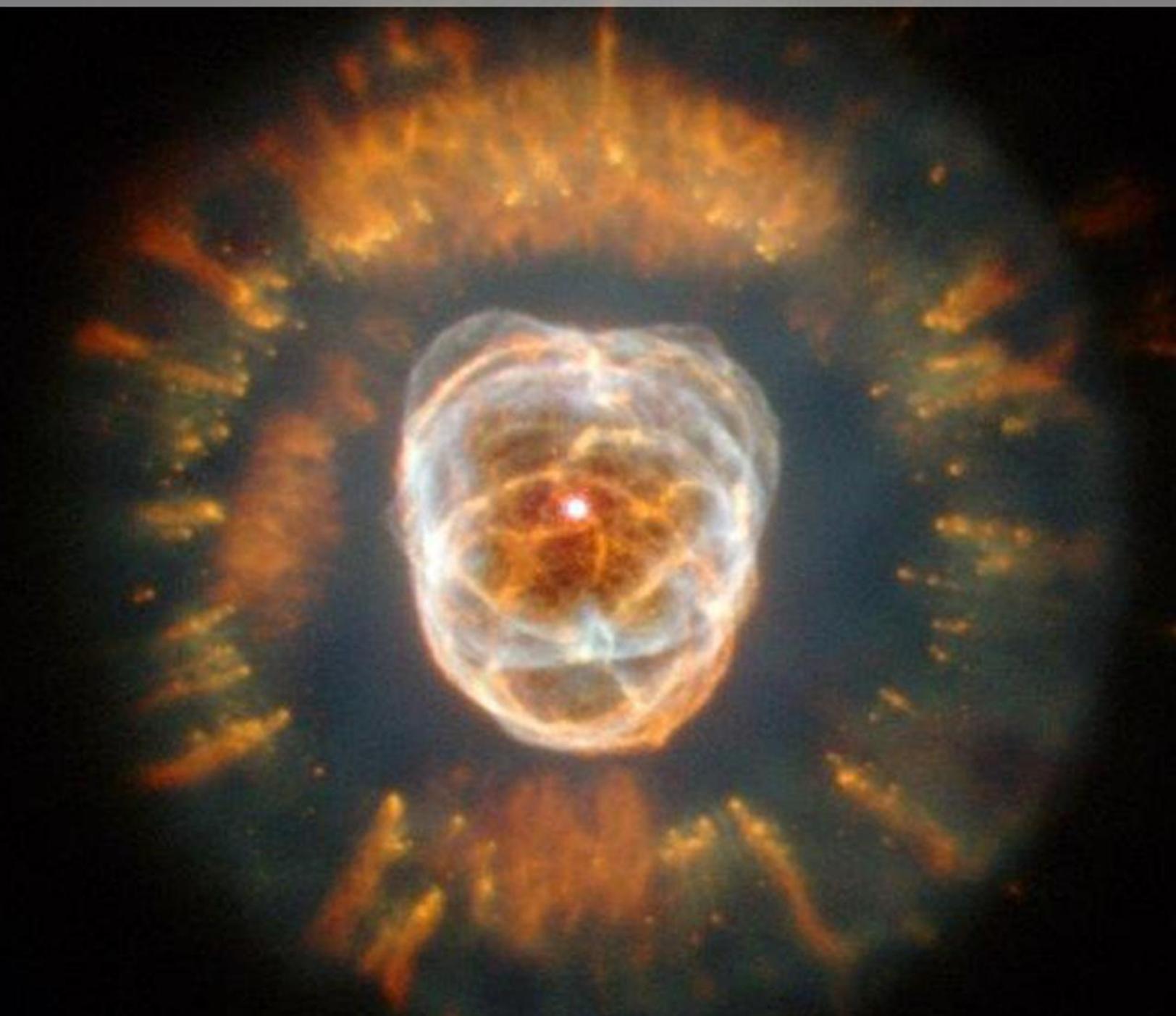


LDE

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- The Voice from the Sky
- The Awareness Behind the Dream
- The Sands of Dreamtime in Lucid Surrender™
- Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Lucid Dreaming

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*Voss, U., Holzmann, R., Hobson, A., Paulus, W., Koppehele-Gossel, J., Klimke, A. & Nitsche, M. (2014). Induction of self awareness in dreams through frontal low current stimulation of gamma activity. Nature Neuroscience, 17 (6), 810-812.

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

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

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dream speak

Dream Speak Interview with Eike Swoboda

Lucid dreamer, musician and videographer, Eike Swoboda, has a deep interest in lucid dreaming and its creative potential. Though he lives in Hamburg, Germany, you can check out his incredible music and videos at <https://www.youtube.com/user/einAstronaut>

Welcome, Eike!

**When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?
What did you think when you heard about it?**

I stumbled upon it in late 2012 while surfing the Internet. It had been a hard year for me. I suffered from writer's block and caught one cold after the other, which also made it impossible for me to sing. I was looking for ways to deal with this depressing mood and situation.

At first I couldn't believe something like lucid dreaming was possible but it immediately caught my interest. Could this be a way out? A completely different approach to accessing my creativity again? So I did some more research and ended up ordering *Exploring The World Of Lucid Dreaming* by Stephen LaBerge. This was the beginning of a journey I would never even have dreamed of at that time.

The same day I ordered the book, I went and bought my first dream diary. I had read that it should be appealing to you, so I bought a quite expensive notebook. Today after having written down several thousand dreams, I'm happy that my family has decorated a beautiful folder for me so I can use simple ruled paper – much cheaper and still very appealing! I have found out that handwriting works like a dream recall booster for me; that's why I don't use digital devices to record my nightly adventures.

As I recall, the first night that you tried to become lucid, you had success and became lucid! What happened in the lucid dream? And why was that important in your life?

Yes, it seems like I'm one of the lucky people who hear that you can do it – so they do it! Another reason might have been that I also read about sleep paralysis, and how it might occur as a “side effect”. At the time I was very scared about all the horror stories about sleep paralysis, so I woke up very often during that night. I later discovered Ryan Hurd's book, *Sleep Paralysis*, which finally helped me overcome that fear.

Anyway, my first lucid dream went like this:

I wake up in my bedroom because I see something sparkling at the ceiling. When I look closer it's gone. This strikes me as odd so I want to check my hands but it's too dark. I remember that I could also try to jump to see if I'm dreaming. I get up, jump and start floating. I can't believe it! I'm dreaming! It's an amazing feeling – (I'm sure most of your readers will remember how it felt becoming lucid for the first time!) I'm floating through our flat. The rooms look similar but slightly different. It's a calm and peaceful atmosphere...

The dream continued for a while before I woke up – this time for real. The amazing feeling of this calm and peaceful atmosphere stayed with me for a few days. I started practicing lucid dreaming induction techniques and my dream recall skyrocketed quickly. The next lucid dreams would follow in the coming weeks. It was during those days that I started writing songs again. The melodies just started pouring out!

Do you believe that becoming aware in dreaming naturally ‘broke’ the writer's block? Or was it something else?

It felt like entering this “dimension” consciously



had opened a door inside of me. It showed me that creativity isn't something we really can create. It's more like an energy that flows through us. If we keep “the door open” and don't block it with our thoughts or beliefs, then it will run freely. Before that, I've experienced writer's block on a regular basis, some longer and some shorter. They haven't returned yet since that first lucid dream. Now I can access creativity whenever I need it in most cases. I don't have to rely on being “kissed by a muse” anymore. I just open the door and it will flow.

Since that time have you used lucid dreaming to help you as a musician?

Dreams and lucid dreams are an endless spring of inspiration. The whole practice of lucid dreaming asks us to become more aware of what's happening right here and now. It asks us to take a step back from the “story mode” of our minds and to become aware of what actually is. For me that's been and still is a huge change. It's changing the way I perceive myself and the “world” around me: thoughts, emotions and sense perceptions. It's also affecting my music a lot. I'd say all of the songs I've written since then deal with either my experiences in (lucid) dreams or with the things I'm learning from this journey. I don't even need to ask for inspiration in a lucid dream anymore because I feel inspired nearly all the time! That's really true!

So strange and amazing!

I recall reading that Paul McCartney dreamt of the music for his hit song, *Yesterday*. He jumped out of bed and immediately ran to a piano to play the melody, and could not believe how beautiful it was. Do you have an example of a lucid dream, which helped you create a song or music?

It has happened to me several times but in most cases I would forget the melody upon awakening. I remember this one though:

Becoming lucid in my childhood home because I hear someone whistling and can't find the source. I keep searching all the rooms for a while, but the house is empty. Then it occurs to me that I could try to wake myself up and remember the melody – and it worked! I got up and recorded the whistling on my smart phone. Later I composed a little song with it.

Do you have this song on your YouTube Channel?

No – but this song has been used in an online commercial for Yamaha Music Europe and you can find it here:

<https://www.facebook.com/YamahaMusicEurope/videos/990193827716999/>

Can you give another example of a song that was inspired by a lucid dream?

A while ago, I had a dream in which I met a good friend of mine:

The doorbell rings and I open the door, and she comes in without a word. I immediately feel a vibe of intense sadness coming from her. I hug her and we just stand there in silence until I wake up.

After waking, I felt that sad vibe was still with me. It felt so intense that I thought about calling her to ask if everything's alright. But then I thought, "This might sound a little weird," and so I didn't. A few minutes later she texted me, telling me her mother had died unexpectedly. She's had a very close relationship with her mother, so this was a big loss.

The following song was inspired by that situation.

Her mother liked birds a lot, too.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sXNQbO6guYc>

I remember that once in a lucid dream, you announced to the dream or your subconscious mind, "Show me something beautiful!" What happened?

I once had a lucid dream in which I was trying to play my piano:

After a while I recognize that the keys don't match the notes they're supposed to trigger. I then stop playing, realize it is a dream and say, "Show me something amazing!" At first nothing happens but just as I prepare to leave, the piano starts playing itself. It is a very beautiful, complex and complicated song. I am amazed, watching the keys dance up and down. The feeling is very hard to describe.



Unfortunately I forgot to wake myself up right after this, so when I finally did wake up, I had forgotten most of it.

Do you think that this 'creativity' (i.e., these songs) exists in your subconscious mind, and just needs a technique to access it? Or is the song created in that moment of the lucid dream? Where does this inspiration come from?

As I mentioned, creativity isn't something we "create". Whenever I write a song the result will be best, when I'm able to just let it flow and not have

too much thinking involved. I guess that's what is really happening when people say they're "in the flow": opening the inner "doors" that allow the stream of consciousness to flow and manifest in whatever you do. In my case that's music most of the time.

While dreaming and especially lucid dreaming, it seems these doors are open all the time so the creative stream can flow much stronger. It will follow our intentions quite directly and as a result create the most amazing scenarios. The only limit seems to be whatever we believe is possible because there are almost no other constraints. I believe this is what happened when my piano just started to play: In waking life I wouldn't have been able to play this piece technically, but in a dream playing skills are no restriction at all, so I could just watch it manifest.

So I think it's all created in the moment and the best technique we can develop to let it happen is to let go of restrictions created by our beliefs!

It seems lucid dreamers sometimes feel amazed by the wonderful sights and incredible concepts and creativity in their lucid dreams – seeing things, or experiencing things completely outside of their normal life! In my books, I encourage people to access the 'awareness behind the dream' when lucid, since it seems to have the greatest creativity. But when a person does this, it then seems like their waking-ego self exists as a small bit of a much larger inner self. Has lucid dreaming made you wonder about the nature of the self/ Self?

Lucid dreaming has raised a lot of questions for me. For example, if I can be consciously aware in a dream world that seems to be entirely created by my mind but feels just as and sometimes even more "real" than the waking world – what does this say about my definition of "reality"? And if in a non-lucid dream I can be a completely different character in another time and place and usually will not question it at all, but just accept it as who I am – what does this say about what I call "my self" or "my ego"? Suddenly, everything doesn't seem as solid to me anymore.



I've sort of experienced directly what is meant by teachings which say, "The ego/self is an illusion". Below all emotions, thoughts and sense perceptions that come and go without our doing lies what we really are: pure unconstrained awareness. I've had some very rare lucid dreams that came close to this realization: No dream images, no dream body, but a calm, peaceful void. But words are not adequate to describe this.

For some people, lucid dreaming causes them to develop interests in spiritual things. For example, if you suddenly begin to see mandalas in lucid dreams and never had an interest in that in your waking life, then you might want to understand 'what' mandalas mean. Has lucid dreaming affected your interest in spiritual matters? How so?

I got interested in psychology and science and started reading a lot about these topics because I wanted to find out what actually happens in the brain while dreaming and especially lucid dreaming. However, this couldn't provide me with satisfying answers. There are several theories out there – some even very contrary to each other. None of them can provide solid evidence though. Probably that's because (lucid) dreaming events are almost impossible to measure and very hard to "verify" in Western terms.

