practices as a Psychotherapist. He also directs the Dream Research Institute, London, at the CCPE. Dr Hamilton is the UK representative for Sufi Order international. He originally trained as a Physicist, working at the Massachusetts institute of Technology for the use of light in Energy Storage Research. e-mail: info@ccpe.org.uk
Lucid Dreaming Experience

Natalie Doucet
Clear White Light of Awakening

[For sometime my dream goal had been to find a dream guide that would instruct me in lucid dreaming. This is the first dream where I encountered him. Before the dream I had heard of Tibetan Dream Yoga, but did not know anything about it. As it turns out, the clear, white light of awareness I experienced is a goal of Dream Yoga.]

I am at a dreamer's school. I am semi-lucid. I know it is a dream, but don't have complete control. The teacher is an old man with leathery, brown skin, and seems to be dressed as a sort of shaman. There are other beings with me in the class that resemble humans, but with blue skin. (Looking back, I believe these are Dakinis).

I missed the class on Tibetan Dream Yoga. Although I missed the class, my teacher provides me with a strange hat that will aid me in Tibetan Dream Yoga techniques. I tell him I don't deserve this since I wasn't even in the class. He responds that he knows I have the most potential and wants me to wear the hat. He places this strange hat on my head. It seems to be made of brass wires. It sits on top a piece of the top of my head and circles my face, clasping under my chin.

Immediately, my head feels heavy and starts to fall backwards. I am sitting in lotus position on the ground and start slowly rotating. I have a sense that I am about to "apprehend the dream." I see the dream dissolving away. A bright, white light starts emanating from my third eye and engulfing everything. I can see and feel my body dissolving away, each part of me slowly wisps away like dust. I am left no body, no dreamscape, no thoughts even, just pure awareness in a white void.

Bahram
My Sick Canary

In waking reality, I find that my canary is sick and losing its feathers. After the illness of my canary, I had a lucid dream where I called to the Archangel Gabriel. I did not see his presence but a voice was talking to me. I asked the voice if it (he) could not come down near me or at least send me positive waves of energy to cure my bird. Then I noticed that my bird cage was suddenly filled with sparks of light.

Moonbeam
Three Lucid Dreams with Amazing Light

1. Out of Body, Into Space (Jan 13, 2013)

I finally wake up in my sleep. I easily float out of my body directly into space, skipping the ceiling this time. The stars appear as tiny pinpoints and expand into variously colored disks of light. I remember it is the atmosphere that causes them to twinkle, that's why they look so steady, and the colors are beautiful, all the colors in the spectrum. I see distant galaxies, like in the Hubble pictures. After a while, I try to
increase my speed and find a planet to land on. I go faster but don't get close to anything. Then I remember I usually fall back to earth, so I reverse my direction and let go.

2. Streamers of Light From the Sky (Jan 24, 2013)

(This is a portion of a much longer lucid dream.) I look up at the sky. It's glowing with amazing colors which flash through the dark clouds. I say, “Look at the sky!” and we stand and watch. Streamers of light flash from the clouds, not lightning, but more like ribbons. I see one of these ribbons of light fall to the ground, then another, and they are coming down landing on the trees and bushes and ground and on us. I am astonished and amazed. I have never seen anything like it. Other people are wandering around looking up at the sky, and everybody we pass smiles at us and gives off an aura of good will. It's like not just all of my problems are gone, but everybody's are, in the whole world.

3. Dark City and the Stars (Feb 2, 2013)

(I was lucid when the dream started.) I walk along the sidewalk, into the dark city. The buildings are featureless blocks, towering above me. I'm alone and scared. I lift my head and yell at the top of my lungs, "Light!!"

To my surprise, it gets a little brighter. Not quite like having street-lights on, so I try it again. "LIGHT!!" Now it's like twilight, and the buildings and the streets are not nearly as ominous. I walk on, somewhat more confident to face whatever is ahead.

I look up to see the source of the light, and I'm blown away. It's the whole universe. Galaxies and stars and comets, flashing and pulsating and streaming across the night sky. I look away, try and clear my head and focus, then look back again. It's still there. How can it be, such beauty, infinity, it's not possible...I'm lost in it.

Bahram
Unity with God

I had set the objective to experiment and seek a “unified state” with God, once lucid. I became lucid and saw a shining sun of a white color and I was merging with it, but then the voice of my daughter was calling to me as if I was dying. She did not want me to leave, so I went back into my body to find her and I said, “Don't worry.” She replied, “It is like falling from a plane.” In fact it was a false awakening.

