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

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

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

Will you help us? If you have the means and a generous heart, please visit our donation site at

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Click on the DONATE button at the top, and donate by credit card or Paypal.

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

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

In gratitude,
Lucy and Robert
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How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

For me, lucid dreaming has been a lifelong companion. My journey into lucid dreaming started very early, at roughly the age of 5. At this age I was prone to terrible recurrent nightmares and other parasomnia, making sleep somewhat of a fearsome event. As they say, necessity is the mother of invention and so with my childhood mind already predisposed to thoughts about dreams, and needing a means to survive the onslaught, it was only a matter of time until I stumbled upon the ability to lucid dream.

The memories of these early events are somewhat blurry now, being over 30 years ago, but my initial “technique” for inducing lucid dreams was a kind of meditative focus. I would attempt to hold onto awareness and catch the moment I would fall asleep. I now call this method “catching the butterfly” and outline it in my book Are You Dreaming?, however the principle is simple and the basic premise is the key to many WILD induction techniques, essentially finding some form of psychological anchor to maintain awareness as one falls into sleep.

This was especially useful for my particular issues, as many of my nightmares resulted in a brief terrified awakening, after which I’d fall directly back into another dream. Eventually, I managed to become quite adept at lucid dreaming and as a result was able to find a comfort in the knowledge that these experiences were something I could control. Of course, once lucidity was mastered, this very rapidly cured me of my nightmares; from there on, a lifelong fascination with sleep and dreams was born and I’ve not looked back since.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? What happened when you became lucidly aware in your childhood nightmares?

One of my early recurring nightmares revolved around being trapped on a coastline in imminent threat from a giant tidal wave. The landscape of this dream was a perfect replica of the surrounding familiar coastline of my hometown. Of course, at that young age the nightmare was rather simple in plot: escape the giant wave. Now, the beaches of my hometown, whilst quite beautiful, have large imposing cliffs, so the dreamt experience of a
tidal wave hurtling toward the beach, created a very claustrophobic and essentially inescapable environment.

For my early non-lucid nightmares, the tension would mount as the wave came ever nearer, until, eventually, the crescendo of fear would wake me; normally just before the wave were to come crashing down. It was this very same recurrent dream in which I first experienced lucidity, though understandably the finer details have faded in time. From what I remember, I’d woken from this dream and was fearful of returning to sleep, so I practiced my “catching the butterfly” technique as I lay in bed, waiting to re-enter the dream world. So there I lay, watching my thoughts and awareness flit from one thing to another and waiting to catch the moment thoughts turned to dreams, then, suddenly, in the blink of an eye, I was once again standing upon the beach, albeit this time fully aware of my circumstance; I knew I was dreaming!

It was a strange and exhilarating experience, although at such a young age I was barely equipped to comprehend the deeper philosophical excitement and implications (those came later, in my teenage explorations of lucidity). My instinctive reaction was to face the fear of the wave and to just “let it happen”, so calling upon all my courage, I decided rather than wait for the wave to come to me, I would go to it. I remember the feeling of running towards the sea, with this huge wave, as tall as a skyscraper, rushing as quickly towards me as I towards it. As I reached the wave, I threw myself into it superman style, slipping through the wall of water like a warm knife through butter. It was absolutely exhilarating. Knowing now that the awesome destructive force of the wave was behind me, a new more powerful wave, a wave of relaxation and accomplishment, washed over me.

I now found myself deep within the ocean, calm, relaxed and fully lucid. To my astonishment, I found I could breathe underwater, opening a new world of exploration and fun, the start of a fascinating lucid dream of an underwater world (I’ll leave those details to the reader’s imagination, or even better try it yourself!). From there on, whenever this particular dream recurred, the tidal wave had now become a dream sign, virtually guaranteeing lucidity. What originally had been a dream of fear and escape, had now become not only a doorway to lucidity but also a dream of exploration and freedom.

Perhaps not unsurprisingly, a good deal of my early lucid dreams were of exploring the world beneath the sea, which later influenced my childhood waking life, inspiring me to become an avid and adept swimmer, and later inspiring me to take up diving.

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

If there is one thing that has continued to surprise me, from those earliest days and even until to today, it is the sheer vibrant realism of the dream world. Of course, I can hardly claim any originality in this department, as it seems to be the overwhelming consensus amongst lucid dreamers to be enchanted by the beauty and detail of the dream world. For me this is wonderful and surprising on so many levels, but perhaps the real beauty of all this, when you give it the consideration it deserves, is how it acts as such a potent and visceral demonstration of the depths of creativity and power of the human mind. Even the simplest of lucid dream gives us a glimpse at the genius of the human mind, it’s staggering ability to create and recreate worlds.

During our daily waking lives, often we go about with the sensation that we are trapped within our skulls and that the thoughts rattling around our heads are all there is to the human mind. We often forget that the external world we experience around us, all those intricate details that our senses provide, are all as much part of our own mental processes as our inner voice. Our experience of the world, both waking and dreaming, is a process of
mental modeling. Even right now as you read these words, the words you experience are a model, a mental representation of an external event, as is everything else you experience. Your senses report reality but it is your mind that paints the detailed artwork that is your personal private experience. Lucid dreams demonstrate this power in a way that is inarguable, for we know with certainty that the worlds we experience in dreams are not external so it has to be our mind that creates them.

For me, this has helped remind me that this is a process that continues in all human experience, waking or dreaming, that our relationship with reality is a creative interplay and our mind is a wonderful instrument upon which the music of all our experiences is played. So I guess, lucid dreaming has taught me that we are all more than we often give ourselves credit for.

I assume at some point the nightmares vanished. What was it about lucid dreams that caught your interest and attention then? What made you want to have another lucid dream and pursue it further?

Yes, very shortly after the discovery of lucid dreaming (which I was yet to even realize had a name or was an experience others had), the nightmares ended. In those early years it wasn’t so much of a case in choosing to continue with lucidity, instead it became something of the norm. I’d grown accustomed to the habit of maintaining a level of awareness during my sleeping hours, so lucidity became a regular staple of my dreaming life, something which I assumed was “normal”. In retrospect I put this down to the flexibility of a child’s mind, without any preconceptions about what a dream should be: the fact that I had learnt to become aware in them simply felt natural and I assumed everyone did this.

It’s this simplicity with which I learnt and accepted lucid dreaming as a child that leads me to the conclusion that there should be more focus on teaching the skills of lucid dreaming to children. Much like learning a language, the earlier you start, the easier and more natural the whole process becomes. My natural lucidity continued throughout the majority of my childhood. I explored my dream world on a nightly basis, with my lucid dreams generally reflecting my childhood interests. So with a burgeoning interest in the sciences and astronomy, a good deal of my nightly adventures involved the exploration of space, or travelling back in time to visit the dinosaurs, perhaps all rather predictable lucid dream fodder for a young boy.

It wasn’t until the distractions of puberty kicked in that I needed to give any real focus to inducing the experience. Up until that point, lucid dreaming was something I simply accepted, something that just happened. However, during my early teenage years, the state became somewhat more elusive; no longer did lucid dreams come with ease, instead more and more of my dreams fell victim to the fog of unawareness and so in many ways, I had to start from scratch, re-learning how to enter the state.

I can’t say with any real confidence what caused this shift but my gut feeling is that the rapid changes in brain development, the growing complexity of life and the influx of hormones, all played their part in creating a barrier to a conscious dream world. Fortunately for me, through a series of unlikely but serendipitous events in my early teens (which are too complicated to explain in detail here), I became aware of the existence of lucid dreaming as a state. In other words, that there was a name for the experience and that others shared it.

This came in the form of several books on the topic that by chance had found their way into my possession. It was all somewhat of a revelation and it fueled my intention to once again master this skill that had come so easily during my childhood. As for the reasons why I wished to continue, well the memory of the freedom and power of lucid dreaming alone was enough of an incentive, however, I was also a rather philosophical teen, and the chance to explore the dream world with a more developed and curious mind was impossible to resist.
Lucid Dreaming Experience

Retrospectively, whilst at the time having to re-learn lucid dreaming seemed like a disaster, I am now thankful for the experience, as without it I’d not be able to relate to those who struggle to experience the state. Indeed, the effortlessness of my childhood lucid dreams was never completely recaptured and today, like most lucid dreamers, the process of inducing them is one that requires focus, planning and skill.

In your book, Are You Dreaming?, you mention that you became a big fan of the television series, Star Trek: The Next Generation. At some point, you realized lucid dreaming seemed akin to the ‘holodeck’ or virtual reality room on the Enterprise. How did you play with this idea in your teenage lucid dreams?

In reality it was a very simple premise. I believe I was in my mid-teens and during that time I was struggling a little with mastering a more direct and reliable form of dream control. Whilst during the vast majority of my lucid dreams I was more than able to steer the dream in the direction I wished, often the more direct aspects of dream control, such as rapid changes in locality, or conjuring people or items, remained somewhat more elusive; a little more unreliable than was satisfactory.

I understood the basic role of expectation in such endeavours but had yet to find a method that gave consistent results. It was during this period where I noticed the similarities between the lucid dreaming experience and the fictional holodeck. Fortunately, as those who are familiar with the show will understand, the virtual world of the holodeck was voice activated; a character need only speak a command along the lines of “Computer, pause time”, or “Computer, generate a Hawaiian beach,” for the holodeck to respond accordingly. The simple logical step was to approach lucid dream control in the same manner and fortunately it worked wonderfully.

Now, as readers of my book will understand, the premise behind this particular form of dream control is not the means of control itself (the vocal commands) but the genuine belief and expectation that such a method will be successful. I call this technique “reframing”, as essentially the principle is to reframe the underlying belief in how the dream world operates in such a way to convince yourself that such a feat is possible; fictional worlds and modern day computer interfaces offer us creative options for reframing a dream’s control system.

Because my teenage mind, rather nerdily, wholeheartedly bought into the Star Trek universe, it was a very small step for my mind to accept the premise of the lucid dream as a kind of holodeck. This reframing increased my expectation for success and as such the world of dreams responded positively to this increased expectation and confidence. My book Are You Dreaming? explores the principles of reframing in far more detail and of course isn’t limited to forcing your dreams to involve body hugging starship uniforms! Reframing is a powerful, versatile and simple technique and is a stepping stone towards truly understanding the deeper principles behind expectation and dream control.

Many of us have noted the analogy of lucid dreaming as akin to an inner ‘holodeck’. Though a simple analogy, does it really hold true? Or asked another way, how does a lucid dream differ from a holodeck?

Of course it is the nature of analogies to only take us so far. Eventually the similarities will break down. In the case of the holodeck, it’s certainly far from a perfect match. The most obvious difference between the experience of dreaming and that of any external virtual reality, is the self-generated nature of dreaming.
Our dreams are a deeply interactive process far beyond the obvious manipulations of a virtual body on a virtual world. In a computerised virtual world one is interacting in a very simple almost crass manner, in a series of ‘physical’ movements and commands etc., aping our most basic waking interactions with the physical world. The dream world, being a construct of the mind, is a much more subtle web of interaction.

Both the dream world and our persona within that world are products of the same organ, namely the human brain. In dreams there is no distinction between external and internal, as essentially everything occurring inside a dream is occurring within the mind. Therefore, in a very real sense, every thought, emotion, distraction or psychological experience within a dream is an interaction with the illusory external environment, more specifically, it is the environment.

The emotion of joy you may experience as you look over a beautiful dreamscape, genuinely influences that vision and it becomes a form of feedback loop. Your enjoyment of the beauty feeds and manipulates the vision of the beauty and vice versa. Furthermore, in a computerised virtual world you would experience a world designed and imagined by another; it would therefore lack the intense immediacy and connection one has with one’s own mental models. To put this into a simple example, the “monster” you may experience in a virtual world, would be the invention of someone else - sure it may be frightening, but how much more terrifying a beast could your own mind devise, having access to your most deep and personal primal fears?

A dream, unlike any other virtual experience, is a rollercoaster ride through your own psyche, only you are not simply experiencing the ride, you are THE RIDE.

In your book, you state that Frederik van Eeden did not coin the term, lucid dreaming. If not van Eeden, then who created the term? Do you think van Eeden borrowed it from them, or simply happened upon a similar expression?

That’s correct. The original use of the term lucid dreaming, as we know it today, was coined by Marie-Jean-Léon Lecoq, better known by his title Marquis d’Hervey de Saint-Denys, in his 1867 work, Les rêves et les moyens de les diriger; observations pratiques (Dreams and the means to direct them, practical observations). The only available English translation of this work comes from Morton Schatzman, published in 1982 (now out of print). The translation is incomplete and lacking large portions of the original text. It has also lost much of the mood and the beautifully colourful writing style of the original.

To compound and confuse matters, Schatzman’s accompanying notes are somewhat misleading and it is in these notes that Schatzman comes to the erroneous conclusion that Saint-Denys use of “rêves lucide” has a different meaning to how we would use it today, which is demonstrably wrong. Indeed, the first use of the term lucid dream can be found on page 287 of Les Rêves, in the sentence: “C’est-à-dire le premier rêve lucide au milieu duquel je possédais bien le sentiment de ma situation” (transl.: That is to say, the first lucid dream in which I had the sensation of my situation). This makes the term ‘lucid dream’ a ripe 147 years old.

As Shatzman’s translation is the only English translation available, scholars and dream researchers have often assumed his interpretation was correct and as such, a kind of ‘chinese whispers’ occurred, in which this one misinterpretation has been restated in all the major texts on lucid dreaming ever since.

As for van Eeden, it’s clear in his work, A Study of Dreams (1913), in which he classified seven types of dream, including the lucid dream, that he was very much aware of the work of Saint-Denys. Indeed he
even mentions both him and his book within the text. So, I feel it’s very safe to say that van Eeden borrowed the term, or at the absolute least, he must have picked it up subconsciously after studying the work of Saint-Denys (I’d say the former is the most likely explanation). Plus let us not forget that the word lucid is somewhat vague and perhaps not one that would naturally jump to mind, so the chances of both picking it by chance are slim at best. Also the fact that van Eeden’s text was more widely available after being popularized by Charles Tart in 1969, will have also played a role in this blurring of the true origin of the term. I feel, once we look at the evidence, it’s clear that Saint-Denys coined the term, to then be borrowed later by van Eeden.