Even though scientists have been able to prove that lucid dreaming exists it's almost impossible to "record" the strange events that happen to us inside this state and make them visible to any other observer than the dreamer himself. That's why I was amazed when I finally started reading Buddhist and other spiritual teachings because most of them know the state and have mastered

and implemented it into their practice thousands of years ago. Today Eastern traditions and Western science/psychology appear to slowly start working together and complement each other's findings. I think that's a very wise path to go.

Developing a daily meditation routine has showed me that dreaming and waking are much more connected than they seem to be – just as everything else we perceive. To me, a spiritual practice is what some lucid dreamers may call “lucid living”. Seen from the view of Buddhist psychology for example the “waking experience” is merely a dream, too. Interestingly Western science/quantum physics agrees with that view more and more.

Apparently, Prince was a lucid dreamer, and talked with others about his lucid dreams before his passing. Have you met other singers, songwriters, musicians who use lucid dreaming for lyrics or music?

Unfortunately not, but I'd love to! So if you're one of them and are reading this: feel free to get in touch! I'd appreciate it very much!

I've found that some artists I like a lot are lucid dreamers who use it for their creative work. Richard D. James aka Aphex Twin for example is one.

Do you have any creative goals that you would like to achieve in a lucid dream?

A while ago I started taking piano lessons to improve my skills a little. I'd like to experiment with that in lucid dreams and find out how it affects my learning curve. But that's not really a creative goal I guess.

At the moment my goals are more on the spiritual side. I'd like to experiment with meditating in lucid dreams and to confront myself with whatever could be my current “challenge” on my path. But I still enjoy flying so much so it might take me another while.



I also like just watching the dream consciously and let it “guide” me. That's so wonderful!

If people want to learn more about your work, where should they go?

Most of my work can be found here: www.youtube.com/einastronaut
If you're a filmmaker and in need of a beautiful score, you can also take a look here: www.cosmocatstudios.com

Eike, many thanks for taking the time to share your perspective on dreams and lucid dreaming.

Thank you for having me.

The Awareness Behind the Dream

by Robert Waggoner © 2016

In 1985 after ten years of lucid dreaming, I had a mini-epiphany after an unexpected conversation in a lucid dream. In the dream, I approached an elderly dream figure in a three-piece suit and lucidly asked him, "Excuse me, what do you represent?"

Nothing prepared me for what happened next.

Instead of the dream figure responding to me directly (as I expected from previous lucid dreams), an unseen Voice boomed out a response *from ten feet above*, "The acquired characteristics!"

The response did not make complete sense, so I looked up towards the empty space above the dream figure and asked, "The acquired characteristics of what?" It felt like the unseen Voice had to process my query for a moment, whereupon it boomed out, "The acquired characteristics of the happy giver!" Okay, I now knew what he represents. I decided to wake up and record this lucid dream.

In the morning, I began to wonder why an unseen Voice boomed out a response? Did this mean that 'behind' the dream figures and settings, an unseen awareness exists in every lucid dream? Or did I simply have a weird experience?

As the months went on, I began to experiment. In this new set of lucid dreams, I simply ignored the dream figures, and asked questions of the unseen awareness, like, 'Show me something important for me to see!' After a few lucid experiments, it seemed obvious that an unseen awareness (or some other layer of self) existed in the lucid dream. Moreover, this awareness seemed much more creative than, well, me.

In retrospect, an unseen awareness in dreams does not seem too shocking. I recalled some infrequent normal dreams in which an unseen 'voice' made a comment about the dream situation, or its symbolism (and if you think about it, you may recall dreams in which an unseen narrator makes commentary or explains dream symbols). I then realized that I had already heard this unseen Voice, but discounted it as just another strange dream thing, like flying cars. I also recall reading of the 'hidden observer' in deep hypnosis, explored by psychologist, Ernest Hilgard (but science criticized this, feeling the hidden observer seemed largely a function of demand characteristics in the hypnosis process).

Months later, when Stephen LaBerge's first book came out in 1985, he appears to have experienced something similar. LaBerge wrote of announcing or intending in lucid dreams '....to surrender to "The Highest".' (p 244) When he surrendered to the lucid dream, it often changed significantly and he found himself following its direction, rather than influencing it. LaBerge writes that one such lucid dream of surrender led to "one of the most satisfying experiences of my life." (p 245)



The Awareness Behind the Dream

LaBerge left untouched the issue of who or what 'responds', writing, "Such questions as whether this is a part of yourself or something beyond yourself need not be resolved at this point." (p 244)

Because of my lucid dream experiments, I have engaged directly this unseen awareness, and view or listen to its response, and see its knowledge, wisdom and creativity (which I illuminate in my first book, *Lucid Dreaming – Gateway to the Inner Self*). Thousands of other lucid dreamers have engaged this aware layer of self too. However, for those who have a distrust or fear of the idea of an aware layer of self, not surprisingly they receive no response or perhaps something variant like laughter, or unintelligible sounds.

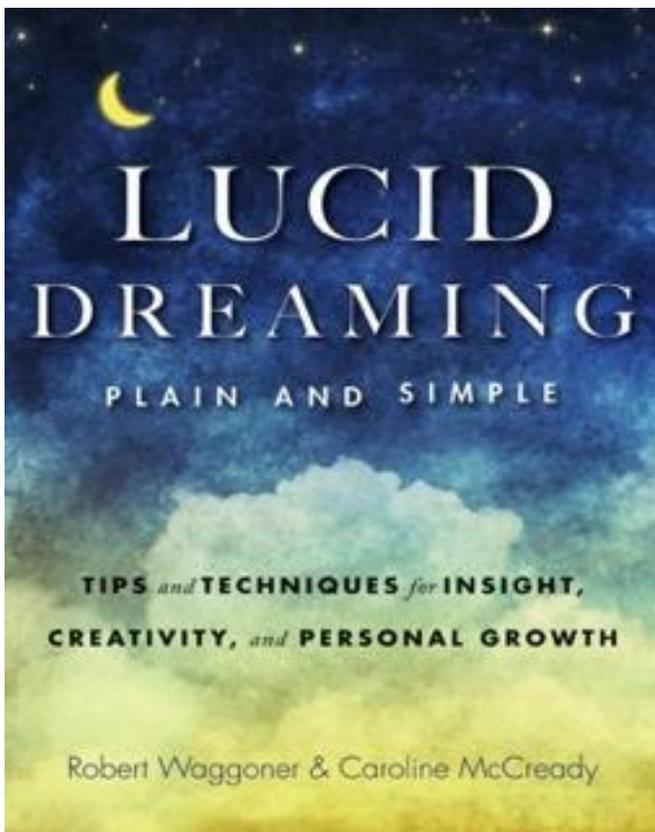
Lucid dreamers need to explore this, and resolve it. Explored, this layer of awareness may offer broad access to unforeseen creativity and insight (which may help a needy world creatively resolve serious issues). Explored, this layer of awareness may help science reconfigure the nature of self and consciousness (which may broaden the view of an ego based culture). Explored, it may show you something utterly profound: your self as it truly exists.

A new era of inner exploration awaits.

Note: Quotes from Stephen LaBerge, *Lucid Dreaming* (JP Tarcher: Los Angeles) 1985, p 244-5.

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THE VOICE FROM THE SKY

By Karim © 2016

The first time I encountered the phenomenon of speaking to a booming voice from an invisible source in my dreams was when I was 13 years old. In that dream I was abducted by aliens from my home and beamed down on the shores of Portugal at a secret military camp that was in league with the aliens. The military took me on a guarded speed boat headed to an island off the coast that is apparently not on the world map today. Realizing that strange people were taking me to be dissected in some lab on an uncharted island made me lucid. The scenario was so surreal that I quickly realized I was dreaming.

That is when I looked up to the sky towards the sun and pleaded for help. Though I had lucid dreams at that age, I did not know what to do once lucid. It was much later that I learned that the dream environment is malleable and does not abide by the laws of waking life physics i.e. we can fly, go through walls, manifest objects at will, etc.

Suddenly the skies became dark with clouds and a big storm was brewing. A hurricane struck the boat and all the guards were toppled over in the sea. Surprisingly the boat and I were fine, I was unharmed. Then a big wave came crashing and swept the guards deep down to the ocean floor. However, two guards remained hanging on to the side of the boat for dear life. They were completely terrified at what happened!

The clouds immediately parted and the sea was calm again. The two guards climbed slowly onto the boat completely staying away from me. Then a booming, yet pleasant male voice, as if coming from the sky said:

“What do you want me to do with these two? Do you want me to get rid of them?”

I said, “No! Please, spare them.” Nothing happened after I made my request. I was feeling a lot of gratitude at that moment that I was saved from a fate of dissection at an alien lab. I asked the voice again, “Are you God?” to which there was no response followed by a long pause...a moment later the voice spoke, *“What do you want to do now?”* I quickly replied, “I would like to go back home please.” Suddenly the flying saucer that abducted me came back, beamed me up, travelled at the speed of light back to the Middle East and beamed me back down to my bed. I remember the grey alien that was leading the ship, saying, “Take him back - this one is too much trouble. We can take another specimen.”

I woke up that day believing that God saved me from the bad aliens and humans in the dream. Another thing struck me: I was feeling a strange bliss and euphoria for several hours. Later on all my interactions with the 'voice from the sky' in a lucid dream were always followed by bliss and euphoria in waking life.

That incident marked a very big milestone in my dreaming life. There was a booming voice from the sky that can help me in my dreams. I thought that was the coolest thing in the world!

Over the years I had numerous encounters with the voice from the sky. Each time I got to understand a small aspect of how it operates. In one instance I was on top of a hill and in all directions zombies were charging towards me. All of a sudden I became lucid and decided to ask for help from the voice in the sky. In an instant, a thick violet laser beam struck the earth next to me and created a purple atomic bomb-like explosion that wiped out all the zombies at once. I told the voice, "I asked for help, I did not say you should kill them all. Maybe you could have just teleported me to safety or something?"

The voice answered, "*Next time be more specific with your request.*"

Another encounter I had was when a dragon attacked my home. I ran outside in a panic when I suddenly realized,

dragons do not exist in waking reality, which brought me to lucidity. I immediately asked for help from the voice in the sky. A large copper staff materialized in my hand. The voice gave instructions, "*Point the staff at the dragon and use your intention to drive it away.*" I did just that and the staff started glowing a bright green color and emitted a hum. The dragon seemed to be bothered by the energy of the staff and started to back off. Gathering all the courage I had, I advanced on the dragon with the staff pointing towards it, while it continued its retreat and then it took off in flight to escape.

There are many more examples I could give where the voice always provided help when I asked. It has not let me down once. However, when I was not specific it would help me in a generic way that was unpredictable sometimes.

While doing research about dreams I encountered *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, by Robert Waggoner. He was the first author who spoke about a voice in lucid dreams. He mentioned the concept of the awareness behind the dream or the dream director. I was delighted to read that someone else has experienced this phenomenon as well. The lucid dreamers that I chatted with on the internet, which were not many, did not have this experience. I remember devouring that book as it

validated the majority of my lucid dream experiences. Later on, I was lucky to meet Robert online in one of his online dream courses which I enjoyed thoroughly.

While reading Robert's book, I decided to incubate a lucid dream to talk to this mysterious dream director/voice from the sky. That night, many years ago, I encountered the awareness behind the dream. I started the conversation:

"May I ask you a few questions?"

"*Yes you can.*"

"Who or what are you?"

"*I am the guardian.*"

In total shock and awe at that moment, "Do you mean like a protector?"

"*My function is not limited to protecting. It is more of a caretaker. Think of a guardian, like a guardian of a child.*"

I couldn't believe that I was having a conversation with an aspect of my subconscious that helped me numerous times in my dreams!

"That's very interesting. So you are not really God?"

"*No, I am not what you mean by God.*"

I felt awe again. This implied that it is a part of me which knows how I think and feel!

“Ok, so why do you help me in my dreams every time I ask? And why do you also manifest anything I ask from the dream?”

“One of my functions is to bring form to your desires, when it seems beneficial to you.”

“So you decide whether or not to fulfill my requests? Would you ever deny me a request?”

“It is not for me to deny, but I would try to discourage you from a few of them if you were not ready or if it would not be beneficial for you.”

“And if I insist?”

“Then I will comply and you will see the consequences for yourself.”

“So you function as a guide as well?”

“Part of being a guardian is to guide.”

Testing the theory of pushing the limits of my requests I asked:

“I would like to know what the source of all life is!”

“I would warn against this request. You are not ready to know that.”

“I insist!”

Before I even finished my sentence, I was grabbed by some invisible hand and whisked half way across the universe at maximum warp speed seeing all the stars, planets and galaxies pass by me like a screen saver on a computer. Eventually the trip ended and I reached a black void region of space. A beautiful wooden door appeared in the void and next to it a human like figure that was fully robed and hooded in a wine-red velvety fabric. I could not see his face. The figure felt a little ominous.

