

LDE

Vol. 2, No. 1, June 2013
www.luciddreammagazine.com

LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Do You See What I See?

Consensus Reality Testing in Lucid Dreams

**Beyond the Matrix: From Consensus Reality to Heart Consciousness
Can Technology Facilitate a Consensus Virtual Reality in Lucid Dreams?**



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Cover Image

Blue Wood Shavings

© Caroline McCreedy

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 lucyde@yahoo.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

Subscriptions

Lucid Dreaming Experience (ISSN 2167-616X), Volume 2, Number 1, June 2013, published quarterly by The Lucid Dreaming Experience, PO Box 11, Ames, IA 50010. Contact Robert at robwaggoner@aol.com if you wish to purchase a print copy for \$20. per year. Copyright (c) 2013 by the Lucid Dreaming Experience. All rights reserved.

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Submission Deadline for LDE Vol 2, No 2

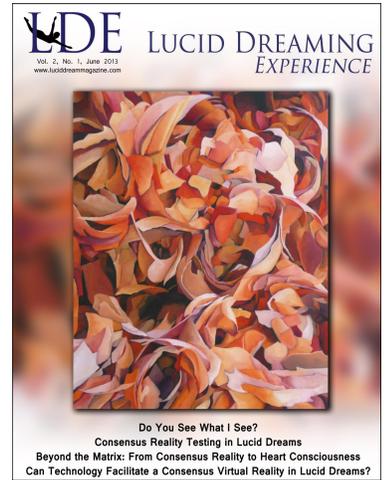
August 15, 2013

Publication date: September 2013

LDE Website

www.luciddreammagazine.com

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**DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW
WITH UK ARTIST, CAROLINE MCCREADY
BY ROBERT WAGGONER © 2013**

U.K. artist, presenter and lucid dreamer, Caroline McCready speaks with interviewer Robert Waggoner about exploring conceptual boundaries through lucid dreaming

How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

I used to have spontaneous lucid dreams as a child, and most often I would use the dreams to go flying over Lake Louise in Canada near where my Dad grew up or I would simply examine the amazing realism of the dream environment I was in. As I grew up these experiences became more sporadic and the experiences became briefer, quickly fading and dissolving into non-lucid dreams. A few years ago my dreams became extraordinarily vivid and I felt compelled to write them down every morning, so I started to keep a dream journal, which I hadn't done since my early teens. A sequence of synchronicities led me to a dream analysis group in London run by Debbie Winterbourne, who used to work with Stephen La Berge. I mentioned my early lucid experiences and as well as talking about some of her own amazing lucid adventures, she gave me techniques to induce and prolong lucid dreams. Before this point I'd had no idea you could actually induce lucid dreams and was totally ignorant of the unbelievable potential for exploration within the dreams. I was so excited and couldn't wait to fly over Lake Louise again. I started to read and listen to everything I could relating to lucid dreaming. I started to constantly question my reality and within 2 weeks I had an epic lucid dream which was the beginning of 2 solid months of one or more lucid experiences almost every morning. It was like opening the flood gates and starting a double life.

**What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s?
Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?**

The first lucid dream I remember as a child, I was in a small room playing pool with my cousin. I used to have a recurring dream when I was really young where I'm in a room that's completely white. White walls, ceilings and floor, it's almost blinding. I'm playing alone in the room, bouncing a ball around. There's nothing at all in this room apart from a trap door in the center of the room and each time I had this dream the ball would always fall through this trap door and I would have to go and retrieve it. As I descended into the room below I would always find myself in a giant pool hall with rows and rows of pool tables and a large monster that looked a bit



like the Gruffalo. I would have to cleverly dodge and hide from him as I fearfully searched for my bouncy ball. I think the pool table ignited that spark of lucidity and I can remember being in absolute wonderment of how unbelievably real the dream was. I could feel the hard, smooth pool balls. I could hear them click together as they hit each other and I could feel the soft felt on the table, which was a vivid and vibrant green.

What did you make of that?

I was in absolute awe, the space was so absolutely three dimensional and I had all of my faculties, but I didn't realize the potential of the experience until a dream soon after. I had been watching Superman (the first Christopher Reeve version) the day before. In the dream I was in my garden when I realized I was dreaming. I then thought of the scene where Superman takes Lois Lane flying and lo and behold a Superman swooped in and lifted me high above my garden and I still remember looking down, watching my garden swing get smaller and smaller as we flew higher. That was the first of many flying dreams. At the **time I thought it couldn't get better** than that!

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

It was so magical being in a dream space and aware of it, able to fly and for it to feel so amazingly real. I think anyone would want to recreate that. When I revisited lucid dreaming as an adult my initial motivation was simply to fly again in my dreams. Something completely unexpected happened though when I opened those flood gates and I was taken on a journey I couldn't have imagined. I was shown things about myself and the nature of reality that have completely changed my perspective about everything.

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

I find meditation, general mindfulness and frequent reality questioning is really effective. I like to transition directly from a waking state to a dream state so I find the wake back to bed method combined with meditation and affirmations very powerful. I tend to focus on hypnogogic imagery until they form into dream scenes and then step directly into the dream that way. If I'm unsuccessful and lose consciousness then a common dream sign for me is that I'm in a room with no doors and the windows don't open, so the only way to get out is to realize I'm dreaming and walk through the wall or fly through a window.

You have some fascinating examples of your paintings and sculptures at your website www.carolinemccready.com Does your training as an artist assist you in becoming lucid? (For example, you might notice strange details in the visual setting, and conclude, 'Oh, this is a dream!')

I think being visually aware is definitely helpful. The period I mentioned earlier where my dreams became incredibly vivid was a time when I was prolifically painting and not doing much else, as I was beavering away at a couple of commissions I needed to get finished. My paintings are very meditative and the process of painting for me is a visual, moving meditation. I think that really helped me to become lucid and maintain very prolonged and vivid lucid dreams as I was experiencing heightened focus and long periods of pure present moment awareness.

Because some of your artwork has to do with the nature of motion and the passage of time, have you ever played with these ideas in lucid dreams? Occasionally, some lucid dreamers mention 're-winding' the lucid dream to a portion they want to review, or freezing the lucid dream to examine that specific moment. While other lucid dreamers report playing with time by suggesting that they experience the past (even the past before their birth) or future. So have you used lucid dreaming to play with time and movement? What happened?

I have had a lucid dream where I commanded that everything pause and then I explored the frozen people and objects before setting the dream back in motion, which was a surreal and fun experience. I had another dream where I was shown the life I thought I wanted at the time. It was like a projected fast forward reality. I had the absolute awareness of the future version of me. I looked, acted and felt like this





older version of me. I looked down and I could physically feel my middle aged body as my own. I felt my future emotions and thought my future thought. Everything had panned out the way I wanted at the time and I realized by the end of the dream that it had bored me out of my brain and it wasn't actually what I wanted at all! It made me totally rethink some of my goals and wishes. It also made me more fearless about pursuing an alternative career path that feeds my passions and my soul without fitting into societal norms and other people expectations.

In the coming month, you and I will be offering a workshop in London, "Exploring the Healing Potential of Lucid Dreaming." Have you personally used lucid dreaming as a means for emotional or physical healing? If you would, please share an example of your own, or if you prefer, someone else.

I have found that dreams naturally bring to the surface anything that needs healing or bringing into balance. This could be (often unrecognized) subconscious fears, suppressed emotions or limiting beliefs. The root causes of many emotional, physical or mental limitations are simply aspects of ourselves we don't fully love or accept and these aspects come to us as 'shadow' aspects in dreams. Lucid dreaming is a wonderful tool to integrate these elements and cast light into the shadow with profound effects. Without always intending to I've often stumbled across subconscious limitations I wasn't aware of by chance and used 'shadow integration' techniques to heal these.

It's also possible to use dreams for direct physical healing and I'd like to share a powerful lucid dream experienced by my friend Tereza Griffin, who comes to my lucid dream groups:

In the dream she found herself looking at a horse and she went into the horse's eye, seeing the whole structure of the veins and the eye closely. She then

became the horse and subsequently transformed back into her human form. She went inside her body and was experiencing everything as a point of awareness. She wanted to heal her knee (which in waking reality gives her a lot of pain) and so took her awareness down into the left knee. She saw what looked like 'lots of black platelets' and decided to 'blast them with light'. She was able to fill the left side of the knee with light, but the right side remained dark.

How did you/they feel afterwards?

She then woke up and got out of bed. She started reading and then realized she was reading with her normal glasses not reading glasses. So she took them off and found she could see just as well without glasses for a full 10 minutes before her vision returned to normal. She then looked in a mirror and realized her lazy eye had also corrected itself slightly. She decided to check her knee. On the left knee where she has problems it is very indented due to loss of muscle, but to her delight, shock and awe realized there was more muscle there than before and feels that the dream had a lasting physical impact in a healing capacity on her knee a temporary effect on her eye-sight.

In a BBC story on lucid dreaming, you mention: "I've come to understand a lot of my fears now because I'm able to confront them directly in dreams." What is it about lucid dreaming that allows someone to do this? Did you intend to find out your fears? Or did the fear just appear in the lucid dream, and then you had to respond?

I've never really gone looking for fears in dreams and always felt confident and fairly fearless on a conscious level, so in experiences where I've been confronted by fears, it's been quite a surprise to me.

In one dream, without any intention of seeking or uncovering a fear, I simply said to the dream 'show me something important'. I found myself at the mouth of a dark tunnel, feeling terrified, I could sense that there was something gruesomely menacing in this tunnel, but I was being drawn forcibly into the tunnel, unable to do anything other than continue moving forward. As I turned a corner I was confronted by an enormous and grotesque shadowy figure, like something from a horror film. I was told by the dream that this shadow figure was my *fear of death*. It was so horrifying that I woke myself up, but ended up in a false awakening with this shadow figure lying completely realistically beside me. I was unable to move, paralyzed by fear, with this figure breathing heavily down my neck with terrible breath and a husky gurgling rasp in his throat. I went through another false awakening before finally waking up. The fright wore off almost instantly and I was frustrated with

myself for running rather than embracing this challenge.

The next morning I went straight from a waking meditation into a lucid dream and asked to be taken to my fear. I felt myself being pulled down and although I was initially frightened by the prospect of facing this figure once more I was able to transform my fear into resignation and acceptance. I felt myself open my arms and feel ready to face anything...the moment I did that the direction I was being pulled changed. I was no longer being dragged down, but instead lifted into a glorious sky with white clouds on one side and dark clouds on the other. They were all lined and bathed in gold light and I began to feel every cell in my body vibrate with indescribable, pure, ecstatic bliss. It was so beautiful I cried when I woke up.

What advice would you give someone who stumbles upon a fear, whilst lucid dreaming? And what do you learn in the process of these lucid dream healings that help you in the waking state for more lucid living?

The advice I'd give is absolutely to face and embrace it within the dream in whatever form it comes. As soon as a fear is truly embraced it is immediately transformed, which can be life changing. As with the experience I mentioned above, I didn't even have to face the figure representing my fear of death in the second dream. As soon as I had made the transition to acceptance I underwent an unimaginably beautiful experience instead.

While I hadn't consciously been aware that I was afraid of death, I noticed I was more fearless about everything after that experience. I was less concerned with other people's concerns and judgment about me and less afraid to do what I really wanted to do. Some people observe that the root cause underlying all fear is the fear of death and I really believe that that dream helped me to become more fearless in every aspect of life and truly grab my life by the horns.

Many lucid dreamers wonder if dreaming and lucid dreaming merely show us the reflections of our conscious mind. The last time I visited London, you told me about a fascinating lucid dream, where you explored this quandary. What did you do in the lucid dream to get beyond the conscious mind?

There is a technique that was taught to me by Charlie Morley, who teaches lucid dreaming in London. If you preface or follow a question with 'beyond my projections', that can take you beyond your subconscious filters, projections and reflections.

For example I was in a lucid dream scene when I

shouted to the sky 'show me the consciousness that is beyond my projections'. I was instantly sucked up through the universe and all around me the planets and the stars were shown to me as balls of pure light and consciousness. There was no matter, just light and the light was consciousness itself. This felt so physically real that it still gives me goose bumps thinking about it. As I hurtled through space a male voice was repeating over and over 'the micro is the same as the macro'.

I went beyond the 'edge' of our universe and was surrounded by orbs of pure conscious light which were much more densely concentrated consciousness than the planets and stars. As I went higher and higher the orbs of light became more and more prevalent until



there were so many that they were starting to fuse together emitting more and more light. It was truly beautiful. Above me there was nothing but pure light and unified consciousness.

An amazing lucid dream! So how did you take this? Or what did it mean to you?

I had an instantaneous block of information downloaded into my awareness within the dream that what I was being shown were other universes in an infinite sea of parallel universes, and that our universe is like a cell and that these orbs of light beyond our universe were like cells/universes in an infinite mega-verse.

I was shown that each galaxy is comparable a molecule within a cell, that solar systems are similar to atoms, that Suns are like nuclei within an atom, planets are like electrons orbiting the atom and that we are like quarks and that each decision we make causes cell division creating more universes and that it is a similar process that causes cell division in physical 'reality'...that the different outcomes of each quark's decisions are played out in different cells and that each cell within biology, for instance within a human being, each cell is like a universe playing out a slightly different parallel reality in an enormous mega-verse.

I was shown in the dream that this is the instigating cause of cell division. So each of us is like a mega-verse, each organ in like a system of multiverses. So each quark is pure consciousness, each electron is a collective consciousness, each cell is a collective consciousness, each organ is a collective consciousness of the cells it contains and we are a collective consciousness of all of our organs and all of the individual consciousness's within those organs as well as our individual soul which inhabits this housing of consciousness's.

I believe some of our readers will think about quantum physics and string theory, when they read this. Does that connect with your thinking, and do you wonder if talented lucid dreamers could use lucid dreaming as a tool to explore the ideas of modern physics and the nature of reality?

I've been fascinated by string theory. Einstein was always searching for a unified theory of everything that explained/unified the seeming differences

between the macro physical laws like gravity and electromagnetism with the seemingly strange and illogical laws of the quantum world. Ever since Einstein physicists have searched for this unifying theory. String theory seemed to be the long awaited answer. By adding extra theoretical dimensions of space, observing ten in total, everything seemed to make sense. However there were several conflicting versions of the theory and they could never quite get all of the formulae to add up.

The most current theory is M-theory, where finally all the formulae add up and it does seemingly unify the laws of quantum physics and macro physics. The theory suggests that all sub-atomic matter in the Universe is connected by and consists of a giant membrane of energy. There are infinite parallel universes where every conceivable version of you exists (as well as infinite universes where you don't exist) and all of these parallel universes float around in 11th dimensional space and some people suggest that they float around like balls in the 11th dimension. So by adding an extra 11th dimension to string theory, in which infinite parallel universes exist, they have achieved the unified theory everyone has been searching for since the discovery of the strangeness of the quantum world.

I didn't read/hear about that until about 9 months *after*



the dream, so it feels as though I was being shown the fundamental principles of M-theory long before I was consciously or subconsciously exposed to them in waking reality. It feels that the dream was not only showing me the principles of M-theory but also relating them to the various microcosms within our bodies, so I absolutely think that lucid dreaming has the potential to answer questions about the nature of reality.

You briefly touched upon the idea of interacting with a larger awareness in lucid dreams, or what I call the awareness behind the dream. What type of lucid dream experiments or questions have you posed to that awareness?



I had an unexpected experience relating to time when I shouted to the larger awareness 'beyond my projections, show me my multidimensional nature'...the dream split in to many layers and I was shown dozens of lives I'm living simultaneously. These included lives from different time periods, that we would consider 'past-lives' as well as future lives. The dream was showing me that the past, present and future all exists in the present moment and time flows in all directions. This non-linear nature of time is something that quantum physicists know on a theoretical level, but it's difficult to imagine or feel without direct experience.

In other issues of LDE, we have had interviews and articles on lucid dreamers accessing unknown information in lucid dreams. Have you had lucid dreams that seemed to provide you unknown information that you later validated?