Whilst it may seem like a trivial point to some, I feel it’s important for us as a community of dreamers to be aware of our roots, and Saint-Denys was a truly wonderful and insightful chap. It’s only right that he be given the credit he deserves.

As you report, St-Denys enjoyed performing experiments in lucid dreams. Tell us briefly about one of his lucid dream experiments. Why do you think most lucid dreamers seem unaware of his work?

One of my favourite of his experiments - mostly because it’s such a great example of his thinking and a nice glimpse into his human side (I have the inclination he was somewhat of a ladies man) - is one in which he had built a music box that played two particular tunes. This music box was designed to be played whilst he was dreaming and to hopefully influence them.

Now, it would seem, there were two ladies whom Saint-Denys wished to dream about, and so to create a connection between these women and each tune, he paid a bandmaster to play these tunes whenever he danced with either of them. The implications of this are somewhat self evident: develop a connection between a piece of music and a person during his waking hours, then to play these tunes whilst he slept in order to conjure the woman into his dream. He reports that the experiment was a success, although the account of the dreams in question don’t offer much detail as to how the dreams then progressed.

Several of his experiments were along these lines: create a unique association during waking hours, then to use that association to influence the content of his dreams. All very ahead of his time, especially considering that only recently with the advent of devices such as the Nova Dreamer and the DreamSpeaker are we finally catching up with his way of thinking.

As for why most lucid dreamers are unaware of his work, well, sadly, as I’ve covered earlier, this is mostly due to the blurring of his place in lucid dream history and perhaps more importantly the fact that his book has remained stubbornly unavailable in a comprehensive, accurate and complete English translation. In France and other areas of Europe, Saint-Denys is far more highly regarded and respected amongst lucid dreamers. However, I have good news on this front, I am currently working in conjunction with a skilled translator and other experts to finally bring the first full English translation of Saint-Denys work to light. I’ll be making a full announcement on this project in the near future (so for those interested, join me on twitter and facebook to stay up to date). I am very pleased and proud to be able to instigate this project and feel that it will hugely benefit us all as lucid dreamers. However, we’ll almost certainly need the help of the lucid dream community, so once the project is ready to set sail, I’ll be very thankful for the support and backing of other lucid dreamers. It’s a genuine chance to really be part of something wonderful.

Also, it seems that you created a technique about ten years ago, called the Cycle Adjustment Technique. Can you briefly talk a bit about that? (I urge interested readers to purchase a copy of your book to see these techniques described in greater detail.)

Has it really been ten years already? How quickly time passes! Although in reality, the idea is considerably older than ten years. Well, as you say, probably the best explanation of the technique can be found in the book, so I’ll not belabour the point too much here. Essentially the CAT method is a behavioural approach to inducing lucid dreams, aiming more towards the biology of awareness rather than the psychological approach favoured by most lucid dream techniques. It can be thought of as a natural alternative to using supplements such as galantamine; a way to biologically
prep your mind in such a way to improve the chances of awareness and therefore lucidity.

Through a regimented series of tweaks to ones sleeping cycle, the method aims to activate the chemistry of critical thinking during the final REM phase of a night’s sleep. I stumbled upon the idea quite some time ago, by pure serendipity, back during my college days. By chance my lecture schedule was on an alternating pattern, giving me this cyclical routine of waking early one day, then sleeping in the next and so the pattern would repeat. I noticed that on the days I slept in, the occurrence of lucidity was much greater.

This idea must have rattled around my mind for some time, as many years later and after a lot of experimentation and thought, I eventually managed to fine tune this idea and establish a pattern that seemed to greatly increase the chances of lucidity and a reasoning behind why this occurred. I’ll not share the specific details of the method here, but you can find the full and detailed version in my book, or alternatively variations based on the original idea shared online, back in 2004, can be easily found on most popular lucid dreaming websites.

On your website, you state, “In addition to his role as an oneirologist, Daniel is also a trained magician, specialising in the field of psychological illusion (also known as mentalism). Through studying and working as a psychological magician, Daniel has developed an understanding of the nature and limitations of human awareness. He has found a strong crossover between the magical deceptions that can be performed on the waking mind, with those that arise in the dream state.”

This comes across in your writing as both observant but somewhat skeptical. Fair enough. So in your book, you mention lucid dreams in which the deceased appear. And you mention the lucid dream of Gennadius, as told by St. Augustine. So, do you mean to tell us that all lucid encounters with the deceased serve as merely ‘beautiful gifts’ from the subconscious?

If a dreamer becomes lucid upon observing a deceased dream figure, and then receives a message from the deceased dream figure with information that later proves true, how should we take that? Or if a lucid dreamer like Ed Kellogg, PhD, reports going in search of a recently deceased acquaintance while lucid, and finds them, learns things about the deceased, then awakes and shares the results with the family of the deceased (who confirm Ed’s observations as valid and outside of Ed’s knowledge), then how should we take that?

Well, it’s certainly not my place, nor anyone else’s, to tell others how to think or what to believe, especially in matters so sensitive, however, I’d be happy to share how I would personally approach such an anecdote in the hope that it helps others draw their own conclusions. This may be somewhat of a long answer, but I feel it deserves a good deal of thought, so, let’s jump in.

My first port of call upon hearing any extraordinary claim, especially those that seem to contradict our current understanding of the universe, is to look at universal human desires and needs and to establish if the given answer to a problem seems to coincide with these. To elaborate, as humans, be we theists, atheists, spiritual, scientific or any of the myriad of variations possible, we all share some fundamental desires and fears; and we must be careful not to ignore the power these have in colouring our perceptions of the world.

Perhaps one of the most universal of all human fears (and relevant to your anecdote) is that of death. Now, arguably the most comfortable solution to this fear is the answer “death is not the end”. For me, when I see comfortable answers to deep human desires and fears, I am inclined to hear alarm bells ringing - not that I would ever dismiss them out of hand, instead, I become very aware that an increased level of clarity and skepticism may be required to overcome my human bias and vested interest. In other words, as I also fear death, I must be careful not to let that same fear influence how I view the evidence. Simpler still: if we want something to be true, we are at a higher risk of deceiving ourselves.

So, my starting point with an anecdote such as the one you share, would be firstly to question the role of my own human desires and motives and to then attempt to
distance myself from these biases so they do not colour my investigation into the evidence presented.

Anecdotes are tricky things. They exist for almost any unusual experience you can imagine, from telepathy to alien abduction, from visitations of ghosts to levitating monks. Whatever your personal beliefs, you will also find others with contradictory beliefs with as many anecdotes defending their position. If you take this to an extreme case, those suffering from mental illness will have many stories that they are convinced justify their hallucinatory experiences. So the first thing we can say with some certainty, is that the existence of anecdotal stories are, at best, only a hint that something has happened, but that something may very well not be the same as the conclusion the experiencer has drawn.

For example, an anecdote of an alien abduction may in reality have more to do with the experience of sleep paralysis than extraterrestrials. The person who experienced the event may very well be convinced that they experienced an abduction, but perhaps they lack a vital piece of knowledge or evidence. In this example it’s the power of sleep paralysis and its accompanying hallucinations. We must always remember that any anecdote is deeply coloured by the knowledge, desires, fears, experiences, beliefs and limitations of the individual who’s sharing it.

In the case of a dream of the deceased offering seemingly previous unknown knowledge that later proves to be true, we are opening the floodgates to a tsunami of variables that we cannot easily, if ever, account for. We are also entering an area where those involved have a very strong bias for wanting to believe that contact has been made. We must remember though, that it would be impossible to conclude from anecdotal evidence alone exactly what happened. Like a court of law, strong evidence would be required before the case could be solved. Without good evidence, a claim cannot be substantiated and we must accept that until it can, it is a belief and not a truth.

We must also be careful to remember that in a world of seven billion individuals, unbelievable coincidences will happen on a regular basis to a large number of people. The human mind is poorly equipped to deal with peculiarities of statistics and chance, yet it is incredibly skilled at finding patterns and connections, even to the point that it will deduce connections that do not exist.

We’ll have on average five dreams a night and our dreams are often related to current events in our life. Multiply those five dreams by a lifetime and then multiply that number by seven billion to encompass the population of the planet, then ask yourself: is it unlikely that occasionally some individuals will have coincidental dreams that have some amazing connection to their (or their acquaintances’) waking lives?

None of this is of course ruling out the possibility of genuine events, but hopefully it helps us avoid immediately jumping to the conclusion that the only possible answer is a supernatural cause. It’s clear that even without supernatural causes, amazing events will occur purely by chance. It’s important to remain level headed and explore simple (albeit possibly less exciting) answers as well as the more elaborate conclusions.

In the end, I prefer to err on the side of caution and take inspiration from the stories of Sherlock Holmes; to look at the evidence as it presents itself, rule out that which is unlikely or improbable, avoid personal bias as much as possible and draw a conclusion that is based solely around the available facts of each individual case.

Of course, not all cases will have enough evidence to draw any conclusion at all and in that eventuality, we must simply be happy with the answer “I cannot be certain”, as there is no shame in a universe as complicated and strange as ours, to occasionally admit that we cannot have an answer for everything. In the anecdotes you share, the only honest answer I can give is that there is simply not enough information available to conclude anything more than someone believed they experienced something. In my opinion there’s certainly not enough evidence to justify sharing their conclusion.
Whilst I would absolutely love to believe that life continues after death and that dreams are a doorway to such a world, I have sadly yet to come across evidence that is compelling enough to substantiate such a huge claim. Though with humility, I would not completely rule out the possibility, but I do feel it would be an amazingly convenient and reassuring piece of luck if it were so. After all, nature has no responsibility whatsoever to conform to the wants and needs of humans. Historically we’ve not fared well in these regards. Not so long ago we wished and believed the earth to be the centre of the universe and that the sun orbited earth. Sadly it turned out our conceit in those matters couldn’t have been further from the truth.

To sum up, whatever you or I believe or wish to be true, we must try to not let those beliefs and motivations lend bias to new information. We should treat every new story with an open yet skeptical mind, even if that may occasionally mean that we need to reevaluate our worldview or admit that we have previously been wrong. We can all fall victim to cherry picking evidence and seeing only that which conforms to our beliefs. If we’re really seeking the truth behind a matter, rather than pandering to our own wishes, we must try our utmost to avoid personal bias and be willing to change our views to conform with reality when the evidence requires us to do so, not to attempt to change reality to conform to our beliefs.

I feel strong evidence is the best foundation for any opinion, and of course the gathering of evidence is an ongoing lifelong pursuit. Perhaps on questions as deep as these, we can only ever honestly say that our conclusions are an ever morphing work in progress.

As you look into the future, what areas do you hope that scientific researchers will explore in the field of lucid dreaming? What kind of experiments would you like to see?

This is a really tricky question because there is just so much left to explore. In the final chapter of my book I’ve discussed a few of the areas in which I’d like to see more research, from the use of lucid dreaming in future space missions to the development of technologies that allow communication between dreamers.

One area I feel would benefit greatly from the use of lucid dreaming would be research such as that occurring at the ATR Computational Neuroscience Laboratories, in Kyoto, western Japan. Currently they are using an MRI scanning technique to “decode” people’s dreams, essentially using the MRI to locate exactly which parts of the brain are active during dreams, then using retrospective dream reports to tie together the dream imagery and the activated areas of the brain. This combined with MRI scans from awake subjects viewing various images, they are attempting to create a database of brain activation that relates to specific experiences, the long term goal is to create a computer algorithm capable of “reading” peoples dreams from brain activity alone. Currently their research seems very promising, however It’s clear that the use of lucid dreaming in their research would offer huge benefits to their work, sidestepping the unpredictable variables of non-lucid dreaming and allowing for a far more focused, directed and controlled research.
And one last thing... Are you dreaming?

Well, be we waking or sleeping, I believe our subjective experience of every aspect of reality is all a form of dream; at least it is if we define a dream as a mental model of an experience. We are, each of us, amazing creatures gifted with the beautiful gem that is the human brain and it is a product of the brain, namely dreaming, or the creation of mental models, that defines us as a species. This has been the primary means of how we experience and understand the universe around us.

The dreams we experience behind closed eyes are a microcosm of the elaborate interplay of our psychological interactions with the universe during our waking hours. In our sleeping dreams we dance in the malleable gardens of our memories, but our waking life is a form of interactive dream; the universe feeds our brain through our senses and in turn our brain builds a miniature copy (a form of dream) of the universe within it, albeit a unique slice of the universe carved from our personal passage through time and space (we tend to call this model “me”).

It is through this model, our “big dream”, that we come to know our place in the mystery we call a universe and through this model that we interact and shape the universe. So, if viewed this way, yes, I (and you) are indeed dreaming, and what a wonderful dream it is! I’m glad to share it with others who find the whole process so absolutely fascinating!

Thanks for this interview, Daniel. Read more about Daniel Love at his various media sites:

Website: http://www.exploringluciddreams.com/
Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/ExploringLucidDreams
Twitter: https://twitter.com/lucid_dreaming
Amazon: http://www.amazon.com/dp/0957497709

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Available on Amazon.com in Paperback or Kindle!
Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
by Robert Waggoner

Customer Reviews

I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams.

K. C.

I noticed that every single review is 5-stars, and after reading them I couldn’t wait to get my hands on this.

Gary S.

No other book on lucid dreaming has fascinated and inspired me as much as this one.