The being pointed towards the door and as he did the door swung open slowly until it was wide open revealing a brilliant white light. It was a blinding halogen-like white light.

The figure said, “If you walk through the door of light you will have full knowledge of what source is. However, there is a price to pay. Once you walk through the door you forfeit your waking life as a human. Your family and friends would experience that you have passed away in your sleep. The choice remains yours.”

I thought was this a joke or a trick! Could I really not come back from a lucid dream into waking life?

Feeling overconfident in my dream skills, I decided to walk into the door of light. Every step I took towards the door brought to my mind everyone that I loved in my family and close friends. One

by one images of them were flooding my mind and the feeling of love towards them increased and became overwhelming.

A couple of steps away from the door I stopped. I had a lightbulb moment. Was this really a test? But I can feel the light ahead will give me all knowledge about Source. I can feel a beautiful sacred feeling of grace and peace emanating from the white light. Moreover, I would be discovering the truth about God! But am I willing to let go of my life for this knowledge? What if I am totally disappointed with what I find?

It felt like a battle of two wills was going on inside of me.

Then an interesting feeling of calmness arose and with it a thought, ‘What is the wise thing to do?’ I knew exactly what I had to do. I reached my hand to the wooden door and much to my dismay I shut away the region of brilliant light. With that, the door disappeared. I immediately felt this was definitely some sort of test!

I looked back at the figure and I felt there was something fishy going on with him. An insane laughter suddenly erupted from his direction. The figure dropped the robes and started transforming into a massive hydra with seven heads!

Though I was frightened at the sight, a courage welled inside of me and I switched to my dream

warrior mode. I manifested my favorite weapon a Japanese samurai katana to defend myself against the hydra. To keep a long story short after a long battle with the hydra I managed to cut off one of its heads. With that it covered away and retreated into the darkness of the void.

The scene suddenly changed and I was sitting in a beautiful garden under a warm comfortable sunlight. There was a small blackboard on a painting stand next to me and in white chalk was written:

Pride 0 – Karim 1

It was like a score was being kept.

“Was this some kind of test?”

“Not a test, more of an evaluation. You can see that in such a request resides shadow. Good you were able to recognize that at the last moment.”

“Would I have really died if I passed through the door.”

“Too late now to find out.”

“So the head I chopped off the hydra was pride? Does that mean I have overcome pride? And what were the other heads? Are they like the seven deadly sins?”

“You have overcome today. Pride will revisit you in many forms and guises. Another day you may or may not overcome. That remains to be seen.”

I bade the guardian farewell as I wanted to wake up and retain the memory of the dream. I woke up thinking I must have had some help from the guardian in retaining lucidity this far in the dream. Normally I wake myself up after a few minutes of lucidity so that I can recall the dream and not just slip into unconsciousness and lose the memory.

I believe the voice from the sky or the guardian as I have come to know it is an aspect of our inner

awareness that functions as a protector, caretaker, nurturer, guide, teacher and helper in our inner world. Many eastern spiritual traditions speak of an internal guru or guide that resides in each one of us. In western traditions, there is a mention of the holy guardian angel in which some aspects of western spirituality attempt to have the knowledge and conversation of this guardian.

Could this mysterious voice from the sky or this guardian point towards these aspects of self? I leave everyone with that question, and I urge every lucid dreamer to try to speak to the voice behind the dream. Keep trying even if you do not succeed the first few times. I am sure you will be in for quite a ride. Perhaps eventually you can ask the guardian for help and guidance in waking life, but that is for another article....

Survey Questions Wanted

The LDE will be conducting a Survey of lucid dreaming experiences and we'd like to know what lucid dreamers are most curious about.

For instance, have you ever wondered if certain herbal teas *really* enhance or induce lucidity?

Or, if you want to have a specific kind of lucid experience, how do you go about it?

What questions would you like to see on a Survey of the Lucid Dream Experience?

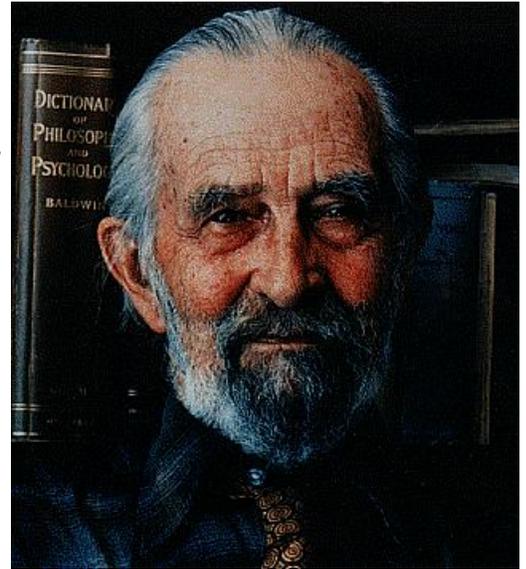
Let us know at:

emailus@dreaminglucid.com

Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Lucid Dreaming

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The American mystic and esoteric philosopher Franklin Merrell-Wolff contributed some of the clearest and most insightful accounts of “Transcendent Consciousness” I’ve yet to come across. Majoring in mathematics, he earned a degree from Stanford in 1911, studied philosophy at Harvard, but then returned to Stanford to teach. Soon thereafter though, he gave up a promising career in academia choosing instead to focus on transcending the limits of egoistic consciousness. Over a long lifetime (1887-1985) he shared detailed records of his own experiences in his lectures and books, as well as his observations and conclusions with respect to the characteristics of higher consciousness.



In 2008 I reread Franklin Merrell-Wolff’s ground-breaking book, **Pathways through to Space** (1), in large part because I wanted to find out what part the study of pure mathematics played in his awakening process. To my surprise Chapter 49, “On Sleep and Death,” included notes where he clearly embraced what we now call lucid dreaming. I found that FMW’s views in large part agreed with my own in respect to lucid dreaming’s potential importance as part of the process of spiritual development. For example he wrote:

"A man goes to sleep to be active in dreams, or occasionally to enter the dreamless state. Ordinarily, while dreaming the man does not know that he has gone to sleep. This means that he has not mastered the cross-correlation self-consciously, and in this case, he has a foretaste or what happens in ordinary death. But it is possible to dream and to know that one is dreaming at the same time, holding in the mind a memory of the waking state. In this case self-consciousness has made the cross-correlation. Now to have done this once in a lifetime is sufficient to supply a means whereby the after-death state of dream can be broken by the man who has departed from his physical body. It is most certainly a definite step towards Recognition."

"The dream-state is so important that something more should be said concerning its nature. Just as it is true that man can be essentially dreaming while active in the physical body - and most life here is in this state - it is likewise true that some of the states entered while the body sleeps are far more truly waking-states than any which are possible while in the physical body."

"So, all in all, it should be quite obvious that for him who would attain the Higher Consciousness one of the first necessities is the mastering of dreaming tendencies."

As I see it lucidity requires a kind of "individuation" (2), similar to what Merrell-Wolff termed “cross-correlation,” in that for a lucid dreamer, two disparate "selves," the "waking self" and the "dreaming self," integrate to a greater or lesser extent to create the "lucid dreaming self." Full lucidity brings a third self

Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Lucid Dreaming

into the mix - the "Spiritual Self." The more truly lucid I become, the more I've integrated these three aspects of self, and the more Beingness the lucid dreaming "I" represents. The waking self brings in my thinking aspect, the dreaming self my feeling aspect, and the Spiritual Self my knowing/creating aspect. I see the continuing enhancement and deepening of lucidity in essence as a spiritual process towards fullness. Similarly, FMW wrote this with respect to cross-correlation:

"The crux of the whole problem in achieving individualized immortality is the learning to integrate while still embodied the outer and inner levels of percipience. This is, in fact, the mystic process symbolized by the squaring of the circle. The relationship between the square and the circle is incommensurable, and this means that 'circular' relationships or values are not comprehensible in 'square' terms. Embodied man is a square while the Inner Man is a circle. The mass of human beings shift from level to level through unconsciousness, and thus in these cases the one level is to the other like dreamless sleep. The two states are discrete instead of continuous, and, therefore, we are faced with a condition where we have, as it were, two distinct men instead of one self-conscious Being. The circle is birthless and deathless and consequently immortal, but the square is generated in time and in the course of time subject to dissolution. But by 'squaring' the circle, or more correctly by 'circularizing' the square, the latter kind of consciousness is taken up and blended with the immortal Consciousness of the circle. This gives to the individual consciousness immortality. It should be clear that the cross-transference in sleep or during the trance state is not enough. Man must win the power to be awake here and There at the same time."

In 1996 I had a superlucid dream in which I observed/experienced a consciousness that has characteristics in common with FMW's description of the "High Indifference." In the first part I experienced the after-life of a disincarnate man, trapped in a sort of Earthbound limbo, who had just "woken up" some 29 years after dying. The situation resolved, but then unexpectedly I suddenly and spontaneously "jump up a level" to become fully lucid and a functioning part of a Greater Entity, my "Oversoul":

"He/I now sits at a large desk or an impressive table. He/I seems in charge of a group of incarnates and disincarnates, a sort of Oversoul. He/I feels extremely competent, self-confident, and powerful, but He/I still takes orders from an even Higher Level. . . . He/I feels a sense of having Eternity to work in. . . ."(3)

In my dream report, I used the term "He" in "He/I" to indicate the Oversoul part of our overlapping consciousness, but as a pronoun "He," even emphasized, doesn't quite fit, as this consciousness did not seem masculine in the usual sense, just immensely powerful. Although awkward, "He/It" makes a better fit. His/Its attitude felt benevolent in a purely nonattached way. The Oversoul lived in Eternal time and could not view the physical situations of his/its charges as they did. Unless the physical condition of their bodies had to do with the greater purpose or pattern, it simply had no relevance or importance.

In a 1973 lecture on the "High Indifference," (4) Franklin Merrill-Wolff made these key points:

"At the level of the High Indifference the key word is neither affection or knowledge, but power."

*"Thus, this level is a place of **great dispassion**, hence **indifference**. But since one can so turn, he can invoke, he can bless, and he can curse. **It is a place of power, preeminently**. None of the other Realizations which I have known contributed anything to the power sense, but here, in this Realization, it was strongly emphasized." [boldface added]*

Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Lucid Dreaming

Similarly, I observed/experienced three keynote themes in relation to my "Oversoul" - 1. Immense Power; 2. Living in Eternal Time; and 3. Pure Non-Attachment. This dream made an indelible impact on me, in the form of a Realization. After this dream I Realized that the purposes of this "Deeper Me" had very little to do with my own temporal and physical concerns. And I did not understand this in a theoretical or abstract way - I knew it experientially and with deep certainty.

In both my case and that of Merrell-Wolff, *"the relative consciousness remained as a witness."* However, for me the personality did not shrink to *"a point like insignificance"* as it did for him. However, even in FMW's case, he reported that on the subject-object level, he remained free to choose as he saw fit. His subject-object personality aspect simply had no desire to do anything. In my case, I not only had such a desire, I acted on it (which ended my experience in a rather dramatic way, 3), so it seems that while I observed/experienced something similar to the state of High Indifference, my ego did not become "subdued", to anywhere near the same extent FMW's did. Still I find that his description of the High Indifference has a number of elements in common with my experience of the consciousness of my "Oversoul."

Although Franklin Merrill-Wolff made some very insightful comments with respect to dreaming as such, and strikingly positive comments on the value of lucid dreams, in ***Pathways*** it did seem clear to what degree these derived from his own experiences. After all, in 1935 Evans-Wentz published his ***Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines***, which includes a chapter on "The Doctrine of the Dream-State" which FMW probably read.

However, this passage from FMW's article *"Concept, Percept, and Reality,"* published in *The Philosophical Review* (5) in 1939, provides clear evidence that lucid dreaming did play an important role in his transformational process:

*" . . . From my studies of the subject I am led to the conclusion that, while the experience of awakening in a dream is not a common one, yet it is not extremely rare. **I have personally had this experience on different occasions, with varying degrees of completeness, and find it as satisfactory an illustration of what is meant by the 'return' as is available.** Perhaps a description of my experience would help to make the significance of the illustration clearer.*

At the time of my first awakening within a dream I was already familiar with the description of a similar experience on the part of a medical friend. This suggested the possibility and aroused in me the desire for a similar experience. But I could find no way for directly and consciously effecting it. However, several months later, at a time when my interests were centered upon physically objective concerns and consideration of the dream-state was occupying no place in my conscious thought, so far as I can recall, the event did happen quite spontaneously. While in the midst of the series of events of a quite ordinary dream during sleep, suddenly I awoke within the dream without interrupting the continuity of the dream, although I knew that I was dreaming. By this awakening I mean that the ordinary relative consciousness, with the familiar consciousness of my own identity, combined with the usual memory of the events and thoughts of waking life, plus the capacity for intellectual analysis and purposive determination, all became suddenly active within the dream-field. I began experimenting and found that I could, with my imagination, direct the course of the dream, at least within certain limits. Soon after this I awoke to my physi-

Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Lucid Dreaming

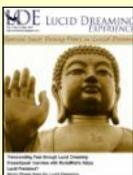
cal environment. I found then and since that it is not easy to maintain the dream-consciousness in the face of the waking consciousness. The dream-consciousness is a sort of twilight with respect to which the waking consciousness is like a light or it will quickly obliterate the twilight completely. I find this act to be far from easy, but possible for brief periods. Now I have discovered that, at the point of awakening in the dream I had been accepting the dream as a reality in the same matter-of-course way that we commonly accept and assume the reality of the physical environment of ordinary consciousness. But from the moment of awakening I knew the dream to be no more than a dream. Within limits I could permit it to continue and even mold its course. This simply had the effect of reducing it from a seeming-reality to a mere drama, creatively produced.