I had an interesting experience when a dream figure told me to eat more eggs to help improve my lucid dreams. The next day I stumbled across a YouTube video about Choline Bitartrate as a natural supplement to improve the frequency of lucid dreams as well as recall, which is found naturally in egg yolks.

I also feel that the dream I mentioned earlier where I shouted 'show me the consciousness that is beyond my projections' was showing me the principles of M-theory, which I wasn't aware of until about 9 months after the dream.

I also often experience what I call 'next-day residue, which is like day residue, where you get the day's events weaving into your dreams, but it is events from the day after the dream as opposed to the day before that are seeping into the dream.

Looking forward, what areas would you like to explore through lucid dreaming?

I certainly hope to explore healing, the nature of consciousness, void space and the nature of the connection that underlies and unites all things more. I always find that the most profound experiences occur when I go with the flow and allow the dream to take the lead and show me what it want to see. So without trying to control it too much I look forward to continuing the journey and seeing where it takes me. Lucid dreaming feels like a limitless and exciting adventure.

Thanks, Caroline!

Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner



A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

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

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

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

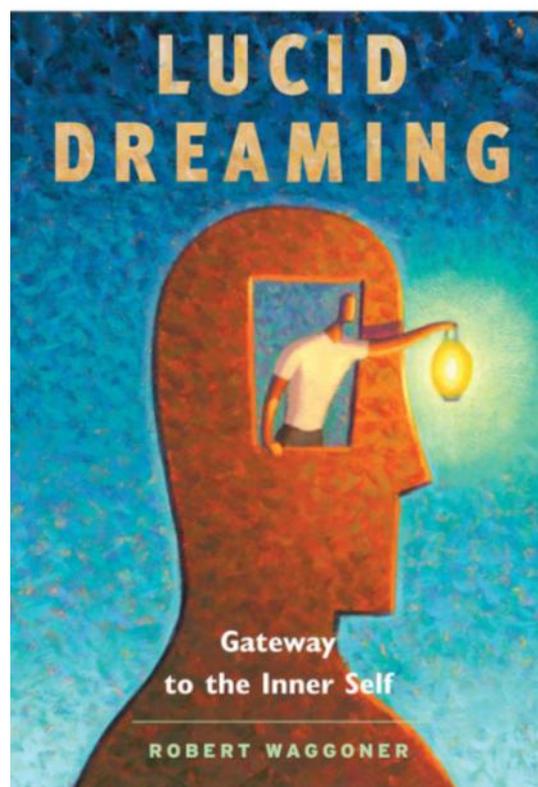
★★★★★ **Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self**, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

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

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

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

★★★★★ **Amazing and enjoyable**, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.



Consensus Reality Testing in Lucid Dreams

by Ed Kellogg

(© E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

"The most difficult thing of all is to see what is before your eyes." Goethe

In our waking lives, we usually assume that other people experience the world pretty much the way we do, even though under normal circumstances we rarely - if ever - check to see if this actually seems the case. But do we really? Studies on the reports of people who witness the same event, routinely show wide discrepancies with respect to both minor - and major details. And if this proves the case for people in physical reality, what might one expect to happen in dreams? Do the **Dream Entities (DEs)** that we encounter in dreams experience the same dreamscapes that we do?

Of course, many western psychologists still believe that dreamscapes, and the **DEs** that dreamers encounter in them, derive entirely from the dreamer's mind, a view which makes the issue of consensus in this context nonsensical. Because of this underlying assumption, even today dreamworkers typically describe the entities that appear in their dreams as "characters," which conveys the impression that **DEs** not only lack any sort of independent consciousness, but that they seem akin to fictional characters appearing in a book. However, the validation of psi-dreaming (1,2) has made strictly subjective, solipsistic theories of dreaming outdated and untenable. Dreaming can clearly involve a kind of perception. (3) And evidential accounts of mutual dreaming, where two or more people encounter one another in dreams, confirmed later through consensually matching details, demonstrates that dreaming can have an intersubjective component as well. (4-6)

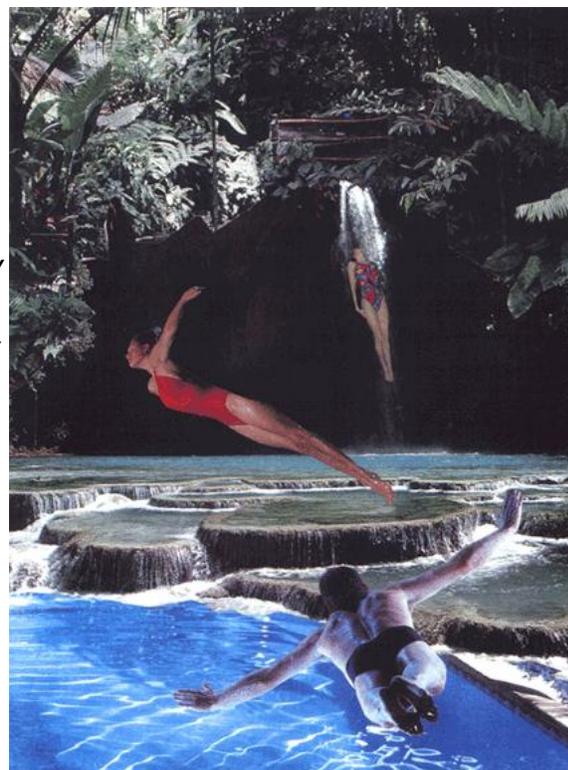
This makes the situation when it comes to **DEs** rather more complicated. For example, consider these possibilities. A **DE** might simply exist as a thoughtform projection of your mind, or as an aspect of yourself. Thoughtform **DEs** might act like automatons, or even manikins, having a limited range of responses (like a computer character in a video game), or unable to respond at all should you attempt to interact with them. However, a **DE** corresponding to an aspect of yourself might appear far more alive, and while connected to you in some sense, may act in spontaneous and unexpected ways. They, like the dreamer, may possess self-consciousness to some degree, in some instances, perhaps even greater than the dreamer's.

However, once one accepts the intersubjective nature of dreaming, other possibilities spring to mind. You might dream **WITH** someone from **Waking Physical Reality (WPR)**, rather than **OF** them. They may look like their physical selves, or not. If you encounter a lucid dreamer, they may have a

"brightness in their eyes," act independently, and clearly demonstrate that they have a mind of their own. On the other hand, if immersed in a state of ordinary dreaming consciousness, they may come across as zombie like, and difficult to differentiate from a manikin. And just as you can create thoughtform **DEs** through projection, given that dreaming occurs in an intersubjective space, so can other dreamers! So, not every **DE** or every dreamscape that you experience even in "your" dreams, may have all that much to do with you. In my experience, dreaming takes place through an act of intersubjective co-creation, and depending on the circumstances, my input into the dreamscapes I experience, or the **DEs** I meet, may dominate, or play a much smaller role.

For example, on an agreed on night in 1998, in a controlled experiment, I focused on meeting up with Linda Magallón in a lucid dream, where we would attempt to exchange information. I managed to have a fully lucid dream, met a dream [Linda], who wore a simple reddish orange dress, in a large hotel, and exchanged code words and gestures. After this, we went outside, and the dreamscape unexpectedly changed to something quite different: *"[Linda] and I leave, going through a sort of water and plant circular garden tunnel like the entranceway at the Turtle Bay Hilton ballroom in Hawaii. . . . As we go outside I get another idea, and remember that Linda M. definitely wanted to go flying in her ideal lucid mutual dream. She still looks a bit subdued to me, but she perks right up and looks cheerful and enthusiastic as I suggest this to her. I notice my dog [Shazam] has come along, at first I have a leash on him and try carrying him, and Linda laughs at the sight. I realize that if I do have the dream self of Shazam that he can most likely make it back on his own to physical reality, and I let him go. He runs off at tremendous speed as [Linda] and I fly over a magical dreamscape, of lush vegetation and trees, like a temperate rain forest. Somehow I get the impression that we fly in an enormous cavern, and the whole scene glows with golden light, although I see no sun or light source. The overhead 'sky' looks uniformly dark. We fly over a sort of small golden-green grassy meadow with a little trickling stream meandering down its center, with dark green forest bordering along either side. [Shazam] makes larger and larger jumps, almost flying but not quite, occasionally making messy landings in the stream as he enthusiastically tries to imitate us. It makes a very comical sight, and both of us laugh. I have a great deal of fun."*

Now unknown to me, Linda had decided to incorporate telepathic influencing into her dream incubation for that night. She focused on a "Flying Grotto" collage picture she had made, that featured three people in a lush tropical landscape, flying over a stream, that flowed over limestone slabs, into what looks like a cavern:



On the upper left corner, she taped a photo of me, and on the upper right corner, she added a post-it note with the code words she had chosen, "SPLASH DOWN." When she woke up during the night, she repeated "Ed Kellogg! Splash Down!" while visualizing an "Ed Kellogg in the Grotto" scene.

Well, to make a long story short (I'll write a full account later), although Linda didn't recall *dreaming* of a grotto that night, I certainly did, and it appeared in a dream context in which I had no expectation of it doing so. So, in this case, who do you think played the greater part in "dreaming up" the grotto? After

this dream I felt impelled to take the idea of intersubjective dreaming much more seriously. Although I'd read many compelling examples of dream telepathy under controlled conditions in the Maimonides research studies (1), nothing has more impact than firsthand experience.



So what happens when one does do a consensus reality check with other **DEs**? My earliest recorded example:

Do You See What I See? #1

0 128 (lucid) “. . . *With Chris and Dave, I go to the cliff's edge to talk.*

The scene looks familiar to me, and due to the darkness and four huge artificial lights in the sky, I conclude that it seems night. But I want the opinions of Chris and Dave, to check for consensus, to see if they see what I do. I ask questions, but they give me irrelevant answers. Finally, I decide to resort to a simple question and ask, "Is it night or day?" Dave said "It's day," and that far to the left, he saw between two pillars the beautiful blue waters of the Caribbean in the early dawn. Chris asks me what I see, and I said it looks like night, and ask them if they could see four large electric lights burning. They tell me that they see them, but now I notice that what I see had changed - I now see four small lights over a boxlike machine on a wall. This makes me more lucid, and I reflect on how the laws of perspective might change in dreams, or in the astral world. . . ."

Of course, even in physical reality, where two individuals objectively **see** “the same” ink blot, they may **perceive** it quite differently. In dreams, much more so than in waking life, we identify what we experience in terms of those objects and processes familiar to us, even if the match seems very poor. To the dreaming mind, “similar to” often becomes “identical to.” Dreamers routinely ignore differences. I wrote about this “substitution phenomenon” in 1985 (7) and developed this concept in subsequent papers (4, 8-11). However in some dreams, the disparity between what I see and what a **DE** reports to me, goes beyond what the inkblot metaphor can reasonably explain, as in this dream:

Do You See What I See? #2

17 38 (lucid) *"At the S.B. Conference . . . I walk outside and realize that I dream, and call out "Leia!" a few times, remembering that in **WPR** she has also has a dorm room here, curious to see if I can contact her in the dream. . . . I go down some brick stairs to a very large courtyard and call out "Leia!" a few times again. I see a blonde girl from behind, who looks like a younger version of her, but I don't feel certain. I tell her that she dreams this, to help her to wake up and become lucid. To my surprise she then tells me to wake up, that I dream, and to pay attention to the dream environment. However, she does not act very lively or animated, and says this almost by rote, mostly repeating what I just said to her. Curious about consensus, I tell her that I see a brick courtyard. She says that she doesn't. I notice that in the courtyard, the bricks now look more like red tiles. I mention this to her, but she still disagrees. I ask her, "What do you see?", and she tells me that she sees a barber shop complex. So much for consensual validity! . . ."*

Muggle DEs

Many people, especially those who've never had a lucid dream, continue to assume, while dreaming, that the usual rules of physical reality apply. If they leave a room, they will open a door rather than going through a wall. If they want to get from point A to point B, they will walk, or take a car - they won't fly or teleport, not because they couldn't, but because it would simply never occur to them to do so. And, as even in waking life people generally see what they expect to see, and will ignore what

doesn't fit, one would expect dreamers holding onto a **WPR** consensus trance mindset to do the same thing.

Over the years, I've noticed that in many dreams some **DEs**, who I think of as **MDEs** (**Muggle DEs** <g>), behave as if they can't see me flying, or doing any other "paranormal" (in **WPR**) feat. Often, out of curiosity I would ask them what they saw, and if for example they told me they saw me standing, rather than floating, I'd devise an experiment to test if I floated, as I believed, or stood, as they believed. A typical example, followed by a more extreme one:

Lucid Flying Revealed

33 31 (semi-lucid) "*. . . I float along the floor. I wonder if, as in other dreams, people can see this, or if they will hallucinate me not flying. Sure enough, when I ask, they tell me I have my feet on the ground, but when I have them check with their hands, and their hands pass through where they saw my legs, they realize that I really float. One little boy gets on me and goes for a ride, I fly over the balcony and zoom over the bridge . . .*"

Giving an MDE a Nervous Breakdown

37 65 (semi-lucid) "*I find myself teleported to a sea cave, snug and cylindrical, on a rocky beach like Tintagel in England . . . I meet some English tourists, and one professor. Now lucid, I show him I can fly, but he says that he can't see it, and tells me my feet still touch the ground. I decide to test this distorted perception of his, and float much higher, to the ceiling of the cave, touching it with my head. I ask if he can see this - he can. I point out that considering the height, my feet cannot touch the ground. He agrees, and tells me he now sees my feet about 4 feet up. He looks profoundly disturbed, upset, almost freaked out. I point out that maybe he still thinks that I've tricked him, hauled up on an invisible wire, etc. So I go with him outside to the beach, and get him to agree that nothing exists out here to attach a wire to. He nervously agrees, but when I float up 10 ft. or so above the ground he looks absolutely terrified. He can see that I can fly, and can no longer hallucinate that I do not. He looks ready to come apart.*"

After having had many experiences of this kind, I've come to the tentative conclusion that the **DEs** that I encounter in situations like this, belong to the category of **WPR** based non-lucid dreamers, who holding onto waking reality consensus trance beliefs, "see what they'd expect to see." Furthermore, because they have become fully caught up in their subjective dream agendas, they suffer from what psychologist's call "*Inattentional Blindness*", in which people fail to notice an unexpected stimulus - when focused on performing an attention demanding task. As many experiments have shown (check out <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vJG698U2Mvo> for a striking example) this can drastically effect people's perception - even when wide awake. I suspect that the effect of *Inattentional Blindness* has a far greater effect in dreams, with respect to dreamers ability to perceive unexpected phenomena. In any case, in my experience, bringing a **MDE's** attention to such phenomena, can apparently result in a rather rude and unpleasant shock.