Melanie Schädlich
Golden Light

I become lucid spontaneously [I can not remember the original scene] and perform a reality check to be sure. It’s dark, but suddenly I see golden light flaming up above the horizon. A white bird (a dove?) flies towards that gleaming light. I suddenly feel a powerful energy and a great happiness and surprise. I also feel deeply touched. I rejoice and call out something concerning the light and the bird. I ask the dream to pour the golden light over me. I want to be in it, I want to soak it up, but I wake up and can still feel the intense happiness!
Tony
Clear Light Incubation

This drawing was done as an experiment in dream incubation. The result was 4 nights of very clear lucidity, much of that spent in a clear light kind of state- which is rare for me; the majority of my lucid dreaming is done in afternoon naps. The butterfly image at the very top represents a sigilised form of the phrase 'I wish to become lucid in the dream state.'

Hope this is of some interest and thanks for providing an excellent dreaming magazine, the interviews have been especially useful to me!

Be well,
Tony

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The Lover

Talk about an attentive lover! God knows how to touch every cell from the inside so they radiate 50 trillion suns. The ultimate love bomb, God.

While we humans use all that nuclear heat to explode atomic bombs.

What an ache the universe feels for how we misread the metaphor when God desires to get a chain reaction going in our marrow.

Mary Melinda Ziemer
The Conference will feature three world-renowned keynote speakers, over 140 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and other fun special events appropriate to the beachside location. Come meet and converse with your favorite authors and personalities as well as a multitude of kindred spirits interested in sharing the joy and benefits of understanding dreams and dreamworking.

The Program is multidisciplinary with a little something for everyone, professionals as well as those simply interested in dreams. It is organized in tracks for the best opportunity to participate in the discipline of interest to you and recordings will be available so that you can catch up on any lectures you may have missed. Sessions include: presentations; symposia; panels; workshops; special events; morning dream groups; and poster papers. Tracks include: Research and Theory; Arts & Humanities; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreaming; Mental Imagery; and Dreams & Health.

Keynote and Invited Speakers

Tenzin Wangyal Rinpocche
"Lucid Dreaming from a Bön Buddhist Viewpoint”

Kevin J. Todeschi
"Edgar Cayce and the Use of Dreams for Self Guidance”

Mark Biagrove
"From Freud to Neuroscience”

Matthew Wilson
“Hippocampal Memory Reactivation in Awake and Sleep States”

Eben Alexander
“Dream Experiences Accompanying My Week-Long Near-Death Experience”

For additional information and to register:
www.asdreams.org/2013
Top 10 Amazing Things I've done in Lucid Dreams — By Maria Isabel Pita

1. Interacting with two distinct Guides, who have protected me from threatening dream characters and situations, and who enigmatically educate me and encourage my lucid dreaming practice.
2. Bringing a special key from waking reality, and using it to unlock doors that open into other dream spaces containing characters and elements mysteriously relevant to me.
3. Being lucid at the same time as my dream partner in a shared dream with multiple synergistic and telepathic elements.
4. Asking the dream an important personal question, and finding a totally plausible answer either in a drawer, written on a piece of paper, or in the form of a suddenly animated object speaking.
5. Healing myself and loved ones, with verifiable results in waking reality, by using an instinctive form of Reiki, or by simply emanating violet energy from my finger into the afflicted area.
6. Sex with a male dream figure who appears specifically for this purpose, during which I see our pleasure as a luminous “golden sphere” in which all boundaries dissolve between us.
7. Seeing and talking with deceased loved ones, feeling how our spiritual growth remains interwoven as they offer me glimpses of the activities and work they’re engaged in.
8. Soaring through a starry sky, traveling on a wind faster than light to different countries and civilizations on earth, past and present.
9. Joyfully swimming in a substance akin to milky moonlight with a female Guide, and emerging from an ocean at high tide illuminated by a jewel-like moon with a beautiful androgynous face.
10. Being swept away by an invisible force from one dream scene to another, as it spoke directly in my head and yet also from everywhere: “You can have anything you want. It can never be defined, the mistake is to try, because if it could be so contained, It wouldn’t be what It is.”

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!)
I am at Google, and am sitting next to the CEO at a round table. About 40 people are in the room, getting ready for a presentation of ideas, lots of buzz in the room. I see the notes are on flash cards with complex diagrams (no words). It reminds how differently these people think.

The CEO falls on the floor backwards on his chair, laughing hysterically. Items spill everywhere - a real mess. I try to pick his stuff up and he says, “Oh no, it’s ok,” like he would get it, and I’m a special guest. I become lucid when I realize the absurdity of me being here and how I got here.