From the standpoint of Nirvanic consciousness the whole field, together with the events of relative or ordinary consciousness, undergoes a transformation of significance similar to that which occurs when awakening in a dream. The reality-qualé of ordinary consciousness is completely erased and, in its place, there remains merely a drama having no more than a symbolic significance. The objective or photographic form of the world-field, with its events, is not changed; but the reality-qualé vanishes, and this effects a revolution in the significance of ordinary consciousness.

In one sense the relationship (an unsatisfactory term) between Nirvanic and ordinary consciousness is the reverse of that between the latter and dream-consciousness. Ordinary consciousness may still be likened to a searchlight, as it is focused and under purposive control. But, in contrast, the Nirvanic consciousness is like a boundless and unfocused primordial Light, which is both aloof and extremely intimate. It is a Light within which the self and the object of consciousness are blended in a sort of formless sea." [boldface added]

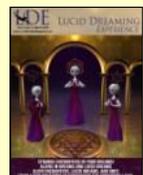
Clearly Franklin Merrill-Wolff had lucid dreams and highly valued them. Furthermore, in line with my own experience (2), he considered the process of awakening in a dream, to becoming lucid, as analogous to the process of awakening from ordinary consciousness into more enlightened states. I suggest that those interested in the expansion of consciousness might find his insights of value not only for the development of lucid dreaming and lucid waking, but for a better understanding of the "Awareness behind the Dream" as well.

1. Merrell-Wolff, F. (1944), ***Pathways Through to Space: A Personal Record of Transformation in Consciousness***, Richard R. Smith, New York.
2. Kellogg III, E.W. (2012) "Lucid Dreaming, Psychic Development, and Spirituality," *The Lucid Dream Experience*, pp 19-22, **Vol. 1** #3, December, 2012.
3. For a more complete account see Kellogg III, E. W., and Waggoner, R. (2005) "DreamSpeak: An Interview with Ed Kellogg, Ph.D." *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, pp 2-8, Number 35, June, 2005.
4. Merrell-Wolff, F. (1975), "On the High Indifference," a lecture given at Lone Pine, Ca. 4/30/1975.
5. Wolff, F. (1939), "[Concept, Percept, and Reality](#)," *The Philosophical Review* pp 405-406, **Vol. 48** #4 July, 1939.



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ENGAGING THE AWARENESS BEHIND THE DREAM

LUCID305

LUCID LADY OF THE LAKE

I'm at my brother's house and we are outside. It seems like a storm has just passed. We see animals that don't really belong there, like big frogs and deer. I see a baby deer and it has baby frogs and crocodiles on its back. That's when things start getting weird; that's when figure I'm in a dream.

I see some hair floating in the water, it's a lady. My little sister is there and she wants to ask the lady questions, but I cut her off and ask the lady why is she here in this lake. She replies that it reminds her of home. I continued to ask her to make the dream more vivid and she does. I am in complete amazement of how real it feels; I touch the grass and kind of drag myself on it for a couple of seconds, just enjoying the realness of it.

Afterwards, I take the opportunity to do some vandalism. I pick up some beer bottles from the ground, I think about drinking from them, but they smell like they've been out for days so I don't drink. I am about to throw them at a window, but then it feels so real that I check my hands to see if I am dreaming again. I have three fingers so I know I am dreaming. I throw the bottles at someone's window run into a parking lot.

Then I decide to fly. I fail at first, but I think to myself that this my dream and I close my eyes and use my mental strength and will myself to fly like Magneto from *X-men*. In mid flight while in awe, I remember that I had a goal to reach which was to talk to the consciousness behind the dream and so I start to spin while asking to talk to the dream consciousness, and to change the dream scene.

I'm excited to see what it will change to; so once I stop spinning, I'm in nice house and I announce to the dream, "Show yourself!" and then I see either a small bison or a dog in the house. I approach it, thinking it was the dream character representation of the dream but it didn't look conscious as I approached the animal.

I hear a knock at the door. I'm a bit nervous walking to the door. When I get there I open the door and all I see is the brightest white light I have ever seen. Then I wake up.



The Lady of the Lake—Creative Commons, Eric Hill

SANDRA L. MAYER MAKING A SNOW-SCENE LUCID & ASKING QUESTIONS

This was my last dream of the night, so it was around 6 am. At first, I was in a hypnagogic state watching shapes and patterns come and go. A small box appeared in the dark, looking like a TV screen. It morphed into a hyper-real winter scene. I knew immediately that I could become lucidly aware. Then I asked the image to enlarge to full-screen. This process reminded me of clicking on a YouTube video to make it bigger. Rather than explore this snowy territory or fly, I decided to ask a question. I mentally called out: "What do I need to know right now that will help me learn?"

The winter scene instantly dissolved. I found myself in a dimly lit room and could hear mumbling coming from somewhere in the vicinity. I mentally said: "Make it louder." It became somewhat clearer and at the same time I entered a space that looked like an outdoor garden area at an Indian ashram. The dream was now completely lucid.

A woman was talking to a group of devotees. She did not look Indian, but she had a pleasant, round face and was wearing a western-style dress suit. She stopped speaking to the group, looked me in the eye and said, "Don't rely on your regular friendships to learn about dreaming."

Then the lucid clarity dissolved. Everything looked murky grey. I was laying on my side in my bed and a ghoulish creature was staring at me. He seemed middle-aged and had blondish hair. I did not know how to make him go away. He kept staring at me, while his face became more and more gruesome. The mouth opened, revealing sharp teeth. I tried to wake up. I finally succeeded in waking up—found myself still in bed, but the demonic creature was still next to me. I felt a touch of panic.

A moment later the gray, murky zone dissolved back to the lucid ashram. An attractive black woman wearing a colorful dress was seated next to me. She said, "So you wound up with a demon.

You were calm on the inside, but showed fear on the outside. Next time don't show any fear at all. Just tell them to go away. Don't be afraid." I told her that the demon followed me when I awoke. She said, "Yeah, I saw that happen." (I realized that it had been a dream inside a dream.) I asked her who the demon was. She said that it was a man who had been obsessed with whores. I asked if this man was dead. She said, "Yes." I woke up.

MARLISE SHOW ME THE WORLD OF MY DREAM HELPERS!

In my lucid dreams, dream helpers always appear unasked. I don't scrutinize the figures. I trust them unconditionally. Later, I am never able to describe them; they seem to be 'faceless'. Sometimes, I wonder if they represent an aspect of my subconscious mind, the collective subconscious or even beings from another dimension?

In Robert Monroe's book *Journeys out of the Body* he provided a definition for OBE helpers: "...I do not know who these helpers are or why they are helping me...They are rarely 'friendly' in the sense that we understand the term. Yet there is a definite sense of understanding, knowledge, and purposefulness in their actions toward me. I feel no intent on their part to bring harm to me and I trust their directions."

After a WBTB, I tried my favorite WILD technique of wishing to be shown the world of my dream helpers, and that the 'larger awareness' or 'the dreamer behind the dream' will let me experience the world of my dream helpers.

After a while my body starts to vibrate stronger, and stronger, rotating...and I hope to be able to fly with my dream body out of my bed. Suddenly I begin to notice 'shadowy' figures. Their contours are illuminated by a background light. There are five or six such beings. They bend over me, take my hands and pull me up towards them.

We are gliding through the darkness and I ask who they are. The one in front of me says, 'I'm Karakiri' (or perhaps it was Kurikiakiri or something similar). I know that I won't be able to remember this name and ask in return: 'Kuriakiri?' Another being on my left now tells that its name is 'Dolly.' I reply, 'That's easier to recall.'

Then we are inside a huge building. It reminds me of an open plan office. Looking around I observe a 'fantasy animal' type of being approaching me from behind. First I can only see his illuminated contour, but then it begins materializing more and more and I can pet its head. After that, my hands feel electrified. The fantasy animal being bites me in my right forearm. I feel a painful scrape of my skin. 'This is my dream, nothing can happen to me!' I'm shouting out loud and I'm curious what's going to happen next. Another being releases me from this attack.

Someone else, who I sense as a female, comes close to me and wonders if I am S. (first name of my husband). Still another being comes running and injects an anesthetic in her arm until the female faints. He carries her away in his arms and remarks: 'This is not okay, since she knows that human beings are around visiting us!'. He transforms to a normal looking human with gray hair and even resembles the author, Jurgen Ziewe (as I've watched him in a Youtube video lately).

I think, he might be the boss here and I state, 'Aren't we all equal beings?' Meanwhile I notice that there are many 'collaborators' observing us. He explains that I'm right, but that it's of no use if beings like me visit this place. It might create strife. I want to know why he thinks that it will create strife and tell him that I still feel very curious about this place. But simultaneously I consider that he could be right and perhaps I should leave. This thought leads me to lose my lucid dream and wake.

As I thought about it later, I saw that the power of my intention and expectations probably created this fantasy world, which I experienced in my lucid

dream. Because I wished to 'intrude' into the dream helper's world, my subconscious offered me this dream scenario where I am perceived as an intruder.

RICKM A FORCE OF NATURE

Although I did not specifically call out a request to a higher self or background awareness, I did wait patiently for this mysterious entity to present the dreamscape scenario. What happened next still fascinates me and has only occurred one other time in a dream. I actually felt the awareness move me into the dream. This invisible force had a jerky, mechanical feel as if on an amusement ride. The dream went as follows:

I suddenly became lucid in a dream where I was floating upright at the end of my bed. The room was somewhat darkened and I could see my wife who appeared to be still sleeping; however, I did not see myself sleeping next to her. I called to her saying, "Honey look, I'm floating," as I kicked my legs, "see, my feet are not touching the floor." I got no response from her, but in the hope that she might hear I stated, "Now, if I make noise, please don't wake me because I want to see where this dream takes me."

At that moment, a force turned me toward the south (lower dimension) and the venue changed to an unfamiliar setting. I was now in the middle of a room looking through an entrance leading to a large room with a dining area at the far end. The entrance had multi-paned glass doors that were opened. In the far corner I could see, sitting in a chair, a translucent, ghostly figure of a man dressed in what appeared to be priestly vestments. I then said to myself, "Well, this is going to be interesting."

The force then moved me to the room opening, where I got a better look at this gossamer image. He seemed to be looking down, crestfallen and unaware of my presence. The ghost then looked up with a surprised stare. I said to him, "Come to

me!” motioning with my hand. He remained still with a look of irritation as I reiterated, “Come to me!” Again, he only continued his angry glare when I finally demanded, “Either come to me or get ye back to the grave!” Again nothing, so I started an ear-piercing growl/yell to force him into some sort of action. Visibly angered, he rose quickly looking ready to lunge in my direction when he suddenly vanished. I followed with, “Wow, that was a good one (dream)!”

Now waking, I heard my wife ask, “Are you awake yet?” My sleep talking woke her at the point where I was repeating, “Come to me!” Normally, my wife would wake me when the yelling started, but she somehow got the message not to, even though she didn’t remember hearing my earlier request. The dream was both vivid and indelible.

LUCY GILLIS ‘THROUGH WHICH THE AWARENESS WILL SPEAK’

I can’t recall what specifically triggered lucidity - it may be the earlier part of the dream in which I’m in the area of an old neighbour, but the landscape is not right somehow. It is like a version of the ‘actual’ landscape, but the spatial relationships to other buildings are not correct. I comment on this to others who are in the scene. . . . When I become lucid I just want to fly and glide around a bit – ‘stretch my wings’ so to speak.

When I return to ground again, my friend S. is there, and we are now standing among several people. I know that she would really like to have a lucid dream, but has not been able to do it yet. My own lucidity is not the clearest, but I do want to help her have a lucid dream. I make an attempt to ask the awareness behind the dream a question. Or rather, I instruct S., to ‘ask the dream a question.’ I then gesture to the people around us and continue with, “The answer will come from one of these people, through which ‘the awareness’ (behind the dream) will speak.”

She doesn’t respond right away, and I feel anxious that we may miss this opportunity (by waking too soon), so I ask the ‘people/awareness’ “Why does S. have difficulty in having a lucid dream?”