Daniel W.
A Dream Evening

on behalf of

The Centre for Counselling & Psychotherapy Education’s
Dream Research Institute & HELP Counselling Centre

Friday 7th March 2014
7.00pm-10.00pm
at the RR Gallery in St Peter’s Church, Kensington Park Road W11, London

Guest Speaker: Dr Nigel Hamilton, Director CCPE & DRI on
“Dreams as Mirrors of the Soul”

Featuring artists: Aito, Henrietta LaBouchere, Lee Hadwin,
Maria Strutz, Nariman Fadakar & Veronica Rowlands

Reception: drinks & canapés, music, dream art sale, dream raffle with
dream prizes

Dress: as an important character from your dreams...
and wear a mask, or smart casual!

Tickets: £25 available online at
tinyurl.com/DRI-HELP-dreamevening

www.drccpe.org.uk & www.helpcounselling.com
Phony prophets stole the only light I knew,  
And the darkness softly screamed.  
Holy visions disappeared from my view,  
But the angels come back and laugh in my dreams,  
I wonder what it means.  

--Judee Sill, “Crayon Angels”

Now and again, ‘angels also come back to laugh in my lucid dreams’, mostly, I believe, to show me how to have a lighter heart and mind. The dreams themselves apparently make an effort to remind me of the Biblical proverb “A happy heart is good medicine and a cheerful mind works healing, but a broken spirit dries up the bones.” – Proverbs 17:22 (Amplified Bible).

At times, it has felt like the dreams act as soul-medicine because they seem to know that the truth goes down easier if swallowed with a cup full of humor. It seems to me that dreams actually employ their own kind of comic—or cosmic—relief to overcome the stubbornness of my ego’s positions. In the lucid dreams I’ve had, the humorous “truth” pills, like the dreams themselves, range from appearing rather concrete to increasingly subtle, leaving me to ponder what it all means.

For example, in one semi-lucid dream from 2008, when I said to a magical dream being who cried diamond tears, “How can I look on you with love and desire?” he replied tenderly, “You really are brainwashed aren’t you!” In the dream, I didn’t find it funny at all, but later, when I more fully understood the gift he offered, I also laughed with tenderness (and some exasperation) at the conditioning my ego had succumbed to.

In another semi-lucid dream from this time, I walk with “Bob Dylan” by the sea under a starlit sky. As we walk along, he asks me what an atheist is because I’d called him a little nihilist as I ruffled his hair. Then he asks me what a theist is, so I explain how a theist believes there is a God but that such a God doesn’t take personal interest in human affairs. And then I ask, “What’s a sophist?” and he says, “An asshole!” and we laugh. “There is another type,” I say. But I can’t think of the word though I press my hands to my temples. As I try to come up with the word, I look up at the stars—something that normally brings lucidity—but the repartee and focus on the words distracts me.

While dream beings like these may express humor verbally, I have noted that, sometimes, the dreamscape itself can set the stage for a scene full of situational irony. For instance, in the following lucid experience from 2011, when I lose contact with a more heart-centred approach to the dream, my “mental block” takes on “concrete” form. The dream, however, provided its own consolation:

….Very tired. Wake up around 4:00 a.m. and pray as the sun rises. Suddenly my being feels caught up on black winds and light. It comes as such a blissful feeling that I only think about the bliss and no sacred song arises. After some distance, my being screeches to a halt a fraction of an inch in front of an obsidian-like wall that extends beyond my vision in either direction. My being slides down the wall like a cartoon character. I find myself with a dream body on the “floor” looking up at the endless, black immensity. Sadness comes over me as I realise I’ve not been able to continue because my heart doesn’t seem in the right place. Then as I turn away from the wall, I find myself in a garden lying down near a lovely, large pink flower. I feel tired so I say to the flower, “Please come to me.” To my surprise, it does so, walking on its roots. Then it leans over, caressing me with one of its petals. With this, it feels as if it infuses me with the sweetness and gentleness of its being….

From time to time, sweetly comic figures have appeared in the lucid dreams acting as guides, as in this 2013 dream:
Just before waking, I find myself very sleepy in a dream and realize that the people around me wouldn't be there if I really slept. This awareness brings lucidity. I feel very happy and somewhat apprehensive because of my personal state. The dreamscape falls away and my being simply remains static on the black light. I feel unsure of what to do, and then a little green, Jiminy Cricket-type figure comes up to me. He puts his arms over his head, palms together, demonstrating what I need to do. I smile inwardly feeling both charmed and curious about this little being…I do as he mimics and the black winds seize me. The ecstasy hits very hard and feels hard to contain.... Eventually, the black opens up to immense white rings of light against the black like intensely brilliant clouds with black centres. I get distracted pondering these lights until the little Jiminy Cricket fellow appears again and beckons me on with his little green arm and large, white-gloved hand, pulling, or rather, willing me along. After some time on the black, the scene opens up to a vast space.....

And I felt quite fond of the little guide who gave its all for me in this next 2013 dream:

Wake up around 4:00 a.m. and pray asking for guidance in my waking life. In a dream scene, find myself thinking, “Now you know this is a dream,” and so become lucid. But feel some apprehension because I feel exposed, not covered by the “Christ of my Being” and so vulnerable. My being feels carried through a field of pulsating white light reminding me of smoke rings alive with light.... These lead into a steep descent, directly vertical and intensely rapid, on and on and on....End up deposited in a dream scene next to a little bird that appears very tired with its wings hanging down listlessly. I realize it seems tired from carrying me, so I say, “Thank you holy bird for carrying me.” With this the bird revives and hops about bringing my attention to what appears before us. We seem positioned in a kind of viewing terrace or box at the opera...below a scene plays out in response to my request for guidance....

Occasionally, when I have heard angelic laughter, it has flowed over me like the gentlest kind of dramatic, cosmic humor reminding me of a line from a poem by the mystic poet Kabir: “The fish in the water who is thirsty is in need of some serious psychological counselling!” Here you have one such example I call “The Sands of Time” from 2012:

Wake up in the night and feel the prayers. It has been so long since the last time, tears spring up....There comes a shift and I see bright intense colors in the images before me and realise I dream....the black winds seize my being and oh how lovely it feels. Then, though, the descent through a vortex becomes very intense....Eventually the speed slows and I become aware of my feet as can happen when my being gets “set down”....I feel the familiar touch of the cool, delightful “sands” on the “soles” or really “souls” of my “feet” as my feet become a conduit for all the goodness and beauty of the glittering “sands” of this soft and Holy ground.

Other times, dream entities—who can see the humor of a situation far better than I can—have gently teased me, as in this lucid dream from 2012:

Go to bed asking again for guidance. After praying, suddenly find myself in a dance class. I feel a man approach me from behind and wrap his arms lovingly around me. He wears a red flannel shirt.... He turns me right to face a wall-sized mirror. I wonder if I'll be able to see who holds me, but the man has tucked his head down behind my own....Looking into the mirror, I become lucid and enter the mirror with the dream figure who yet embraces me.....Invisible, the two of us travel on the winds and black light passing whirling forms of spiraling sheaths of light that look like multidimensional reflections on water’s rippling surface.... All the while I rest in the other being’s embrace, but after some time, I feel my being hovering on the black alone. I think the presence seems to have left me. For a moment, I feel bereft, but then what feels like a forefinger takes my own in the blackness. At first I feel afraid and pull away but immediately feel the inappropriateness of this and communicate, “I’m sorry holy being.” Again the finger links with my own. My finger seems to say, “Where shall we go?” but I feel surprised because the other finger communicates playfully, “Where would you like?” This takes me by surprise too. We seem to hover there on the black until suddenly I feel my being set down in an immense bedroom suite of peacock colors....

Love’s Lucid Labors Nearly Lost: A Light Comedy

Lucid Dreaming Experience
be for?” I wonder. I have the strange feeling that something takes shape within this motion like cream being whipped up. And then again, suddenly, my being pops out of this space and views what I at first think must be the throne of God—it looks like a white edifice studded with colors that I take to be jewels. But as I move further away, I see that jewel-like rooms or halls richly decorated and furnished in deep red, blue, green, purple and gold have emerged out of the white edifice.

Where the structure ends, I cannot tell. It seems to contain all knowledge like a massive library and all love in the beautiful way the beings there relate. The thought that this form has been made by the whirling motion and the movement of my fingers in the sands flashes across my consciousness and hits me hard. “No,” I think, “that can’t be!” And then I hear the soft, tinkling laughter I have heard before in the dreams and a chorus of angelic, female voices calls out with bemusement— and some amusement— (using my nickname from childhood), “What do we have to do for Mindy to change?” as if no matter what they conjure up I/Mindy remain impervious to it, but, like a patient lover, they await the beloved’s response....

Such gently, comic commentary generally has the tinkling quality of bells or cymbals. I reckon this sound seems similar to the laughter of Judee Sill’s “Crayon Angels”. I heard this sound echoed in another lucid dream:

Wake up and fall into prayer. Find my being on the black winds....Suddenly my being feels deposited in the centre of a courtyard in front of a grand structure that I can’t quite make out. Colorful banners fly in the wind. Now with a dreambody, I sit on the grass in the massive courtyard. Women and men walk gracefully around the courtyard wearing colorful, flowing gowns and capes. A fairy-like woman kneels down and pours out a handful of capsules into the palm of her hand and then onto the grass. I have no doubt I should take these, so I take one that looks half blue and half black and try to swallow it but can’t manage to do so as it catches in my throat and begins to dissolve. I fear I’ll choke and hope the capsule’s effect won’t be diluted as it dissolves in my throat. Try and tell myself that’s just a fear my mind has and think how much I would love a glass of water and one appears in my hand, but I know it isn’t “real” so when I drink it, it doesn’t seem to work. Feel frustrated because I become aware the capsules have a medicinal quality and seem meant for me. My mind gets worked up and the woman disappears.

Find myself again on the black winds carried for some time and then re-deposited in the centre of the courtyard. Immediately fall to my knees to search for the capsules. When I find one, it turns into a silver ring with a large aquamarine or topaz stone.... Then I recall the other capsules and begin to search for them. But, how will I find them amidst the blades of grass? Then, four similar rings appear, all silver with large, sky blue crystal stones, only each with a slightly different cut. The capsules have all changed to rings, five altogether, one for each finger of my left hand....

Then my being feels suddenly lifted up and pulled out of the courtyard “head” first on my “back”. As I look back, I see that gates of solid gold have opened to release my being onto the black winds. They have towering, clean lines and curving tops with wondrous, filigree designs from top to bottom. Behind the immense gates towers a fantastical silvery castle shining out from against the black backdrop. I feel preoccupied with thinking how I will possibly describe its beauty when I hear pleasant, tinkling laughter and then a lovely, light feminine voice calls out, “Remember where you come from.” Travel a long way on the black before my being feels poured back into my body....

Based on dream experiences like these, I have the sense that dream humor can lovingly help us to “Remember where we come from” and to realize that ‘reality is not what it seems’. Sometimes, the “truth pill”, as in the last dream, may get stuck going down, but in the end, it feels as if the soul-medicine of dreams dissolves into us, thanks, in great part, to a light draught of lucid love and laughter.
My energy had been low, and I felt an almost constant queasiness. I was also a little feverish. This had been going on for weeks and I couldn’t seem to shake it off. To add to my discomfort, most nights my sleep was broken - bouts of insomnia flared up, as had been happening for many months.

Besides working full time, I was also very involved in a personal research project. My near-obsessive interest in the material I was studying kept me rapt for long, intensely focused hours into the night. I was lucky if I could get 4 or 5 hours per night of total sleep time. If this was only occasionally, it wouldn’t make a lot of difference, but over time, it was taking its toll, and needless to say, with a lack of sleep, there was a significant decrease in the number of lucid dreams I was having.

One morning, during a particularly low energy/ill feeling period, I had a strange (non-lucid) dream:

. . . During a long and busy dream, a young woman (presumably a doctor) out of the blue comes up to me on a street and jabs a needle into my thigh, and says sternly, "I think tonight you need more sleep." I’m startled and very angry with her; wondering just who does she think she is doing such a thing without my permission. Furious, but curious nonetheless, I ask her what she’s injected into me, and she replies, "Morphine." Still feeling outraged, I want to report her to some authority for doing this without my consent . . .

When I woke, I was perplexed by the dream. I don’t usually have dreams like that, in which someone is that ‘aggressive’ with me. I wondered why such an odd dream-event had not triggered lucidity. But then, as I was about to get up, I realized I was still not feeling well – I was weak and tired – and thought, maybe I do need more sleep. So instead of getting up at my usual time, I took the advice of my bossy dream doctor, snuggled deeper under the duvet, and fell back to sleep.

It wasn’t until I was up and about a few hours later that it dawned on me that the word morphine is derived from Morpheus, and that Morpheus, the Greek god of dreams, is naturally associated with sleep.

Several weeks later I had still not shaken off the low energy, upset stomach, and poor sleeping. Luckily, I was scheduled for my first visit with a naturopathic doctor. I do not like the idea of taking medicine, of blinding swallowing chemicals that may only mask symptoms without getting to the real cause of a health issue, so I was looking forward to seeing what a naturopath would suggest. (Of course, if it was deemed necessary to investigate further, by also seeing a general practitioner, I would do so without hesitation. But I wanted to start from a more natural place.)

The doctor (I’ll call him “Doc”) listened attentively, and gave me some good diet and other advice pertinent to my complaints. He also pointed out what I had already suspected; that the lack of sleep was likely a largely contributing factor to my concerns. I told him that I had come close to buying sleeping pills, but hadn’t actually done so since I dislike taking strong medication, and will avoid it if I can. He understood and suggested instead a mild, naturopathic sleeping pill, non-addictive, no side-effects, and with the added bonus that it even tastes like candy.

I agreed to try it, and even joked with him that maybe they’d help me get back to having more lucid dreams. (NOT because I thought the pills would induce lucidity, but because of the logical reasoning that if you have more sleep, obviously you have more opportunity to become lucid.)