“What am I doing here?” I ask a woman across from me. I believe she is a guide who brought me here to be a part of Google’s brainstorming meetings. “You are the glue that keeps it all together,” she says. She says I am on a “contract with Google.” (In waking life, I do content marketing and being found on Google is one area of my expertise I have developed in the past year.)

They explain that they test ideas by sending them to outer space and back to earth. I then see a huge fireball of light fly out of earth, into space, hit another planet and return back to earth. I find this fascinating and brilliant, and get a feeling of “Google’s ideas actually come from a bunch of creative people sending them out of this world and into the universe – that’s why they seem far-fetched - they are literally far-fetched.”

There is a break in the meeting. I love hanging out with these creative people. I tell them I have a hotmail address and they laugh - like no one has hotmail - I should use my gmail!

But standing around trying to start conversation is causing me to feel like I am about to wake up, so I keep spinning around and wiggling my hands to stay in the dream (which I learned from LeBerge’s book). One girl asks, “Why are you doing that?” It feels like high school where you want to fit in. I don’t want to tell her I am in a dream and am about to wake up, but the dream fades.

Kelly Frappier
Funny Faces

I began having lucid dreams about a year ago. At the time, I was not aware that this is something that people try to do, it just happened to me. First of all, the experience was very frightening. On many occasions I became aware that I was dreaming and tried to wake myself up. In the process, my body would not move even though my mind told it to. When I eventually did wake up, I would be in a panic. I couldn’t comprehend that this could be normal and I only shared it with my husband. I don’t think he
understood nor believed me and I decided not to talk about it to anyone else.

The lucid dreams became more frequent and I started to just accept them without fear. I didn’t try to control the dreams but instead let them play out knowing it was just a dream. Most of the time when I do become aware that I am dreaming, I wake up soon after.

My most recent lucid dream right before Christmas affected me enough to do research on the internet only to find that I am not crazy. I see there are others out there who have them. The following dream is short but had a huge impact on my life.

I dreamed that I was with my family and enjoying their company. I don’t remember all the details except the part where I became aware that I was dreaming. I saw my mother (who passed away 10 years ago) sitting in a chair smiling at me. Immediately I became aware I was dreaming because in my dream I knew she had passed. I began to cry in my dream. My mother began crying also. It was like saying goodbye to her again. I began sobbing harder as I looked at my mom. Then all of a sudden she started making funny faces. Ones that used to make me laugh when she was alive. I began laughing and so did she. There was a sense of peace that came over me.

I then woke up. I don’t believe I controlled this dream unless it was subconsciously, but it was an amazing experience.

**Laurance Past-Life Request**

Towards the end of a long dream, I found myself walking around an older neighborhood with many, ivy-covered brick buildings that had been transformed into trendy restaurants and bars. [It reminded me a little of the Washington D.C. Georgetown area.]

I was with two friends, who I could not identify upon awakening. We sat down in an outdoor patio area and ordered several beers. For some reason, I became lucid and told my drinking buddies: “You do realize we’re dreaming.” Unlike most other lucid dreams where dream characters look confused or oblivious when I’ve made that announcement, one of them said, “Yeah, you’re right.”

We both started levitating, leaving the third guy confused at the table. While floating in the air, I started doing various calisthenics, like sit-ups and jumping jacks. Although I’m thinking I better keep this short or I’m going to forget the dream. For the first time, I decided to ask the “awareness behind the dream” a question. I yelled out, “Show me a past life!”

Like a movie fadeout, the bar scene dissolved to an old, dimly lit, chapel, which lacked the clarity and focus of the bar setting. There was a rectangular stained-glass window on the ceiling, and in the direction of the alter I saw the three crosses of the Calvary before me. The crosses had a white, almost metallic luminescence, and, as I stared at their overwhelming presence, I woke up.

**James Lucid Rush**

My lucid dream began with me asleep next to my girlfriend who at the time was pregnant with our son. In the dream we’re asleep in bed when we were awakened to a violent beating on our bedroom door. I hid my girlfriend in the closet and said, “I will protect you both.” I opened the door. A black mass tackled me to the floor. I became aware that the black mass then shape-shifted into a dark doppelganger of myself.

I defeated the dark side in the hall just outside the bedroom door. I glanced at the window in the living room over the couch. I took off running and flew
out the window. I was flying like a super hero would, doing all kinds of aerial stunts. It felt great! I said, "If I can do this, why not shoot fireballs or lightning from my hands?" Sure enough I could.