I wait expectantly, looking at the dream figures. Within seconds, one who looks like W., steps forward and says something like, “She greets the initial idea with eagerness and enthusiasm, but then sabotages the outcome by trying to orchestrate or direct events through a controlled or limited expectation and anticipation of how she thinks they *should* be.”

As if to demonstrate the need for flexibility, W. then complains that he has had to ‘stay later’ than usual. (In waking reality, W. is a creature of rigid habit, is very resistant to change, and gets a bit out of sorts when even the smallest alteration is ‘imposed’ upon him.)

I then know (telepathically?, there is no audible voice) that W. continues with something like, “When events go off-schedule, or people don’t behave in the way she wants/expects, it throws her, and a sort of inner friction upsets and hinders the original eagerness. The frustration felt then becomes a defensive reflex, that sets up resistance, blocking the execution of the desire.”

Though I’m still aware that I’m dreaming, I grab a pen and paper that is conveniently nearby and write down what he has said. I know it won’t be there in waking reality, but I believe the act and concentration of writing the information will help me recall the details when I wake. The paper morphs into a computer screen, and the monitor goes blank. With lucidity fading, I try to get the image back, so I can read it again and tell S. about it when I next talk with her.

I then wake, knowing the information given in the dream is as much a message to me as it is to S., but regarding more matters than just lucid dreaming.

OLLI ERJANTI CONSCIOUSNESS BEHIND MY DREAM

I become lucid through one of my dream signs. I was in my grandparents summer cottage from my childhood which I often dream about although the cottage no longer exists. I was practising dream yoga so I thought what should I do now?

I decided to try Tibetan sound yoga in a dream to see what happens. Sound yoga includes reciting one syllable sounds or mantras with specific meditative meaning. I started with the first syllable A. I started sounding it with my voice and immediately the resonation exploded the dream scene from the cottage and my dream body in to a vast expanse of space filled with golden light and a warm feeling of love.

There were no concrete objects or a separate me just abstract light and feeling of infinite space which I was one with. I resided in the dream for some time until I woke up.

I thought, "Wow this was effective," since the first syllable A represents infinite space that is the ground of our mind experienced without limitations. I was experiencing directly the consciousness behind my dream and life.

AIVE MINAJEVA IMMENSE PEACE

I had times I was very interested and systematically incubated dreams in order to address the unknown awareness behind the dream. In this following dream I find myself with my car on a narrow forest road. The dream setting looks very realistic as it corresponds exactly to the 'real woods' I am used to visiting.

Similar to waking reality there are some narrow places on this road which cause some real concerns about what to do if another car should approach me. In the dream I have a feeling this is

what's going to happen now - feeling another car is already approaching mine from the south.

Then, a black Mazda appears, but before I can move my car little more to the side to make space, the Mazda is starting to dig itself into the ground the way some rats or moles do. It is passing my car underground, then rises back to the surface of the road distant from me and continues on its way. This is weird and I recognize this is a dream.

Immediately I recall my task, turn my back to the scenery, and call up into the sky to show me the unknown. Since in this dream I am fully lucid I don't feel the fear or struggle I had experienced in other attempts when non-lucid. This fearless attitude tunes me more towards surrender and acceptance.

The sky becomes wide and open; it looks dark but it is neither black nor white really. And from this sky above me an immense sense of peace and serenity is sinking down onto me, penetrating totally my entire being. I wake with this sense of peace, able to carry it with me and recall it several days later.

The intellectual message of this dream for me is that in spite of all worries, concerns and problems my mind might figure out, first, there is unlimited intelligence to find solutions and second, there is an immense peaceful presence I can contact any time.

YVES UNEXPECTED VOICE OF THE DREAM

Last year, I decided to manifest a certain amount of money within a week's time, by using a metaphysical technique that had worked for me in the past. I was totally committed to this objective, totally believed I could do it and even regarded it as already achieved.

I was briefly woken up the next morning, around 5 or 6AM, and went back to sleep lying on my back. I experienced a brief lapse of consciousness, then

suddenly became aware of powerful vibrations running up and down my entire body. I welcomed the vibrations and relaxed fully into them, all the while repeating quietly to myself, "This is a dream."

Without warning, I was teleported, fully conscious, into the living room. It looked somewhat different; I saw my younger brother and a few others sitting on chairs. But I didn't pay attention to them, as I was mesmerized by the fact that I was fully awake in a dream. As I walked across the floor, I concentrated on the sensation of the ground pushing against my feet, amazed at the solidity. I kept repeating to myself, "This is a dream."

Suddenly, everything started fading, losing color, going grey. I mentally shouted, "FULL CLARITY NOW!" and everything became brighter, more vivid, than when I 'arrived'. The room itself looked different, but before I could take in details, an idea suddenly occurred to me - now that I was in direct contact with my Subconscious, I could give it instructions without interference from my doubting conscious mind!

I instantly remembered my money manifestation project, then with total confidence, I verbally affirmed at the top of my lungs: "I AM GOING TO MANIFEST A WINDFALL OF MILLIONS OF FRANCS BEFORE THE END OF THIS MONTH!" As I finished the last word, a commanding voice boomed out of empty space (on my left): "IT'S NOT GOING TO WORK!" I was considerably surprised; both by the phenomenon of a voice talking to me out of nowhere - and by the unexpected, negative response.

I decided not to give up. I would give the command again, this time with more intensity. I took in a deep breath, inhaling energy. Just as I was about to scream out my affirmation again, much louder than the last time, the whole dream instantly collapsed and I was back on my bed in the waking state.

Apparently, my Subconscious had prevented me from carrying out that final attempt. Would my money goal have materialized if I did? Did my Subconscious mean that the technique I was using to

manifest the goal was the wrong one, or that the goal itself was wrong? When the voice spoke, I intuitively sensed it referred to the latter. Nevertheless, I resolved to persist with my goal in waking life, believing that I could override my Subconscious through willful application of metaphysical principle. It didn't work (as predicted).

(PS: I had never encountered the phenomenon of the 'dream voice' before, nor heard of it. I took it to be the voice of my Subconscious. About a month later, I verified this assumption to be correct, after reading about it in the book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self.*)

LYNDA S FACING THE SHADOW OF FEAR

July 6th, 2014 (3 days prior to my birthday): I found myself in what looked like a palace of white alabaster or marble. It reminded me of Greece or an old landscape. It was beautiful. There were columns from the floor to the ceiling and they were quite beautiful. I was very curious and began to look around. As I approached the third column, a tall shadowy figure stepped in front of me. It looked to be about 6 feet tall, like a person, but very blurry as it moved. My immediate "dream thought" was whether or not it was a person. It did not move, but there was so much contrast to the dreamscape of beauty and this shadowy figure that I immediately thought, "I must be dreaming" (became lucid).

Afterwards, it began to move towards me and stop. I had another "dream thought": "What is this?" There was almost an immediate response, "This is your fear." After this realization, I made the conscious choice to move towards it. I put my arms out and moved towards it to give it a hug. As I hugged this shadowy being, I recall seeing the blackness of space (as in meditation) and as soon as I began to merge with it, my fear increased and I began to wrestle with the shadow. I heard a voice say, "Surrender".

I opened my arms again and let go. In this moment, I felt a charge of heat in my body, from my

chest all the way down my arms and legs. It was electric. I immediately awoke and realized that both arms had a rash from the inside of my arms down to my wrists.

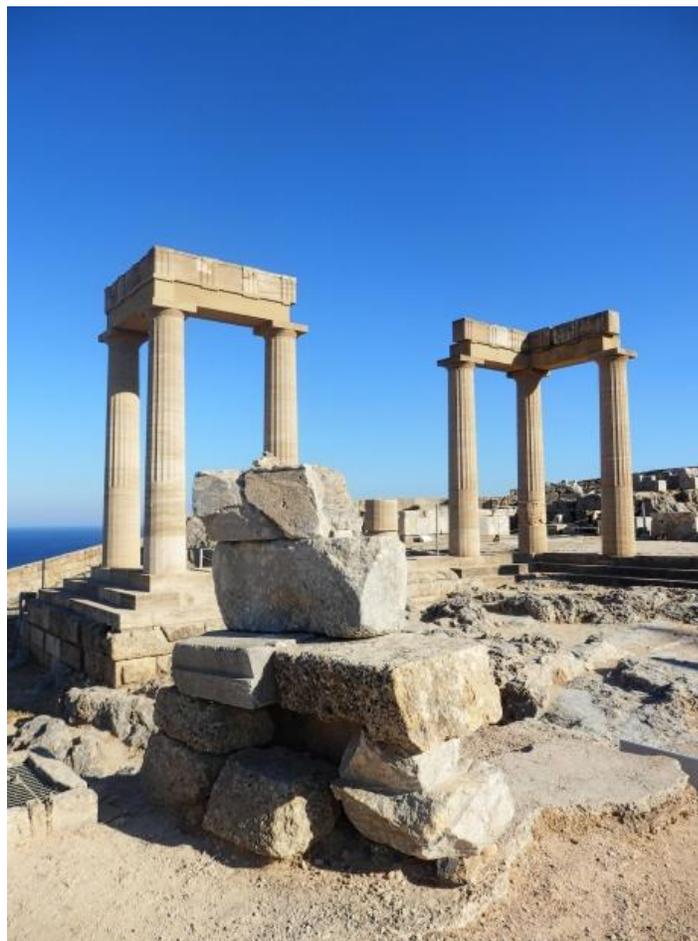
Post dream journal notes: I had an immediate realization that this was the same rash that I had at age 12 and that plagued me in the year 2000, when I chose to leave my corporate career. It had been intermittent from 2000 to 2008, during periods of stress, when I had the self realization that my "control issues" stemmed from a pattern of "survival" that I became conditioned to in my early childhood years. I felt liberated and free. The rash stayed for about 3-5 days without any rumination or fixation on my part. I simply accepted it. I have not had a rash since.

SHIRLEY WATCH THIS!

Before bed, I prayed and asked our Father to let me have a lucid dream (to know that it was something real and not made up) and to share with me what He would like to share.

I started dreaming of helping my youngest daughter, Tina, unpack from being at college. She had this huge suitcase. She then stated that she was going to the store. In the next scene I was waiting in my white car and I saw my oldest daughter, Alice, coming to the car with Tina's best friend Kara. I thought, this is weird, am I dreaming? So I did a reality check and sure enough I saw just the tip of my right index finger go through the other end of my left hand. I thought, "I AM DREAMING!!!"

Then Alice asked me to drive home. I said, why drive, LETS FLY! Next I was flying up by myself holding a rope to the car and pulling it behind me. I thought this is stupid as I should be in the car flying it. I then was in the car looking out the window flying it. The first scene I saw flying was of a round-about in Spain and instead of seeing the running of the bulls, I saw the running of the cars and buses going around the round-about over and over again.



Then the scene changed and I was flying over a lush green hill with sparse dark forest green trees placed on it. This scene was so vivid and beautiful. I then thought to myself, I should ask the dream a question. So I asked, "Dream, what would you like to show me?" A deep male voice answered, "WATCH THIS"! I was shown a white haired man holding up in the air (no wrinkles and perfect skin), a baby boy about 8-10 months old laughing in the air held up by the Father's two hands. They both had sparkles in their eyes and their skin was perfect. The man had a red and white striped shirt which matched the baby boy's shirt. It was true love and excitement that I saw. So beautiful that I just stared.

The scene then changed - I was sitting at a table and talking with my husband, Chad. I was telling him I had a lucid dream. I was writing out an option trade using July contracts but I couldn't come up with the strikes to use in the trade. Chad asked me, "Are you lucid dreaming now?" So, I checked and my finger tip did not go through so I told him, "No".

He said that was why I could not figure out the strikes. Then I woke up.

Interpretation – Wow, there was so much to interpret in this dream. First and most important, I saw our Heavenly Father’s love for His only begotten Son. "John 3:16 – For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was the most precious love in the world of a Father loving and raising His son up! The scene of Spain was how the world is so busy with life going round and round in circles. The scene of the mountain, shows trees as people and the vivid color of green of the grass represents new beginnings. Few will find this path to our Father's love due to the busy lives they all lead.

JANET MAST BOEREMA MASSIMO HOTEL AND LUCID AWARENESS TO A DISASTER ZONE

This dream took place during a Dream Remote Viewing (DRV) event with a psi-dreaming practice group. The goal was to remotely view, in a dream, a secret location visited by the event host. I become lucid and recall the event – and more.

Recorded Sunday morning, June 5, 2016

I’m in an attractive, modern hotel with a sleek, modular design and beautiful décor. It seems I work here (although I’m not sure what I’m supposed to be doing). I’m trying to find a place where I might sit and write my dreams, and a pen that works. I tell someone: “I’m not trying to avoid work; I just need to record my dreams first!”

Someone hands me a white plastic bag containing ears of freshly husked, bright yellow, sweet corn. I go to the front desk and ask for a small knife I might use to cut the corn off the cob and put it into bags for freezing. Someone mentions that Massimo owns this hotel. I say, “You mean the violinist?” They say yes, that Massimo.