You gotta love the power of suggestion!
That night, I slept fairly well. I woke early, rolled over, and easily went back to sleep. I then had a lucid dream nested within a non-lucid dream in which lucidity was triggered by an image of “Doc” on the back of a DVD case.

... A word written under Doc’s image does not make sense. The strangeness of it causes me to know I have to be dreaming. Putting down the DVD case, I decide I want to go outside, by penetrating through the living room wall. I fly/float, less than a metre off the ground and push through the wall, closing my eyes as I do so. But when I open them again, I’m back in the same room. With more determination, I fly through the wall again, this time keeping my eyes open.

I land outside, where the atmosphere is dull, darker than overcast. It is a country setting; a lot of trees close around the building I’ve just left. For a moment, I want to fly into the sky, but decide against it, as I have not been flying well lately in lucid dreams, and I don’t want to be disappointed. But I still want to do something ‘extraordinary,’ something that I can’t do in waking life, like walk on water. It is then I happen to notice (or create?) a small pond in front of me, surrounded by tall green reeds. The water is clear, not very deep. But as soon as I step out onto it, it gets muddy. Momentarily I wonder at that, but don’t want any intrusive thoughts to interfere with, or possibly ‘undermine’ my intent to walk on water, so I keep on, stepping further out onto the water, reveling in the small muddy splashes I kick up as I walk and skip about on the surface of the pond, delighted at finally being lucid again... then a few moments later, I’m back in the frame dream, unaware that I’m still dreaming... 

On waking, I was chagrinned that I had not become lucid despite so many clues, particularly the obvious one of talking about a lucid dream, while in a dream!

Recalling ‘Doc’ holding the 2x4, I had to mentally laugh at the clever way my inner dream-creator worked the imagery. It was as though my dream-self was saying, “Can’t you see you’re dreaming?! You’re as thick as this plank!”

And then, when writing out the details of the dream, I actually laughed out loud, as another big, fat, blatant clue stood out. All of these dreams were in direct response to my recent sleeping issues and ‘Gillis Lumber’ was a lovely pun for ‘Gillis Slumber.’

But there was more! Instantly, I was reminded of the ‘morphine dream’ and of the conscious (waking) thought I’d had that Morpheus, god of dreams, was ‘naturally associated with sleep.’ And then it hit me! Naturally associated with sleep. From a certain point of view, I had in effect been telling myself that a ‘natural (naturopathic) solution, or aid to these issues, was directly associated with my need for more sleep.

And indeed, it was. As the days passed, and my sleeping improved, (and I followed the change in diet and other advice Doc had given) I began to feel stronger, and the queasy, feverish feelings disappeared. And my lucidity was picking up!

So, with the aid of a bossy dream doctor, my waking life “Doc,” and a dream-self with a sly sense of humour, I was very creatively reminded that sleeping, dreaming, and laughter, can sometimes provide the best medicine. Ha! :)}
I was so pleased when I received Lucy's email, passing on Rebecca's suggestion that we have the theme of Laughter and Lucidity for this edition. It immediately brought to mind a lucid dream I had in 2005 and I was compelled to get tapping away on my keyboard so I might share it with you. But before I tell you the dream, I need to give you a brief history of the circumstances that caused the dream to occur. Bear with me.

I was brought up in the Christian tradition. Not Church of England or Catholicism, but Congregational; a Protestant club in which each congregation independently and autonomously runs its own affairs. Living in a rural back water of England, I didn't know we were Protestants as I don't ever remember hearing the word used until I was in my teens. Of course, after Bloody Sunday in Derry, Northern Ireland (1972), the whole world became aware of the terms and, in my family, religion bordered on becoming a dirty word.

As a child, going to Church had little to do with religion and more to do with community. My parents were only Congregational because the Church was directly behind our house and, I'm guessing, it was a convenient place to deposit five children on a Sunday afternoon. The Minister would read passages from the Bible and we sang hymns, and everyone wore their Sunday best. As children we all had one special set of clothes that were only to be worn to Church and Sunday School. Seems bizarre now to think of everyone turning up every week, dressed in the same clothes, but money was a scarce commodity and one had to look one's best for God.

We performed in pantomimes every Christmas, Rose Queens every May Day and Church parades and Brass Band contests every Whit Friday; all of which are traditions that grew out of pagan practices and adopted by the church to keep the common people from rebelling. At age thirteen I started going with my best friend to her church; never suspecting that there would be any difference between Congregational and Church of England. When the Vicar gave me a copy of the Catechism and told me to learn it in preparation for my Confirmation, I decided it was time to pull the plug on religion. I was prepared to risk eternal damnation in favour of hanging out in parks with my other friends.

When I was in my early thirties I had a series of, what some might consider, epiphanic spiritual and dreaming experiences and I began to seriously question my rebellion against the Church. I had never been a believer, always erring on the side of agnosticism, but I began to think that maybe I'd been mistaken. However, my conversion didn't last long. When life gets tough and spiritual assistance is absent, it's hard to keep faith; we can't all be like Job.

So it was in the 1990s that I discovered Shamanism through the books of Carlos Castaneda. Nothing had ever made more sense to me and the experiences discussed in his books, hallucinogens apart, were the experiences I'd had throughout my whole life. So it was, in 2005, that I finally plucked up courage to apply for training in shamanism. The very first residential course I attended was in Dentdale, North Yorkshire. It was Michael Harner's 'The Way of the Shaman' run by Simon Buxton of The Sacred Trust; a renowned and well-respected practitioner. After booking the course, which was to take place in May 2005, I had the following dream. I titled it, CHRISTIANS DISAPPROVE OF PAGAN CEREMONY.

I was organising a spiritual service for three or four young people, to be held in a little private grove at the back of some houses – a small grassed area, enclosed by trees and fencing; very secluded. I was setting the scene, gathering everything together that I would need. I had some crisps that I was going to use for a part of the ceremony that would be similar to the Eucharist. I also had bunches of flowers, including red roses - at some point in the ceremony the participants would eat the rose petals – again the same sort of concept as the Eucharist. I only had one vase and needed two so I wandered round to the front of the houses to look for one and found what I was looking for outside one of the houses, it was holding wilted flowers. The lady of the house was in her lounge looking through the window at me. I asked her if I could borrow the vase. She said that I could but wanted to know what I wanted it for. I told her. She looked concerned and seemed to disapprove. I emptied out the dead flowers and took the vase. I was just about to start performing the ceremony when the lady of the house, and a couple of other women, walked into the grove waving placards in protest at what I was doing. They were Christians and didn’t think I should be performing a Pagan ceremony.
It hadn’t been a lucid dream but the humour of the image stayed with me for the rest of the day. Given my Christian upbringing, this dream wasn't surprising but it didn't deter me from going ahead with my plans. The course in Dentdale was amazing, enlightening, purgative. I was sold on shamanism and committed to learning as much as I could. I booked myself onto another residential course, to be held over the New Year period, this time with Leo Rutherford of The Eagle’s Wing. It was here that I participated in my first sweat lodge, held on New Year’s Eve, on Dartmoor, and the night of an auspicious New Moon.

It was a beautiful experience, far more powerful to me than sitting in a church dressed in my Sunday best. On my first night there, I had three very powerful, lucid dreams which became the focus of a presentation I gave at the IASD conference in Boston, in 2006, which I called ‘A Journey Into The Divine.’ I titled the first dream A GLORIOUS DEATH and the third one, LOST AND FOUND. It’s the dream that came in the middle of these two that I want to tell you about, and the dream that is relevant to the theme of this month's LDE. It woke me at 2:00 a.m. in the morning and I titled it CAIAPH AND THE HILLS OF MANY COLOURS.

I'm walking up a hill in Dentdale. I look back across the valley and am astounded by the view. The sky is ominously black, but there are two hills illuminated with light from within. They are covered in a patchwork of bright, shining fields in all the primary colours. I become lucid and feel overcome with joy at this sight. It's then that I see figures running up the hill towards me. I know they are ghosts. The front one, the leader, is very tall and dressed in a full-length red smock with a golden mitre on his head. He’s called Caiaph. He’s a very powerful, angry man and is coming straight for me. I know he intends to forcefully drag me off somewhere. When he's nearly upon me, I scream in his face. He's startled and, instead of grabbing me, he carries on running, right past me. It's clear that I've frightened him. I scream at all the others as well and they all run away in disarray. It's hilarious and I start laughing, with tears rolling down my face. I'm laughing so loudly that I wake myself up.

It took me a while to stop laughing, even though I was by now wide awake. My poor roommate wondered what was happening!

Interpretation of these dreams is beyond the scope of this article, and was something I worked on for many months, but I relate this story here as an example of how laughter in lucid dreaming can bring us into our own power. Suffice it to say, I connected the Caiaph in my dream to Caiaphas, the Jewish High Priest who is said to have orchestrated the plot to have Jesus killed. In my dream he seemed to be an amalgamation of Caiaphas and a Spanish Inquisitor, responsible for burning witches in the 15th century.

Perhaps it would have been better for me to have tried to dialogue with the figure during the dream; ask him why he was so angry and where he intended taking me. These questions never occurred to me during the experience and, in a way, I'm glad they didn't as the answers to these questions came later, when I journeyed back into the dream using the shamanic practices I had learned.

Sometimes it is better to just let the lucid dream unfold, allowing oneself to react with spontaneity to whatever happens. To laugh so heartily in a dream, as I did that night, is powerful medicine and I woke the next day feeling happier than I'd felt for years and more sure of the direction my spiritual journey should take. So, to grossly misquote the famous Elizabethan bard, "If lucidity be the food of laughter and enlightenment, play on, let me have more of it!"
I admit it. I laughed.

When I saw the convincing reality of the dream exposed, laid bare, unclothed, and suddenly became lucid, laughter seemed very appropriate. I laughed at my own stupidity, my ability to overlook innumerable clues and still not get it. I laughed at the delightful nature of the game, which appeared equal parts educational and comedic. And I laughed for the ramifications — if I and most everyone needed almost slapstick, pie-in-the-face type clues to wake up and realize the actual situation, then what did that say about our larger situation in the ‘real’ world of waking life?

I laughed for getting it. Then I laughed for not getting it, 99% of the time.

Like in one of my last lucid dreams, I found myself at a club party with about twenty women — and no guys. As I looked around, I noticed all the women wore a black dress. Okay. Then at the front of the club, back lit above a kind of simple altar space, glowed a moon type outline emerging from a glowing pink heart.

Even then, I had to look around and add up the improbability: Myself at a club, (1 chance in 50?), occupied only by women (1 chance in 20?), all wearing black dresses (did I miss a casket and dead body? 1 in 200?) and the coup de grace, an altar space with a glowing moon on a pink heart hanging above (1 in 10,000?). I hate to multiply the improbability (well, actually my calculator doesn’t go above tens of millions).

Even now, I marvel at the clues. As if a hidden Dream Maker watches me and keeps upping the improbability, thinking, ‘Okay, I’ll place this Midwesterner in a club. Hmmm, not strange enough? Okay, let’s just have nothing but women there. Hmmm, he doesn’t get it. Okay, all of the women will now be in black dresses.’ At this point, even the Dream Maker feels a bit incredulous and almost sorry for me, so it thinks, ‘Gosh, let’s throw in something really really weird, like a strange little altar, and an image of a moon and a pink heart glowing from behind.’

While I did find this puzzling and wondered if I had stumbled into a meeting of fashionable female moon worshippers, it took another minute before I added up the improbability, and began to laugh. I grabbed a woman and fell through the black wall of mental stuff into the outdoor nightscape, conveniently provided by the Dream Maker, still laughing.

I went on to have a fantastically deep lucid dream of exploring the nature of awareness. I asked to experience concepts, and found my requests quickly granted. In that moment, the broad expanse of the collective unconscious’ Knowing seemed immediately accessible and ever-present.

In the morning, I laughed again. Surrounded by this warm and fuzzy physicality, but remembering the cosmic elasticity of dreaming, I knew ‘reality’ as a kind of accepted perspective of experience, as one agreed upon structure in a likely infinity of possibilities. In fact, and you may laugh, the idea of a ‘real’ reality, can serve as a kind of imprisoning perspective, like a stubborn child feeling totally hooked on the number 1, and finding 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and so on as ‘unreal’ and even slightly threatening to the proper order. Hopefully that child can laugh at the experience of number 2, as we laugh at the moment of lucidity.
In Your Humorous Dreams

Rebecca
Hilarious!

Once I dreamt that I was undergoing surgery, and after studying the sketchy-looking surgical staff for awhile, I realized that they were just the doctor’s wife and teenaged children, and that they probably had no medical training at all. I started to protest and tried to leave the operating room, but the doctor quickly hooked me up to a machine and I blacked out.

I "woke up" in a beautiful green meadow with a blazing sun and the brightest blue sky. There was a beautiful brunette woman there who walked next to me. I knew from the scenery that I was in a medically-induced coma. I said to her, "This isn't real." And she said, "I know." I said, "I hope that doctor knows what he is doing." And she said, "I know."

So I knew that the dreamscape was not real but it never dawned on me that I was dreaming. When I woke up for real I thought it was hilarious!

Ralf Penderak
Satisfying Outcome

Coming down a city street, entering a square, where I discuss fair distribution of food with a group of people. I get aware it is my task to recall this meeting in detail, so I replay the dream time and again, but I always see slight, or even important changes.

I say to myself: Well there are women with different hair colors, they could lend themselves to be dreamers of the group. I try to recognize them, but it means entering the dream, time and again. The clear content it had - about food – vanishes, and I forget the details. Now another topic comes up:

I'm crawling on all fours. There is another small blond person, doing as I do. He or she is the keeper of a goal. White wooden posts. Now my task is to get the goal in, and I'm pushing the soccer ball with my head, passing the goal keeper on the left side, giving the ball another kick towards the right direction, into the goal. The ball is rolling slow; I'm climbing over the other person, and with a last push of my head the ball passes the line. Success!