I remember using a lot of concentration to perform those feats. I fought off waking up. I then decided to see if I could throw objects with my mind. I threw over trees and telephone poles with ease. I then landed and went to see if I could throw cars with my bare hands. I did so with ease.

At that time a police officer pulled a gun on me and tried to arrest me for what I was doing. I tried one last thing: I did a Jedi mind trick and told him to put the gun on himself and pull the trigger. He did. At that point, white smoke started at my feet and seemed to do a spiraling rotation all the way up until it reached my head. And at that point I awoke in bed sweating and out of breath but had a huge rush, almost a high.

Maria Isabel Pita

Use Doors, Stupid - Searching for X

Dream 2

I'm on a dark featureless field, in charge of a force of people, many of which are turning against each other. I yell as loudly as I can, commanding them to stop, urgently and with great authority, cutting through the aggressive confusion. The duels cease and I order everyone to fall into place. They form a neat square of people before me in the dim gray atmosphere and I stand facing them, my wrists crossed over my chest. Some presence to my right asks me why I'm adopting an ancient Egyptian pose in front of modern soldiers. I ignore it. I am the General of Maat, that is who I am, and I'm in charge here.

I order the troops to follow me, slowly, repeating "slowly" as I feel their eagerness picking up momentum as we move down the corridors, lit now, with potential ambushes lying in wait. I intend to turn left but a group breaks off and moves quickly right and enters a narrow room in which I see pipes and other miscellaneous shapes. I feel a threat but the group, headed by a blond woman, emerges unscathed. Nevertheless, I'm not pleased with them disobeying my orders. I don't remember how I became lucid, but I think the lucid scene flowed out from the above scenario.

I became lucid instantly and the first thing I can recall is flying in the sky looking down at what appears to be a beach town; I sense the ocean in the darkness beyond some buildings without seeing it. It's night but there is a feel of people still up and about. The first thing I notice is the same amusement park ride from the LD (Lucid Dream) last week, gliding through the sky on a horizontal trajectory. I could distinctly see its shape, swastika like, in that it was angular, but it could also be likened to a spiral galaxy, dotted with white cups or buds from which rose a person's head. Describing it now, it evokes the statue of Tut's head emerging from a Lotus blossom, a symbol of resurrection/ emerging, transformative powers.

With grayish-white clouds before and maybe even around me somewhat, I remember my intent and closing my eyes will the dream to take me where I want, need, to be: X's childhood home. I open my eyes again quickly, recognizing from the unchanged sounds that I haven't gone anywhere. Then, spotting a corner house not far away, I wonder if I'm not already in the right place and if that's his house right there. I move through the air toward it as I lift my shirt and practice the deepening technique of becoming rooted in my dream body. My right nipple looks normal but my left one looks like a little rosy mushroom, which I find amusing.

"X!" I call, gliding down to an outdoor porch, studying the round table with interest, because I seem to recall X mentioning a round table on a brick patio. I sense I'm not where I want to be when I clearly see dark wooden planks, which makes it the wrong material. I ask a young boy if X lives in this house, but don't recall if I get an answer so I enter it. There's a dark-haired woman in the kitchen and she approaches me suspiciously; I just walked into her home announced. I give the excuse I was looking for X but don't linger; the quickest way out is up, and up I go.

I have no intention of letting a ceiling get in my way and I go through it effortlessly. Of course there's another one, but no material is going to hinder me in a lucid dream anymore, I've determined that. I go through 2 or 3 more ceilings before I become seriously frustrated and force openings in the walls, parting them like paper, and they just seem to keep
I think—what’s up with this?! I have no problem breaking through barriers but they just keep multiplying! It’s really exasperating and I decide to ask the Dream, “Does this have something to do with the fact that I’m waking up and resisting it?” (In hindsight, it was not the right question.)

I look around for somewhere the answer might appear. “I just need a ‘yes’ or ‘no’ answer.” I seem to be in a corridor with industrial fogged glass like the kind in cold climates leading into what appears to be a small supermarket or large convenience store. I stride in, glance around me, and spot a newspaper rack. Just what I’m looking for! I glance at the headline and see two words, the one on the left appearing foreign, or a name, and the one on the right a distinct bold NO. My answer, at which point I realize it was a silly question.

I head back out the door, walking close to a pair of Hispanic looking men, determined to find myself out beneath the open sky, and it works! I make a note to remember that following dream characters through appropriate exits might be a good way to avoid my problem with the onion-like layers of ceilings and walls. Maybe I should just do things the “normal” way rather than trying for the seemingly instant or quicker way out.