I go into the hotel kitchen to look for a knife. The kitchen is HUGE and filled with people. The layout has four different wings around a central meeting place, which has couches where the workers can relax. Some workers are lined up on the couches while others are standing around. Everyone crowds around and starts talking to me. I’m amazed by how friendly everyone is here. Someone mentions nicknames and says they have someone here named River Song (like the Dr. Who character). I ask, “Which one of you is River Song?” A handsome, young, dark-skinned man steps forward, smiling at me with beautiful white teeth, and says he is “River Song.” Next I’m joking around with a different young guy with dark hair. We poke each other in the ribs a few times, playfully.

Suddenly I realize I’m dreaming. Now lucid, I recall the DRV task. Also – for the first time ever! – I recall Robert Waggoner’s advice to shout a question to the Awareness Behind the Dream.

Excited, I turn and look up at a wall several stories high, preparing to shout my question. At first my voice doesn’t work, but then I shout: “Take me to C. [DRV event host]. Show me where C. is!” I lift up into the air and fly out through the building, moving effortlessly through the walls. From high in the air I look down over a landscape where I view buildings along a sandy shoreline that meets the water. This seems like a resort sort of location; I’m thinking East Coast USA shoreline somewhere. I fly out over the water (thinking Atlantic Ocean) and keep repeating my request to go to C as I try to ascertain a location. At one point I think of “Atlanta” but then think, no, that doesn’t sound right.

Next I am flying low over a wet highway. It’s raining, and storm clouds are forming. I watch lightning forks in the sky, then see a strange, two-pronged “fork” of thick, gray, storm clouds. The dark cloud “fork” jabs toward the earth in extreme slow motion; this looks menacing. The road becomes covered by a tunnel of thick gray clouds. I fly through the cloud tunnel, then through another tunnel of white plastic.

I emerge into a surreal scene with chunks of debris on the ground, like chunks of broken buildings or

infrastructure, and emergency stations set up with people crowded around. It appears that a massive emergency or disaster has happened, perhaps an attack. I keep thinking about FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) and a possible national emergency, while wondering: *Where am I? What has happened here?*

Walking now, I approach a table where women are handing out bottled water and other supplies. A woman asks if I need any water – or any catsup? I'm puzzled to be offered tomato catsup at a time like this. A short distance away, I see a woman holding a newspaper. I approach her and ask if I can look at her newspaper. I want to find out where this emergency is taking place. She tries to hand me the newspaper but it floats up into the air out of reach. Later it seems I somehow retrieve the newspaper but only have a chance to glance at it briefly. (End of Dream).

Notes: I woke abruptly from this dream, feeling worried over the disaster scene and frustrated that I could not recall what I saw on the newspaper. I did feel good about becoming lucid, recalling the DRV event, and finally remembering RW's advice to shout a question. It turned out the DRV location was a hotel, but beyond that my dream did not match other details so it seems when I "shouted my question to the awareness," the dream force took me in a different direction, perhaps to view something more important. On Sunday, June 12, exactly one week after this dream, a deadly attack took place at the Pulse Nightclub in Orlando, Florida. I do not know for sure if that is what I was viewing in this dream one week ahead but the timing is uncanny. When I saw news coverage of blood drive tables set up in Orlando, and volunteers handing out water, it reminded me of the tables set up in the end scene of my dream. It may be that I dream of "tomato catsup" as a less scary stand-in for blood in my dreams.

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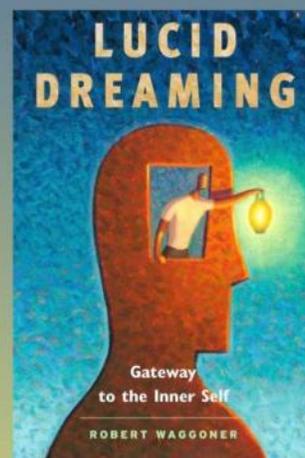
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The Sands of Dreamtime in Lucid Surrender™

By Melinda Ziemer ©2016



For this issue of the *Lucid Dream Experience* (LDE), the editors have invited us to share lucid experiences in which we have asked “the Awareness behind the dream” to reveal a truth to us.

This request reminds me of lines in a poem by St. Thomas Aquinas in which he relates: “Ask anything,’ My Lord said to me. And my mind and heart thought deeply for a second, then replied with just one word, ‘When?’ God’s arms then open up and I entered Myself....”

In this context, the question “When?” suggests a longing and readiness to be in relationship with the Divine. This question can also be understood as asking, “Can I be with you now?”

The question ‘When?’ comes from surrendering not to what is known rationally or cognitively with our minds but to the Mystery we know intuitively and feelingly with our hearts. The question “When?” gives voice to a deep, abiding trust in the belief that the universe originates in infinite love. This trust requires true faith both in our waking life and our dreams.

How do we open ourselves to surrender in lucidity? Over the past ten years, I have had the chance to explore the response to this question experientially in more than a thousand lucid dreams. As a result, I have written at some length about Lucid Surrender in other LDE articles as well as other publications and have given a number of talks on the subject. None of this means I have arrived any closer to a method or definitive understanding of surrender in lucidity. On the contrary, the more I think I know, the more the knowing recedes from the horizon line of the lucid dreams. In this short piece, I will simply offer up some questions to highlight paradigms we may unknowingly or knowingly bring to lucidity. Then I will give two dreams in response.

From my own experience of lucidity, I would say that although our conceptualisation of surrender may be culturally bound (and rather static), surrendering actually goes beyond definition and involves ec-

stasy, understood in the word's original meaning of "coming out of stasis", and into a more fluid relationship with the richness of the inner world.

In the English language, when a person says, "I surrender", this implies both agency and will, setting up a paradox in which one willfully surrenders! However, an approach of this kind creates a paradoxical intent: the more I willfully attempt to surrender, the less I can do so. A Romance language like French suggests a more mysterious understanding of surrender by structuring the grammatical relationship in such a way that a more literal translation would be, "I am surrendered" or "I surrender to myself."

The question often asked by lucid dreamers is "To who or what do I surrender." But we might also wonder "Who or what surrenders?" and "How?"

Our response to such questions shapes our engagement with the Awareness behind the dream. This leads me to ask the following questions: If the Awareness behind the dream exists, does it need us to ask questions of it and, if so, why? And, assuming Awareness awaits "the collapse of the wave function" through our questioning, then which matters more: the question itself or the place in us from which the question arises—the mind or heart? And does the question shape an expectation that, in turn, shapes what follows? Can we ask a question without asking? What happens if we remain silent or simply wait and see what happens?

Now consider the above paragraph again, this time replacing the word "question" with "surrender":

Our response to surrender shapes our engagement with the Awareness behind the dream. If the Awareness behind the dream exists, does it need us to surrender to it, and, if so, why? And, assuming Awareness awaits "the collapse of the wave function" through our surrender, then which matters more: the question itself or the place in us from which

the question arises—the mind or heart? And does the form of surrender shape an expectation that, in turn, shapes what follows? Can we surrender without surrendering? What happens if we remain silent or simply wait and see what happens?

To these 'questions', I will add a final one: What takes place in lucidity if, like St. Aquinas, we ask "When?"

Ultimately, as I have come to experience surrender, it means asking "When?" and trusting that the response will be "Now!" The moment of asking requires a willingness *to die in the sense of losing your life to find it*. Given the numinous rebirth that follows, this 'death' can be met with gratitude, humility and joy, though we may have to learn through the dreams how to develop such an attitude and trust in the dream.

In other articles, I have shared Lucid Surrender encounters in which I have been taken to worlds of light replete with life and learning, but in this short piece, I would like to share two recent dreams that, although essentially empty of forms of light, in very direct and simple ways convey the power and nature of surrender.

In each dream, the question of "When?" seems to come not only from myself but also from the Awareness behind the dream. And the answer to "When?" is invariably "Now!"

Both dreams came during a very difficult period of decision-making in my life that resulted in tremendous change. Over the preceding years, I had been working very hard directing a charity, writing, and setting up a dream research institute as well as going through divorce and moving on into a new life. Before each dream, I spent time in contemplation and prayer.

Both of these dreams feature the presence of what I experience as the holy sands of the Divine Ground. Very often in lucidity, after a transit on the black light or through a wormhole, there comes a

stunning downward movement that slows as my invisible, subtle feet gently touch an unseen “ground”. The moment I touch this heavenly earth, it feels as if all the stones, plants, animals, and beings of this holy place rise in me, as if my being has touched the source of Life itself surging upwards. From this Ground of Being, visions of light and exaltation appear. The sands in lucidity herald numinous revelations of beauty, wonder, power, mystery and love.

Given the presence of holy sands in the lucid dreams, I was interested to learn subsequently that in the Sufi tradition, the 12th century mystic, Ibn Arabi describes “the sixth realm of the Sand Dune”, a hill of white sand and musk that he calls a station before the “Garden of Eden” wherein one finds the Presence and Qualities of the “King”—the Divine.

The dream that follows, which I have named “Eternal Sands”, felt like an invitation to delight in pure, Absolute Being. But, as you will see, my mind (ego) needed to be confronted before I could surrender to the idea:

With lucidity, the dreamscape and my dreambody immediately fall away and my being is taken into the lucid space of black light and winds. “I” remain a stationary point of consciousness on the sparkling blackness until I sing a prayer. Then my being feels carried at a tremendous speed across the black light a great distance, as if I ride a magic carpet woven from the words and music of the prayer. I pass through filaments of white light against the shining black. After this comes another infinite expanse of dazzling blackness. At some point, I think, “What would you have me see Lord?”

Eventually I find myself gently deposited belly first onto a sand covered expanse, surrounded by the black light. My subtle body now appears visible to me. Although this sandy space feels familiar from other lucid dreams, normally, I end up set down feet first, and awaiting whatever comes next. This time, I lie there moving my hands like rakes through the sands, aware of the raw silkiness of the sand between my fingers.

Apart from the dome of black light around me, I see nothing else beyond the rounded ring of sand. I notice that the sand looks similar in colour to the sand dunes of the Mojave Desert that I knew as a child on Earth—a warm, golden color alight from within. I feel expectant, as the sands in lucid dreams generally set the stage for a profound, numinous encounter, but this time “nothing” appears.

My mind gets caught up in wondering about all this and what it might mean. But as I let the sand play through my fingers, I begin to feel in touch with eternity and time, the spiritual and earth planes, as if an eternal hourglass cups my being.

As my mind relaxes with the flow of the sand, I become aware of a deep, still Presence pervading the space. Even so, I wonder, “What would you have me do?” and I struggle to get up. With this, a powerful, magnetic force pulls me back down irresistibly, and so I give in thinking, “Ok, I’ll just rest here.”

I tuck my right hand under my head and finally surrender to the experience. It feels divine to at last do nothing but finger the sand and the very fine, smooth, obsidian-like rocks that hide within it. Doing so assuages not only my own soul, but also, I sense, that of the Spirit alive in the sands. The sands feel elemental to existence.

After some time, my being feels lovingly lifted and returned to waking consciousness. On the way, my mind kicks in again and tells me I ought to have done more but the dream says, “Rest in me.”

The next dream, which I have called “Sand Angels” came a few weeks after the preceding dream and echoes the theme of surrendering to Beingness.

I wake up in the night and sing, “Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and renew a right spirit within me”. Because I feel so weary, I ask for a dream of replenishment and for a sign that I am on the right path. Then, I dream I walk by the sea. At first, I feel rather desultory but then realise joyfully that I am dreaming.

With lucidity, I again find my being on the black light and winds as the dreamscape falls away. For a moment, I feel at a loss but the winds rock me lovingly on the black light. They carry me on and on at an incredible velocity. I feel too tired to pray or to worry. I simply submit.

After some time, the winds again deposit me belly first on the golden sands. This time. I extend my subtle arms out on either side and make the wings of sand angels. I feel grateful, happy to rest as I run my fingers through the grains of sand. I try to rise but this time it feels as if an unseen hand pushes me down between my shoulder blades. My face rests against the sands. I give into the delight of resting.

Suddenly, I am lifted and taken into an immense hall and quickly whisked around and shown all the contents—a whimsical array of very fine and intricate imaginative figurines carved in a white translucent substance like ivory. I realize these figurines can come to life and that they have a connection to my own life on earth.

I feel inspired, as though I have been washed through with creative sparks. After being whirled around the hall, I am carried back across the black light and re-enter my body. I awake feeling profoundly encouraged by the dream.

These dreams, of “the sands of Lucid Surrender”, bring me a new and deeper understanding of the holy vision of William Blake:

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour

The two dreams highlight that in Lucid Surrender the answer to the question “When?” is “Now!” They also reveal to me that the Awareness behind the dream asks the same response of me. Surrendering in lucidity has taught me to celebrate the epiphany of the everyday in the eternal sands of time.

Next Issue's Theme

The Wonderful World of Dream Figures

In this special issue of the LDE, we invite you to tell us about your encounters with Dream Figures.

- What did they tell you?
- How did they act?
- Were they more lucid than you?

**Let us know by submitting your fascinating interactions with
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LEARNING TO TRUST *and* SURRENDER TO THE LUCID DREAM

by Alexandra Enns © 2016

Having gotten stuck in a continuous phase of emotional upheavals concerning my plans and relationships, I was longing for a clarification of my current circumstances. The following brief excerpt from a lucid dream at that time serves as the beginning of a gradual cleansing of my life situation:

“Stormy Winds”

Leaving the courtyard of a university, I am concerned by the abandoned street I find myself in. I recall having planned to contact the awareness behind the dream, so I shout out with a yearning look towards the sky: “Show me the most beautiful landscape!”

For a couple of seconds, nothing happens. Then, I am startled by the fact that I gave rise to the wind blowing along the sandy roads. As the wind starts to roar at a great speed, whirling tiny stones and branches around me, I get a panicky feeling. What’s going to happen now? Why did I refrain from using or creating a simple portal? I notice an isolated post and quickly embrace it.

Watching an enormous storm forming around me, I make up my mind to hold out to the end, no matter what. I am shocked at the scene being slowly wiped out in front of my eyes like using a rubber on a sheet of paper!

I take a deep breath and have a careful look around. I am engulfed by the complete stillness and serenity of the new environment with countless fruit trees and fertile fields as far as I can see. I feel reformed and blessed by the inexplicable winds having dissolved in an instant. While looking at the bright sky, I whisper in awe: “This has to be the paradise on earth.”

I was genuinely confused by this grave incident. Why did the dream awareness react so violently, in contrast with my previous experiences?

The subsequent dream contained a crucial fragment of a dark-haired woman standing on a lonely path from a third-person view, with her back turned to me. Suddenly, a firm voice boomed out from above: “Mary Ziemer.”

Occupying myself with her impressive works on the phenomenon of “lucid surrender” upon waking up, I resolved to follow Mary Ziemer’s example. The lucid dream described below serves as an illustration of my attempt:

“Staring at the Death”

I simply know I am dreaming while I am standing in an office of a skyscraper, peering at the desolate landscape behind the window glass. I confirm my assumption by looking at my hands. As a result, I remember my goal to surrender to “the force behind the dream.” Inspired by Mary Ziemer's humble gesture, I slowly bow my head. Then, acting on an impulse, I mutter quietly: “I surrender to you.” When raising my head with a premonition of an oncoming key event in my life, I hear the wind blowing increasingly along the dreary wasteland.

Suddenly, in the far distance, I notice a thick layer of sea foam. The storm swiftly transports it, so it is creeping towards me. I have difficulty in keeping my balance because the earth starts to shake. Gripped by terror, I spot a dark shape running in parallel to the foam trace on the ground. As this figure reaches the skyscraper, I am only able to make out its pitch-black robe and an impenetrable cowl.

My heart starts to race by being confronted with the intuitive certainty: “He looks like the Death - he's going to kill me!”

While he is approaching me at an energetic, passionate pace by running up the exterior wall, I expect him to pull a sword or another weapon somewhere out of his enormous cloak to stab me at any moment. He tears the window open, making water and foam splash in every direction. Suddenly, I feel an absolute stillness inside of my heart: *If this requires my death, let it be so. I am prepared to die.* With the aid of this decision, I am open to whatever comes next. I am looking directly at the invisible face behind this sinister looking appearance. He stops in front of me and seems to fix his gaze on me for an infinite amount of time.

Unexpectedly, he pulls his cowl down. I am surprised by the kindness of the face looking at me. He smiles and indicates to me to sit down in a

corner with several leather armchairs. During our intimate conversation, I recognize: He is my guardian I've already encountered in many different lucid dreams, staying in the background, protecting me. I wake up feeling aroused, deeply loved and secure.

One thing seems to lead to another – while studying the articles by Mary Ziemer, I soon discovered Nigel Hamilton's book *Awakening through Dreams* with a multidimensional approach to transpersonal dream work. As a consequence, I realized that I apparently finished the first transformational stage indicating “Nigredo” by undergoing the following alchemical operations of purification:

- “Solutio” (when facing the sea foam),
- “Sublimatio” (while looking down from the skyscraper and when surrendering to the winds),
- “Mortificatio” (when encountering death),
- “Coniunctio” (when successfully integrating my shadow)

At the stage of “Nigredo”, the dreamer starts dealing with his psychological blocks, resulting in a collapse of former worldly attachments so that the disintegration of the egoistic self can occur. Seen in this light, I was amazed to remember the second significant lucid dream at the beginning of this dream cycle when I was confronted with “Nigredo” (i.e. blackness) literally, as a characteristic distortion of light for the first time:

“Black Emptiness”

I become lucidly aware after having noticed an anomaly and remember my task to question the awareness behind the dream. I leave a bright room to enter an entirely black nothingness. In contrast to my previous experiences with the void, I merge with the blackness, simultaneously losing any bodily sensations. Taking my courage in both hands, I shout out spontaneously: “Show me your inner wisdom!”

Suddenly, I am grabbed by an invisible energy, coming out from nowhere and pushing me to the side with such an enormous force that I fall over and lose my consciousness...

I wake up in astonishment.

As pointed out by the author, the next stage after death often represents a birth before the completion of a transformational process. In fact, in the last (non-lucid) dream of this series of dreams, I took part in my birthday celebration, full of happiness and blissful moments.

In conclusion, I would like to emphasize the sensation of oneness and equanimity after these lucid dreams that supported me to get my worries straightened out in waking life. I am fascinated by the inner guidance dreams can offer in a time of doubt by mastering a leap of faith within them. After having had lucid dreams for about 17 years, my attitude concerning dream control has changed radically: I now prefer to trust the hidden potential in each lucid dream for the purpose of healing and spiritual growth.

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Knowledge From Dreams: Accessing the Subconscious Mind

By Brian Aherne © 2016



Asking questions (usually out loud) in lucid dreams about 'Life, the universe & everything', or even just where exactly you left your lost house keys (D'oh!), is a sure-fire way to access the subconscious mind and to pull information from it!

Incredibly interesting, confusing or just plain weird; the answers when they come, necessarily couched in the symbology of the subconscious mind, aren't perhaps always as clear as we would like them to be. And although rather cryptic and difficult to interpret on occasion, now and then the answer is (or gradually becomes) unexpectedly startlingly clear in a manner that literally rocks you to your foundations!

One such example goes back to my early days of WILDing, in which the dream began as an otherwise completely ordinary WILD. Through diligent practice in learning to consciously relax I'd quickly gotten to the precise place in awareness where the hypnagogia start to appear, watched them changing and morphing for a little while, before finally seizing a nice clear one of what looked like some kind of geometrically designed white disk covered in ancient cuneiform writing, and allowed myself to be pulled right into it... Zing! I was in!

Having already accomplished this entry a few times by now, I deliberately ignored the bodily jolt that accompanies this and instead looked around at what appeared to be a plain dusty orange room devoid of furniture. I had been a regular visitor to this particular room, for here had I initially learned to hone my dreaming skills and also to strike just the right balance between being excited and being calm as an express means of prolonging the experience.

On this particular occasion, I had prepared a short list of questions beforehand to ask out loud that I wanted answers to. I had been watching nature programs on the TV and one of my questions was about the incredibly long annual migration of turtles to their traditional breeding grounds, a journey involving thousands upon thousands of miles. Why do they do it, was what I really wanted to know; why do they travel so very far indeed just to breed? Other animals on land also migrate for various rea-

sons, usually for better food resources and the chance to breed, and they too often cover many hundreds of miles in the process, but turtles actually travel thousands of miles! Why? No one, not even David Attenborough seemed to know the answer! Apparently it's a complete mystery!

Anyway, the dream began, and after adjusting myself to the now fairly familiar surroundings of the dusty orange room, I quickly asked out loud: "Why do turtles travel so very far in their migrations compared to other animals?"

For a few moments nothing happened, no response... I prepared myself to ask the question again as sometimes it takes two or three times to begin to get any answers, but before I could actually voice anything I suddenly found myself looking at what seemed to be an older map of the Earth comprised of a single continent... And then, in open-mouthed amazement, I watched as it broke up into several continents in a slow time lapse. Turtles, breeding only several hundred miles away originally, gradually being forced to travel farther and farther as these land masses gradually drifted apart over what must have been countless thousands of years. Until by now, these poor turtles are literally travelling several thousand miles each year just to reach their original breeding grounds! I was astounded to say the least!

There were no words to this series of images, just the images themselves that appeared to be self-explanatory. And to this day I still don't know if this revelation is actually correct or not, but it certainly was a completely unexpected plus very startling result at the time. One that really made me step back a bit, as in like: whoa!

Brian Aherne (slider) is author of: *The WILD Way To Lucid Dreaming. Lucid Dreaming On Demand*

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In Your Dreams!

SANDRA MAYER
LUCID WORLD

I had an extremely lucid dream. At first I was spending time with some people that I did not know at all, yet they acted like close friends. One was a Frenchman and the other was a musician. They were charming, good-natured, and spoke both English and French. I remember giving some of their friends a lot of chocolate. The Frenchman seemed obsessed with sailing.

I left them at one point to hike down a wooded path. It became very steep and treacherous. I was about halfway along the trail, when it narrowed into a spider and cobweb-filled channel. I tried brushing the cobwebs away to see if I could go through it, but it was impossible. There were people waiting behind me, wondering what I was going to do. Eventually, I opted to go around it. This left me hanging in midair over a rocky drop off. I deftly twisted around in space and found a rough, stone stairway leading down. This action triggered lucidity.

Now that I was at the bottom, I was free to walk around. There were beautiful Italian-style buildings. I realized that I could create this landscape in my mind however I chose. I changed the buildings' shapes and colors. I made windows bigger and smaller. I invented stores and restaurants. I even saw a man on a balcony drop a box. I watched it fall, then made the box retrace its path back up to the man and hit him lightly on the head. A wall was in my way and I decided to go right through it. It seemed to break apart into several shapes, allowing me passage. (I was expecting to flow right through it, but that did not seem possible.) For a while I simply enjoyed playing with this world--making it change and shift in all kinds of wonderful ways.

DAYNA
CHATting WITH MY GUIDE

I ended up in a strange dream in which I was inside a mall that had apartment units where the shops should be. I went inside of one and saw my children sitting in front of a television eating cereal. I

somehow knew they had gone into a familiar unit, one where an older lady lived. She was a caretaker for them. She was not there, though, so I asked them, "Where did you get the cereal?" My middle son replied, "It's hers." I looked at it and it was bright pink Cheerio-looking cereal. Then I turned and looked around the room. There was a Christmas tree in the corner but it had not been fully decorated yet. I remember saying, "Why is she putting up her Christmas tree already?" I could see boxes laying about full of ornaments and decorations. I thought to myself, "This lady must really like the holidays."

I turned around and my children were gone. There was a white sofa, the one they had been sitting on. I could see a woman sitting there, legs up and relaxed. She was talking to a man on the sofa across from her. My first thought was the woman was a nanny or caretaker for the children. I then began to focus on the man because something was off about him. I could see he had on no clothes. I became curious and began to intently look at him, trying to see better. This is when my lucidity peaked.

Suddenly I was very aware of laying on a bed. I didn't know where I was. Whose bed was this? I recognized two distinctly different beds. It was as if I was in both at the same time. One was my bedroom in my house. The other was a larger bed somewhere else. I could feel the bed beneath me, the covers, the sheets and pillow. I decided to be in the bed that was not my bed. I chose to shift into that location, wherever it was.

There was a lot of internal conversation going. I was thinking, "This isn't real. I am dreaming. If I want something to be there, it will be. There is a person there. I can feel him (his energy)." I kept feeling around because my vision was not turned on yet. I reached out in front of me and felt a person's leg.

My thoughts were something like, "I am in bed with a naked man." I continued to feel up his waist to his chest. He was sitting up, on the edge of the bed, so

not technically in the bed with me. Then I felt his arms reach out and pull me toward him. I fell into him and we both tumbled out of the bed and onto the floor. I landed flat on my back and he landed on top of me. In recalling this now, I think the tumble onto the floor was purposeful. He was playing with me.

This is when my vision came on all at once. Light flooded my eyes and the entire scene and the man were visible. Everything was very solid and real.

I could see a window in the background. It was open and there was a breeze because I could see the white sheers swaying inward into the room. I could see a golden light outside indicating it was day and I could make out trees and hear a wind chime in the distance. The bed I had been on was draped in white linen and I could make out the table next to the bed, the lamp and the wall to my left.

The man was sitting in front of me, not on top of me but very close. I remained on the floor looking up at him. He was bare chested and obviously naked, though I did not look down at all. I was too focused on his face. He was clear as day and so I just stared, looking at every detail in an attempt to remember as much as I could.

He was smiling and he had tanned skin, like someone who spent a lot of time at the beach. His hair was messy with curls that hung around his jawline and it was of two different shades, like it had been bleached by the sun. The ends were almost orange and the top was a dark blonde. He had a very distinct look about him, but I didn't recognize him. He had deep smile lines around his eyes and mouth and a broad forehead and a wide face. His cheeks were quite prominent, but then he was smiling really big.

I saw him and said, "Hi!" He responded, "Hey you. That was quite a fall you took." I said, "Yeah but I'm okay."

Without hesitation, I leaned forward and gave him a big hug. He hugged me back. The emotions I felt were just a happy calm. No sexual urges (thank God). I did remember thinking about the sexual aspect because he was naked but felt that it was not what I wanted and not why he was there with me.

We had a whole conversation then. It didn't last long. I was in awe of the situation. It is not often that I find myself in such a vivid, lucid state sitting in front of one of my guides chatting.

I asked him, "Where are your glasses?" because when I looked at him I saw two images superimposed. One of just his eyes and the other of what appeared to be very small sunglasses, the kind with a reflective surface. He said, "Glasses? I don't have on any glasses." I said, "Yes. I saw them." He said, "You must be talking about my ear piece. I sometimes wear it." I looked at him closer then but saw no ear piece and the glasses were not showing up either. I remember wondering, "Why would he wear an ear piece?" And the term "transponder" popped into my head.

He had a slight accent. It sounded Australian.

There was more talk, but it was just chit-chat. I remember commenting on his bare chest. It was very hairy but attractive. I think I told him he was attractive. Then I remember not knowing what to talk to him about. It was like I became a deer in headlights. I started worrying that this lucid state would not last but I wanted it to. I wanted to sit and talk to him more but my mind was a blank as to what to talk about. So I just focused on taking in more of the scene before I lost it. I knew it wouldn't last and wanted to remember every detail of him and the experience.

During this time there was a telepathic conversation going on between he and I. He wanted me to talk to him verbally, though, for some reason. He wanted me to maintain the state and our telepathic communication would pull me back inward and I need to stay extroverted. I could not get my mind to

shut down, though, and I knew it would ultimately end the lucid state I was in.

DREAMDEER THE DOLL SHOP

My first adult lucid dream happened in 1990. (I know this because of the place where I woke up, where I only lived for one year.) Preface: I have a doll phobia.

In the dream, I walk into a toy shop, and shelves line the place holding nothing but dolls. As I walk in deeper, all of the dolls slowly, creepily, turn to stare at me. Suddenly I stop and shout, "No, stop right now! I'm not having a nightmare tonight! Find some other way to communicate with me!" (The act of saying it out loud triggers my lucidity.)

Out of the back room run two hobbit-sized scientists, a man and a woman in cokebottle glasses and labcoats, apologizing profusely, insisting that they didn't intend to send me a nightmare.

"If I see dolls, and I'm asleep, that is a nightmare!" I say angrily. "Give me something else instead!" And the scene dissolves and I enter a different dream.

I no longer remember what that dream was, except that its symbolism seemed clear to me even in the dream, and solved an issue that I worked with in waking life, and I could see how the dolls also could have symbolized the issue. Several nights later I dreamed of being cautiously approached by a lifesized, bashful rag-doll of W.C. Fields, apologizing for the earlier dream of the doll shop. I let him hug me and told him it was all right.

STEPHANIE MY VERY FIRST LUCID DREAM

I am outside at night. A snake slithers by and I scream. As it moves away it becomes gigantic, about 20 feet long and a foot thick. It barrels back at me in a straight line. I'm scared and begin running. I

realize I can't outrun it and become lucid and face it. I yell "STOP!" forcefully and confidently.

It backs off and cowers for a moment. It tries again, but can't seem to strike me. It's angry and ugly. I've had enough of this, so I raise my arms in front of me and make a forceful motion of ripping them apart. The snake transforms into a giant stuffed hippo with a gaping mouth. A tunnel of light emanates from it and I dive through into a small kitchen.

I recall the trick of turning around to change the dream and shout, "Show me something important." I turn around and see my son (the son I aborted 14 years earlier). I rush over to him, kneel down, and touch his face. He feels real. I feel so happy. I say I love you, and he says he loves me. He kisses my cheek. He has a yellow shirt and thick white-blond hair (as he has in all the dreams I've had of him since his first appearance in my dreams 7 years earlier).

He has tiny freckles on his nose and creamy skin. He looks like his father. I say I'm sorry for not giving him the life he deserved. He says everything is ok. Looking into his calm face I remember that he's dead, and my mind begins saying horrifying things like, "Show me his rotting corpse". I sense a change so I close my eyes and mentally declare, "Cancel". It works.

I begin walking around the room. Another technique comes to mind. I look at my hands and I'm mesmerized. I dive into them and end up suspended upside down in midair. I come down and ask for a beach to appear. Nothing happens. A small snake appears but I can't control or banish it. I'm losing control. I ask my son if he visits his father. He says yes, but that he's busy with his wife and career. The dream fades as a jumble of images appear. I wake up smiling.

JAIME C DYSON MY FIRST MEETING WITH MY GUIDES

In the dream I found myself at the house I grew up in. My mom was there and since she no longer lived

there I realized I was dreaming and became lucid. I then announced, "All dream characters disappear," and, like so often after that declaration, I was met with an empty room.

I stood there and decided I wanted to go to the ocean so I repeated, "I want to go to the ocean, I want to go to the ocean." But nothing happened. This made me angry. I was holding a Starbucks cup and I threw it against the wall and said, "Ok, then! I want to meet my spirit guides." I repeated this with a lot of conviction and frustration about 8 times when I was suddenly met by two men.

One was behind me and one was in front of me. They were so real that I could feel them close to me. They had accents and were trying to calm me down. My eyes were only half open since I was previously concentrating on the mantra. I could see the man in front of me. His coat was a darker green. He was so starkly real and so obviously from outside of myself. I was so overwhelmed that I actually apologized to them saying, "I'm sorry, this is too much right now," and I forced open my eyes.

And in my bedroom, in waking life, there were two fire balls of light that flew around a bit and then went out the window. I stayed awake for some time after that. I still count this as one of my most powerful experiences.

LUCID305 WATER RUNNING

After listening to REM enhancement, I was first in complete darkness while fighting to keep my eyes closed. After a while I got comfortable and decided to let go. By this time, I was sure I was in a dream but as I tried to open my eyes prematurely, I woke but I didn't give up. I went back to sleep:

I end up back in the void and this time, after a while, I'm rotating off the bed over and over and I decide to catch myself. After being in the void for sometime I'm then in a house that looks like my childhood houses mixed together and it is messy so I try to

clean it up by telling the things to clean themselves up, but only a few move so I just leave it alone.

My brother is walking around and I decide to hug him and tell him I love him, at which point he responds as I think he would in real life and is just nonchalantly like, "Look at this guy." I decide to ask the dream to show me my life's purpose. Nothing happens.

I go outside and decide to run on water. At first I start running, then I wake-board without a board or boat. Then I try to run faster but that's not fast enough, until I finally just think of going super fast like Flash without using my legs. I'm as fast as Flash, but then I get distracted by a tree and wake up... (Somewhere in there I walked through glass for the first time.)

COSTIN MATEI LUCID DREAM PRAYER

I am in the countryside, in a house where on the bed there is someone covered in blankets. That person is not moving, yet eyes are wide open, in a glazed appearance, like a dead person. I get closer to the bed and to my astonishment I realise that the body lying there is me!

I am not scared - I actually am happy about it! The next thing which crosses my mind is that I am either experiencing an out of body event or I am indeed dead. I take out a torch and check my pupils - they react. With my finger I tickle my feet - they move!

So, I am not dead! I am so happy of my situation! The only logical explanation is that it is a dream and I am now aware that I am dreaming - I am lucid in my dream! Now that I know where I stand I want to experiment everything, I want to fly!

I calm myself down and become conscious that I have to calculate every step in this experience if I want it to last. I open the door and move out of the bedroom. In front of me, outside the house there is the country road, and on the other side of the road I can see a shrine dedicated to a saint, the large, tall painting depicting what I believe is St Thomas holding flowers. This whole environment is

surrounded by the bright warm rays of a golden summer sun.

I want to bathe myself in this sunlight and then everything becomes inundated by Light! I start to pray and my soul is uplifted by this spiritual happiness/state of consciousness in which I loose myself.



I wake up with tears in my eyes, that state of consciousness is still there, I feel like my hair is completely electrified. I remain speechless for a long time.

SHAUN ST. CLAIR DREAMING WITHIN A DREAM

I dream that I tear out part of a map of Cornwall. I then go to sleep in the dream, and dream about a trip down the coast road in the map. I wake up again, back in to the first part of the dream, and closely examine the map and remember that I've just dreamt about it. When I look closely at the map, I become lucid and then take the opportunity to examine the map even more closely - I am also (in the dream) very aware of how interesting it has just been to fully recall the whole episode of falling asleep, dreaming and then waking up again, all inside another dream. The map lines and names become very vivid and clear. There's a clear detail of the coastline of Cornwall and two 'main' roads running along each of the North and South coasts. The North coast road splits in to two once it gets away from the Lizard peninsula and I concentrate on two names there - they don't seem to be real names and I concentrate very carefully on each letter of each word, memorizing them. While still lucid to the very end of the dream, I wake up for real and write the names down: 'Seracash' and 'Menhir'. [I looked these words up and whilst seracash doesn't seem to mean anything, Menhir means Standing Stone.]

SANDRA MAYER LUCID CHINESE TRAIN RIDE

I dreamed that I was in a modern mall-like complex. There were lots of escalators in this confusing, labyrinthine space. I got lost and wound up on a train. The compartment was dimly lit and had a low wooden bench on one side. Opposite me was a huge, polished wooden statue of a Chinese warrior. He seemed to have a living spirit inside him.

When I looked out the window, I could see that we were skirting a canal. Floating along side us was a beautifully carved, red lacquer Chinese boat. Once we got past the canal, the view opened up into a magnificent landscape. There were huge arena-like buildings—most in ruins. The clarity of the scenery was extraordinary and it tripped a switch— I suddenly realized that I was dreaming.

I continued to look at the landscape for a while. Then I found myself back in the mall. I decided to test out lucidity by floating upwards towards the ceiling, going right through the acoustic tiles and popping up onto the floor above. The ceiling had become like a cloud... It was very easy to pass through it. Then, I woke up.

(Later, I GOOGLED: old, arena, circular, buildings, China— and discovered the buildings in Fuyulou, Fujian, China—which mirrored my dream images. And although I had visited China back in 1986, I did not know anything about this unique region.)

LUCID305 LUCID MIRROR

I'm at a house that resembles my old house but it's not exactly the same. I remember talking to my brother about the money he owes me. One of my close friends is there and me and my brother get into a mini argument about my money. He keeps dancing around the answer telling me his friend is handling it.

We are then amongst other people and are looking at a dolphin through a glass and then we went to look



at it outside. There were dolphins and beluga whales and even crabs then Ab said, 'That's a big ass crab!' I looked at it - it didn't seem that big - and I get close to it. Then it grabs a hold of my finger and I'm yelling and screaming, asking everyone to help me but they just laugh so I had to bang it against a wooden guard fence to get it off.

We then walk off to a bridge with sea life passing by and I see half-fishes, but they're swimming. Their cut-off part gets out the water and rolls and I start to notice the weirdness of a dream. then later I become lucid and I think to myself this is not my house so it must be the house I lived in prior.

I see all my friends from that house and they are trying to hang out and chill but all I want to do is go to the mirror and ask my reflection questions. When I do see myself in the mirror it looks like me but my nose is f**ked up and so are my lips and I'm pretty sure I'm wearing a hat. It seems like everything I ask I received an answer I don't want or it is unclear. (Come to think about it, the mirror itself wasn't very clear.)

One answer that I did like was when I asked the dream itself what my best career would be, then I spun and ended up in a house with a rap group I hang with. Then when I asked about where I would be in 5 years, I spun again and I ended up a tropical place.

Also towards the end I asked to see my soul mate and it was a girl that resembled Margeline but she had gold teeth. At first I thought this can't be her, but then I started to trust it a little bit and she started twerk dancing. I got behind her and we danced a little bit and then I stopped.

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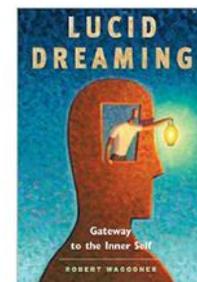
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Version 2 – February, 2016
by Sue R. Williams

Content: This index covers Issues 13 through 62 of the "Lucid Dream Exchange"
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Format: The locators are in two formats: 13:2-4 = Issue 13, pages 2 to 4
v1:n1:33 = Volume 1, Number 1, page 33

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