Wizard DEs

However, one might expect to get quite different reactions and consensus test responses from what I'll call **Wizard DEs** (**WDEs**), who act as if they not only know that they dream, but understand that the rules have changed. In general I assume that **WDEs** correspond to **WPR** based dreamers who either have become lucid to some degree, or who apparently understand that they dream in some covert way, even in many of their non-lucid dreams. Typically, because of this awareness, one would expect such

people to report that they often fly or perform extraordinary feats even in their non-lucid dreams. In these examples, I not only met **DEs** that apparently knew that they dreamed to some degree, but who also could act on that knowledge:

The Pinching Test

17 35 (lucid) "*. . . I try to establish consensus, or the lack of it, with two **DEs**, who I assume seem **WPR** based, who believe that that they "only dream," with all of the assumptions that involves in our culture. (Purely subjective, not real, etc.) I ask them to pinch themselves, and to their surprise, they find that doing this hurts. I have them look at a picture on the wall, and ask them what they see. One man sees a gun, something I also see, though I see it further up the picture, and playing a fairly minor part, as the picture has many other aspects to it I would have described first. . . ."*

Spontaneous Consensus

39 61 (semi-lucid) "*In a schoolroom I become semi-lucid when the dreamscape changes. I now see two roads in front, and a bike-path in back. Another **DE** points out that he noticed it too - a rare spontaneous confirmation of consensus that surprises me."*

An Unusual Suggestion from a DE

39 65 (semi-lucid) "*. . . Driving in my Dodge Caravan, I realize that I dream, and program the car for flying. I aim for a star, but find it hard to steer, hard to hold onto the wheel, kinesthesia of motion incredible, I get pressed back in the seat at what feels like 2 or 3 G's . . . I go back to the ground, a half crash landing at a sort of truck stop in the desert. I crash into the glass door, that causes much less damage than in **WPR**. I get out, and use my **HC** chant to heal the glass. I ask the man at the station if they can fix my car, and he says, "Why not fix it yourself, like you fixed the window?" Of course! I use a chant to create a key, that will fix the car when I put it into the ignition . . ."*

Group Dreaming

41 177 (lucid) "*With a group of other dreamers. We teleport from one dreamscape to another. Now outside a rural train station, about ten of us try to get back to the previous dreamscape. I oversee the teleport as the dream magic teacher. We form a circle - M-F-M-F - but we can't seem to generate the energy. **DEs** come up and touch us, crowding in, grounding out the energy, breaking our concentration, and our circle. I go to another platform, where a train departs. I decide to fly to my place, and the others can follow. It should only take 25-35 seconds of fast flying to get there. I fly off, and use a river below to navigate. The dreamscape looks incredible - golden and beautiful. I have a lot of fun flying. I try out different flying positions, and find that I accelerate to about twice the speed of the other dreamers when I adopt a sort of lightning bolt pose. Off to my right and below I see a misty palace - my place I wonder? I've already flown past it and try to slow down. **RWPR**"*

A Contest of Wills

41 167 (semi-lucid to lucid) "*I find myself in a dreamscape with a group of people, in a sort of D&D adventure scenario. I talk with a man who brags to me that he set all this up, that he even drafted people to come here from **WPR**, those who resonated with beliefs about heroism and magic, to participate in this dream. He points out another man, a warrior, in the army back in **WPR**, who apparently identifies with Wagner's Siegfried, and who now gets to play that part here. And a pretty girl, who dresses up like a witch, actualizing her own fantasy. He tells me that I used to fantasize as a child about myself as a knight. Amused, I tell him "Not really - certainly not more than once or twice." I tell him if I had idols, they seemed*

superheroes like Superman or Doctor Strange." He just looks confused that I would contradict him, and not follow his direction. He can't place me, does not see me as a magician, but considers himself pre-eminent, lucid, and in control of the dream. Becoming more lucid, I ask the fellow if he knows about INTJs (who don't take orders very well.) Amused at his presumption of control, I decide to disabuse him of this error. I conjure up a yellow energy ball, and chuck it at him - it detonates on his chest, knocking him flat. Fiery sparks emanate from his hands and chest - like sparklers - a very impressive display. It doesn't do him any damage - I intentionally made it out of healing energy so it would help and not harm, but I also wanted it to give him a strong shock, to deflate his conceit. The bewildered expression on his face amuses me quite a bit. He can't figure me out, or how this happened. Someone he identified as a minor supporting player unexpectedly turns into a more powerful magician than himself, in a dreamscape he believed he created and controlled."

Other DEs

In the foregoing, I've focused on **DEs** who I presumed most likely fell into the category of **WPR** Earth-based dreamers. However, except in the case of validated mutual dreams, where one can compare details of the dreams of the individuals involved and find compelling correspondences, this assumption remains just that - an assumption. While I disagree with the theory still held by many psychologists - that **ALL DEs** that one encounters in a dream represent aspects of oneself - I have had dreams that have convinced me that aspects of myself do show up, at least occasionally:

Meeting My Psychic Aspect

37 183 (lucid) *"In my apartment (that has all sorts of odd things in it), with a friend . . . I think about this, and test to see if I dream this by jumping. My friend comes down to the floor with a thump! - but I float. I go into the living room, and now see a man/technician there, but my friend says that he sees nothing. I try double-tapping the bed, then the person, but nothing seems to happen. . . then I notice that an attractive woman, brown-golden hair, brown eyes, light brown skin, dark dress, has appeared. I ask her if she seems an aspect of the "Greater Me," and she answers, "Yes - the psychic aspect." She tells me that she feels very fortunate and happy, and very much appreciates that she has a conscious ego aspect (me) who wants to spend time with her. I ask, "How can I spend more time with you?" I hold her hand, which feels very warm. She says "take a workshop on death, or get comfortable with death (reading about it, etc.) Study death."*

With respect to other **DEs** more directly associated with death, throughout history people have had evidential psychopompic dreams, in which they've reported encountering individuals who have died. If so, this indicates not only that individuals can survive physical death, but that the after death realm, and the dream realm, overlap - or may even seem one and the same. I myself have had compelling dreams of this kind. (12) For example:

Visiting Bruno

41 157 (fully lucid) *"I come to myself in a room setting, sitting at a table . . . I stand up and call "**Bruno L.**" a few times, and look over in a corner to see [**Bruno**] sitting in a chair. He looks in his thirties or forties, very lean and self-possessed. He has on an elegant dark gray silk suit, a white shirt and a dark tie. He has a deep tan - very dark, and looks almost like an American Indian. He also has on a pair of glasses with black or very dark frames. Most odd of all he has a full head of white hair, although his eyebrows have dark hair. At first glance his hair looks straight, but when I look closely his hair looks frizzy, like that of a black man, it sticks up about two inches from his head and seems so unexpected it makes me question whether I've found **Bruno**. I say "Hi **Bruno!** How do you do?" He replies "Good to see you! I*

*haven't seen you around?" I look at him and say "Well **Bruno**, you died!" **[Bruno]** immediately replies "No I didn't! I was reborn on three planes." He looks cool and self-possessed. I tell him "**Bruno**, when I said you died I meant physically. For me the word death implies rebirth." **[Bruno]** nods and apologizes for "not being more demonstrative." I find it hard to hear him, realize I begin to wake up. I try to move around to prevent **RWPR**, and ask **Bruno** to try to speak more loudly, as I can't hear him. Despite my efforts the whole scene fades into a sort of white light ... **RWPR**."*

This dream had many unexpected evidential details (see 12 for a listing), enough that it convinced me that I probably dreamed WITH Bruno rather than OF him. With regard to consensus, I found his response to my remark, that he'd died, "*No I didn't! I was reborn on three planes.*" both unexpected, and thought provoking.

In the dreams I've just shared, I may have given the inaccurate impression that the **DEs** I've encountered all appear in human, or at least human-like, shapes. This does not seem the case. For example:

"Electronic Beings"

44 55 (sub-lucid) "On a quest into an Oz like country, vividly colored, with a blonde little girl, 8 or so, who wears magical blue sneakers. She seems a sort of witch - and I know that she plans to step on a blue tile, that will open the gateway to a world of electronic component like beings. Legend has it that these beings will swarm over us and embed us. We travel to a Niagara Falls like setting, a tiled path, the scenery and ambiance like a combination of Oz and Michigan. I/We decide to let her open the gateway. She steps on a square tile, about 1 square foot in size that opens. The opening becomes very large and reveals a stair. Below us I see myriads of beings - like transistors, capacitors, resistors, electronic components. They swarm over us levitating.

A green entity, like a green hat pin, embeds itself into the left side of my head - only it appears to actually interface with me, though many other swarm about. Afterwards, we sit at a table with a representative of the electronic beings. It explains its purpose to optimize us to our human potential, as we fall so far from specs. We do not feel different, but when I look at my reflection on the shiny table I see that I now have long, dark, red hair going down to my shoulders, with a child's hairline. I have very white skin, no mustache, and an androgynous - perhaps even a woman's face. I point this out, and the entity talks about aligning the physical instrumentality - the body - to correspond with the essence of the entity who manifests through it. The red hair, and white skin feels appropriate, but strange and unexpected. . . . Although we feel no different, we now have access to new abilities, but we will need to discover them through trial and error to learn how to use them."

Although I've argued that **DEs** may often see what they expect to see, and suffer from *Inattentional Blindness*, my dreams have clearly shown me that the same limitations apply to me as well. Although increased lucidity, and awareness of one's assumptions can certainly minimize such effects in their grosser forms, they can not in any way guarantee against them. In this dream a **DE** humorously let me know that my own misperception would lead to a rude shock, if I continued to act on what I thought I saw:

Turnabout

41 28 (lucid) "With a group of people, lead by a young woman / spirit guide. I recall I've had this dream before, and remember the events in advance. I talk to the woman about this, who smiles at me, which encourages me to make a mild pass at her. She smiles again, and tells me that she does not look like

"she appears", and that if I keep this up I'll get a real shock. I desist, though now I wonder what she really looks like. We go flying off as a group . . . "

This brings to mind another lucid dream. In it, I landed on the roof of a tall building, which really impressed the humanoid **DEs** who saw me, and even resulted in a little hero worship. Perhaps to show off a bit, I jumped off the building, landing safely on the ground below. But one of the **DEs**, a "young man", decided to follow me, figuring that if I could make the jump, so could he. Unfortunately, he landed badly, injuring himself fatally. Apparently his dream body seemed far more fragile than mine. But as he died, I saw his body sort of collapse into itself, losing all human appearance, turning into a twisted pile of indeterminate material. At the time, I wondered if "his" human appearance resulted from a human projection on my part onto the **DE**, that failed with the shock of his death, or a sort of glamour that the **DE** had imposed on me, so I would perceive him as human, rather than as something "other," that failed when he died. I still wonder.

Conclusion

This paper has focused on a very limited set of possibilities with respect to **DEs** we might encounter in our dreams. Obviously many potential kinds of **DEs** exist, including, but not limited to, projected thoughtforms of our own minds, projected thoughtforms of other dreamers, aspects of our Greater Selves, other dreamers or their aspects, the non-physical selves of people who have passed on, **DEs** from the past or future, lower dimensional or higher-dimensional energy **DEs**, perceived by us as demons, angels, gods, or even God, to name but a few possibilities. And given that psi allows us to transcend the limitations of space-time in dreams, and that the observable Physical Universe has well over 100 billion galaxies, with an estimated of 50 million billion Earth like planets, let's not neglect the possibility that a host of extraterrestrial-based dreamers of all shapes and sizes may also inhabit a shared dreamspace.

When I first began doing dreamwork, I assumed that almost all the **DEs** I encountered, and the dreamscapes I experienced, existed as subjective mental projections, appearing in my personal psychological space. And while I accepted that psi played a part in some dreams, I believed that this happened relatively rarely. However, after years of doing in depth dreamwork, I now operate under the assumption that every dream has some psi-elements, recognized or unrecognized. I now believe that even "ordinary" dreams do not occur in such a "fine and private place" as most people like to assume, but in an intersubjective space. Individual subjectivity makes its primary impact in how we **perceive** and later **interpret** what we dream. We perceive what we expect to perceive, identifying what we see in accordance with what seems most familiar to us. My experiences with **DEs** in dreams may or may not reflect your own experiences, or that of others. Nevertheless, I suggest keeping an open mind as to the possibilities, and taking a phenomenological attitude with respect to one's dreams.

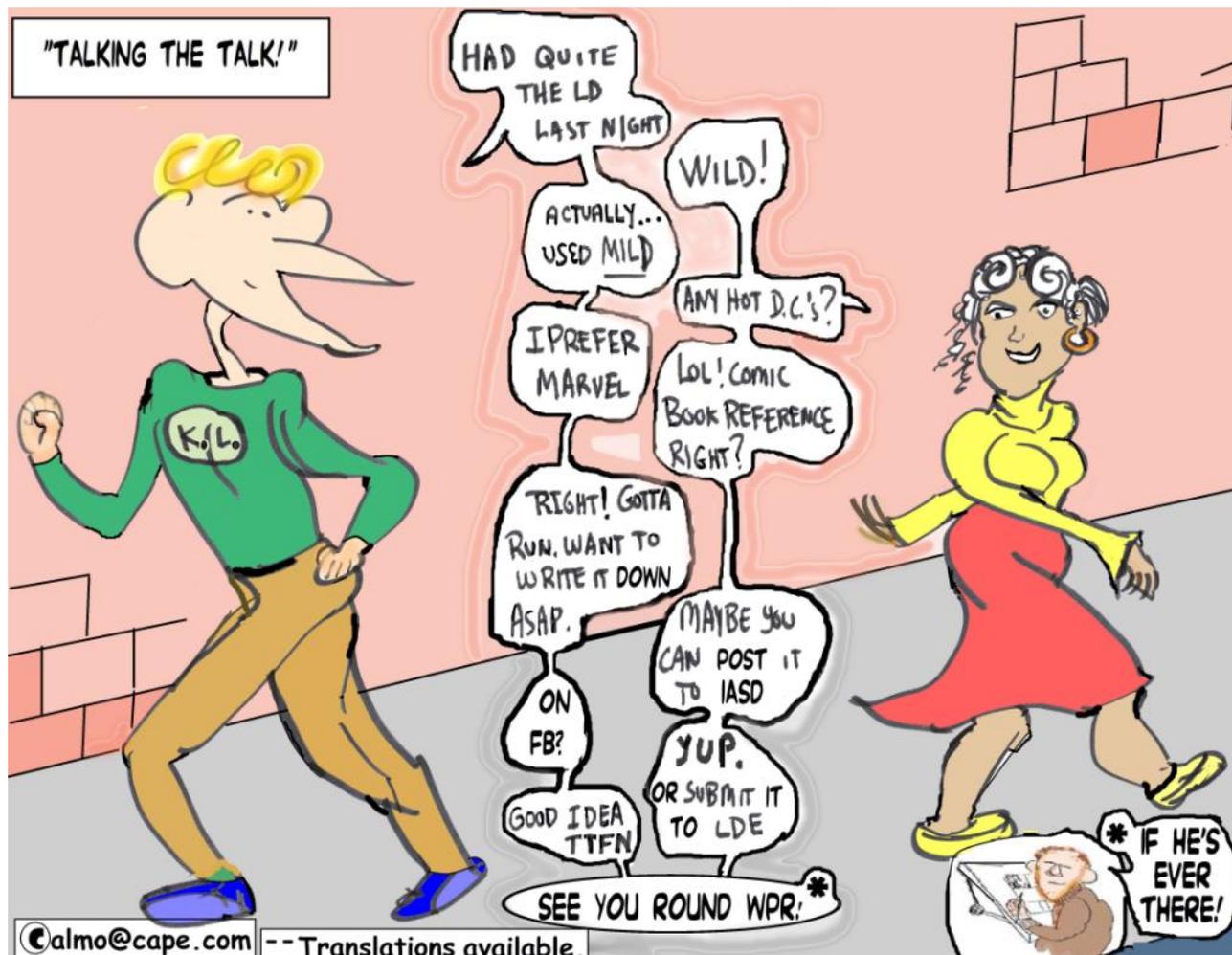
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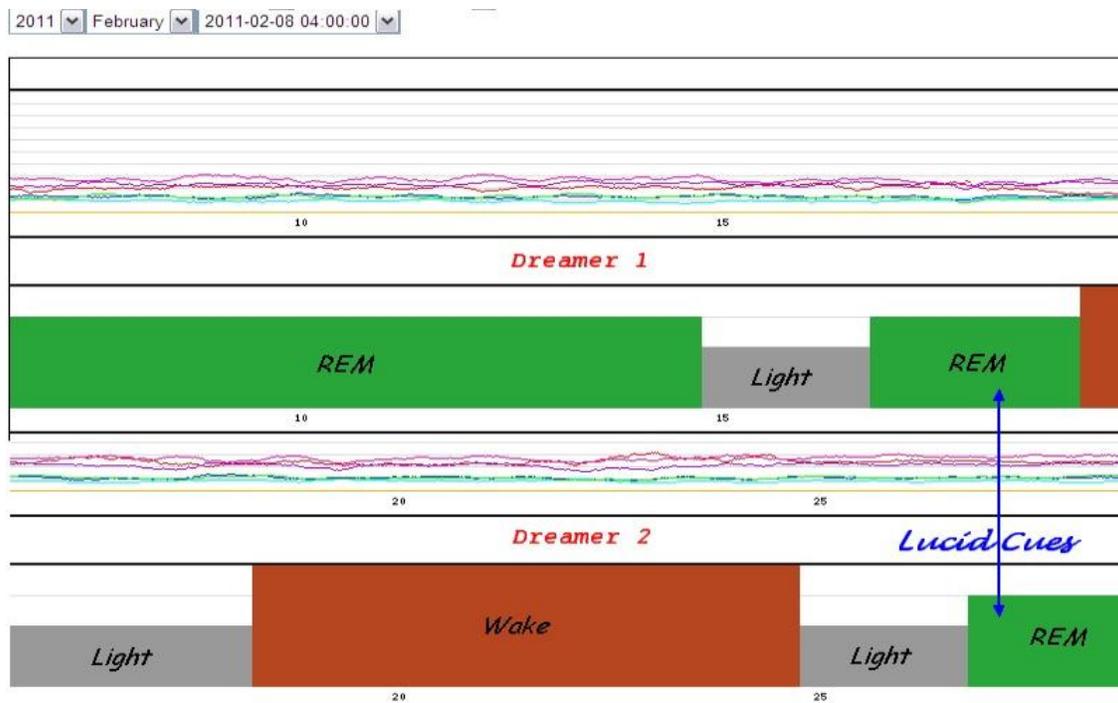
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Al Moniz illustrates the comic meta-musings of Kid Lucid



Can Technology Facilitate a Consensus Virtual Reality in Lucid Dreams?