Ah, the freedom of blue sky! At once, very high up and a few city blocks away, I spot what looks like a metal beam crowded with pigeons or other dark birds fluttering and drawing my attention to them. “Just like in ‘Assassin’s Creed!’” I’m delighted. “Well, I guess I’m meant to go up there.” This beam is, I suppose, attached to some other structure, maybe the rust-colored frame of a vast unfinished or gutted building. Drifting leisurely up toward it, I see that a woman is aware of me and the fact that I’m defying gravity. She says something to me, and though I normally tell such dream characters not to touch me as I move away from them impatiently, I feel indulgent tonight and reply to her, wondering what’s going on here.

Is my dream body somehow bleeding into her world, different from my waking reality, in which I am some kind of apparition? As I move up away from her she tells me that I’m very faint and far away to her but that my voice is loud, booming. I inform her that I’m actually very close to her and speaking in a normal tone of voice even as I find her perspective interesting. I alight on the gray
metal beam in which I recall evenly spaced circular holes, dispersing the birds just as in the video game. “X!” I call again. “I’m here X!” or something to that effect as I walk along this balance beam in the sky. I’m waiting for him to pull me into his dream, only I suspect it’s still too early in the night for him to be lucid dreaming. I feel wonderfully rooted in lucidity and consider what intent I can focus on next while I give him time, but this indecision, this lack of decisive action, immediately begins dissolving the dream. I wake at 4:15.

Kevin Healey
Reaching Through Time?

I found myself alone in a mostly-empty room that resembled a storage area in an old factory. Nothing in particular triggered my lucidity. As far as I can recall, the dream began in this room and I was immediately lucid. While I considered what to do next, I decided to confirm my lucidity by pushing my hand through the floor. I often perform this type of test with the onset of lucidity. I crouched down toward the floor, which was made of wood boards. I pressed my right hand into the floor with ease. The warm sensation in my hand increased the clarity of the dream. Unable to conceive a plan of action, though, the dream soon ended.

A few days later, I awoke in the middle of the night convinced that I had seen a hand reaching down through the ceiling of the bedroom, directly next to a thick, unfinished wood beam. I was frightened and said out loud, "What the hell is that?" My wife had left the room and did not hear me. Not sure whether what I had seen happened in a dream or in reality, I lay motionless and wide-eyed for several minutes while my heartbeat returned to its normal pattern.

It did not occur to me until later that day that these two dreams might be connected. Upon reflection, I realized that the room above my bedroom is indeed a storage area that looks similar to the room from the previous night’s lucid dream, except that the real floor is covered in carpeting rather than bare wood boards. Nevertheless, the apparent connection between the dreams is remarkable, and I am not sure what to make of it. Had I literally seen my dream body from the previous night’s lucid dream? Or had the previous night’s dream simply influenced the content of a subsequent nightmare?

Rick M
Lucid Dream Task

In August of 2010, I received a lucid dream task via email from an IASD forum user working on his own pet dream project. Lucid dreams are rare for me and this was an attempt to spur some activity; however, months passed without success and I eventually forgot about the task. Over a year had transpired when I came across the original email, and this new exposure must have planted a seed that spawned the following lucid dream episode shortly thereafter:

Driving my convertible, unencumbered, I came upon an interesting two story office building seemingly made entirely of shiny chrome and glass. The building looked dazzling as light appeared to be reflecting from all directions. Stopping the car to take in the view, I asked a distinguished looking pedestrian of African descent where I was. He said, "Linwood (sp?)." I asked where this town was located and he responded with, “You won’t find this place on a map.” I then asked if there was a restroom nearby and he pointed saying, “Take a look around that corner.”
Now walking I came to a man in a suit holding a door open. He was looking away from me while talking on his cell phone, and his keys were still in the door he was attempting to enter when receiving his call, or so I presumed. I remember thinking in the dream that this dimension must have some semblance of a business environment. I slipped by and entered a room where two attractive women were talking. I apologized for interrupting then asked if there was a restroom nearby. One responded with, “No, we have no need of restrooms here.” This response triggered lucidity and the task question immediately came to mind. I then asked if she knew the interface between the body and the soul. She responded with, “Yes, I recently learned about this. The theory is based on the movement of a sphere.” The dream ended here as I woke up still in need of a restroom.