Now I'm cycling again, all the while asking my supposed dream friends, if I played by the rules, if I was allowed to climb over the keeper. I recall two adult women sitting on the left side of the field, me on the right side, the keeper still on all fours before the goal. They nod, but while they do I'm getting more aware of the absurd situation, remembering our mutual dreaming goal more clearly, but also getting aware of the funny moves I made with the keeper. [Means I have been lucid all the way, but getting aware of larger context, now.]

I start to giggle, and the dream replays one more time. I have a dildo/ vibrator in my hands. I'm laughing, now, and ask if the outcome was satisfying. I get affirming nods. I roll on the floor, laughing, repeating the words, "Satisfying Outcome" over and over. I laugh about my overambitious ways, the fact I can't know after all, if I really dreamed with my friends, or if it is my imagination, and the fun my dreaming mind makes of me creating the "goal." I laugh myself awake, physically.

Comment: Posting this dream, because Rebecca suggested the topic ‘funny, ironic’ lucid dreams. I think this dream really makes fun of me, and my longing for satisfying results, but then it is also providing the energy to keep on going for mutual lucid dreaming. :)

Lucid Dreaming Experience
Melanie Schädlich
Giggles

After reading the call for funny dreams I took a day time nap with no special intention. I became lucid in a house.

No one was there. I wanted to meet a dream character to ask them questions (for a study by a colleague of mine). I went through the wall. Outside there was also no one to be seen. I called out to the dream to please send me a dream character that I can talk to.

I looked around and saw some buggies with babies in them. I kept on looking and then saw a buggy with the head of Jackson Galaxy looking out. I stepped closer and there was his head in grown-up size on top of a baby's body!

He looked like himself, except that he did not have his normal beard, but instead a ridiculous looking moustache. He wore a striped costume - like one of those romper suits that look like a little sailor's costume, even with a sailor's hat. He ate something in a toddler's manner and grinned at me like this was a prank of his, created to surprise me.

I found this scene incredibly funny and starting laughing about him and at him and he joined in. Together we just giggled away in fits of laughter until I had a false awakening (which unfortunately I did not recognize as one).

Charles
A Good Dream; A Good Laugh

I had just been diagnosed with a serious medical condition that, if left unaddressed, would eventually be terminal. It would require treatments that would be intense, difficult, and painful. In between the first days of diagnostic tests and the start of treatments, I had a lucid dream (the only one I've ever had, as it happens).

I dreamt that I was standing in a room, a country kitchen of a country cottage, old, and lacking a modern feel. There was a deep, old-style double sink under a window, made of metal, and another one against another wall. Suddenly, all the sinks started to back up, disgorging smelly, dirty detritus as the water rose and threatened to spill over. I said, "Wait. I'm dreaming. This is a dream," which made me laugh. Something about it seemed hilariously funny. I awoke with a feeling of lingering laughter and thought, "Well, that was pretty funny."

It didn't assuage my fears because, the truth is, I didn't really have many going in, strange as that may seem. That said, the dream seemed to imply--or maybe confirm--my belief that all would turn out all right. So far, it has, and I believe, will continue to be so. But there's nothing like a good yuk to lighten the mood. A good dream. A good laugh. My one and only lucid dream.

But here's the really curious part of this story. I had started making payments toward a series of lucid dreaming, one-on-one sessions with Robert Waggoner when I received the news of my situation. I had to tell him that I wouldn't be able to take our class or make the final payment. He was gracious and understanding. It was just days later that I had the lucid dream. I told him about the dream, but to this day, the most interesting part of this story (to me, at least) is that I postponed the lucid dreaming classes, days before I had my one and only lucid dream. The irony isn't lost on me.

Melanie Schädlich
Great Poetry

I become lucid and want to create poetry. There is my sister and I ask her to say something "poetic" and she says, (in a mixture of English and German!):

"Ich bin ein Wanst" [I am a paunch].

"Wanst" is like the big belly of a man who drinks too much beer; it's rarely used and it also sounds funny. I find this sentence so funny that I fall into fits of laughter which finally wake me up (still being quite amused).

My sister some nights later tries the same thing the other way round, and I as a dream character say similar rubbish. So much for great poetry. J

Sharon P
The Royal Flusher!

I am in a school or workshop-like place that I have been before when I remember that I am to meet a girl at the library. I am skating on a skateboard to get there faster, when I realize, "I'm lucid - I don't have to travel - I can just create the scene of the library and she will be there." After a little focusing, there is the library!

I am very lucid at this point, now that I have seen my powers. I see a woman to approach to ask where is the girl I am to meet. I can't remember the girl's name. I
remember Robert telling me not to speak with the characters, so I walk away from her. I didn't like the looks of her anyway. I could tell she would have given me a hard time. I trust I am lucid enough to be patient and find the girl I am to meet. Sophia was her name?

As I see Sophia, this young girl with glasses and curly hair, I remember I want to ask a health question. (I did not consciously intend this dream prior to sleeping). I think to myself, "How am I going to get this information if I don't ask someone?" I decided to do what I do in waking life - Google it on my phone! Confident in this choice, I Google, "What can I do to cure my health problem in my stomach area?" I made sure to say "area" so that I wouldn't receive an answer just about stomach - to make sure I included the whole region of my digestive system.

Here's what I got:

On my phone, I see a piano keyboard in a wheel shape spinning counter-clockwise - like a toilet flushing! It stops and I see the following answer (in a book?): Here ye, here ye, lies an olive golden brown, Do nothing special, do what you've found." - It was like I got an answer from "The Royal Flusher!" I believe the golden brown means what was in the toilet!

This was the fourth lucid dream I have had regarding my healing of my digestive tract. What is amazing about this answer is that it told me everything I am doing with my diet and everything I've already found to work is the answer.

That's incredible reassurance!!

Lisa Borja

Bear Be Gone

I had a lucid dream that started with revisiting a recurring dream theme I haven't had in years: simply that a "wild animal" is loose in an outdoor environment where I'm able to find an enclosure for safety but then discover one access point or opening into my safe place that the animal soon finds.

In this dream, the animal was a grizzly bear, the enclosure was a tree house, and the bear found an open window. I ended up running, but the environment started looking more like someone made a park out of Macy's - there are trees & grass but also aisles and pleasantly arranged sets of rocks (racks?).

I'm soon running for the exit (a wall of windows) thinking, "I'm gonna make it!" When suddenly I see there's yet another bear in my way. Almost as soon as I think, "Ok I'm NOT gonna make it," I say, "No! I'm so sick and tired of running from bears in my dreams." (It really doesn't happen often.) I'm aware of my thoughts that I am in control and I want the bear chasing me to disappear, but I kind of doubt my ability to make it go poof! and be gone.

I turn around, drawing an "X" with my arms in front of me for added emphasis, because I really don't want to be wrong about this "it's a dream" thing. Now, the bear is wearing a football jersey that's too small (of course), giving it a silly Baby Huey look, and it's standing up like a person, biting its fingernails/claws like, "Oh-oh, what's she gonna say..."
In Your Humorous Dreams

I think of mentally lifting myself above it all, begin to levitate, and I fly for a short time over some people’s heads (Macy’s shoppers perhaps?). I started to think about where I should go, and as I did, I got distracted and found myself opening my eyes, thus ending the dream.

Michael Lamberti
Missing The Signs

I took 8 mg of Galantamine mixed with a bit of Choline after sleeping for 4 hours and waking up at 3 AM. I had pretty good success with these supplements in January, but more recently I’ve had difficulty falling back asleep if I wake up after a few hours of sleep. I was awake until about 6 AM alternating between tossing, turning, and reading before I fell back asleep and had the following dream:

I’m at Stephen LeBerge’s Lucidity Institute, which reminds me of the big Highway 400 rest stop near Port Perry, Ontario. It’s packed with people, mostly young people. I see my friend J. in a crowd and he gets really excited telling me about all the DMT the Institute has given him. Now, instead of going out and partying until the early hours of the morning, he’s been going to sleep around 9:30 PM every night.

I go to the bathroom and there are several guys in there including a young Asian monk in Saffron robes. As I’m washing my hands, I look in the mirror and see the monk behind me drying his hands with an air dryer. His hand extends his hand behind him and it brushes lightly against my back. He apologizes and says it was an accident.

I tell him it’s no problem, I figured he was just doing a reality check. We both laugh.

At no point does any of this trigger lucidity.

Craig Borden
Humorous Instructor’s Name

I dream I am in a classroom with a friend of mine, Jerry Tweet, who is teaching. He is teaching the class how to fly in dreams. He is in front of the class while I am in the audience and he is explaining to the class the right side of the body - meaning the dream body has tremendous flying ability.

I am listening, thinking this is interesting, and then Jerry asks me to be prepared to come up to the front of the class since I and one other person in the class are experienced dream flyers. I am surprised to be selected for this reason but happy to help. Jerry then asks if I can come up to the front of the class to hold a blue cloth and I ask if Jerry would like me to fly in class now since we are in a dream.

I am surprised I say this as I then realize I actually am dreaming and that since this is a dream I actually can fly. Jerry realizes we are in a dream now, also, and says yes, I can fly in the classroom for his demonstration.

I then feel challenged to float up because even though I realize I am dreaming now, I do not feel light enough or powerful enough to fly. I then remember what Jerry had said earlier about the right side of the dream body having tremendous flying ability, so I then easily feel the flying ability on the right side of my body and float right up. I do not do anything else with the lucidity and I am surprised at myself that I told Jerry we are dreaming now.

I then wake up, probably from being too excited. I do not remember any trigger. I just realized I was dreaming suddenly. What makes this dream humorous is Jerry’s last name. I asked myself why was Jerry the dream flying instructor in the class, until I remembered Jerry’s last name is Tweet - like a bird. I realized my dreams had told me a joke if I was to look for it. Getting this joke helped me to emotionally connect with my dreams.
Waking Life is a well-known movie that seems to be about, or at least prominently feature, dreaming. I have even heard it described as a movie about **lucid dreaming**. I myself would say that it is a movie that takes place entirely in a dream state (or rather – dream stateS) in which lucid dreaming plays a pivotal role in the plot.

Yes, plot. Remember that word. It plays a pivotal role in this essay.

I recently viewed *Waking Life* for the first time when it fortuitously was made available at no cost by my local cable company. Also fortuitously, my latest issue of Dreamtime arrived right before I was about to view the movie and, lo and behold, inside was a review of, you guessed it, *Waking Life*. Interesting coincidence, I thought.

So I set the magazine aside to save the review until after the ‘view’, as it were. When I finally got to it I was surprised to read that, according to the reviewer, *Waking Life* “doesn't exactly have a plot” and consisted of talking heads commenting apparently at random….

I was doubly surprised because I read this immediately after I had just finished telling my wife what I thought was the very detailed plot of the movie. Shall I tell you the plot of the story I saw?

It begins with the protagonist as a little boy, playing a child's game with a friend (they are using a ‘kootie catcher’) which ends when the phrase “Dream is Destiny” is produced under one of the flaps of the ‘catcher.’ Thus the premise of the movie is stated at the very start. Dream is fate. Or this dream is your fate, protagonist. And fate, classically speaking, is very often associated with death.

The boy looks up. He sees a shooting star in the sky. Is it an omen? Is it a spirit in passing? If so, whose?

We see almost immediately afterward that this little boy is dreaming. How? He begins to float up in the air…but he manages to grab a car handle and to ‘hold on’, as it were, before he completely drifts away. At that moment he has made a choice, we will later come to realize. As explained in the seminal scene towards the end of the movie, every person is constantly being asked a question by God: Are you ready to say ‘yes’ and merge with the eternal? And until we are, our answer is “No, not yet….” By grabbing onto the car handle and not floating into the ‘all’ (as he does at the end of the movie), the character is saying “No, not yet…” and thus we get a movie that presents the story of what it is he goes through before he is ready to say “Yes”!

Having made his choice and grabbing on for a little more time, the lead seems to wake up on a train, now a young man. (Actually this follows a musical interlude. These interludes seem to accompany the flying and transition-between-dream scenes.) But after he disembarks the train we see he is still dreaming, even though he himself isn't aware of it. How do we know that? Because everything in the background is moving. Constantly moving.

There is something else that he is not aware of. But neither are we… yet. But we will get to that.

He walks into a train station – a ‘terminal.’ I will let that word speak for itself. I will say this though: a terminal can be thought of as a clearing house, a way station, for souls in transit, so to speak. He goes through some business in the train station that seems to indicate he is disoriented and a bit ‘lost.’ He has no one to meet him or pick him up. He goes outside looking for a cab. What he gets instead is an offer of a ride from an eccentric character in an open boat-car. Or a car-boat.
"Why not?" thinks the hero. And he climbs on board, in the back seat, where another character is already seated. Thus begin a series of scenes where dream characters espouse interesting and metaphysical treatises on the nature of reality, life, and existence. The boat driver is no exception. He is quite engaging and insightful. He says things about letting yourself 'go with the flow.' Of traveling 'in motion to the ocean.' Aren't these just other ways of saying, "Say 'yes' and join the eternal"?

At some point, though, he wants a destination to drop our boy off and our hero can't seem to give it. He's not clear where he is going, or perhaps where he came from. Or, by inference, how he even got there. It's the second passenger who suggests a very specific address for our hero.

The boat man delivers our guy to the spot. But before he does, he tells our hero that this choice will decide "the course of the rest of your life." And indeed it does. The hero gets out and he sees a piece of paper in the street (reminds one of the kootie catcher). Goes to pick it up. It says, "Look to your right." He does and POW he is hit and killed by a car. THIS is his destiny.

Why, Charon, of course … the boat man. The ferryman of Hades who carries souls of the newly deceased across the river Styx that divides the world of the living from the world of the dead. Could that be what the real plot is. Has our hero been killed before the story has even begun? Has he been dead since the start of the movie? Is this all a flashback? If so, then, if the character we have been following is dead, who is the first being one meets, mythologically speaking, when passing over into the land of the dead?