There are researchers exploring the question that two way communications from within dreams are possible. In my interview with Daniel Oldis, one of the pioneers in this niche of lucid dream research, he shared that he has been working for many years to establish a communication protocol to allow signals to be sent and received by separate parties using external cues. It has been stipulated that dreamers can be influenced by environmental factors, and his work takes advantage of that. Mr. Oldis and his collaborator, Sean Oliver, presented a synopsis of their work at the 2012 International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) Conference in Berkeley, CA. They hypothesized that one dreamers signal can become another dreamers cue to respond. Using consumer grade electroencephalograms (EEG) connected to computers, Mr. Oldis, a computer consultant, wrote software that interprets brainwave activity detected by the EEG that is associated with specific eye movement. One dreamer, wearing the EEG and lucid, moves their eyes in a predetermined pattern that is recognized by the EEG and the software triggers the computer to send a signal over the internet to turn on a red light near the second dreamer. The second dreamer will detect the red glow through their closed eyes while sleeping. If the second dreamer is lucid, then correct eye movement from that person in response will be detected by their EEG, and result in a red light being turned on near dreamer one through their internet connection. Viola! Two way communications has been established.



Graphic courtesy Daniel Oldis

Although the elegant simplicity of the experiment doesn't resemble the fantastic mutual lucid dream scenes depicted in the science fiction movie *Inception*, it's a first step in using technology to make shared dreams possible. It should be noted that the red glow detected by a dreamer may be interpreted in a number of ways, so lucidity is needed to realize it's the red light signal being sent from the other dream participant.

The software Mr. Oldis wrote is utilized on <http://www.sleepstreamonline.com/> and uses one of several consumer EEG's that have been introduced into the market. Others have now followed his path using different manufacturers EEG's and are encouraging the development of open source software such as what you can find here: <http://lucidcode.com/>

The hardware hacker communities are doing their part and posting instructions on modifying EEG's to benefit the dream researcher. The ability to hack into dreams could someday be a reality. Currently, the four steps to enable an exchange of information during synchronized lucid dreams according to Mr. Oldis are as follows:

- Rapid Eye Movement (REM) detection.
- Cueing the dreamer with sensory stimulation.
- Dreamer to dreamer communication.
- Recording the data for verification

Mr. Oldis offered insight into where he envisions this effort may eventually lead. By accumulating and analyzing the data from many dreamers, "dream trends" could hopefully be identified. This is fertile new ground and could be a new type of networking with unexpected results. Spotting trends within dreams could lead to tapping into the global unconscious mind. Perhaps a world community linked by their unconscious thoughts and feelings could reveal certain shared truths that traditional social constraints have kept silent.

Robert Waggoner has included several pages about the work and experiences of Daniel Oldis in his book, *Lucid Dreaming, Gateway to the Inner Self*.

Bill Murphy
Science Correspondent

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Beyond the Matrix: From Consensus Reality to Heart Consciousness

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Trinity: I was looking for an answer. It's the question that drives us, Neo. It's the question that brought you here. You know the question, just as I did.

Neo: What is the Matrix?

Trinity: The answer is out there, Neo, and it's looking for you, and it will find you if you want it to.
—From *The Matrix*

“You really are brainwashed aren’t you?” A dream being that sounded like a character from *The Matrix* said this to me when I turned down his invitation to “love and desire” him because of my marriage vows. His words woke me up to a new way of thinking about invitations from dream entities and dreams that seem to possess Transpersonal archetypal qualities.¹ By Transpersonal qualities, I refer to characteristics generally associated with spiritual attributes such as wisdom, beauty, truth, harmony, might, mercy, mystery, magic, love and compassion.

In this case, the dream being appeared in the guise of a striking Native American Indian who cried diamond tears—a magical detail signaling the presence of the Transpersonal. If I had received his invitation, this encounter might have potentially knocked me out of my waking-world, consensus morality into a deeper understanding of my own heart. Since this dream, I have sought a more receptive position towards the requests of such Transpersonal dream figures, realizing that they seek to open our hearts and minds, not only for our own benefit but for the benefit of others as well. As a result, I have learned that they may know far more about the mysteries and magic beyond the dreamscape’s matrix²--and about me—than I do.



Reflecting back on the Transpersonal dreams that have come to me, it feels as if they have both invited and instructed me to become a “consenting adult”, if you will, to enter into a more intimate and, thus, unitive relationship with the dream experiences and, in turn, with waking life. When both the dreamer and the dream say, “I do!”, it can feel like a Transpersonal reality supporting both says, “You may kiss the bride!” Alchemists refer to such an experience as a “royal wedding,” the union of soul—the essence of the individual—and Spirit, a union of lunar and solar qualities.

Archetypally, Kabbalists describe this union as the mystic marriage, Christians, as the marriage of the lamb, and, in Greco-Roman culture, the marriage of the gods, or hierosgamos. What aspects of our being “marries” in our psyches? To paraphrase an idea from Carl Jung’s own dream experiences, ‘At the bottom it is our very selves: We are the marriage. And our beatitude is that of a blissful wedding.’³ But, sometimes, the dreams may have to court us for a long time before we may feel ready to let go of our waking-world, Matrix-limited views to say, “Yes” wholeheartedly to the consensual relationship and knowing offered to us.

From a Transpersonal or Spiritual perspective on dreams, dreams can serve as mirrors helping us to “see” into our psychological state as well as our essential nature. Through lucidity, as we become more aware of the mental attitudes and concepts shaping our consensus reality, we can learn to move aside the “veil of our minds” in our dreams. As a result, a Guiding principle or Spirit may more clearly emerge through our dreams, helping us to move “beyond the matrix”.⁴

The dream “Magic Butterflies” from 2010 illustrates the emergence of this awareness in lucidity and suggests the lengths this guiding principle may go to coax us into a more soulful relationship:

In a dream, I enter an unfamiliar building. With this recognition, I become lucid. Great joy fills me. The Holy black winds carry me inwards to a place of stillness. Far off in the distance, moving shapes of color approach my being. I feel wonderfully surprised to “see” that they look like massive, magical butterflies of deep blues, greens, purples, yellows, and reds outlined in black. The colored spots on their wings shine like jewels. They surround me and, with their wings, caress me. Their touch feels full of grace, beauty, and intelligence. They lead my being into a large hall that appears decorated in colors echoing their peacock-coloured wings.

An exquisitely beautiful woman gets up to greet me. We communicate without words. She shows me the treasures in the room as if to introduce me to what already feels mine. Then she picks up a

finely wrought, wreath-shaped crown of delicate leaves with four slim golden bands crossing at the top. As she moves to set it upon my “head,” my being retracts, as I feel aware I am no “king” or “queen”, yet at the same time, I feel full of wonder at the crown’s shining beauty and delicate power. As she lowers it onto my head, she says, “This is the Holy Spirit.” Hearing this, I become more able to accept the gift. When the crown touches my head, a shower of powerful emotion overcomes me, washes down through me, and pulls me again into the blackness that gently lifts me to waking consciousness. I notice it seems 4:00 am.

My movement to “retract” from this dream illustrates how our own consensus-reality position toward ourselves—our self-limiting views, feelings of unworthiness or shame or even arrogance and pride—may keep us from accepting the gifts both dreams and life offer us. Happily, in this case, the beauty and gentleness of the dream character reassured me, enabling me to overcome my own self-doubts.

But, in lucidity, when my own narrow view of consensus reality dominates in a lucid dream, causing me to act “brainwashed”, I can simultaneously become aware of this limitation, and so learn something new even so. From such experiences, I have come to trust that even when we find it difficult to surrender to the Transpersonal, to respond to an invitation, or follow openings into as yet unknown levels of reality and ourselves, we can at least become more conscious of what the Transpersonal archetypal realm can open up to us. As an illustration of such an invitation, consider this scene from the lucid dream “The Blue Lips”:

...After crossing a vast black expanse of light and abstract forms in which my dreambody seems “invisible” I find myself with a dreambody spinning round in the centre of a vast fantastically coloured hall. I see the walls and sloping ceilings covered with paintings that look alive with moving pictures that tell a story to a couple that sits viewing them. My entrance obviously startles the couple. The woman gets up and approaches me. She looks very fine and moves like a graceful sprite. Her luminous skin shines a deep blue and her lips

radiate a bluish, white, laser light, capturing my attention.

With a delicate determination, she says to me, "What part of my dream are you?" The implications of her question amaze and frighten me. Rather than responding thoughtfully, I say rather flippantly the first thing that comes to mind: "Your blue lips." I sense some sarcasm in my words and I wonder if she is demonic, even though I am the one who is behaving badly. My attitude clearly hurts the woman. I ask her in turn, "And what part of my dream are you?" She responds sarcastically as well.... "Ouch!" I think, "I guess I deserved that."

Then the intense colors and strange beauty of the scene begin to feel oppressive to me and I wonder if I can get out of this place at will or not or if perhaps I'll be "stuck" here and go mad. With this, I open my eyes wondering how it will feel to come back so suddenly to waking reality. I feel surprised to find myself in my bed, feeling rather dismayed at my behaviour and fears. My heart sends the blue lady a heartfelt apology in my thoughts with the hope that I may one day meet her again. I sense that she also probably feels unhappy about how our encounter turned out.

<http://www.asdreams.org/psi2008/artgallery/sao2002-3.htm>

(By Sao)



If I'd had more composure, the blue-light being and I might have had an interesting talk about consensus reality or even the non-consensus reality of what appears "non-rational" to us in dreams. Although, in this case, I didn't respond in a way that could deepen our encounter, it does strike me as interesting that she and I both agreed we found ourselves in a realm known through dreams. Although I haven't as yet encountered this dream figure again, I'd like to think she may have appeared in other guises.

Most of the consensus reality checks in the dreams come when, through what I call "Lucid Surrender"⁵, I have left my dreambody behind, or rather, have had it stripped away. In such lucid dreams, my being feels carried across a vast expanse of black light⁶. Eventually, it may get drawn into a "tunnel" or light form that acts as a gateway into what appears as another dream dimension where a new dreambody emerges. While I generally assume my new dreambody looks similar to my physical body, I haven't ever had a verification of this apart from when I've seen light take the form of what would seem the outline of my physical body. In these new dream dimensions, the dream entities respond to me in such a way that makes it clear I seem a curiosity of sorts and that they would like to enter into relationship with me.

For example, one time, after crossing the black, my being tumbles into what I experience as an enormous space colony. I somersault onto a hexagonal platform. What looks like a young boy comes out, and, seeing me, he calls out to his father, "Hey dad, come look at this!" as if he doesn't seem quite sure of what to call me or where I have come from. That makes me wonder how I look. Usually, in new dream dimensions, the Transpersonal beings (usually larger-than-life, angelic figures), peer at me so intently it feels as if they both give me information and receive it from me in this way.

In another dream, after my being gets pulled into a dream-mirror, carried across the black light, and into a geometric light form, I pop into a dreamscape that looks vaguely similar to a setting from my childhood. There, women who appear both earthy and angelic come out and stroke my new dreambody with their hands as if they receive some knowledge through me. Although I felt aware

of receiving some kind of blessing through the women's hands, it nonetheless felt like they also received something from me.

In the lucid space of black light, I notice that the "void" can apparently read my thoughts. Most of the time, a "voice" or "thought-form" attempts to reassure me and bring me round to a new way of being. For instance, if I feel afraid to enter a light form, a voice might say, "Come into my being." Or if I feel unsafe, I may hear a reassuring, "You are safe." Once, when I felt about to lose myself in the ecstatic sensation of the black light, a clear voice said, "It's not this" reminding me to keep my focus for the next part of the journey.

In such cases, it feels as if the dreams will me to behave more like a consenting adult in a "consensual reality", responding to a greater "Transpersonal Will", rather than behaving like a fearful or obstinate child or adolescent.⁷ For example, sometimes, out of the blackness, an invisible "hand" may emerge to direct my own gently pushing my own "hands" together in prayer, a position that accelerates my journey on the black winds, or the invisible hand may gently stop me from undertaking an action as in the following dream:

With lucidity, I feel the pull on my being but it feels hard to release my being to the blackness. Finally I call out, "Take me to you God!" With this the release comes and my being feels lifted onto the powerful winds. The blackness feels less deep than usual because it seems lit up with the light of a white beam that comes out across the blackness and loops once around my neck with an intense power. The force at the base of my throat feels so great at one point I raise my "hand" to loosen it, but then I feel my "hand" pushed down lightly and so allow the force to have its way, accepting it as a kind of opening...

Sometimes, when I have acted overly ego-driven or grasping in lucid dreams, the dreams have apparently worked to move me towards a more humble and balanced position, as in this encounter with a patient dream being:

Have been unwell with flu. Wake up in the night and pray. The whirring comes. Against the backdrop of blackness appears a beautiful full moon. The image looks so beautiful it makes me

weep. My being feels lifted through this scene and then dives into the blackness with great joy. The winds bring delight and at some point I "see" the radiance from the being of light that carries me like a rod or beam of light running down my midriff, but I feel so taken with the delight, my mind thinks of letting go of this beam of light and plunging into the blackness. As I abruptly move to do so, I feel the being pull me back by my "ankle" and immediately realise my error. The dignity of this light entity hits me hard. I bow my "head" and say or think, "Forgive me holy being," and I "hear", "You are forgiven." With this, we lift off again and soar like a bird high on the edge of the winds. A deep ecstasy runs through me. Even so, I cannot somehow surrender in a deeper way and the dream notches down so it seems to me I levitate around the bed... Finally I awake surprised to find myself under the covers.

Other times, when I have overstepped an apparent ego-boundary, the dreamscape itself appears to give a form of instruction as in this dream:

Wake up in the night and pray. Go to a nearby window and open it. Feeling rather empty inside, I dive out in an off-handed and cold manner thinking that it seems a dream in any case. Don't try to fly. Instead, I wait rather imperiously for the Spirit to come for me. After falling what seems an unusually precipitous and long way into the black, I start to recall Jesus' retort to Satan when Satan tempted him to leap off a cliff so that God's angels would come to save him: "Thou shall not tempt the Lord thy God." "Well," I think, "I didn't mean it quite that way God." Then suddenly the black winds and light take hold of my being and carry me into the black light.