Phoenix Mendoza
Third Time’s the Charm

It had been quite a weekend full of partying, drinking, arguments with my partner and, well, more drinking (I’m a junior in college….a struggling Junior in college). My sleep-deprived body ached for some rest and I was not obeying, not on Thursday or Friday nor Saturday, and Sunday was no exception. Finally it was time to crash down and prepare myself for the upcoming work week and of course, for the inevitable hang over I was about to experience. I laid down on my not-so-cozy bed around 3:30 am of the 26th of November, 2012 while outside thick clouds hung over the city (Monterrey, Mexico) and gave no chance for the stars to peek through. It was cold so I snuggled in between my bed sheets and attempted to fall asleep as fast as possible; after all work was only a couple hours away. It only took a couple of minutes to realize that sleep was not happening, not so fast at least. I was going to have to work for it, as my mind had come to the grand conclusion that this was the best time to analyze every event that had happened this weekend. Every problem, every argument, every conversation….it was going to be a long night. Never did I expect my first lucid dream. I was not about to fight it, no sir. I have been through that endless cycle of “stop thinking so you can fall asleep,” then the “stop thinking about ‘stop thinking’ so you can finally fall asleep!” It’s not easy to stop your brain from doing what it’s best at - thinking - so I figured some Radiohead might help my brain to doze off and relax my thoughts. By 5:30 am and about two full Radiohead albums later, I began to finally doze off. Little by little I began to get lost inside the darkness within me. You know those first couple of instances when you realize you are about to fall asleep when your body is fully relaxed, loose and ready for some rest. All was going as planned…then it began:

I began to feel it in my extremities first, a feeling best described as a vibrator being put beside your skin that shakes you to your bones. It works its way up your legs, your abdomen, your chest, your arms and then finally it gets to your head and you feel like the Alpha Omega himself is viciously shaking you as if to say: “Were you about to fall asleep? Well F%&K YOU! How bout a lil’ shakin of your bones, dogg!? I couldn’t move one muscle on my body, or talk, nothing. The best description I have heard of it from others is that it feels like a lead blanket slowly being placed on top of you. Sleep Paralysis they call it. Here in Mexico they call it “Se te subio el muerto” or “The dead climbed on top of you.” I like to call it the “Mighty Shake & Bake.” This was not the first time I had experienced sleep paralysis as it had happened to me on two other occasions. The first time it was completely horrifying and dreadful since my parents had told me many a times about their experiences with dead people climbing on top of your chest and taking your soul away.

The second time, after doing some research on the subject, it was not unpleasant whatsoever. As a matter of fact, after learning about the possibility of lucid dreams, I decided to test it out but had no luck. The sleep paralysis set in and I relaxed. Finally, after a couple of seconds, it went away…..

You know what they say though: ‘Third Time’s the Charm.’ Well it sure is, ain’t it? Well for me at least. This time my sleep paralysis set in and I simply decided to close my eyes and relax while regulating my breathing and slowing it down. Then:

I was walking down the street that leads to our neighborhood Wal-Mart with my partner and we were talking. Weather was nice and I had no sweater on. We walked into the store and began to fill a shopping cart full of food; a watermelon that was quite heavy, some oatmeal for breakfast - it was...
just a regular night out on the town. We left with our grocery bags hanging from our hands and as we walked down another street on our way back I began feeling strange. I began to ponder certain things:

Why am I outside? Why am I not wearing a sweater? It was cold wasn’t it? Where am I? Why did I just go into Wal-Mart? What did I buy and why? I couldn’t trace us back to my house. Things began feeling really odd as if nothing made sense. By this time I had stopped walking and my partner continued walking. I yelled, “Wait a minute.” He continued walking as if he hadn’t heard me. So I screamed out a little louder this time, “Wait!” and he turned around.

“All of this is a dream, isn’t it?” I asked him, although I already knew, so I did not wait for an answer. “This is all a dream! All of this around is not real! I was sleeping!” No answer came. He just looked confused and dumbfounded. A second later I was back in my room. I got up from my bed and opened my door. My landlord was outside and he waved at me and said, “What’s up?” I said it back and gave it no importance but when I looked back inside my room I could see someone on my bed. I dared not to uncover him because I was frightened at what I might see (myself). I was still dreaming and this time I was inside my room.

Everything was identical even to the last little details. But I needed confirmation that this was in fact a lucid dream….that’s when I decided to try and jump off my balcony. I thought about it for a couple of seconds mainly because if it wasn’t a dream, I was about to jump twenty feet onto the cold concrete and probably get some serious injuries, not to mention the fact that people would wonder what drugs I was on. But I jumped and I could fly - well, float - I guess that’s the best way of putting it. I was fully capable of floating like a dead leave falling from a branch, carried by the wind and landing ever so softly on the grass below. Best of all I could feel it in my stomach. This was indeed a dream.