Why, Charon, of course ... the boat man. The ferryman of Hades who carries souls of the newly deceased across the river Styx that divides the world of the living from the world of the dead. Could that be one and the same with our eccentric driver, in the captain’s cap, of the boat-car?

And if that is true, could our hero be presently residing in the world that divides the living from the dead?

After being hit, our hero wakes up, in his bed, at home. But of course he doesn't really wake up. He never wakes up during the whole movie. It's as if waking up is no longer an option to him. Not in the standard sense. Not waking up to the physical realm, to the land of the living. This is something that slowly dawns on him and to us, over the course of the movie. As the hero’s character develops. As the plot line progresses.

From here on the movie basically breaks down into what I will call three Acts. In Act One, our hero is passive, merely a witness to his life. His dream life, that is. He takes in long monologues, as I've mentioned before, on the nature of society, reality and consciousness. Many of these talks emphasize NOT being passive, of taking authorship of our lives. But in general they are not specific to our hero's plight. There are exceptions though.

There is a scene early on, in this passive-witnessing segment, where our hero tunes in on a couple in bed. The woman postulates whether she might be an old woman who is looking back on her life. And what she calls her 'waking life' is just her reliving her memories. An illusion as it were. How could the director make it plainer? He has one of his characters define 'waking life' for us in a movie named Waking Life! And the definition? A state of consciousness at the end of life where we mistake the illusion of being alive for really being alive. Like our hero, perhaps?

To further cement this concept, Ethan Hawke (the guy half of the couple in the bed) then talks about how Tim Leary was looking forward to those 6 to 10 minutes after death when the brain is still active. He conjectures whether this 'pre-death' time might be like time is 'in a dream.' Where a few minutes might seem to be much longer than they actually are. Like the length of a feature movie longer, perhaps?

One last characteristic of this opening Act is that our hero is not cognizant of when he is dreaming (always) and when he is not (never). He is not aware of his fate (destiny?) at this point.

This all changes in Act II when he 'wakes up' from yet another dream and the seeds of awareness finally sprout in him. He feels compelled to call a friend to discuss this strange series of dreams he's been having. (The friend of course is not home. He never is.) Our hero is starting to notice what is going on and it is starting to perplex him. Maybe even worry him.

Very soon after this he turns on the TV where a woman is talking about shamanism and lucid dreaming. This is again followed shortly by, after yet another false awakening, our hero running into a friend who is very knowledgeable about lucid dreaming. I find it hard to believe that these scenes are random. Their placement is just too pat. I believe the director put them there on purpose to show his lead character starting to grow and become conscious of his plight. His destiny.

Finally our hero starts to unburden himself of what has been going on up to this point. About how he keeps having these dreams and then waking up but not waking up. (‘False awakenings' his friend informs him.) The friend tells him a couple of techniques for
doing reality checks in dreams, being aware of when you are dreaming and when you are not. And also of the possibility of controlling your dreams. Of having an effect on them. In other words...of being active not passive. To actually do what all the preaching voices of the first act had been urging him to do.

So in Act II our hero is going from being passive to active (he is talking now, not just listening. Moreover, he is talking about what is going on for HIM). He is learning tools to use and affect his situation (checking his watch, throwing a light switch, standard reality checks). And maybe most importantly, he is becoming aware of his predicament (when asked a little while later by another character if he is a ‘dreamer’ the hero says, “Yes, I am,” without hesitation). He is self aware now. In general the encounters with the ravers and philosophers in this section are shorter and more pointedly apropos to our hero.

For example, there is a philosopher/ukulele player who says, “The worst mistake you can make is to think you are alive when you are really in life’s waiting room.” Please, director, can you make it clearer for me?

The next pivotal scene is a scene in a subway station. This leads to Act III – We now find our character talking freely. He clearly suspects his plight – he can’t wake up. Even confronts other characters with the nature of their shared reality, telling them they are just figments of his dream. (Or is it vice versa,? One dream character asks back.) He is fully coming to grips with the gravity of his paradox. This is not just an ordinary, run of the mill dream or series of dreams. This is “THE DREAM,” he says. Meaning: something unique, something that he has never experienced in his life (or death?) before! (it has ‘no precedent’). And it’s all leading up to some kind of a climax (as if he were being ‘prepared for something’). Again, these are all direct quotes from the movie.

This speech from the hero neatly sums up the plot to this point: he is having THE dream of his life (the one you have in the 6 to 12 minutes after you are dead? When, as the shaman woman from the movie said, your dream body lives on?) He is now becoming aware that he is in a state that has ‘no precedent’ (being dead) and is being prepared for something ... (merging with the eternal?).

In Act III the interactions with the crazies, messengers and dream characters are all quicker, sharper, and even more specific to our hero’s dilemma. The dream characters are addressing him directly about what is going on with him, now. One even wants to tell our hero something, ‘Before he drifts (away).’ Thus totally acknowledging the dream-ness of their existence. The hero is becoming more exasperated whenever he falsely awakes. He is getting fed up with it. You can see it in his expression.

The characters themselves no longer seem to disguise their identities as dream beings...one materializing out of a giant energy asterisk and another talking about our hero meeting a dream character in a parking lot while they are meeting in a parking lot.

Another character in this segment tells him a story of a famous person who was “ONCE RUN DOWN BY A CAR AND FELL IN TO A LUCID STATE!!” A succinct and transparent description of the plot of this movie?

Yet another dream character tells the protagonist, “The advantage (of running into all these dream characters) is that one of them might present you to yourself.” Sure enough, a couple of scenes later, an old lady painting in the park approaches the hero and presents him with a portrait of himself.

The pace is accelerating. Finally, late in Act III the circular nature of the plot starts to reveal itself. First the girl from the train station reappears (I wonder, even, if she might not be the adult version of the girl with the cootie catcher in scene I). Then Charon and finally the other passenger from Charon’s boat-car, albeit in different roles, return to the story. Even though they seem to forget the original encounter, they both have totally pertinent things to say. Charon talks about a man just returning from ‘the valley of the shadow of death.’ But it is the ‘passenger’ who once again delivers the coup de grace that galvanizes the whole movie, focuses it and gives our hero a clue on how he might reach catharsis and find his way out of this limbo. In this scene our hero even says, “I’m starting to think that I am dead” and that is why he can’t wake up. To this the passenger responds with a long story that ends with the conclusion that, “God is posing a question to us all the time – ‘Do you want to be one with eternity?’” And we say, “No, thank you,” until we say, “Yes, I give in.”

And then he tells our hero to “wake up.” He does! And of course it’s just another false awakening...Really discouraged now, our hero goes for a walk. He finds himself back at the house of the little boy from the beginning (mirroring what it says at the end of a-movie -within-a-movie from the middle of Waking Life – ‘To begin again at the beginning’). He starts to float up in the air. He reaches for the door handle of that same car that was there in the start. But he doesn’t really reach that hard this time. He doesn’t really make a strong effort to grab on but rather just sort of waves at it in a perfunctory manner. He gives up on holding on. And then he floats up into the sky, becomes a speck and seems to merge into the blue sky there, and
disappears. As if he were now one with the eternal. His motion has taken him ‘to the ocean.’ The End. Movie over.

Now, I admit that this plot is not all that evident to the viewer at first. You have to wade through a lot of talk and ideas to see the skeleton of it. But it is there. I am not imagining it. In fact, a recent second viewing of the movie completely confirmed this for me, to the point that I am now amazed at HOW MANY lines throughout the entire piece kept reinforcing the theme and stating it in different ways. Quotes like: “Say YES to one moment and submit.” “Edge zone experiences.” “Make a breakthrough to that common experience.” “Reach for a new world.” “Have you begun to find your answers?” “Now my final destination is scheduled.” “Death too would be wrapped in a dream.” “We would dream the same after death as we do in life, never again wake up, never return.” And finally - Kierkegaard’s last words were – “sweep me up!” Which is exactly what happens to our hero in the end; he is swept up.

Take another look at the movie *Waking Life* and see if you don’t what I see: A unique, seldom told, plot. But a plot, none-the-less.
Cells and Self: The Biology of Lucid Dreaming

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“A cellular anthropologist is a code finder who looks for clues to spiritual and social life hidden in our molecular structures.”—Sondra Barrett

Excerpt from my dream journal, November 22, 2013:

Back on a street of the town where I confronted the black magicians, riding in a truck of some kind, when it comes to a stop next to a building I climb out of it with the decisive words, “I’m lucid.” I fly over an orange metal bar, and glide along a few feet above the street. From the edge of the roof of a building to my right, a strange black-and-white creature peers out at me. It reminds me of the vultures from my previous dream except that it’s not really a bird, as there is something fish-like about it’s texture. The expression on its “face” I can only compare to a shark’s when a camera swims beneath it’s devouring down-turned mouth that looks like a frown yet more sinister because there is no real expression there at all. When I pause in midair to face the weird thing and ask, “What do you represent?” it seamlessly transforms into a great falcon wearing something like a crown on its head: the ancient Egyptian god Horus. It addresses me in a man’s voice: “I was going to attack things of your body, but now I won’t.” Then he adds, “Talk to Sondra.”

Two days later, browsing through Kindle books online, I discovered Sondra Barrett’s Secrets of Your Cells: Discovering Your Body’s Inner Intelligence. Immediately, I recognized the name given to me by the falcon in my lucid dream and bought the book. Almost as soon as I began reading, it occurred to me that I could attempt to follow a cellular blueprint when thinking about my dreaming life: the dream space, dream sharing, dream entities and even different types of dreams. I was struck by the obvious correspondences between the behavior of our cells and our selves. In this article I focus on some of the parallels between cellular biology and dream sharing, dream healing and dreams of “other lives.”

Like physical cells, our dreaming selves also seem to possess “markers” that can be mysteriously identified. Blood can be viewed as the physical manifestation of our life-force/soul. Blood is composed of cells that receive energy/information and make use of it in their own special ways. This information/energy is quite literally Life fashioning and maintaining a physical vehicle. When my father was dying of Leukemia, and was receiving frequent blood transfusions from multiple donors, he confessed to me that his dreams no longer felt entirely his own; he was sure he was having the dreams of other people mingled with his. His soul was no longer the only one driving his dreams.

“The (cell) membrane holds the ability to communicate with other cells... Just as you and I can tell a friend from a stranger by observing a person’s external facial features, our cells do the same; each cell’s “face,” on its outer surface membrane, reveals uniquely identifiable features... identification codes or passwords that mark “me” or self. These protein “signatures” on the cell membrane, akin to distinctive bar codes, reveal the cell’s identity. These “me” markers also identify the cells as coming from you, a unique individual.” - Sondra Barrett
I believe that like the trillions of cells in a single body, in dreams our individual minds—part of one life/awareness/consciousness—are surrounded by other dreaming minds, other soul-selves we may or may not be receptive to. If we are lucidly intending to find another dreamer, whether we succeed in penetrating each other's mind-membrane depends on many factors. To receive a blood transfusion, people need a donor with their same blood type. Who is to say there aren't soul types as well? It would seriously hurt someone to receive an infusion of the wrong type of blood, and I think something similar might happen with souls in the dream space who, for some reason or another, are incompatible with each other. And perhaps some dreamers are akin to the blood type 'O' which is compatible with all other blood types, which makes it easier for them to dream share with others. If two or more lucid dreamers are in mysterious resonance with each other (a cellular lock and key effect) they can metaphorically grasp each other's hands just as cells do. Parts of each other (pieces of each other's consciousness) then merge in a joint dream space where they both experience similar or common elements.

“The basic job of our immune cells is to recognize “self” and “other” while collaborating with brain, gut, thoughts, beliefs, and hormones... the patterns or shapes of the two cells’ markers fit together like a lock and key. The nature of the fit tells the cell whether what it has brushed up against is safe or not.” - Sondra Barrett

In a lucid dream in which my former dream partner James first tried to find me, a dream entity led him to my home where he discovered a barrier all around the house in the form of a dog fence. When he knocked on the door my mother (who does not live with me in waking reality) answered the door, another protective barrier. Like our cells, our dreaming mind seems to possess a protective membrane that can either repel or let in other dreaming minds, depending on how we think and feel about them: how we react to their unique identity markers. Even when we willingly seek to lucid dream share with others, the soul/cell mistrust of “not self” comes into play in the form of barriers that have to be overcome. And sometimes these barriers cannot be breached. Our soul’s mysterious immune system at work? And yet it could also have something to do with the nature of the dream space itself.

A lucid dreamer friend of mine, Sean Dabbs, has had many successful dream shares with his young daughter, but one night he encountered a barrier:

“(Lucid) I am determined to get to the tree, so I go back under and head to the tree. AGAIN. As I reach the tree I realize that my daughter is not there, she has not been here for any of these times, I just know it. But, even if she is not here, why can’t I still get to the tree? I start to faze out, NO! I grip the dream by rubbing my hands together. I stay in the black void for a few seconds but cannot help it and wake. As I wake up I think about why it is I cannot go to the tree. Over the last few weeks she has been adding new additions to the tree and I have been contributing less and less. I think the tree has now completely gone over to her dream space, and it is only around, or accessible, when she visits it. When I talk to her she confirms what I already suspected: she could not go to the tree that night! It's as if she is the 'host', like how a website needs to be hosted by a source computer.”

As within, so without. Our bodies reside in a house with a specific structure, design, furnishings, window views (perspectives) doors (entrances and exits), etc. Fashioned by our imagination, constructed from the substance of our thoughts and feelings, our individual dream spaces may possess similar characteristics to a house designed by an architect and built up of various materials. We all personalize our physical homes and in the same vein each of our dream spaces is an expression of our unique energy/identity. Sean and his daughter share both a physical home and a dream tree where they have met in shared lucid dreams, but the tree appears to exist primarily in his daughter's soul space which he enters with her permission.

In dreams our mind touches upon other minds, and where our unique selves intersect takes the form of and is furnished with projections/expressions of our being/feelings in wondrously creative ways. Everyone knows dreams can be highly symbolic, but that does not mean they are not real worlds with real laws. I have come to believe there is no such thing as objective reality. As Robert Lanza puts it in his book *Biocentrism*, “No dead
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universe ever existed outside of Mind. ‘Nothingness’ is a meaningless concept... the universe is simply the complete spatio-temporal logic of the Self” a creative expression of consciousness just like our dreams.

An excerpt from another lucid dream share Sean had with his daughter:

“...Suddenly he (my Guide) was inexplicably inside a painting, dressed as a pirate with long black hair, a black beard and a deep red pirate hat and coat. “I will hunt you down to the ends of the earth!” he shouts at me from within the painting. Okay, well, I do not have time for this. Next to me is someone... how long have they been here? I take their hand. It is my daughter. She leads me through a portal to the tree house and excitedly pulls me around, showing me what she has been doing to it. “Come this way, Daddy,” she tells me and takes me through a narrow passage with square hedges... The next day I was talking to my daughter about my strange encounter with my dream guide and him turning into a pirate in a painting, and she told me she had read a school book last year about a pirate in a painting that would come out of the painting to chase the kids in the book. When I asked her what the pirate looked like she said he had “a black beard and hair and a red hat and outfit.” It seems she was projecting her thoughts into my dream before grabbing me and pulling me into her dream! Very strange but fits perfectly with what I have already experienced with shared dreaming. For example, when I went into X’s dream space I saw something of mine on a shelf of her house! We are always projecting, not just ourselves but all of our other baggage as well!”

According to quantum physics, space-time is an illusion. What is real are the particles and the connections between the particles. Particles that have more connections are deemed to be closer and ones with less connections are farther away. Dreaming minds seem to behave like quantum particles, and the more connections we have with someone, the closer they are, the easier they are to find and interact with in the dream space. It is also possible to establish a connection between two or more dreaming minds simply through strong intent. The point is that space-time really does not seem to exist in dreams.

Recent experiences have taught me it is increasingly common to “run into” a real person in a lucid dream even before meeting them in waking reality. At first I was tempted to think this implied we were destined to become friends, but I discovered that is not necessarily the case. In the virtual space of the internet people mingle and meet like cells in the body and our selves in the dream space. More and more I interact with people online I have never met in the flesh, and this ease of meeting and communicating seems increasingly reflected in my dreams. And vice versa? In the last three months, I have met three different people in a dream before virtually meeting them in waking reality. Our individual mind is interconnected with other minds like cells in a single conscious awareness, which the intelligence of my heart tells me is forever dreaming itself into existence.

Lucid Dream of January 9, 2014:

... A hostile female was outside my front door. I tried to keep her out but she somehow forced herself inside and cornered me. A small group of people who also lived in my house quickly gathered round. One or two of them began partially opening and shutting the door, making a reverberating banging sound. I encouraged them because I saw this action disturbed and weakened the woman threatening me... In this same home, my husband made me aware of our dog’s plight. I saw with horror that on his back sat a huge, fat, slightly elongated, hairy-sided creature latched onto the back of a similar organism clinging to my dog’s spine and draining him of health and life. My husband helped me remove the pair of ‘leeches.’ I then began pulling long, slender, solid-liquid tubes out of my dog, one by one, ignoring my disgust at the slimy texture as I drew them all out completely until none remained. My dog, now a small human child, sat up and let me know he was okay now, except for a little discomfort, which was not surprising considering what he had just been through. I made sure my husband threw both of the strange creature-things out of the house so they could not attack anyone again.

“...When an immune scavenger cell receives a tug—let’s say, a message of bacterial invasion—it responds instantly. Elongating its usual spherical shape, it moves deliberately toward its prey. Upon meeting the invader, the cell attaches to it with sticky proteins, changing shape again to wrap around the intruder to eliminate it. This response requires the membrane receptors to recognize danger (that is, “not self”) and attach, while the fabric inside the cell responds and coordinates the cell’s activities.” - Sondra Barrett
Could this lucid dream have been a symbolic pageant depicting the activity of my cells? I have had cellular biology, and its mysterious relationship to dreaming, much on my mind, so perhaps the dream space staged this performance. When I woke, the creature-thing attached to the other creature-thing on my dog reminded me of photos of human cells magnified countless times. I adore my dog, and in the dream he may have represented my animal-physical nature. I appear to have witnessed an immune cell latch onto an unhealthy dangerous cell, which I then eliminated from my house, a symbol of my body and self. Could the long, flexible, solid yet also liquid-like strings I pulled out of my dog be the sticky proteins produced by the immune cell? They filled several "channels" in my dog's body and as I pulled them out they seemed to purify these channels like a pipe cleaner. In the dream I knew this action was instrumental in healing him.

The hostile female at the door may have represented an invading bacteria. The manner in which other residents immediately gathered around this energetic intruder (her feminine nature indicative perhaps of her ability to reproduce) reflects the body's immune response. The door quickly opening and closing makes me think of the valves of my heart, through which blood began flowing more quickly in response to my immune system going into high alert. The banging sound and vibration that so disturbed the intruder is also interesting in light of how cells work.

"Within our cellular scaffolding is where humming, drumming, light, movement, "vibes," and thoughts shift mind, body, and spirit... The fabric of the cell (cytoskeleton) gives it a pliable structure, along with the ability to coordinate information, choice, and movement... It is the "shape changer" and energy transformer. Our cells change shape, move, grow, and "choose" what to do... They manage us through tensing and releasing tension." - Sondra Barrett

As we sleep and dream we are constantly, amongst other things, responding to, and ideally resolving, emotional, mental and physical issues. This may be one reason why sleep disorders are so debilitating, and why not sleeping at all would kill us. In dreams we are all of us confronted, often in amazingly dramatized ways, with thoughts, feelings and situations we may be avoiding, or are unaware of, in waking reality. Dreams immerse us in any mental, emotional and spiritual tensions we may be suffering from, and help us release them by way of understanding, which affects our health for the better.

"When we are stressed, our cells take in less oxygen, and when that happens they can make only about one-tenth the amount of energy as when we are breathing deeply and relaxed... Tension, be it physical or mental, is a major factor in unnecessary energy loss... Stress: One definition is any situation that we perceive we don't have the resources to handle." - Sondra Barrett

Dream work is an incredibly valuable resource for managing stress on all levels of our being. At the end of my dream, a man in my home said to the assembled company, "When I die, my tomb will be as empty as it is now." When I woke I thought—Those are words to live by, forever.

Cellular biologist, Bruce Lipton, in his seminal work *The Biology of Belief*, compares our cells to a television set. The antenna, satellite, cable, wire (whatever) "which downloads the broadcast, represents our full set of identifying receptors and the broadcast represents an environmental signal. Because of our preoccupation with the material Newtonian world, we might at first assume that the cell's protein receptors are the "self." That would be the equivalent of believing that the TV's antenna is the source of the broadcast. The cell's receptors are not the source of its Identity but the vehicle by which the "self" is downloaded from the environment. When I fully understood this relationship I realized that my identity, my "self," exists in the environment whether my body is here or not. Just as in the TV analogy... When my physical body dies, the broadcast is still present. My identity is a complex signature contained within the vast Information that collectively comprises the environment." - Bruce Lipton

My tombs will always be empty because my bodies are only vehicles, expressions of my Self. The experience of my unique identity—which genetically includes countless other individuals who have lived and come together throughout the ages—is constantly being performed in my cells, in the nucleus of which, the heart of the cell, the
script of my DNA is read and expressed. In dreams, when my waking brain is darkened like a theater during the performance, I may sometimes find myself caught up in vividly entertaining “films” of my cell's activities as my Self acts and plays on a physical stage. We all possess a subconscious backstage which greatly influences how our lives play out. I wonder if when I sleep and dream, especially lucid dream, if my inner Self somehow helps inspire and direct my cellular actors as they perform their chemically choreographed parts, bringing them into line when they deviate from their blocking, and generally supervising the enthralling production of my sensual existence.

“Consider the possibility that an embryo in the future displays the same set of Identity receptors that I now possess. That embryo will be tuned into my “self.” My identity is back but playing through a different body.” - Bruce Lipton

Lucid Dream of July 4, 2013:

… A seamless transition to sitting lucidly outside at night at a wooden bar adjoining the rec room (my lucid dreaming space) facing a slender and still attractive old woman. She is very elegant, her silver hair falling to shoulder length behind her where it thickens in a smooth old-fashioned 1940's style wave. We're talking companionably, I know her very well. In fact, I recognize her as Susie S. Mayo, a woman whose life I dreamed of one night and whose grave I found when I Googled the information provided by the dream, which led me to believe she may be one of my past lives. As we speak, the subject of the christening jewelry my mother gave me comes up. I produce, or am mysteriously handed, from the darkness to my left, a pair of little heart-shaped earrings made of a smooth yellow material; ivory, coral or jade - some such natural stone - with miniature dark crosses set in their centers. The earrings are part of a set and I give them to the woman as I am now handed a necklace, made of the same smooth natural material. I also give this to Susie, who seems familiar with the lovely jewelry. She seems to want it, almost to need me to give it to her. And there is one more christening item I conjure from the darkness, a shirt I hand to her and which she promptly, surprising me, slips on. It is transparent except for a pearl-white border along the collar bone, and falls straight and fine over the flesh-colored shirt she is wearing underneath it. The garment fits her perfectly and makes her look, despite her age, exceptionally beautiful and elegant. She sits up straighter, smiling at me with happy pleasure and, I feel, renewed vigor. The ethereal christening shirt makes her as beautiful as she can be, and I sense a man who loves her and who she will “go out” with after we part. I declare—You look beautiful. Keep it, please, it looks ridiculous on me! I see that it has become way too small for me, almost like a doll's shirt I can't possibly fit into anymore. Her smile deepens and she replies—I do believe I will. Now she can go out and be as beautiful as she truly is.

When I dream of people whose lives and experience seem to be my own, am I accessing people from the past who possessed my same set of Identity receptors? Could this explain the feeling I have of being connected to these dream entities, the perception that they are me and yet also not me? And might my self, even as I type, be “downloading” into and “broadcasting” multiple individuals with my same identity receptors in this and/or in parallel worlds/realities?

My dreams, lucid and otherwise, make me feel this is a very real possibility. The energy information picked up by my cells' unique identity receptors makes me feel who I am. In my dreams, I could be interfacing with countless other me's who physically exist now, as well as with me's from the past and the future. The information-energy my cells mysteriously "tune into" to create and maintain a physical expression of my Self are what and who I truly am, who we all truly are.
Hello LDE,

I am Gustavo Vieira, from Portugal and I want to share my experiences with using music in dreams. I have found music to have an important part in lucid dreaming. It can really help you have great experiences. I experienced some good things that I want to share with you.

-Music to stabilize the dream-

One of the things I found is that singing makes you stabilize the lucid dream. Whenever I see that the dream is fading, sometimes I rub my hands, or touch objects... the usual stuff, you know, to stabilize the dream. But sometimes I just sing. This singing does the trick very well. The dream comes back and while you are singing, you feel entirely inside the dream and you will continue your lucid experience. And sometimes it becomes more vivid. Your fears go away and you feel free to do whatever you want.

-Music as means of travelling-

Another thing I found is that the lyrics and the right song can make you go places. When I want to go to space, I sing a song about space. When I want to fly, I sing a song about flying.

For example, try to sing "Man on the Moon" by REM and you will go to the moon. Or "Alexander the Great" by Iron Maiden and you will go to that time and place. This is kind of new to me as I'm discovering it, but sometimes it works great and I believe that the right song, the right lyrics and great intention will have you lucidly dream great experiences.

-Singing your own songs in your dreams-

This idea is for the musicians, for all of you that compose your own music. I am a musician and I love to compose and record some soundtrack, new age, ambient music on my keyboard (along with other genres). Sometimes, when I become lucid, I start to sing the notes of my songs... and it's unbelievable what I hear. First I hear the sound of my voice singing, then more instruments start to appear and, seconds later I hear my song accompanied with a full piece orchestra and choral voices. It's so beautiful. It's like I am listening to my music as I really want it to be if I had the opportunity to record a really professional album with all the real instruments I want.

Yesterday (in a lucid dream) I was singing some music of mine; then I even added some heavy metal guitars with my mind. It was awesome to have the guitars appear in the lucid dream music!

So, my idea for a task for musicians and lucid dreamers, is to try to sing your songs in your lucid dreams. You'll be amazed with the ideas and the new sounds that will be in your musical piece.
Had my first lucid dream! Exactly two weeks to the day since I started keeping a dream journal, I was reading a book in the afternoon when I dozed off.

I don't recall what the exact trigger event was but something was strange about my surroundings (I don't even recall what my surroundings were but I think I was sitting on a wooden chair I used to own when I lived in a flat some 10 years ago).

Anyway, I thought, 'That's strange, this must be a dream,' and then just like that I remembered that if I'm dreaming then I can take control. I reality checked by leaning forward and seeing if I would fall through the floor, and sure enough I felt myself fall out of my body, through the seat of the chair and through the floor. Immediately the desire to fly came to mind and I found myself barreling through a sort of wormhole made out of bright white clouds. There was an audible whoosh as I left my body and entered this place and the excitement of realising I was in control almost woke me up straight away. I felt my heart racing but I remembered the importance of regulating my emotions and managed to calm down.

I saw a doorway ahead of me at the end of the tunnel. From it came a shape I can only describe as being like a huge angler fish, but it was silhouetted against the bright light coming from behind it through the door.

I wondered if the creature was friendly. I hoped it was, and it seemed benign enough as it noticed me and came slowly out of the doorway towards me. I backed off, still flying, but not fast, just enough to keep the creature at a comfortable distance.

I got the feeling I was not in any danger and settled into the lucidity. And what does a young, male, first-time lucid dreamer think of? Really dirty dream sex with someone of course, haha! (Now before you read on I'll point out that the dream sex never actually happened, but as I wrote this entry in my dream journal it became clear why.)

As soon as I thought of ‘sex with someone,’ I left the wormhole and appeared to be hovering up in the corner of a large bedroom, still disembodied since I'd fallen out of my body earlier at the start of the dream.

Everything was white - the walls, the bed, the light coming in through a huge window - and I could see a figure on the bed but couldn't make out
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who it was. Between myself and the bed appeared - guess what - my body, spinning slowly around on an office chair as if in perpetual motion as the chair floated from the right to left of the room.

I became impatient with what seemed like an obstacle between me and the figure on the bed, so I dismissed my blankly-staring, spinning body and it vanished. I then surged over towards the bed and encircled it, and watched as this female figure morphed between various women, none of whom I recognised, as they all seem to ‘exist’ at once in the same space. I am pretty sure I saw ‘Marge Simpson’s’ blue hair and yellow skin in there at one point though, haha!

I grew frustrated that the figure on the bed wouldn’t settle into one form, and then I felt as though I was being chased. I found myself back in the worm hole, being pursued by what looked like ‘Langoliers’ from the Stephen King movie. I even allowed them to get close to see if they were dangerous or not. I was worried that if fear entered my mind the dream would turn bad and so when I became a bit worried of the sheer number of these creatures I simply turned away from them and gave myself a command:

"And awake ..."

I literally felt myself stepping back into my body and I woke up.

It was a great experience. I think the two mistakes I made though, were thinking about dream sex with ‘someone’ instead of someone specific, hence the shape-shifting female form on the bed, and the other big mistake I made was dismissing my body when it crossed my path, instead of jumping in and starting that bad boy up, so to speak.

I can't wait to lucid dream again, but I'm actually kind of nervous at the thought of remaining conscious while I sleep. I'm more worried about nightmares now than ever. I couldn't have done this without reading the advice at dreaminglucid.com (LDE), so thank you. Here’s to many more lucid dreams!

Catherine Burns
Three Dreams of Tunnels and Gentle Awakenings

The first dream is a recurring dream where I’m being pursued by ‘ghosts.’ I never actually see the ghosts, I just feel an atmosphere that really frightens me. At the top of a sweeping staircase I become lucid just as the ghost-force pushes me down the stairs. I let myself fall. At the bottom of the staircase my fall continues into the ground and down through a narrow tunnel bored into the bedrock. Although it is dark, I notice that there are symbols carved into the sides of the tunnel. Gradually my fall slows as the tunnel becomes more horizontal and I sweep gently into wakefulness.

In the second dream I’m in a very small, totally bare room with plain brick walls. I become lucid and try to imagine a mirror into existence on one of the walls so that I can jump into it. But I suddenly get distracted by the thought that if I can see, then there must be a light. I fly up to the light source to investigate. I am expecting something transcendental but it turns out to be an ordinary common or garden light bulb. What now? I decide I have nothing to lose - I'll just bore myself through one of the walls and see if there is a more interesting dreamscape beyond.

I pass through the wall easily, but it’s as if all the dreams are packed closely together, like layers or rock strata. I continue to bore through the layers of dreams, intent on seeing if there is anything beyond them. At one point I get nervous of the possibility of getting stuck in the strata of dreams, so I slow up slightly. Some hypnagogic toy soldiers appear, as if I’m starting to go into a specific dream. That reassures me that I can get out if I need to, so I speed up again and leave the dream images behind. Boring through the layers of dreams feels bumpy, like being on a toboggan. I eventually bore myself into wakefulness.

In the third dream I’ve just turned my car over on some rough ground and it has sunk beneath the soft red soil. I try to dig it out but I can feel myself sinking and know I need to get to solid ground. At that moment I notice I’m lucid, so I try to remember what my intended project was for my next lucid episode. I look up at the grey sky with an unformulated question. If God is behind the dream, he’ll know what I need to ask.
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I start to sink into the soft red soil as if that is what the dream intends me to do. It's frightening and I worry that I will suffocate, but at the same time I'm also a little pleased with myself for allowing myself to trust the dream. Again there is a boring sensation with a slightly bumpy progression as I sink down and down through the red earth. I'm relieved to find that I am still able to breathe. Down and down I go until the claustrophobic feeling opens out into the airy lightness of awakening.

With each of the three dreams above (months apart) I am brought so gently into wakefulness that for a moment or two I am fully relaxed and feel incredibly light and boundless.

Katy Curtis
Rediscovering Powerful Art Objects

I am with my friend Erin in California and we're in a car, she's driving. I am dimly aware that I'm dreaming but not fully. It's the 1920's and someone tells me there is a painting and a statue of me here. I want to find them.

They tell me that there's one to the left and one to the right. I feel like we go to the right. It's still undeveloped so we're surrounded by nature rather than buildings. There's a turnoff so we take it and come upon an area with a bunch of tourist shops. We drive down the gravel driveway and then it becomes submerged in water.

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

Tom Folan
I'm Magically and Mysteriously There

I appeared to be in a brightly coloured kitchen which had a very cartoon-like appearance. There was another woman in the kitchen with me and we both began to question this cartoon-like appearance. At this point I realised I was dreaming.

The dream became a bit fuzzy as I became lucid so I looked at my hands and back into the kitchen a few times to stabilize the dream. I then stepped outside of the kitchen into what appeared to be a parking lot. I recalled my mission; to find out what the dream/greater awareness' name was so I said:

"Dream, I'm thinking of your name! Well . . . I mean I don't know your name, but what is your name?"

A few seconds passed and I wondered if I would get a response when suddenly a young male voice announced:

"I am magically and mysteriously there."

I then questioned the voice saying, "That's not a name," and, "What is your name?!?!" but at this point my lucidity was slipping and I felt my self in bed once again.

Samantha
Flying Lucid Dream: X-Men Edition

I was woken up from a lucid dream. I knew this because I had been doing it my whole life but, it had never lasted this long before. The dream started off with me having the ability to move objects with my mind.

I was in a house with all these actors and I was the only one with this ability. As I walked to a swimming pool that was just down the block from the house, I started to fly. People came over to watch me and a young girl who was my "sister" in the dream grabbed my hand and I flew her back to the house.

When I arrived, a man was sitting in front of my house (it was the actor from the second dirty dancing movie). I immediately knew he could do things like me so I asked, "What do you do, sir?" He didn't exactly understand the question so he responded, "Mechanic, what about you?" I asked the same question one more time and shut the door with my mind, then flew to the opposite side of the house.

My sleep was then interrupted, but since I've been able to lucid dream I have also been able to rejoin my dream and continue it with some details changed.
**Alex**
**My First Lucid Dream**

I lay down and said to myself, “Tonight while I’m sleeping I will become conscious that I am dreaming,” and faded off to sleep. That very same night I discovered what is, by far, one of the most awesome realities in life!

I woke up in my dream in my childhood friend Victor’s house. Victor and I used to have sleepovers often as kids. I woke up and started making the bed. I looked behind me and saw his little adopted brother Ricky walk by the door. Ricky, in the dream, was about seven years old. I turned to keep making the bed and I thought, “Hmmm, Ricky should be a grown man by now, since he is seven years younger than me.”

All of a sudden with that statement I realize, “Holy smokes! I’m dreaming!”

I began to get really excited about this. I realized from what I’ve read that if one gets too excited that the dream may fade. So I desperately wanted to look around to do something to calm my emotions down. I turned back to the bed and continued to make it with the intention of calming down. As I made it, I saw my hands and my emotions settled down.

At that point, it became totally awesome! The room became as completely clear as in waking life, yet I was dreaming. I looked around at the detail of the walls and furniture, and felt odd by the reality of it all. I thought, “What should I do now?” But I had nothing planned to do, so I decided to put my hands through the wall where the window was. I pushed and I felt the hardness of the wall as like a waking life wall. But I pushed some more and my hands went through it! I was fascinated by this! I could feel the solid nature of the wall as I pushed my hands through, so then I decided to walk through the wall! As I walked through it, I could feel my body crossing through, could feel the solid nature of the wall on my body.

I walked through the wall and I was in the street I grew up in, right outside Victor’s house area and it was night. I looked to my left and I saw my teenage neighborhood friends hanging out by the corner where we used to hang out. My house was a little down the street, and further down the street I knew was a house of a beautiful young married, female friend. Her name was Jenny. I thought, knowing that this was a dream and I was fully aware that I could go over to Jenny’s house and see her naked and have sex with her, but then I thought, “No, I better not do that, I don’t want to sin against God…” So I decided to walk away in the opposite direction.

As I walked in that direction, to my right, I heard my living brother talking to me but I could not see him. He continued to talk to me as I walked until I saw him walking with me like a ghost. I could see through him. It turned out he was talking to me from a dream in the past, and I was in his future in the dream. I thought this was awesome and said, “This confirms my theory that the dream world is a bridge in the space time continuum and we can travel in time when in the dream world.” My brother said that I should wake up and write the dream down. I didn’t want to wake up, but then my eyes opened and I woke up and wrote the dream down. This is my very first experience in my life of lucid dreaming!

**George M**
**Some Lucid Dreaming Experiences**

I have had about a dozen lucid dreams this past month. I’ve done a lot of flying in my lucid dreams. I would swim through the air sometimes, and then fly like Superman in others. Sometimes I would take off in a lucid dream and then not be able to direct where I was going. With practice though, I have developed better flight control and this does not happen much anymore.

It may sound strange, but I have actually enjoyed leaping great distances, like the length of a football field. I enjoy this even more than flying, sometimes. Flying and leaping have been the most exhilarating experiences of my life.
When I was in high school, my mother told me that if I ever became aware in a dream, I should look in the mirror. I don’t know why she said this, since we didn’t talk about dreams very much. She died a couple of years later. Anyway, these past few months I have started looking into mirrors in my lucid dreams on account of her recommendation. At first, the mirrors were fuzzy, and the images didn’t really look like me. I have seen myself reflected as my 12-year-old self for example. Once, the image had no head. I have also seen the reflection showing an Asian person, even a woman. It’s funny that the first issue of the LDE that I received was about mirrors and lucid dreams. The synchronicity is beautiful.

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UPCOMING LUCID DREAM THEMES

Summer Issue
(Deadline May 15, 2014)
Investigating Consciousness, Self, Time and Space in Lucid Dreams

Have you ever set out lucidly to explore the nature of consciousness in lucid dreams? Have you surrendered to an awareness beyond the waking self? Have you sought to manipulate time and space, and discover unknown information? What does lucid dreaming say about the nature of reality? Send us your lucid dreams, experiences and observations for this next special issue of the Lucid Dreaming Experience.

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

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

Please send your submissions to the Lucid Dreaming Experience via our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or send to submissions@dreaminglucid.com
New Book by Rosemary Ellen Guiley

For those interested in dreams and lucid dreams of the deceased, you may want to check out a new book by Rosemary Ellen Guiley, *Dream Messages from the Afterlife*. In it, she mixes interesting historical accounts with numerous present day dreams and lucid dreams of meeting deceased dream figures. Although a number of the dream encounters involve the relatively common experience of having the deceased dream figure say ‘Farewell’ or ‘I’m okay’, other dreams and lucid dreams involve passing on helpful information, life guidance and reassurance. One chapter focuses on dreamers and lucid dreamers who appear to assist the deceased dream figure understand their new circumstance (i.e., the after death situation). You can find the book on Amazon and other major retail outlets.

Recently released with five star reviews on Amazon.com, *Dream Partners* covers the first year of the authors' dream share experiences, documenting their strategies and the dynamic approach they each used to better negotiate the dream space individually and together. The results of their work are shared in detail and conclusions provided.

Writing for the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*

Has lucid dreaming impacted your life in a meaningful or unique way?

Do you have an interesting lucid dreaming story to tell?

What are your thoughts about lucid dreaming?

LDE is eager to hear from lucid dreamers who would like to share their thoughts and ideas about the lucid dreaming experience.

Submit your articles for consideration to LDE at submissions@dreaminglucid.com
The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers, about 150 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike along the shoreline nature preserve, the annual Psi-Dreaming Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and a Sunset Cruise on San Francisco Bay.

The DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina is located on San Francisco Bay with sweeping views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. The hotel, with a pool and fitness center, is surrounded by a waterfront wildlife sanctuary with nature trails that offer spectacular views, hiking, bird-watching, and fishing. Berkeley is a uniquely historical university town and home of the IASD Central Office. Spend time vacationing in the Bay Area and enjoy such San Francisco sights as the historic Fisherman’s Wharf area, Chinatown, Alcatraz and riding the cable cars.

For additional conference information and online registration please visit our website:

http://asdreams.org/2014

Keynote Speakers Announced

**Barry Krakow, M.D.** founded Maimonides International Nightmare Treatment, and is a board certified sleep disorders specialist with more than two decades of research in the treatment of chronic nightmares. He is the co-author of *Conquering Bad Dreams and Nightmares, Insomnia Cures, Turning Nightmares Into Dreams* (2003), and *Sound Sleep, Sound Mind*.

**Anne Germain, Ph.D.** is Associate Professor of Psychiatry and Psychology at the University of Pittsburgh. Her research focuses on the neurobiology and treatment of trauma-related sleep disturbances, and PTSD nightmares.

**Stephen Aizenstat, Ph.D.** is a Clinical Psychologist, a Marriage and Family Therapist and the Founding President of Pacifica Graduate Institute. He is author of four recent books including *Dream Tending*.

**Clara Hill, Ph.D.** is a Professor in the Department of Psychology, University of Maryland. She was editor of the *Journal of Counseling Psychology*, has received multiple Psychological Society awards, and is author of 67 book chapters and 11 books including *Dream Work in Therapy: Facilitating Exploration, Insight, and Action*. 
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

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

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

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemym.com
http://www.driccpe.org.uk

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

Maria Isabel Pita
www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

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.tauemring.info/tholey2.html

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

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