The blackness has a very intense quality and has a slightly different texture, like black velvet. Feel carried such a long way I begin to have doubts about the experience, but suddenly we break through the black into an intense field of blinding blue light. It's almost like breaking through the surface of a very deep sea into blue-sky light. "The blue," I think, feeling reassured. But, although the blue in other dreams has been breathtaking, this blue seems by far the most dazzling, appearing almost diamond white to my eyes. My being feels seared by the light. Crossing the light takes some time. Sense it as a kind of cleansing. Then again

there comes a descent into the black. I begin to wonder what this is all about and try to bring my focus to a sacred song.

At that moment I “look” up and find my being once again in the black whirlwind. But as with the black and blue light, the quality of the whirlwind differs from before. This time the texture of the whirlwind looks like that of veils upon veils of black lace with moonlight shining through it. My being simply knows that it is at the very centre of things, in God’s embrace. The lacy forms in the whirlwind look amazingly intricate and exquisite, yet simple and beautiful. Their beauty feels irresistible and I lift my right “hand” to touch the patterns. Doing so fills me with great joy, an unbounded trust, and a deep knowing. The lacy pattern reads like a hieroglyph for life as much as any DNA particle, rhizome or protein or like a secret text in Braille. For some time, I feel shrouded in a wonderful mysterious love....

Over time, I have learned that aligning my will with that of the dreams from a heart-centered position opens up far more than I could have ever imagined.

All the same, dream beings have made it clear to me that I generally have a choice about how I behave in a dreamscape and that this choice will shape the Transpersonal ramifications of the dream as illustrated in “The Ruby Implant”:

...In the dream, when I go outside of a classroom, a massive black dog comes up to greet me. He has wonderful thick black curls, and as I realize no such dog exists in waking life, I become lucid. It has been some weeks since the last lucid dream, so it takes me by surprise. I know in waking life that I’ve been very stressed and my prayers unfocussed, so I don’t feel ready to receive a lucid dream. But then I bow my head and all falls away into blackness. The ecstasy literally grips me. Somehow, my being moves through this and repeats “O Holy One.”

...I feel carried some distance on the black winds into a vast hall with high open windows through which the sunlight and a gentle breeze enter, billowing through the white curtains. Women in Edwardian dresses with high waists sing beautiful hymns to God. They wear velvet dresses of solid

red, green, yellow, or blue lined with gold brocade. As they sing they walk meditatively round the hall. I get carried to a far corner where a small door opens and a man’s face and hands appear. He looks similar to the same handsome dark haired man that has appeared in other dreams. He holds a thin rod made of braided silver. On the end sits a fine ruby. I feel he wants to insert this into my left “nostril” up into the space between my eyes. The thought repels and frightens me until one of the women says, “You have a choice.” And I know I can wake up and leave the experience or stay in it.

Because the scene, music, rod, and ruby look so beautiful, I decide not to be afraid and to receive what feels like a strange kind of implant, though a part of me remains somewhat apprehensive and thinks about stories of Martian beings that take over humans. I recognize this as my mind’s way of trying to understand the experience. Yet, on a deeper level, I know something much more profound has taken place. This part of me just keeps repeating “Oh Holy One.” After that, my being feels carried back a great distance through the blackness into a dream in which I think I stand awake bent over on my bed trying to finish off the ecstatic pleasure of the dream. A dream figure similar to my then partner says with great surprise, “What has happened to you?” It feels impossible to explain, but I find it significant that he has intuited a change in me. Then I actually do wake up.

Conversely, a dream character has also suggested to me that the choice in a dream may not rest entirely within my own lucid awareness as in the excerpt from the dream “Soul Saving Surgery”:

When the descent on the black ends, I find myself with a “body” standing erect facing a lovely woman who holds each of my hands in her own. Wrapped around her body and head, she wears a satiny blue veil with an embroidered gold trim. Apart from her stunning, dark eyes, a diaphanous white veil with a woman’s face painted on it covers her own. The depiction reminds me of me. I say to her, “So you are my guide this time.”

She takes me into a white room that opens from the black. The room has a kind of surgical table in it. And she tells me, “I’m here to stop your soul from dying or at least to make sure that your soul re-incarnates.” My mind wants to ask what she means about my dying. Does she mean now or

later? But a pang rises up in my heart: Though I don't recall a single detail of my earthy life, its sorrows and joys hit me hard and I think aloud, "I'm not so sure I want to re-incarnate, even if it's possible." But she smiles and says, "Given what your soul knows, it may have to do so"....

Although, in this dream, I felt able to do the procedure the dream character requested of me, I nonetheless felt like crawling back into the "rabbit hole" when I woke up from the dream. Sometimes, after dreams such as this one, I get the feeling that the dreams would say to us what Morpheus says to Neo: 'I'm trying to free your mind...but I can only show you the door. You're the one that has to walk through it.' Having said that, though, my own lucid dream experiences have also made it clear to me that we don't have to walk through the door completely alone because we are known and loved—in the Transpersonal dreams that have emerged within lucidity, this love feels like the central consensus position. And, in our response to this love, the dreams await our wholehearted "Yes!"

1 See The Centre for Counselling & Psychotherapy Education, London, www.ccpe.org.uk for more on the connection between the Transpersonal approach and dreams.

2 To learn more about the matrix of dreams and waking physical reality see Ed Kellogg's Lucid Dream Challenge: Exploring the Bizarre Physics of Dreamspace Part 4: "The Dream Matrix and the Phenomenological Epoché" the September 2006 issue of the Lucid Dream Exchange. in <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/challenges/ldchallenge8.pdf>

3 Carl Gustav Jung, Memories, Dreams, Reflections, ed. Aniela Jaffé, trans. By Richard and Clara Winston (New York: Random House, 1965), 294.

4 See <http://www.driccpe.org.uk/portfolio-view/the-spiritual-perspective-on-dreams-nigel-hamilton> for more on a Transpersonal/Spiritual perspective on dreams by Dr Nigel Hamilton. The archive at the Dream Research Institute, London, also includes a selection of papers on the topic.

5 For more on Lucid Surrender see the DreamSpeak Interview in the March 2013 Issue of the Lucid Dream Experience http://www.dreaminglucid.com/ld/ld1_4.pdf and <http://www.luciddreamalchemy.com/page/resources>.

6 For more on the black light see: <http://www.driccpe.org.uk/portfolio-view/the-alchemy-archetype-of-black-light-in-lucid-surrender>

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Do You See What I See?

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A brief selection of lucid dreams from my dream journals in which dream figures and I do not perceive the same things in the same way. In the first dream, children, a friend, and I can see 'Sasquatch-like' beings emerging from another reality, whereas adults can not; in the second, a dream figure can't see what I see unless I am touching him; in the third, I infer that a dream figure is able to distinguish between presence and projection, where I can not; in the fourth, I travel through probable realities, unseen, until 'something goes wrong'; in the fifth, I wonder if my dream is someone else's reality; in the sixth, I am beside the bed of a probable version of myself who can sense my presence, but can't see me. In the last, I meet a couple and we discuss who is real, me or them.

Sasquatch-like Beings Emerging from Another Reality

I'm standing with a friend next to a camper van. There are some children inside, playing on bunk beds. I become aware that I can see some Sasquatch-like creatures from another reality, as I see a furry arm here, a furry leg there, as they seemingly emerge from 'no-where' into the van.

My friend, the children, and I can see them easily. Some of the younger kids are excited - these creatures look like big Teddy Bears - some are scared, not knowing what is happening. There are adults nearby, but they don't seem to notice anything unusual. Somehow I know that if they were right here with us, next to, or inside the van, that they would still not be able to perceive the Sasquatch-like creatures at all.

I wonder if the creatures are aware of us, if they are purposely attempting to emerge into our spacetime, or if our realities are simply overlapping, and some of us are able to perceive both. I wake before learning anything more.

Houses on the Hill

It is night time. I'm standing outside in the backyard with my uncle. We are looking up at his place on the hill. I'm aware that I dream. I can see several houses in a row beside his. I know they are not there in my present waking reality. I make some comment about them, possibly existing in the future. My uncle can't see them.



I'm surprised, as they are as plain as day. I look at him and watch as he stares up the hill, searching for the houses I've just mentioned. With one hand, I touch his arm, with the other I point at the houses.

Instantly, and with surprise, he says he can see them. But when I take my hand off his arm, he can't – to him, they disappear. For me, they have not changed, they have remained. I touch his arm again, and again he can see them.

I'm amused and intrigued by this odd phenomenon of his only being able to see the houses if I am touching him. I soon wake.

“He Isn't Here”

At some point during a rather long lucid dream, I'm asking questions of two male dream figures. One older gentleman seems to be more 'present' than the others, and responds to my questions. I ask something regarding symbols or phrases that may be limiting to me in my waking life. He responds with, “When you say, ‘Shut your face,’ it implies blindness.” I understand that he is talking about several levels of interpretation: blindness to my own faults/limitations, and a refusal to see others as they really are, or to not see them at all; it also implies shutting myself off from certain experiences, etc.

Aware of my *awareness that I'm dreaming*, I then ask, “How do you know that I know I'm dreaming? How can you tell (that I'm lucid)?” The older gentleman responds with something (that was unfortunately forgotten upon waking).

Pointing first to myself, then to the dream figure, I ask, “What is the difference between me and him?” Smiling, the older gentleman nods his head toward the other man and says, “He's not here.”

His response startles me and I'm left wondering if he's pulling my leg, or if there is some defining characteristic about me and/or the other dream figure that he is able to perceive, but I can not.

I wake, feeling I've just stumbled on something very interesting, and I wonder about the characteristics of projections and awareness in dream states regarding perception.

Moving (Almost) Unseen Through Other Realities

I'm with a group of people, maybe a dozen or more. We travel to other realities and times. (We are wearing tan-brown outfits that would appear to be some kind of uniform (with small backpacks); but they do not have a 'military' feel to them.) A male 'leader' stands near me. We are all standing in two or three rows. He (and maybe all of us?) raises his arms from the elbows, pauses just a second, then bends them back down as though he's folded something over. Instantly we are in another reality, but though we are all in the same positions relative to each other, in this reality we are lying face-down on the ground.

All around us, people walk past, like on a busy street or public area, like a courtyard. Very near my head I see a blocky, white, high heeled shoe as some female strolls past. The people in this reality are unable to see us. Then we do a similar movement (similar to the elbow thing, but (I assume as I write this) we must pass our elbows “through” the “solid” ground below us – obviously it is not solid to us). I recall we needed to do this 3 times.

But it seems that something has gone wrong – the people of this reality, startled, can now all see us. Some stop and watch, a bit shocked, as we get up off the ground quickly. The leader tells us we will have to split up. (This requirement to split up is 'indicated' because the people “here” can see us.) As two smaller groups now, we go off in different directions. Luckily, though the people can see us, they don't approach us or chase/follow us when we move apart. (There is a blurring here, can't recall detail. Then I find myself in a place that looks like my old university where I see a younger version of myself.....etc.)

Is My Dream Your Reality?

I am on roller blades or ice skates, skating through an upper level of a dim and cluttered building. The building is very large, like a warehouse. In one area there are many people, and the atmosphere is like that of a smoky, noisy bar. I keep checking clocks and asking people for the

Do You See What I See?

correct time. I can't get straight answers. Vaguely I wonder if I could be dreaming, but I continue for a while in a more non-lucid attitude.

Then, skating through the cluttered rooms, I see so many odd things that I finally let it sink in that I am dreaming. I know that I knew I was dreaming before, but I wouldn't let it sink in then. How odd!

"We're dreaming!" I say. I want the others to realize it too. A train is about to go through the building. People leave the area, because it is going to be very noisy. They don't think I'll be able to bear it. I stubbornly stay and clap my hands over my ears. I continue to skate around while the train screams through on a level below me - I can see it through cracks and openings in the floor boards as I skate from room to room.

It is very loud and does hurt my ears a bit, but I do it! I skate triumphantly around once the train has gone, and when I don't hear applause for my endeavour, I skate back into the bar room until I do. (Ego looking for acknowledgement!)



Near the bar I talk with a young woman. We don't like each other very much. We debate whether my dream is her reality or vice versa. I ask her, "Is my dream and your reality the same thing? I hope not! Would that imply that your dream and my reality are the same?!" I want to wake myself to write this phrase down. She wants me to write it there. I tell her it won't be there (in my waking reality) for me when I awaken. I know I need to wake to write this down, but I walk around looking for a pencil, lucidity obviously slipping. I wake at this point.

A Probable Self Senses My Presence

A little black dog has gotten loose and I've been chasing it about a dingy neighbourhood. Suddenly I find myself up on a ledge or ridge of some sort, and when I look straight down, I can't believe how high up I am, and so close to the edge! Slowly and carefully I back away. I am so frightened by the height, afraid I'll fall. At that point I begin to question whether I could be dreaming. . . .

I decide to fly for a reality test, the ultimate test. When I do so, I feel a strange sensation in my legs that I sometimes notice when I move to fly in a dream; like there's water running down them.

The scene changes, and I fly into a room where I can see my sleeping body on a bed. I just hover above "her/me," I don't want to frighten "her/me," but at the same time I want to let "her/me" know that I am there.

I come around to the other side of her/my body and sit on a pillow that is on the floor by the bed. 'She' wakes and I notice that as 'she' sits up 'she' immediately looks towards me, but obviously can't see me, as 'she' has a kind of quizzical look on 'her' face, and seems to look right through me. I know that she has sensed my presence, and is startled, even a bit nervous, wondering what's happening.

I don't want to frighten her/me, so I start barking like the little dog from the first part of the dream - hoping that she/me will hear it and assume she is still dreaming and the presence she feels is just a lingering 'feeling' of the harmless little black dog, from 'her' dream.

Then I feel a shift and I wake, flat on my back. I do not wake in the body that I had just been looking at, nor did I expect to. (Though it was "me" I saw in the dream, I felt it was a different version of me, not the same me who is writing this.)

So Who's Dream is This, Anyway?

I'm outdoors at the foot of some very wide stairs that lead up to a large, old government or academic building. I am thinking of Sue Watkins' book *Dreaming Myself Dreaming a Town*. It is at this point that I realize *I'm* dreaming!

. . . I repeatedly sing out loud that I'm dreaming, using several different phrases. I find a middle aged couple, and for some reason, I want to take them flying with me. They seem eager to join me. We are outside a structure, a building of sorts, near a cliff edge. I run up and down the edge of the cliff. I want them to get used to the idea of flying, and somehow I think this helps.

There is glistening dark blue water far below. It is remarkably enticing, and I think about running off the cliff and plunging head long into the water. It would be such a rush! But instead, I run then fly out over the water, mildly surprised that I haven't fallen into the water due to my deep wish to dive in.

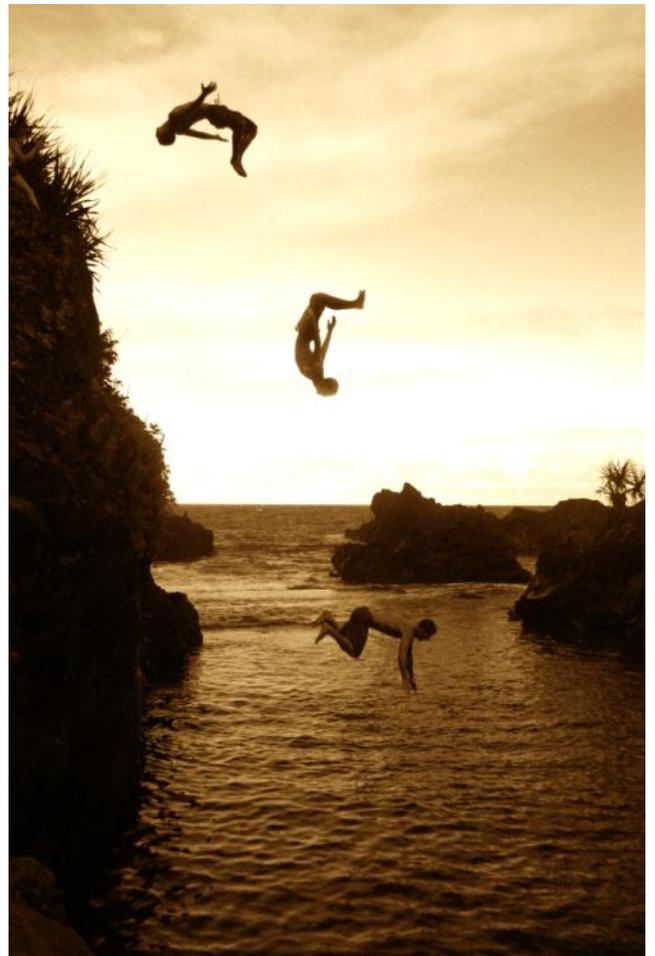
I turn and hover over the water so the couple can see me. I tell them I'm going to do a somersault. As I do so, I close my eyes. I then feel that I am waking. I pause in midair a little disappointed.