I went hog wild: I began climbing on walls, trying to fly as best I could, jumping from one roof to another, trying to do Goku’s Kame Hame Ha unsuccessfully. Colors and lights were all around me; UFO’s and strange creatures, and also familiar faces and
In Your Dreams!

I woke up around 8:30 am and although I had slept only a couple of hours I felt full of energy and full of amazement at the human mind. I had experienced a lucid dream and I had controlled it to some extent. No words can describe it as it deserves. All I can say is that it was out of this world and I hope every human being gets to experience such a dream at least once in their lives. I have a new-found respect for the human mind and ever since I have been doing research on how to achieve a much greater control over dreams so I can push it to the limit and that’s how I discovered this website (LDE: www.luciddreammagazine.com). I leave you with this last statement:

The human mind, much like the Sun that grants us life, is completely underestimated and our knowledge is but a small percentage of its potentials. So let us explore and let us learn and most importantly let us dream of what great power we hold within.

Maria Isabel Pita
The Mummy - Searching for X Dream 3

I’m lying, mostly unclothed, across a concrete frame around a plot of dirt a few feet in diameter at night on a deserted city street. It’s dark and I’m aware of my reclining position where I straddle the street and the plot of earth, which also has the consistency of moist sand. I begin to crawl onto it, intending to make myself comfortable on it like a bed and go to sleep when I realize this is not something I would normally do, that there’s something strange going on… I must be dreaming, and yet gravity feels real and I’m not convinced. Seeing the approaching headlights of a car, a hazy white in the gray-black atmosphere, I stand up and reason that I can make myself rise up into the sky in time to avoid being hit, that the threat gives me the push I need to prove I am indeed, dreaming. I rise up slowly, willing gravity to release its hold on me. Yes, I’m dreaming!

Gliding slowly parallel to darkened buildings over the now empty street, I immediately think of X but I can’t speak his name; I try, but my voice won’t rise out of my throat. I remember my intent, to emulate the Dream Walkers from Robert Jordan’s “Wheel of Time,” and closing my eyes I say, “Need!” and twirl around, repeating this three times before opening my eyes again. I already know it didn’t work because I could hear the same ambient sound(s) as before; I wasn’t taken to my target location, X’s childhood home, where I hope he will be waiting. Instead a couple of feet below me to my left, I see a blonde man, tall but slender build, barely visible in the heavy nocturnal gloom, but I distinctly see him smile at me. I consider approaching him and interacting with this dream character but decide against it as I try once again to call “X!” with no more success.

I suffer a false awakening as the guest of a family who is already up and preparing to head for the water; they live on the beach. I really want to stay in bed longer, I’m sleepy and now is the time X might be having a LD (Lucid Dream) but I get up and end up on the beach with them, yet I still want to go back to bed and I begin running back…

Walking down a dark city sidewalk with Mami, arm in arm, happily returning from dinner out together. No one around: no cars, just the silhouette of buildings to our left and darkness all around as we approach the corner to turn left toward home. Even as we do so, it hits me that we really didn’t go out together by ourselves, that this is not a likely scenario and so I must be dreaming. I smile and face Mami and say, “Look, we can fly,” and rising up into the sky prove to myself this is, indeed, a dream. Mami looks surprised and worried, although not too much, and I say, “Come on up with me, Mami,” and I’m pleased she actually does so. She’s wearing a blue floral dress, and in a spirit of play I take her hands and make as though to ballroom dance with her through the sky, but she tries to pull away, frightened by what she calls a “dance macabre” and I understand she fears that dancing in a dream like this is a portent of death. I know it’s a silly superstition but respect her feelings and say, “Okay, just head back down, slowly,” and she does so, a bit awkwardly, her legs rising up as she falls back like someone pushed into a pool. I remain airborne, rising higher into the sky as I call “X!” intending to go try and find him again only suddenly the dark sky solidifies into a ceiling, arched and smooth as though made of thick strong porcelain, a grayish-blue-white color blocking my progress. It feels too dense to try and will myself through and I’m pondering the annoying obstacle when on the
In Your Dreams!

Laurance

Chanting “Hu”

I had my first lucid dream about two years ago and have had about 40 since. In this specific dream, I was boating on crystal clear water on a beautiful sunny day. Colors were vivid, and ripples sparkled in the sun. Initially, I thought I was off the coast of Maui, where I had snorkeled the previous month. When I realized the rocky coastline represented some unfamiliar location, I became lucid.