One of the couple calls out and asks me what's wrong. I still feel that I may be waking. (I remember being in a grey space for a moment.) I want to stay in the dream or at least get back into it if I wake, so I imagine talking to the couple and almost instantly I am back on the cliff walking up to them.

I apologize to them, saying that I'm waking up, and that soon I will disappear. We then get into a discussion of who is real; me or them. I tell them they are dream characters (therefore 'not real' in my waking sense of the word) in my dream. Then I say something like "But maybe I am not real, maybe I will disappear from here and you are real," (in this reality).

I embrace and hold them to me briefly and say, "Well you're breathing," as though that could be a sign that they're real. We are all happy and smiling, but each of us thinks the other is a dream character.

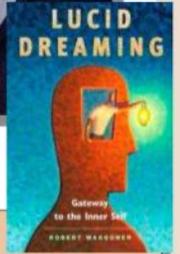
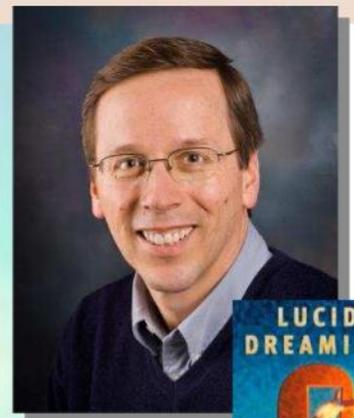
Then I feel I'm back in bed. I keep my eyes closed to see if I can slip back into (lucid) dreaming. I do so very quickly, into a new scene....



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Contrast or Consensus?

Hayden Ebert Comparing Colors

I was away with a group of people who were all interested in lucid dreaming and the out of body state. We discussed the subject before bed and I felt highly motivated to have a lucid dream.

I found myself in a room in the building we were staying in. Since the room did not exist in waking reality, I realised I was dreaming and became lucid. One of the guys I was staying with was there and we discussed verifying the experience whilst we were there to check when we awoke whether we experienced the same thing.

I asked him what colour he saw the walls, he replied 'Bright cerise pink!' to which I agreed and we were happy we had confirmed that was consistent.

Another guy we were staying with was sat cross legged on the sofa and had an interesting pair of socks on, the toes were different colours; to me they were all different shades of blue. I asked the other guy what he saw and he said he saw greens and reds.... we then sat back and discussed how strange it was that he saw those colours whilst I saw the blues.

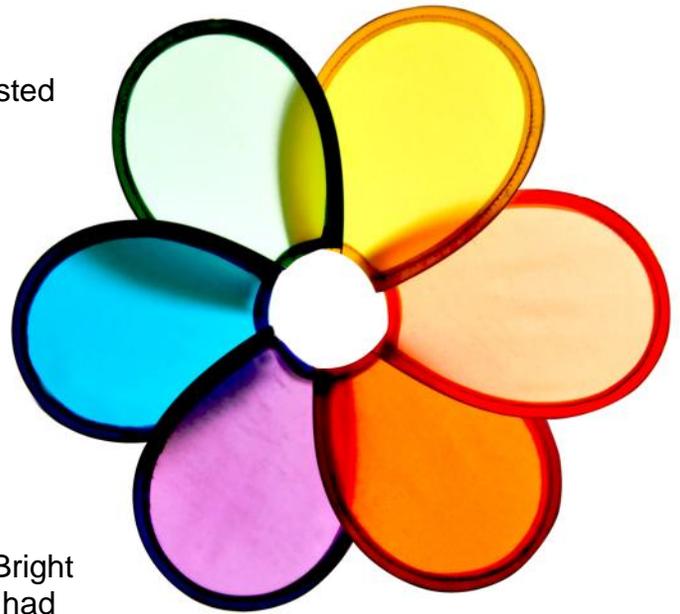
Looking for other things to compare, I reached over and grabbed a bottle of lavender oil that was on a side table and took a large sniff of it, which gave a very convincing aroma...

The dream then faded out before I could compare the smell with the other guy.

I awoke in the morning and asked the others about the dream and whether they experienced anything similar but unfortunately they hadn't.... nonetheless it was a very interesting lucid dream!

Carole Lindberg Various Encounters, Various Perception

In my first few years of lucid dreaming, I would hardly ever meet any other dream characters. I think this was because I induced and set up dreams using the WILD method, and my dreams were self experimental, flying, going through walls, just checking out the territory in which I found myself. I would frequently wonder that there was no one else around.



However, lately I am having many dream induced lucid dreams. Since I am starting out already with a populated dream setting, I begin the lucid dream already engaged with others - humans, animals, entities, and other ambiguous intelligent forms that respond to me.

1. If the lucid dream is not very stable, and is destined to be short, often I will see a dream character but he/she will not see me. I am aware of this in the dream.
2. In general, dream figures will telepathically communicate with me, and I, with them. It is direct, there does not seem to be any confusion or misunderstanding of intention.
3. Sometimes we don't communicate, but we know that we are both aware of each other.
4. Dream entities can take the form of animals and transform many times. There is an intelligent understanding between "me" and them. I was recently attacked by a dream animal, my dream self knew how to counter the attack and merged with the attacker. The animal gave me its name and offered help in the future.
5. Sometimes a dream figure will not like me. This often comes as a surprise, as I won't have any initial feeling of judgment of liking or not liking that particular character at first meeting. However, here as in waking reality, when someone doesn't like you, you begin to not like them back. And this response is fast.

In summary, when the lucid dream is developed and stable (I can remain in a lucid dream for up to an hour), there seems to be a very consistent shared experience with other dream figures. When the dream is not stable and destined to a quick collapse, it is as if I am lucid but they are in an ordinary dream and unaware. I guess this is always the question, isn't it, are they part of my dream or are they autonomous and in a shared dream territory with me for that moment in dream time?

Carolina Kampuries Disagreements and Discrepancies

I have had several lucid dreams where dream figures disagree with each other about me.

In one dream: I was 'transported' out of a classroom because I was told I didn't belong there. A student disagreed with the teacher, but I was still transported out.

In another dream, I saw very clearly inside the helm of a UFO. I saw three beings, who when they realized I could see them (and very clearly) they could not understand how that was possible. The other people in my dream, could not see the ship, nor the three beings in the helm.

Other Senses:

Another lucid dream, I was in a very big hotel and ran into some friends who were at a wedding. There was pineapple on the table and I wanted to taste it because in my waking world I could no longer taste certain foods. In the dream, I also couldn't taste it. I was surprised because I normally could smell beer on a person's breath in dreams, and now I couldn't taste the pineapple.

Seeing Light/Color:

I was in a circle of 5 or 6 people and we were to pick a person who would carry the Light. I could see it very clearly, it was violet (on another realm), but I didn't feel worthy, so I passed up the opportunity. The others informed me that I was the only one who could see the violet Light.

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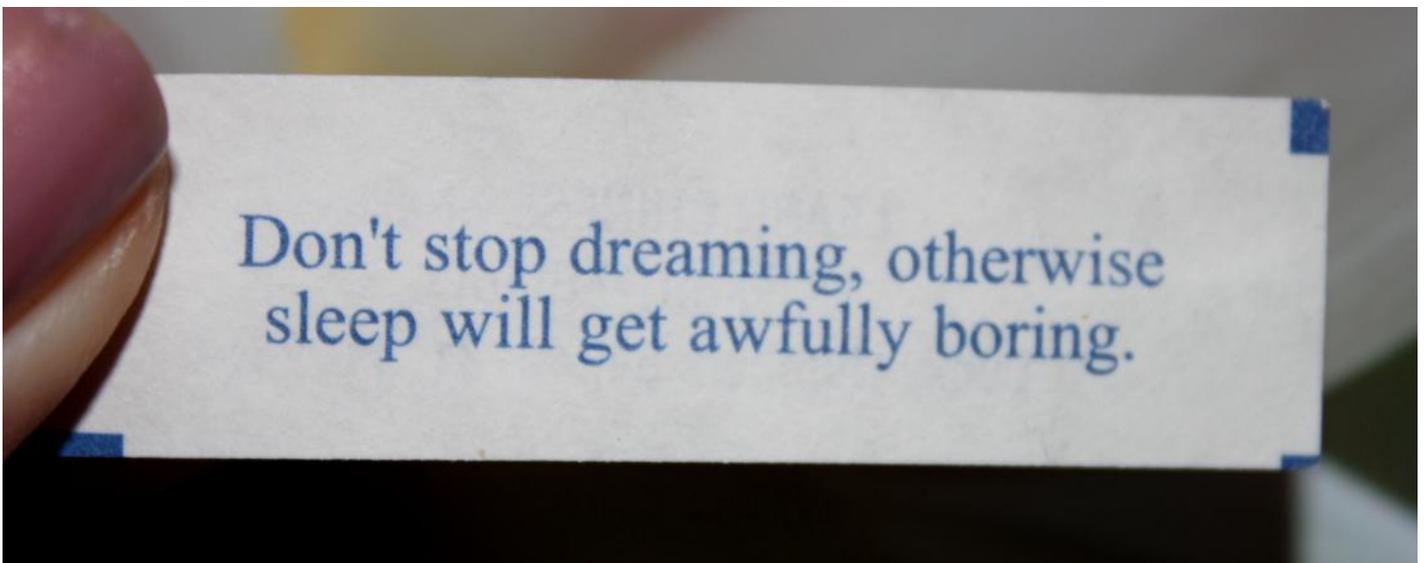
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My Top Ten

Top 10 Amazing Things I've done in Lucid Dreams — By Laura Atkinson

1. Bounced on a trampoline, landed on the moon, grabbed a telescope and watched the edge of the universe fold like an Oriental fan.
2. Flipped through a photo book which made it possible for me to view alternate dimensions.
3. Talked with deceased friends and spirit guides, who provided me advice and detailed information about the other side.
4. Been the game instructor on how to jump from meteor to meteor, ran off the edge of the asteroid, and performed dives and flips in the atmosphere. The more complicated the move, the more points!
5. Hung out with talking, dancing penguins.
6. Gone on a lucid shopping spree and tried on clothes and bikinis, and reduced or enhanced various body parts in order to get a better fit.
7. Sampled a variety of dream food: hot pepper roast beef, 51 cinnamon apples, chocolate turtles, summer squash soup, broccoli-lemon-honey-thyme sauce, root beer floats, and dabbled with adding spices to these foods: nutmeg, paprika, clove.
8. Participated in yoga, tai chi groups and sacred dance ceremonies.
9. Fallen through time portals to wind up in a previous life.
10. Put on a hazmat suit and played with a baseball sized ball of energy in a scientific laboratory.

And just for fun, here is an actual fortune cookie that I received!



In Your Dreams!

Laurance

A Master Arrives at the Airport

Towards the end of a longer dream, bouncing around in different settings and situations, I found myself sitting in a crowded, airport boarding-gate area. I was discussing my interests with friends and colleagues, one of whom was a retired general I knew in waking life. All at once, he waved a vibrantly glowing amethyst wand, and I became lucid.

Someone then announced: "A master is going to appear," and, in response, everyone stood up, loudly singing an anthem to announce his arrival. My attention now piqued, I started seeing energy waves in front of one of the gates, and as I focused further, the master gradually materialized. Because he was wearing a hooded monk's cowl, I could not see his face hidden within the shadows. My initial reaction was that he looked like a Jedi Knight from the movie "Star Wars."

In spite of the auspicious nature of this event, I shifted my attention. To prove that this was, indeed, a lucid dream, I decided to try to stick my hand through the wall. Initially, it was hard as expected, but gradually, as I continued to press, my fingers penetrated the wall as if it was putty, breaking through to the other side where I could see planes parked by the concourse.

Alicia Hollinger

Break On Through

I have had lucid dreams my whole life, spontaneously, since I was a baby in my crib. I have done all sorts of experiments in the lucid dream world and am constantly fascinated by it. I sometimes believe that lucid dreams could possibly be one's consciousness traveling to other dimensions as crazy sci-fi as that sounds...

This is typical of that sort of dream: I'm floating in a black space, nothing around me, I know my body is in bed, my cat is asleep on my foot, but I, my consciousness is somewhere else. I'm just there floating in darkness getting a little bored and I think of the Doors' song "Break On Through." Then the lyrics sort of resonate in my head "Break on through to the other side..." and immediately I feel like I'm zooming out of the top of my head, and now I'm flying past stars and galaxies and it looks like the opening of some big budget sci-fi movie as I zoom at warp speed past stars, kind of screaming in my head "this is so cool!"

Then all of a sudden I'm zooming through a tunnel similar to the one at the end of the movie "Contact" or in "Stargate" or as wormholes are often depicted on TV, although I first had the dream before I had seen that imagery on TV and thought "Wow! That's just like my dream!" when I saw it... The tunnel or wormhole seemed to go on forever and I actually felt the type of G force you get on amusement park rides. A few times I felt there were other beings zooming past me in either direction and at one point I wondered if this is the infamous tunnel with a white light at the end where you go when you die... I never

saw a white light, the winding tunnel just seemed to go on forever, so I sort of jumped out of the side of the tunnel to a whole new scene.

This tunnel phenomena has now happened several times and each time I jump into a scene that is not particularly exciting, considering the excitement in getting there. For example, one time I ended up in a British countryside and a woman was showing me some handmade sweaters she had created and wanted me to help her sell them. I asked, "How can I bring physical matter back through the tunnel?" She looked at me, very confused, like I was crazy. Then I woke up.

My other destinations after the tunnel were similar in the sense that I sort of popped into another place and time, often seemingly from the past and made references to "The Wizard of Oz" or "Alice in Wonderland" and none of them got my references and thought I was crazy and expected me to do some menial job that was part of their culture (cooking something in some big pot) and they seemed almost angry that I wasn't doing what I was supposed to while I'm trying to explain that this is just a dream, I'm really at home, my cat is asleep on my foot... I've had millions of lucid dreams, but the ones with the winding colored tunnels fascinate me the most, although the final destination is usually rather un-eventful.

Dominic Hawton Deceased

This dream is from a few years ago (I was 18) and had a profound impact on me and is what really peaked my curiosity about dreaming, lucid dreaming in particular.

(I don't recall any of the dream prior to becoming lucid) ...I find myself lucid on the bottom floor of my cousin's house. Ecstatic, as this is only my 4th ever lucid dream, I start walking around touching and feeling the chairs and table in his dining room, completely amazed at how real everything looks and feels. I walk past their lounge room and see K, my uncle, sitting down watching the TV. I can only see the side of his face but I notice that he has a swollen black eye. I ask him what happened and he replies solemnly, "It was the plasma TV."

Confused by his response, I decide go and find J, my cousin. I remember saying in waking life that I

would try and talk to him in my next lucid dream. I find J back in the dining room sitting on one of the chairs. "I'm dreaming!" I exclaim to him, "You're in my dream!" At first he laughs at me in disbelief, but soon he's walking around with me in awe, touching and testing the sensory fabric of the dream. I wonder if we're both dreaming this at the same time.

I recall that I wanted to fly next time I was lucid in a dream. So, still in the dining room, I jump out and land hard on the floor. I get back up and think that maybe if I put my arm out like Superman I'll be able to stay in the air. It works! I start flying around the dining/lounge room about waist-height. I decide to fly out into the backyard and fly up and see what my town would look like from above. I shoot out the back door and start ascending, but as soon as I reach the second floor I lose all power and plummet to the ground.

The sky has darkened by this point. I look up to see it glittering with thousands and thousands of stars like little diamonds imbedded in dark-blue felt. I look over to the shadows in the backyard and see a woman standing in the far right-hand corner. Curious, I walk over to see who she is. Upon getting closer I notice it's E! I knew E when I was younger, about 10, and she was friends with my parents when we lived in the Seychelles. Sadly, after we left in 2002, she had a stroke and passed away. I had not heard or thought of her since then (7 years ago!).

She greets me warmly and says how she hasn't seen me since I was this big (levelling her hand just below the height of my shoulder). "I saw you flying before, very impressive," she says, "I used to be able to fly like you." I ask her what she's doing in my dream, to which she replies, "My husband, M, taught me to lucid dream before I died and it's the only way I can make contact with the living."

Shocked and slightly scared I walk backwards, aware that if I get too emotional (in these early days of lucid dreaming) that I'll wake up and I want to explore the dream world more. I spin and stabilise the dream then walk back inside the house. I notice a photograph of K's family on the wall that isn't usually there in waking life, so I look intently at it as it morphs and changes into different faces and combinations of people I've never seen before. I decide to walk out the front of the house

but as soon as I walk onto the street, and despite trying to spin again to stabilise the dream again, I wake.

Doug Bland **I Love Mara**

I wanted to share an interesting lucid dream I had Saturday morning 04/13/2013 before waking up. Initially I was in or under some kind of window. I pushed the window up and could kind of get my head out. There were other people around and I spoke with them but can't remember what we said. I wasn't scared but felt confined and somehow worked my way out. In hindsight it looked like a row of green house windows or something you could pivot up.

The next thing I remembered was running from a huge man or monster-type thing. I would stop and swing whatever I could get a hold of at this thing but couldn't get this monster/man to stop chasing me. He smelled like he hadn't taken a bath for a very long time and I was desperately trying to escape but he continued to run after me.

I entered a series of vertical box type structures. I kept climbing up each one with this thing following close behind. After climbing through three or four of these structures I realized I was dreaming. I immediately turned around to face this monster and ask who he was.

One or two structures below me I encountered a large beast with an animal body. I can't relate what it looked like exactly. It had a large animal body with strange feet and hands. The head was of a young somewhat attractive woman. I grabbed it and asked who it was. She or it said she was Mara. Then there was something about love Mara and M.W.

I remember saying, 'I love Mara' before I woke up. I just looked up Mara on the computer and thought what I found was very interesting.

Maria Isabel Pita **Asking My Dead Grandparents Questions**

I'm part of a small group of people in a large room waiting for the speaker, a spiritual figure reminiscent of Gandhi, thin and old, and so frail he

has to crawl across the floor. I am closest to him and when he looks at me I promptly lift him in my arms and set him on top of a platform from which he will address the sadly scant gathering. I stay close to him, sitting on the floor, in case he needs me. I don't remember what he says, only that he imparts a single vital truth.

Afterward, he has me take note of how many people believed him by looking across the space to the top of what I can only describe as bleachers where bare trees are growing, and amidst their branches I make out the numbers 3 and 9, meaning 3 out of 9 people have real faith. There is a woman lying on a palette directly before us, ill, dying, her face set in an expression of skeptical resistance too mild to be called despair, it's more like her cynicism is so deeply ingrained she confuses her weak stubbornness with realistic strength. I understand all this just by looking at her and I know there's nothing I can tell her if she didn't listen to the spiritual teacher...

...I'm making my way down. The interior is amorphous and white and I have no sense of stairs, I'm simply moving down, calling out for someone, maybe Papi, as I pass what my mind equates with check-out stands where there may be some shadowy figures. I don't really notice because from far below me I hear Abuela's voice answer my call. I keep moving downward in a broad spiral, listening to her distinct voice saying something to me I can't make out, she is so far away, but I'm really happy she's there and that I'm heading her way. When I reach what feels like ground level, I immediately see her walk out from behind a wall, emerging from what my brain wants to see as a clothing store, probably because she worked in one for a while in waking reality.

Her face and skin are distinct, it's Abuela, and tonight Abuelo is with her. They're here to meet me, and I'm very happy about that, it's just like when I was a kid and the three of us would spend an evening out at the mall having dinner and then they would buy me a record or a book. I'm lucid, I know this is a dream, and I'm grateful, almost humbled, they're still taking care of me, and yet as we walk I whine, "But why can't Papi be here too?" realizing even as I speak that I'm acting like a spoiled child. Of course he can't always be here on the Other Side when I am just as he was very often

not home in WR, because he has work to do now as he did then.

I don't recall the transition from the white interior to a dark empty parking lot, only that my grandparents and I are in a jolly mood, in such high spirits, in fact, we're joking about the "process" we're all familiar with. A specific protocol has to be followed to get where we're going that, in a serious and yet jesting fashion, symbolically involves passionately throwing two pairs of glasses onto the asphalt so that the lenses pop out of the frames. I'm smiling as I bend down to retrieve both the frames and the lenses, two of which are a dark violet color. I then open the trunk of the extremely small car and stow my small suitcase in it as my grandparents get into the front seat. I slam the trunk closed before a young woman holding her own suitcase can slip it into our car. I know she's desperate to catch a ride out of this empty lot, but she can't come with us. I feel a twinge at leaving her alone, but she's got to wait for her own ride; she can't hitchhike to the Other Side just because she's desperate to.

I slip into the backseat of the tiny, almost square egg-shaped vehicle. Abuela is in the driver's seat, but I can't say she's driving; she just sits there wearing a contented and patient smile. I lean forward as my lucidity kicks into full gear and I realize I have a perfect opportunity to ask questions about the Other Side. I ask Abuelo, "Do you have days there?" choosing "days" over "time" as I know there's no time on the Other Side. He says there indeed are days and the first thing they do is have a big meeting. He elaborates, "We have a lot of work to do" and I understand he means on himself, which makes perfect sense. I ask, "Who was the first person you saw when you died?" He replies, after thinking about it for a moment, "My father." Then I ask Abuela the same question and she replies without hesitation, "My mother."

I quickly keep going, wanting to glean as much detailed information as possible. "What was the first thing you saw when you died?" Abuela answers in a dreamy, profoundly gratified voice, "Warm buff leather furniture" sounding as though that's what she had always wanted. "Are there animals on the Other Side?" At once Abuelo replies, "No." I echo, "No? There must be animals." How could Merlin or Arthur not be there, my beloved doggies? He says, "Is it too much to ask that you help other people?"

and I somehow clearly understand there are no animals on the Other Side because they are living expressions of the human soul which is mysteriously whole after death, and that doggies like mine are sent to earth to help people and have a different form on the Other Side, but what that form is I can't grasp just then, maybe because this information was not contained in what Abuelo said to me.

Then suddenly we're inside a house and he's turning to me with a knowing, fondly exasperated look, grasping my shoulders as he looks into my eyes and tells Abuela, "She's dead," and I know he means I'm beginning to wake up. I protest, "No, I'm not!" feeling quite stable and lucid, but he's gently pushing me back against a wall facing a small kitchen, clearly waiting for me to wake. What's striking is that he doesn't look like Abuelo even when he was young, and yet I know this man, he feels very familiar, like family, but his eyes, looking straight into mine, are a striking blue. I can't look away, I'm still staring into those vivid blue eyes and seeing his knowing, affectionate smile, when I phase out of the dream.

Dream Notes: I think in the very last scene I might have been in James' kitchen nook with my back pressed against the wall our door is in.

I felt energized and happy, not at all sad. It was like the best times I ever had with them were distilled into a pure pleasure/love in each others company on a journey of growth, symbolized by the car, that would never end.

I think the vital truth imparted by the spiritual teacher had to do with the fear that our consciousness relies on the brain and hence the physical body, a truth the dying woman on the palette wanted to believe but couldn't truly feel in her heart.

After my mother read the dream, she told me that my grandmother's father, who died at the age of 28 when she was just a little girl, had blue eyes. I never knew that.

I also think Abuela's happiness when she spoke of the "warm buff leather couches" has to do with finally being comfortable after years of back pain

caused by a curvature in her spine, which made it impossible for her to relax in her body.

Gustavo Vieira **Philosophical Conversation**

Lately, in my lucid dreams, I tend to ask about various things. On a recent lucid dream, while I'm watching my hands all deformed, two children come to me. They are bald, and remind me of Tibetan Buddhist children. But their eyes are very small and too close to each other for a normal human. I then ask some philosophical and religious questions. This is the conversation:

Me - "Who are you?"

Child - "I am me. I'm a being that exists"... etc. (Here he says such philosophical stuff that I do not remember, unfortunately.)

Me - "What is the purpose of life?"

Child - "It's to live a life after another."

(I then rephrase the question)

Me - "And what is the meaning of life?"

Child - "It's the same thing."

Me - "Then, when we die, do we go to another life?"

Child - "Yes."

Me - "Does Heaven exist?"

Child - "Yes. Heaven is the interval between one life and another."

Me - "Does God and Jesus exist?"

Here comes to me a priest, speaking fast and with religious and philosophical terms about being prophets, but unfortunately I do not pay much attention because I feel I'm about to wake up and am concerned to try to keep on dreaming. Oh well. I'll try again next time.

James Kroll, Ph.D. **Two Earths**

I am on the couch trying to sleep when I decide to peek at the time. All I see is the number '3.' Nothing else. I quickly conclude I am dreaming. I roll over, but as is often the case during my first lucid of the evening, my perceived motor control sucks. I

flounder around, trying to relax and pick myself up. I eventually do.

As I walk toward the kitchen, however, an invisible force pulls me back toward the couch. I can't break free of it and decide to use my hand to shoot an equally invisible magical beam to cut through it. This seems to work for a moment or two, but as I head back to the kitchen this force is now much stronger and has an elastic attribute to it. The further I move from the couch, the more extreme the force. I grab it, and while invisible it most certainly has mass and texture to it. I bunch it up and cut through it with my teeth, resolving this problem once and for all.

I close my eyes and feel my way over to the wall where I hope to find the tree door. But when I reach the wall, I feel around and nothing unusual is there. I open my eyes. Okay, might as well go through the wall as I am here now. I soften it and enter. But I find myself in nothing more than a nebulous void space.

I have to do something, so I decide to imagine a stairway going down. I reach for the sides, expecting banisters heading downward and, indeed, that is what I feel and find. This stairway is heading down a modest-sized tunnel constructed of grey cinder blocks, creating an arched shaft into the Earth. I walk down for what seems like a very long time, wondering what I will find at the bottom this time. When I get there, the scene opens up to a curving cobblestone street lined with small shops. The visuals have not fully reset and are grainy, for lack of a better way to describe it. I walk around for a bit, peering into shops, wondering where I am. The scene itself has a very Italian feel to it. I wake (FA – False Awakening).

I am back on the couch in an odd curled position with a laptop sitting on one of the oddments. This does not immediately strike me as unusual. I hear footsteps coming down and I get mad that A must have woken early, as she went to bed around 7:30 last night. Now she is going to ruin my chances for any more lucids. I see her round the corner of the library and get up to meet her to tell her to go back to bed. But when I reach her, the house has changed some; the layout is still the same, but the rooms are much bigger and less cluttered. When I meet this person, it is not my daughter. Rather it is

a small naked boy. He has my brother's face, at around 7-8 years old, but as I look down, he has the body of a very small man, lean and muscular. I ask him "Who are you?" He replies with some unremarkable answer that I don't recall precisely now. I decide to just exit the house.

Once outside, I find myself in a dark, late-night scene. I leap in the air and within moments project high into the sky, the speed and sensation of which is almost dizzying. I first admire the sky as it is dense with beautiful bright stars. I then look back down. The scene is surprisingly dark, and a bit more rural than my actual neighborhood. It is too dark to make out major details of what is below me. So I follow my instincts and just enjoy some flying. Lots of twists and turns, slight dive bombs, etc. I enjoy the very realistic sensation of wind on my face, positioned and timed perfectly with my various flying maneuvers.

Having enjoyed some nice flying, I wonder to myself what might be next. An interesting idea strikes me. I look up into the starry night, and pose a simple request to the dream space: "Show me something important to Maria and I." Within moments, I shoot up further and further into the night sky, losing all perspective of the Earth and my relative position in space. Before long, I am floating in the black, starry void that is outer space. I have no idea where I am, but the scene itself is not fully 3-D. Perhaps I am having a hard time acclimating to this unusual set of visuals.

After a short while, and for no discernible reason, the scene becomes fully 3-D. I have the very realistic sense of just floating through space. The scene pans and the Earth comes into view. The oceans are a beautifully rich blue, the land masses look well defined and completely realistic. Random and large patches of cloud cover adds a richness to the scene. It is a beautiful picture.

As the scene continues to pan, I get a view of the sun. Everything stops for a brief moment. I think to myself, "Oh, the something important to Maria and I is the sun, the golden disc that was vital to the belief system of Ancient Egypt." As the scene begins to pan once again in the same direction as before, I am given a view of the opposite side of the sun. I soon hone in on another planet, but it turns out that the entire scene is one apparent mirror image, because

this new planet is the Earth once again. It has the same overall look as before.

Hovering several million miles above the Earth, I am just in awe of how alive it is, how beautiful. But as I stop to appreciate this scene some more, I begin to fall, directly toward the Earth. The Earth is rotating in its usual manner west to east, but rather quickly. As I approach it my first thought is whether it's going to hurt when I land. But as I get closer and closer my next thought is, "Where the hell am I going to land?" My question is quickly answered as I approach and crash into a point along the eastern most portion of Brazil. I wake.

Mario A. Pita Lucidity Key

I walked up a flight of stairs knowing I was a character in a sitcom arriving at a new apartment. At the top of the flight of stairs, I could see inside and could tell it was a very nice apartment with large windows facing trees and with a large dining room table close to the door. I reached in my pocket for the key, and when I looked at it I saw that it was my real house key. At that moment, when I remembered my waking life home, it dawned on me that I was dreaming! I quickly looked at my hands excitedly and went into the apartment thinking, 'This is so awesome!! - to be awake while my body is asleep.'

But I wasn't used to being aware of myself in a dream, and I started to worry that in this dream world I was a sitcom character but didn't know anything about the character, because I was only aware of my waking self now. I was worried about how I would play the correct role with the other characters. I walked into a room where there was a baby sitter with a child and I had to make like I knew them, and I think in this worrying about playing the correct role for the sitcom I lost awareness of dreaming. The dream became so ordinary that by the time I woke up I wondered if I had really had a lucid dream or whether I had just dreamed about having a lucid dream. But that brief sense of being conscious while dreaming felt so memorable and striking that I felt that it well could be a baby step in dreaming lucidly.

Something illuminating for me was that in the dream I was supposed to be a certain character, in a sitcom, and after I became aware that it was a

dream character, I believed that I was still supposed to fit into that role rather than act as a character with a meta-awareness of a reality outside the dream. Identifying with the dream character and with trying to play the correct role led to a loss of that meta-awareness.

This is I think too what can happen in life, identifying, naturally, with being a certain character, with a certain role, which may likewise be a dream character, a dream role and there is a mysterious meta-awareness beyond these dream roles of which we only have inklings. I think the startling sense of waking in a dream instills that sense or premonition that this is true and dislodges the sense of self as being a certain character with a set of well-defined, finite traits and corporeal boundaries. It dislodges the lingering notion that logic holds the key to ultimate knowledge.

Maria Isabel Pita **On Top of the World**

I'm strolling down a country road, not one familiar to me in waking reality. It's a broad unpaved road. I'm alone. I'm walking close to a shoulder-high stone wall on my right. The lighting is luminous yet subdued. I sense open fields, a very soft green, stretching out beyond the wall. On my left is a dark forest. I'm perfectly relaxed, absolutely convinced I'm awake and out for a long, meditative walk. I'm very lucidly aware of what I'm doing, pleased to be where I am but not questioning where that is because it feels perfectly right, familiar without being known or recognized.

I become aware of the sound of a car slowly approaching behind me, I can hear its tires crunching the gravel, but it doesn't concern me, it will simply drive by, but I do consider moving to the left side of the road, which is the proper protocol. Suddenly I think about Sara, the feel of her fills my heart, and I say out loud, "God, I miss you, Sara." I'm looking straight ahead of me and even as I speak, I distinctly feel her presence, indistinguishable from what I see, several yards ahead of me—straight narrow column-like shafts of white light forming in a luminous mist obscuring part of the road, the wall and the field beyond, mysteriously dissolving any barriers or differences between them. Magic! Magical! It's the only word I can find to describe what I saw, what I felt—Sara,

my love for her, and her love for me, in the form of this gift.

The colonnade of luminous mist has an aura around it not exactly visible yet utterly discernible, as though all borders are erased, and this impression is strongest to the right where the open field, now a soft golden color, begins. I finally cross to the left side of the road as I keep moving forward, but abruptly I hear and glimpse a car approaching from a driveway hidden in the woods and quicken my pace to get ahead of it. That's when I begin rising off the ground, slowly but inexorably moving up and to the right, beyond the wall and a fringe of trees, gently and inexorably realizing—and what a wonderful feeling it is!—that I'm in a dream.

Poised at the edge of the luminous columns of mist, just on the other side of the wall, before me a vast golden field with distant shapes as of mountains and maybe low town walls, I make an effort to fly, to move forward into the scene, but gravity is remarkably dense, resisting even the dolphin kick method I try that usually propels me forward at a good clip. I'm conscious of being dressed entirely in black, a long-sleeved shirt and slacks.

After a moment, I give up and surrender to the embracing current lifting me up off the road. I pat my breasts, rooting myself fully in the dream, relaxing back against the wind's strong yet embracing force as it propels me forward and up. Through dimensions of time? For spread out below me, for as far as I can see in every direction, is a wondrous landscape I seem to recognize as Tuscany the way it might have appeared centuries ago, deep-green landscaped lawns with perfectly shaped conical pines and round bushes arranged in artistic symmetry alongside, and in the center of, curving walkways.

And yet this invisible rustic villa's gardens are vast, much more impressive than the runways of a major airport. I'm hovering over this scene of nature contained in geometric shapes, so beautiful to behold and untainted by the sense that money or peasant labor is involved in its creation, for there are no people anywhere. The landscape reminds me of Italy centuries ago but it also feels timeless, like much more than what I'm labeling it.

And then I become aware of a black line that forms

In Your Dreams!

beside me from below as though emerging from my own black figure, a line that is slender and yet dimensional enough for me to perch on its sharp tip, my arms outstretched, as I look down. Wow! I am suddenly so high up the world is only just barely visible, a flat expanse without borders of circular rooftops and rectangular buildings, walls and avenues, so far, far away the colors are softened, a light-brown sandstone predominating. No words can express the breathtaking awe I experienced poised on this black, sword-sharp shaft with no discernible beginning, gazing down at the world. I hadn't flown up there on my own, I knew in my heart I had been brought there, this view, this vision, felt like a special gift, and I joyfully appreciated it.

Now what!?! I experience a tinge of concern wondering if I somehow fell asleep on the road I was walking on, which wouldn't be a good thing as a car might run me over, but I can't worry about that. I want to remain in this incredible lucid dream, so I do what I've done in all my most recent lucid dreams and reach into the right pocket of my pants intending X's key to be there. I find it, but it feels really small. I pull it out and look at it. It definitely resembles the actual key, the only problem is, it grows as I stare at it, becoming broader and more brassy looking. I'm on the ground now; the key brought me straight back down to earth and the street of a city, a pleasant one, no skyscrapers, a foreign feel. I'm next to a building with an open balcony above a short flight of steps. A good source for doors on which to use my key.

I proceed inside along a narrow and short corridor with a door opening on the left into a very small office with distinct masculine touches. It occurs to me if I open something in here I might learn something about X and look around me for a possible object. There isn't anything except a terracotta-like container, only about two feet in diameter, I can't really remember it clearly. The problem is, the key hole is way too small.

I turn away, intending to continue my search, but then it occurs to me I can fish another, much smaller key, from my right pocket, and that's just what I do. Turning back with the little silver key, I thrust it determinedly into the lock and turn it to the right. I open the tight, narrow drawer, which is crammed with stuff. The only distinct object in the junk-like clutter, the first thing I see, is a thin pewter-

like letter opener with a sharp, tapering end while the top is carved in the shape of a bird. More birds I think, sifting through the paper and handling a curious charm-bracelet-like object made of yellow and red squares that look like plastic, but I'm not really sure what the heck it is.

I abandon the drawer, with most of its contents strewn across the desk, and leave the room just as its owner returns, a young woman with dark hair. We smile at each other, but once out in the corridor, I consider that she might not appreciate having her drawer rifled through. Sure enough, I hear her complaining and hurrying out after me. Time to go! Smiling, I Superman straight up through the ceiling, which is solid and resists but gives way to my absolutely determined intent. It was the fastest way out of there.

I'm still in this quaint feeling city, and as I bridge a barrier, climbing over it, I think there's no reason for me to wake up yet. As I begin walking along a street, I remember I want to try and heal an annoying little cold sore that keeps coming back. To this end, I raise my right hand to the side of my face and point my index finger at the spot, the right side of my mouth where my two lips meet, even as I become aware of my reflection in the glass side of a building and approach it. I intend the violet healing energy I used to cure my tendinitis to emanate from my index finger, and waiting for it to appear, I notice that even though I'm sure it's me I'm seeing, the reflection is showing me a man's face. It's not a perfect mirror reflection, but I can see that he's handsome and smiling. I'm immensely gratified by the thin, laser-like shaft of violet-purple light, with a circle around it like a targeting system, emanating from my finger aimed straight at the spot where my tiny cold sore is in waking reality.

This is much more powerful looking than the faint violet glimmers I was able to conjure more than a year ago in lucid dream healings. I focus this beam on the exact spot necessary in the reflection of the man's/my face for a good amount of time, actually able to feel something happening on my dream face as I wake.

Dream Notes: I really can't describe how I felt when I saw that columned mist form that was filled with Sara. I'll never forget it. Once I became lucid, I tried to take control of the dream but was not permitted

to do so. As X pointed out, I was being shown something for some reason. I feel it was a gift from my late bff, Sara, whose unpublished writings I am currently transcribing, a painful and yet also wonderful process as I feel so profoundly close to her as I read and type her handwritten poems and stories. The first half of the dream which felt like a gift, felt very different from the second half after I took control.

I wear black yoga pants a lot, but seldom black shirts anymore. I was unusually conscious of my outfit. Light is something whereas darkness is nothing, and yet everything is latent in its "emptiness" which is really full of energy. I was dressed by the dream in a black that perfectly matched the black "line" I perched on above the world, my outstretched arms reminiscent of the Christ statue in Brazil. I comprehend this metaphysically – my Inner Self is an infinite nothingness from which springs forth light, substance and form in the Divine gesture of creation.

At the end, I used a tried-and-true system of healing for my cold sore that wasn't necessarily the best approach, as a cold sore is a symptom of an underlying virus and therefore not such a simple issue to address. With that said, there was no sign of it when I woke and, curiously, where it had been burned a little, as though I had swabbed it with rubbing alcohol.

I can guess it was X's face I was seeing in the glass because our telepathic link is proving to be extremely powerful. As he suggested, using his key may have established a connection with him indicated by this reflection. There have been lots of birds in his dreams these past few days, hence my thought more birds when I found a pewter bird-shaped letter opener in the drawer. What's curious is that I always use his key on a door, but this time the dream presented me with a terracotta container, or an urn? The Etruscans practiced cremation and their remains were usually stored in terracotta jars and pots. It seems significant considering my aerial view of Tuscany earlier in the dream. My mother pointed out that Etruscan Divinators (Augurs) used birds to predict the future; they released birds and watched their flight patterns, etc. She said, "You and X, in desiring to explore past lives together, are seeking, as the

Etruscan priests did, to pierce the fabric of time." I then told her about X's 3 birds in a cage dream and she stated emphatically, "They must be released." That's what Augurs did, they released birds to read the future. X and I are seeking to read the past. Hence the heavily tarnished silver letter opener carved like a bird (I saw it as pewter but it could easily have been ancient silver) I found in the drawer of a terracotta urn. The letters could refer to our email correspondence and what we're opening with it, as in discovering.

Tk Blanket Spirit

Lately I've been looking into Astral Projection and OBE's hoping to have my own so that I know what it feels like in comparison to lucid dreaming. My dream felt like a mixture between the two, because I felt as if I was looking in on the dream rather than being a part of it.

Things started to become vivid when I was in a car with some of my friends. I knew that I was in a lucid dream because the fact kept repeating in my mind "This is a dream." It was like a consistent reminder that popped up every once in a while, I never consciously thought about the reality I was in, it only kept occurring to me over and over again, "This is a dream."

We weren't driving on the road, or even anywhere with physical landscapes. The car seemed to be cruising through space, outside was just a mass of black and white swirls. Next to me was a guy I'm close with, and somehow he sensed my confusion and grabbed my hand.

When our fingers locked together, our physical bodies disintegrated into smoke and we floated up in the air, two separate colors, me white and him black. His spirit was larger than mine, and I noticed in the way it moved that it had a permanent form, yet flexible still so that it moved with my spirit in the same way.

I called his spirit a blanket because it bunched up and twisted and wrapped around my spirit, which was more like a light that could be moved through, and finally he had my soul wrapped in his. He was

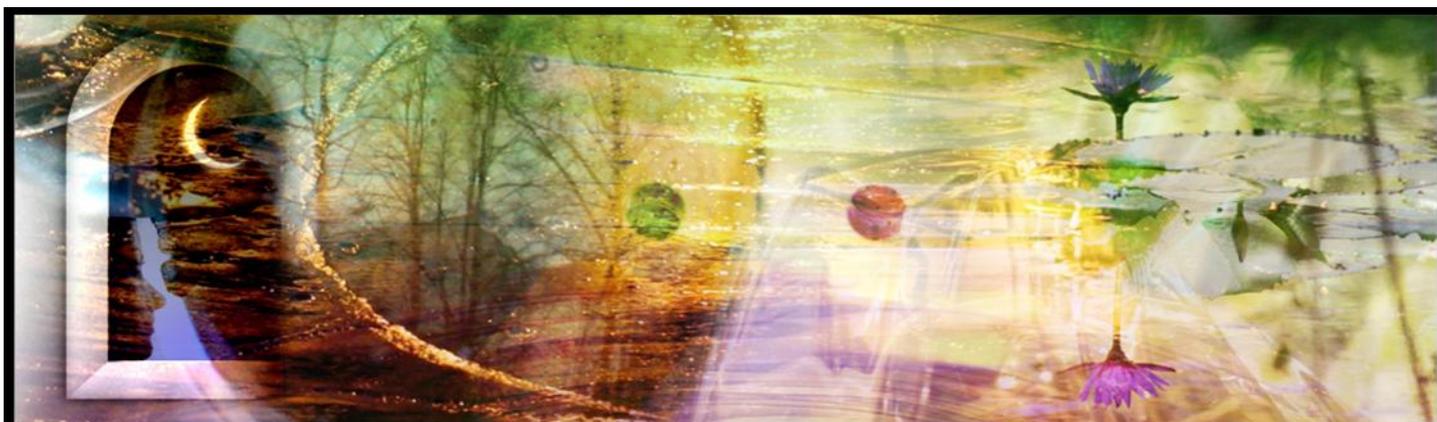
transparent, so wherever we traveled I could see through onto the scene, but he shielded me from the action.

I was confused about most of what I saw. We mostly floated through blank space and above rooms I'd never seen before, and I can't remember the places where we were, only how high up I was while looking down from the ceiling. Nothing made sense to me, I only knew that I was a spirit connected to his. I couldn't speak, I only felt and I knew that he understood whatever I thought.

Since I was nothing but confused, he whispered to me that he was protecting me from danger and deceit. I still felt his physical hand in mine, and only when one of us let go did his spirit unwrap from around me and leave me in a setting I was unfamiliar with.

I was lost and scared and confused, and I was unsure if what I was experiencing was real or fake without him there to tell me. After a bit, his voice came to my ears telling me not to be scared without him, I only needed to go back to my body. After that I woke up.

I'm still unsure if it was a real OBE since I'd never heard about a friend coming with you, and when I told my friend he was a spirit blanket in my dreams he didn't seem to recall anything. Still, it was probably the most vivid dream I've ever experienced, and some of what I saw and felt were proved correct when I woke up.



PsiberDreaming 2013: Our 12th Annual Online Conference
Through the Looking Glass of Dreams
Sunday, September 22 – Sunday, October 6, 2013

Many psychologists and philosophers view dreams as a metaphorical mirror of the ego, psyche, soul, or some otherwise hidden aspect of oneself. Lewis Carroll's book *Through the Looking-Glass* has his character Alice step through a dream mirror into an alternate reality – where, among other challenges, she's told that she only exists as a character in the Red King's dream. People have a variety of fascinating experiences when dreaming of looking into a mirror, and lucid dreamers often experiment with mirrors in dreams. What do we learn about ourselves in the looking-glass of dreams, and how do they serve as a portal into possibilities hitherto undreamed?

<http://asdreams.org/psi2013>



My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your “Top Ten” lucid dreams?

Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

“What is your most...?”

memorable

profound

entertaining

unusual or bizarre

enlightening

life-changing

other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!

(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE



Mirrors in Lucid Dreams

(Theme for the Autumn Issue of LDE)

What experiences have you had with mirrors
in your lucid dreams?

Deadline for Submissions is
August 15, 2013

Submit through our website at:
[http://www.dreaminglucid.com/
submitdreamsarticles.html](http://www.dreaminglucid.com/submitdreamsarticles.html)

Suggested Themes for Future Issues Send in your dreams or articles any time!

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

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

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

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

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

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



Golden Gateway to Dreams

31st Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams

June 4 - 8, 2014

DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina
Berkeley, California, USA

Call for Presentations

The Venue • The DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina is located on San Francisco Bay with sweeping views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. The hotel, with a pool and fitness center, is surrounded by a waterfront wildlife sanctuary with nature trails that offer spectacular views, hiking, bird-watching, fishing and even competitive kite flying on an international scale. Berkeley is a uniquely historical university town and home of the IASD Central Office. Spend time vacationing in the Bay Area and enjoy such San Francisco sights as the historic Fisherman's Wharf area, Chinatown, Alcatraz and riding the cable cars. Explore the nearby coastal beaches, redwood forests and Yosemite National Park.

The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers, about 150 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike along the shoreline nature preserve, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and a Sunset Cruise on San Francisco Bay.

Submissions • High quality proposals are invited addressing any of the following tracks: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and Anthropology; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; Dreams and Health; Mental Imagery; and the Golden Gateway to Dreams Conference Theme. Submission Categories include: Paper Presentations; Symposia; Panels; Workshops; Special Events; Morning Dream Groups; and Research, Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Papers. All submissions must be made online.

Deadline for submissions is 1 December 2013

Note the earlier than usual deadlines due to an early June conference date!
(15 February 2014 for Hot-off-the-press and Poster Sessions)

Go to www.asdreams.org/2014

for conference information and submission instructions.





The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank

<https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/>

Robert's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne

Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net

Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."

www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

www.dreams.ca

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver's presentation of inter-dream experiments given at the June IASD conference in Berkeley:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

Rebecca's Website

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Lucid Dreaming Documentary

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Ed Kellogg

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

Christoph Gassmann

Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Nick Cumbo

Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Al Moniz

The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Roger "Pete" Peterson

<http://realtalklibrary.com>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

www.dreamingtrue.com

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com