Although in most lucid dreams I’m relatively passive, based on Robert Waggoner’s Internet course suggestion, I decided to chant “HU.” According to the Eckankar spiritual tradition, which my wife has followed for many years, HU is an ancient name for God and the sound of all sounds, which is sung for spiritual upliftment. Given my lofty intent, I was surprised by the tidal wave of base-chakra sexual energy that flowed through me. Due to this energetic onslaught, my dream started collapsing, replaced by considerable amorous energy directed toward my poor wife sleeping next to me. Because I did not want to lose a precious lucid dream, I imagined myself spinning, which directed me into a new dream setting.

I was now in Boulder, Colorado looking at the nearby Flatirons. It seemed like I was attending some sort of metaphysical class, in which I had the opportunity to interact with long-lost friends, none of whom I could identify upon waking.

Unfortunately, I slipped out of lucidity. However, perhaps due to the energy-charging nature of the dream’s earlier segment, I had a second lucid dream the same night, which has never happened before.
Dreams & Creativity – Call for Dream Reports!

I’m Dr Clare Johnson, a dream researcher and novelist (Clare Jay) currently writing a non-fiction book on the connection between dreams and creativity. I am looking for reports of dreams which have specifically led to creativity.

Your dream might be lucid, non-lucid, or an out-of-body experience. It might take place in a hypnogogic state or during sleepwalking, or in the ‘void’ of imageless dreaming. The important thing is that your dream has led to some form of creativity in the waking state, such as an idea for a new project, a new way of understanding a problem or situation, physical or psychological healing, or the creation of a piece of artwork, poetry, or music.

I’d be very happy to hear from you. Please either write to my blog at http://www.clairejay.com/blog/ or email me on phdcasestudies@hotmail.com with ‘Dreams and Creativity’ in the subject line and include a brief description of your dream and the way it helped you creatively. I’ll be in touch – thanks!

Biography

Dr Clare Johnson’s doctoral thesis (University of Leeds, UK) explored the role of lucid dreaming in the creative writing process. As part of her PhD she developed techniques for entering and working within the ‘writer’s trance’, as well as drawing on her own lucid dreams at each stage of the novel-writing process. Her novels are Breathing in Colour (2009) and Dreamrunner (2010), both published by Little, Brown under her writing name of Clare Jay.

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE

The June issue of LDE will feature the theme of ‘Consensus’

Do you and your dream figures see the same things in the same way in your lucid dreams? Do you see things that other dream figures can’t see at all? Do they see things that you can’t?

What about the other senses? Do you taste, hear, smell, or feel things in the same way that characters in your lucid dreams do?

Any other unusual objects or occurrences in your dreaming environment that you and your dream characters don’t agree on?

Send in your “Consensus” dreams for the next issue via our submissions section on our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or email submissions@dreaminglucid.com

Suggested Themes for Future Issues

Send in your dreams or articles any time!

Touch – Does anything unusual happen when you touch or are touched by a dream figure?

Portals – Does passing through a doorway, or a window, etc. lead you into unexpected or unusual places?

The Void – Have any of your lucid dreams involved black light, complete absence of visuals, or void-like environments?

Music – Do you hear music in your lucid dreams? How does it differ from waking reality? Does music occur only in certain lucid dream situations?

Multiple False Awakenings – Have you had several false awakenings in a row, each one resulting in you becoming lucid again? In other words a series of lucid dreams all connected by false awakenings?

This is just a short list of potential dream themes – we are always eager to hear what our readers would like to see in LDE. If you have a suggestion for a lucid dream theme, drop us a line through our website via our submissions section on our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or email submissions@dreaminglucid.com
The Lucid Dreaming Experience  www.dreaminglucid.com

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

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

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

Lucidity Institute  www.lucidity.com

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

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

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

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

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

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

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

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver’s presentation of inter-dream experiments given at the June IASD conference in Berkeley:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc

Rebecca’s Website  www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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

Ryan Hurd
www.dreamstudies.org

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

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

Christoph Gassmann
Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.
http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html

Werner Zurfluh
"Over the Fence"  www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

The Conscious Dreamer
Sirley Marques Bonham  www.theconsciousdreamer.org

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

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

Jayne Gackenbach
Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.
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

Roger “Pete” Peterson  http://realtalklibrary.com

DreamTokens  www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn  www.dreamingtrue.com

Lucidipedia  www.lucidipedia.com

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers