



# LDE

Vol. 10, No. 4, March 2022  
[www.LucidDreamingMagazine.com](http://www.LucidDreamingMagazine.com)

# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



**Wormholes in the Lucid Void • Stars of Clay**  
**The Mysterious Hotel • A Quest to Saturn**  
**DreamSpeak Interview with Eleanor Cait**



## ABOUT THE CONFERENCE



Everyone is welcome – whether you are a professional, a dreamworker, or just a curious or interested dreamer. The program features peer-reviewed presentations and workshops in a multidisciplinary program, including the scientific, psychological, spiritual, artistic, healing, lucid, extraordinary, ethnic and cultural aspects of dreaming.

International Association for the Study of Dreams is approved by the American Psychological Association to sponsor continuing education for psychologists. International Association for the Study of Dreams maintains responsibility for this program and its content.

## SPECIAL EVENTS



- Dream Art Exhibit and Reception
- Community Building for Newcomers
- A Dream Hike in Tucson
- Asclepeion Temple
- Cooling Pool Swimming Activity
- Psi Dreaming Contest
- Dream Ball & Costume Parade

## TRAVEL INFORMATION

Tucson International Airport (TUS)  
7250 South Tucson Boulevard  
Tucson, AZ 85756  
(520) 573-8100



## PANDEMIC PRECAUTIONS:

Although the impact, if any, of the pandemic on our conference is unknown at this point, we will be bound by whatever the local regulations are at the time and are asking that people attend only if they have been vaccinated or have had a recent negative test prior to attending.

## GET IN TOUCH

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## THE VENUE

The Venue is the spectacular Loews Ventana Canyon Resort, in Tucson, Arizona, USA. Discover a magical perspective of Tucson in the Catalina Mountains.





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## Statement of Purpose

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

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## Submissions

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

## Subscriptions

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## Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: May 15, 2022

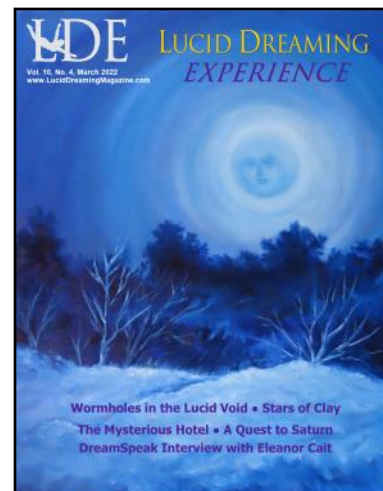
*We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming!*

Publication Date: June 2022

## LDE Website

<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2022

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH ELEANOR CAIT

Eleanor Cait  
shares how  
lucid  
dreaming  
helps her  
deal with  
nightmares  
and anxiety,  
and enjoy life

*Welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?*

The first dream I remember was a nightmare I had when I was four years old. I remember I was afraid of a computer screen with a face that had a creepy voice saying the computer was broken.

I had my first lucid dream in 2002 in sixth grade (age 11). I didn't know that this kind of dreaming had a particular name and, at the time, considered it a sort of strange fluke that likely wouldn't happen again. My first lucid dream ties into my later nightmare sign. In the dream, I was told by a dream figure (my best friend) that she was going to set our front steps on fire. It seemed unrealistic for her to do something like that, so I pinched my nose ( my first ever reality test) and woke up.

I learned what lucid dreaming was a few years later, online, and recognized the phenomenon and that I'd had one before. However, I didn't start trying to induce them until I was 18 and out of high school.

*Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?*

I remember experiencing the very common disappointment new lucid dreamers feel when their emotions get too elevated in a lucid dream and they wake up quickly. In early 2009, I was able to induce my first stable lucid dream, featuring the power of flight. My first induced lucid dream involved spontaneous lucidity in a nature park with some human dream figures. I decided to fly after becoming lucid. Mid-flight, the dream scene changed and I lost lucidity. I woke up extremely excited and recorded my feelings right away on my computer.

*As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.*

I was hoping to be able to do whatever I liked in terms of "superpowers," as the dreamer, and in getting dream figures to do what I wanted of them. That didn't happen—I struggled to both recall and believe in my own powers fully as the dreamer. Eventually, it

seemed that letting the dream guide itself in terms of plot-line was often the best course of action. As in your metaphor involving a sailor trying to control the sea, I attempted and failed at superpowers as a beginning oneironaut. The superpowers I tried were teleportation, emitting light or electricity from my hands, and breaking through walls/doors/ceilings by just wanting to.

What I have had success with is meeting historical figures in lucid dreams. The late astronomer Carl Sagan is one of my dream signs because I know he is dead in our reality. I don't feel it is possible for me to tell if it is really him as a deceased dream figure, as he died when I was six, and I didn't discover his work and legacy until I was in college (thanks to my biology teacher that year who showed my class a Symphony of Science video featuring Sagan). In other words, I didn't know who he was (and vice versa) when he was alive, and know he dismissed the idea of an afterlife concept.

I have also enjoyed meeting living people I admire in non-lucid dreams, such as you and Stephen LaBerge.

### ***What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?***

I was struggling with chronic nightmares as an older teen and young adult, which I despised because I thought nightmares were a “children’s problem” and that all kids who struggled with them would grow out of them. Lucid dreaming appealed to me as a way to make nightmares less frightening. Once lucid, the frightening part of the dream does not have power over the dreamer anymore (you can choose to wake up, as I would, or confront the fear, which folks have said also worked in ending recurring nightmares).

### ***What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?***

The techniques that worked best for me were reality testing (see my article, *Reality Testing*, in the March 2021 LDE, page 24) when encountering dream signs, and learning my dream signs through dream journaling (my nightmare sign was spontaneous fire). Wake Back To Bed also works well for me when possible. I have struggled with WILDs.

If I have relaxed my body enough to trigger sleep paralysis, I am already asleep. When I am using the WBTB technique, I usually return either directly to the prior dream or begin a new dream (not always lucid). The visual reality tests, such as looking at written text and digital clocks, work best for me.

### ***Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?***

Yes, there are definitely rules. You cannot just “play God” as you might in a video game and “control” whatever you want in the dream. You can't just “brute force” your way into getting dream superpowers right away—well, at least I couldn't. It has been said that we lucid dreamers “co-create” the dream with what you (Robert) call “the Awareness Behind the Dream.” If I close my eyes in a lucid dream, I either wake up or the dream environment changes enough that I lose lucidity.

This ties into Ian Wilson's work as a gamer and long time oneironaut. I do have the occasional dream featuring video game graphics, such as this example from my dream journal a few years ago:

The dream setting is Kanto from the Pokemon video game series with the graphics of a Game Boy Color circa Pokemon Yellow (single color graphics with white background). I am visiting the Safari Zone area in-game and trying to catch a Pokemon called Tangela. Instead, I catch two other Pokemon called Victreebel and Kangaskhan. I notice then that the Safari Zone area is on an island, which is not in the actual game, and this triggers my lucidity. However, I awaken shortly afterwards.

### ***Many lucid dreamers have noticed that ‘emotions’ play a role in lucid dreaming. Have you noticed this, also?***

Yes, for sure. I mentioned earlier in the interview that early in my lucid dreaming journey, I would often “fall into the emotional ‘trap’” of getting so excited upon becoming lucid that the dream dissolves and I awaken, either in this reality or another non-lucid dream. I took the advice of other oneironauts who also experienced this ‘emotional trap’ themselves, which is to have a goal of not just getting lucid, but calming your ego and focusing on the dream environment or figures instead of your own emotions, in order to remain within the lucid dream as-is.

***Have you ever experienced strong emotions in a lucid dream? Can you share an example of an actual lucid dream?***

Here is one example I have of strong positive emotions in my lucid dreams, recorded in May 2021:

The setting involves various British authors speaking at book clubs around England (I neither live there nor was visiting there at the time of this dream). I gain lucidity when I notice some of the authors are long deceased. I become very excited within the dream when I notice a dream figure I admire in our shared reality is one of these speakers. (I think this dream figure was nonfiction writer Daniel Tammet, who often appears as a dream figure for me because I have admired his work for years). I awaken to my alarm clock, and I made a note in my dream journal to attempt to return to this particular lucid dream and continue chatting with the dream figures, including Tammet.

***How did that make you feel? Could you connect it with anything going on in your waking life?***

The excitement from the lucid dream continued for several hours during my morning at work that day (as opposed to most of my mornings at that job). I recall that I had been reading a book before bed the prior night by one of the other dream figures (possibly JK Rowling, who wrote the Harry Potter series of books). Through my lucid dreaming practice, I have learned the process of “running with” the thrill of gaining lucidity to determine my part within a particular lucid dream.

***How do you deal with strong emotions in a lucid dream?***

Early in my lucid dreaming practice, I recorded a lucid dream where my nightmare sign of strong fire appeared, and I managed to start a firefighting team with the nearby dream figures. This was not a nightmare because, despite the appearance of the fire, I managed to take control of my fear upon seeing the fire and becoming lucid.

Learning how to manage my emotions that are triggered within a lucid dream has been a key part of my lucid dreaming practice. As my desire to lucid dream was originally to tamp down on my then-chronic nightmares, I learned a lesson of “though you don’t control the dream, it need not control you either.” In other words, I can choose to respond to my nightmare sign of fire without fear once I am lucid. This also applies to other nightmare signs such as being pursued by a monster. I also learned a lesson about “letting the dream guide you”—meaning, in my experience, that lucidity doesn’t mean you get to “play God” as the dreamer. However, you can choose to respond calmly to a lucid dream scenario where strong emotions are triggered.

Just like how many lucid dreamers mentally practice what we want to do in our dreams once lucid, I mentally practiced my goal of doing reality tests when encountering fire and reminding myself that if it’s powerful and seemingly wild, it cannot hurt me within the dream because I am lucid. You do not have to always face your fear right away when lucid—it might be enough to just feel brave in the moment.

I still encounter fires as a dream sign, but they rarely trigger strong nightmares, and when they do, the fear helps me gain lucidity.

***In the waking state, have you ever used the ‘lessons’ from these emotionally powerful lucid dreams in your waking life to deal with emotional situations? How did you do that? What was the result?***

I have anxiety when awake, and it helps me manage it when I consider how I would react if I were in a lucid dream and anxious or afraid. Just like in lucid dreams, we do not fully control our waking lives either. We can choose how to react to waking situations, even if our first instinct is fight-or-flight. I like to think humans gained the ability to lucid dream as a side effect of our intellect (compared to other animals that lack the ability to self-reflect).

Thanks to my experience as a lucid dreamer and anxious person, I have recognized that lucid dreaming is a powerful therapeutic technique for nightmare sufferers and can be used either independently or with the help of a professional. I definitely think more folks who struggle with nightmares (such as veterans or abuse victims with PTSD) should look into lucid dreaming as a practice.

***Thanks, Eleanor, for sharing your experiences! ▲***



# Where's Robert?

## Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner

**April 8-10, 2022 — Boulder, Colorado**

**"Dreaming Wide Awake" Lucid Dreaming Retreat**

**A weekend retreat with Robert Waggoner and Lana Sackwild**

**Details at:** <https://www.lanasackwild.com/dreamingwideawake>

**July 17-21, 2022 — Tucson, Arizona**

**International Association for the Study of Dreams Conference**

**Robert and others will present at the IASD's Annual Conference**

**Details at:** <https://iasdconferences.org/2022/>

Want to take a lucid dreaming class at your own pace? Check out Robert's online offerings!

### **Jung Platform Online Course**

**"Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth, by Robert Waggoner"**

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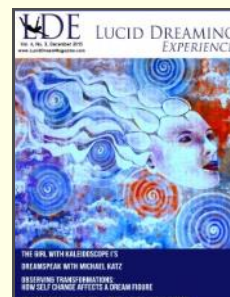
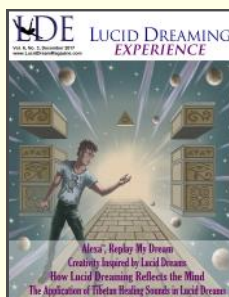
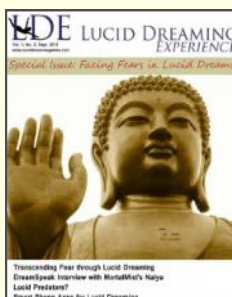
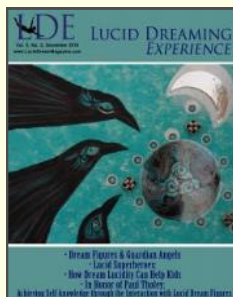
### **Hemi-Sync Online Course**

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## *TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES*



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*Amy studied the backs of her hands*, from the pointed tips of her turquoise-colored nails, to the faint little wrinkles above the wrists. There was something she was missing... something more important than anything else right now, if only she could remember...

"You get it all?" Sandra asked, scowling. "I swear, if I get my hands on those little cretins."

Oh. Right. Amy was checking her hands for ketchup splatter after two small kids, a boy and girl playing an enthusiastic game of cops and robbers, tore through aisle eight where she was stocking. It was cute at first (the girl had crimson hair like Amy's, so maybe she held a soft spot) until the taller, lankier boy fired a finger pistol at his friend's heart; she clutched her chest and fell back into the ketchup shelf in a slow, painfully dramatic demise. Five bottles hit the tiled floor and shattered, spraying half the condiment aisle—and Amy—in dark, oozing tomato blood. Her new CloudWalk shoes were saved at least; a huge relief since they were as white as the name suggests, and remarkably overpriced for its promise.

Sandra, her manager, had brought paper towels and offered to "help mop," which really meant standing near the mop to gossip about Bryan in pharmacy. Amy was used to it, she'd been at this job long enough to know there was really no one to extend a hand.

It wasn't long before Amy was called up to work a register, and even less time before some cranky old lady was arguing over the price of bananas. To most, this would seem a very bad day at work; Amy just called it Monday night. She bit her tongue and explained, as smiley-faced as she could muster, that the store charges for each banana, not by the pound like in the dinosaur days, and that each banana would cost a dollar-four.

"So, if you're planning to buy three bananas, Mrs. Larkin, it's going to cost you three dollars and some change. Your total is right here on the screen, but if you'd like I can find a calculator--"

"—Well in my day the customer was always right! Then you post-millennials got all 'woken' and now there's drone cameras everywhere spying on us shoppers, and 'employee rights'—air quotes were applied to that last bit, performed by long knobby fingers trembling with years of abuse—"and now here I am being asked to pay over a dollar per banana. Per! Instead of by the pound as it should be!"

"Mrs. Larkin..."

"You know, I remember when water was free! Yeah, you could just step right up to the tap, and there ya have it. I want to speak to your manager!"

"Well, I don't think the water was ever really free, was it?" Amy couldn't help herself; besides the ketchup explosion earlier and Sandra's meltdown in the deep freeze, it was a slow night. "I mean, maybe it was really cheap, but you got a water bill, no?"

"Your manager!"



"Sure, let me get her for you." Amy suddenly remembered her customer-service smile, and quietly promised to stop being so cheeky. "But just so you know, I left her mopping up a huge mess, which usually doesn't leave her in a great mood... but if you really want me to... I'm sure she can come up and use her big fancy manager calculator." She cringed immediately and looked away, that was too far...

But there was no reply, and when Amy looked back the old lady stood motionless, her head hanging low, an out-stretched hand in midst of the particularly rude gesture of a bird. A long wheezing moan passed through her thin pursed lips, sputtering off to a dead silence.

"Uh, ma'am?"

Amy scanned the checkout center for help, but no one was paying attention besides the tall guy next in line. Kind of cute, thought Amy, if he weren't staring like a creep. Cute in like a nerdy movie star kind of way, she amended upon further study. She didn't typically go for brunettes but there was something magnetic about his eyes, green with burst of hazel around the pupils. When he noticed her staring back, the young man smiled and said, "You've already forgotten about the old lady, haven't you?"

With a gasp, she snapped back to Mrs. Larkin, who still stood frozen by the paypad. Amy felt frozen too, except to reach out and touch the lady's shoulder. It felt soft and warm, like when she last hugged her grandmother.

"Hey, are you OK?" she asked, and looked around again. Why won't anyone help?

"Wow," the cute guy said, "you really broke one properly this time, huh?" Amy wheeled.

"Are you just going to stand there?" she burst, panicking. "Get help! Call someone!"

Suddenly, manager Sandra ran up from the back of the store, heaving.

"You paged?" she asked between wheezes, "what's wrong?"

"No, she didn't," said the tall guy.

"What?" Amy and Sandra retorted in unison. This weirdo was looking less cute by the minute...

"If you'll remember, Amy," he said, and stepped over to Mrs. Larkin, then gently lowered her middle finger. "You never called for the manager. This lady asked you to, and you never did. And then, this happened." He bent down and opened one of the old woman's sagging eyelids. Satisfied, he stood and turned to Sandra. "No, she never called you, you're a diversion to get us back on track. On script. And if that doesn't work, they'll show up soon."

"Look here, my dude," snorted Sandra, "I have no idea what you're on about, but if you have any idea of the kind of night I've had, you'd shut your mouth and let the adults do the talking, mmmkay?"

"Yes ma'am," he replied with a snappy salute. "But only if Amy here can tell me where she works." Looking to Amy his hand lowered, "and don't just say you work 'here.' What is the name of this store?"

"Are you crazy? There is an elderly person here having a real medical emergency—will someone PLEASE call 911!"

"You call them." He shrugged. "Don't you have a phone on you? What century are we in?"

"Well, I —Yeah, I'm sure I have one... around here..." Amy patted her pockets and searched around the register.

"Where do you work?" he insisted.

"I'm not stupid, I know where I work! It's— it's uh... well, here. I work here. "

"What's it called?"

"It's called... Um, hmmm, hang on..."

"Why do you have ketchup all over you, Amy?"

"Well," she replied, looking down. The sour stench of vinegar and tomato wafted up from her splattered shirt. "Yeah, there was a thing earlier and... and Sandra said I couldn't go change because they might need me up on a register." She looked to her manager, who nodded with reassurance. "I mean, I think, right? I was mopping all that up and then... I got called up to a register."

"You sure?" Leaving Mrs. Larkin, the tall guy stepped to the far end of the checkout counter, eying the nearest exit. "Or, did you just find yourself here, arguing with that delightful young lady about the price of bananas?"

"You're right...," said Amy, slowly piecing it together, "No, I never called for the manager..."

Shoving past Mrs. Larkin, Sandra stepped up to the register and grabbed Amy's hand, patting it softly.

"Don't listen to him Amy, everything will be just fine. You can go home and change your clothes right after I kick that trouble maker's skinny little—aaaahhhh!--" The shrieking that ended Sandra's sentence was short winded, as the old woman sprung to life and sunk her teeth deep into the manager's veiny neck.

No, not teeth— they didn't look like teeth at all to Amy, they just looked... wrong. Too long and shiny, like rows of little golden daggers. Amy stood shocked, as tiny bits of Sandra were caught in Mrs. Larkin's deepest wrinkles; the old woman relished her meal with closed eyes—wait no, she had no eyes! Two black holes were all that filled Mrs. Larkin's sockets, darker than the loneliest voids of space between dying stars. Amy fell back into the shelves behind the register and knocked over a bottle of red shampoo, dousing her CloudWalks in thick bloody soap, completing the ensemble.

"Amy, we need to go," the tall guy said, "right now. Please, I need you to leave your register and let's walk away. Carefully."

"I— I can't..." she replied shakily, unable to take her eyes off Sandra. "Mrs. Larkin is a vampire?"

"Something like that," he said, reaching out, "and yes you can. You can leave here if you want. But you have to want it, and quick before Mrs. Larkin is finished with her meal. Who do you think will be next?"

The old woman released her golden daggers from Sandra's neck; then as if her lower jaw became unhinged, Mrs. Larkin's mouth opened wide enough to swallow Amy's manager whole, head first. Her crooked body seemed to stretch and grow just tall enough to do it, and picked up a limp Sandra with very little effort. Before long she was sliding the feet down with a wet slurp.

"Don't just stand there Amy, come on!"

Like breaking from a nasty spell, Amy turned to him and, shaking her head, "I'm dreaming..."


"Took you long enough, now let's go!" His hand stretched further, wriggling anxiously for her to take it.

• • • • •


The first episode of this story was published in the September 2021 LDE.


Read the full story here:


<https://sovereignabilities.com/2022/01/01/stars-of-clay-episode-two/>



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# Wormholes in the Lucid Void

by Melinda Powell © 2022

An excerpt from Chapter 12 of the recently published  
*Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming*

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*Trust your dreams for in them you find the gate to eternity.*<sup>153</sup>  
— Khalil Gibran

In my lucid dreams, vortexes or tunnels spontaneously appear, seemingly out of nowhere, to ferry me at hyper-velocity to unknown destinations. For want of a better word, I have described these tunnels as 'wormholes'. One of my earliest such lucid dreams began like this:

*I enter a room at twilight. There I teach English to a Frenchman. I am sitting on a bed, and he is on a chair next to me. As evening falls, the room darkens, and he becomes silhouetted in the diffused light. Softly he says in French, 'Ou es tu?' (Where are you?) I respond, 'Je suis ici' (I am here). As he leans forward to kiss me, I realise I am dreaming, at which moment it feels as if I am pulled between the man's lips into a long, dark, shining tunnel at an incredible speed. My dream body has disappeared, and I sense myself as a point of consciousness. To keep centred, I repeat a Holy Name. The 'wormhole' goes on and on and, spontaneously, I begin to sing a sacred hymn. As I sing, the velocity increases.*

*The journey abruptly ends in a silent space, where an iridescent darkness surrounds me. I wait, and a shimmer of light falls over me. I feel the presence of Spirit and wonder if these lights are angels. Then, without warning, I am being returned at an even greater speed, back through the same tunnel, as if guided by invisible Beings. When I awaken, it is 4 a.m.*

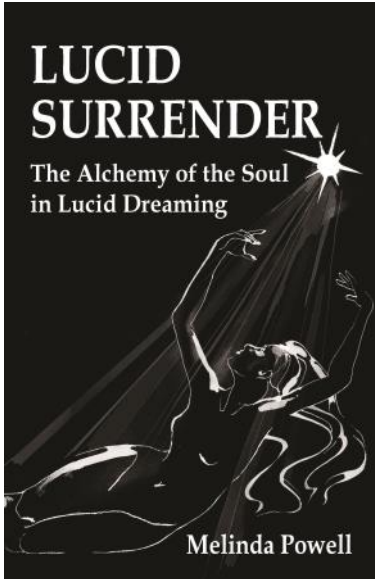
This initial experience bears the hallmarks of many wormhole dreams that were to follow:

1. The sudden appearance of the wormhole at a moment of focused concentration and profound feeling.
2. Primarily cylindrical forms that appear as vortexes, spheres or tunnels, with darkly luminescent interiors of varying inner construction, colours and movement.
3. The replacement of the 'dream body' with an awareness of an invisible, subtle body.
4. A powerful magnetic force that pulls the subtle body into the wormhole.
5. The sensation of being carried through the wormhole by a tremendous current of energy, requiring submission and concentrated focus to navigate.
6. Hyper-velocity transport through the wormhole that accelerates as devotional concentration deepens.
7. An abrupt ending that culminates in a gentle 'landing', stillness, and revelatory encounters at what seems to be a 'meeting' or 'viewing point'.
8. Unexpected and equally sudden reversal of the journey back through the wormhole, either to the original dream or to full waking consciousness.

As in the opening dream, a wormhole may form out of specific dream imagery, particularly lips, eyes and mirrors. When, in waking life or in a dream, we cross a threshold or a bridge, travel on transport or experience a rite of passage, we can think of ourselves as having taken a metaphorical 'wormhole' into a new dimension of consciousness, a new way of being. However, as I have become more confident in journeying through apparent wormholes, yet more massive and powerful vortices have arisen from within the Black Light of the lucid void. In this chapter, I shall attempt to describe the source, construction and purpose of these wormholes and to draw a comparison with reference to what we are now learning from advances in astrophysics.

When I first began encountering wormholes in dream lucidity in 2008, I knew only that physicists thought they may potentially create ‘shortcuts’ in space. Then, in 2014, at an international conference, when I was giving a talk on the phenomenology of my ‘wormhole’ dreams, fellow panellist and physicist Don Middelndorf commented on how un-cannily the descriptions of my lucid dream wormholes fitted with concepts of current astrophysics. Having since then delved into the science of wormholes, I now understand what my colleague meant!<sup>154</sup>

### Lucid Surrender and Traversing Wormholes



The term ‘wormhole’ was coined in 1957 by physicists John Wheeler and Charles Misner to characterise a hypothetical ‘bridge’, postulated by Albert Einstein and Nathan Rosen in 1935, that could link distant domains of spacetime through hyperspace, on account of the fundamental curvature of spacetime.<sup>155</sup>

To illustrate how wormholes are thought to work, theoretical physicists use the image of a worm burrowing straight through an apple rather than going the longer way around the apple’s surface, thereby taking a shorter route. The worm makes this journey by moving from the apple’s three-dimensional surface through its interior, construed as a four-dimensional domain. In recent years, the science of wormholes has gathered pace. Black holes are now thought to be the ‘mouths’ of massive wormholes (a finding that tallies with my own observations in lucidity), while countless smaller, unstable wormholes are believed to appear and then disappear in the fabric of spacetime. However, in the physical universe, it is thought to be impossible for a person to survive travelling through such a wormhole, since the gravitational field would either stretch and crush the human body, or else the wormhole itself would collapse before it could be traversed.

After a good many ‘wormhole’ journeys in lucidity, I began to question the physicalist assumption that human beings would need some kind of spacecraft to travel through a wormhole. In *Lucid Surrender*, my experience has been that a particular form of consciousness not only creates (or reveals) a wormhole but also makes traversing it possible. Such wormholes generally appear in the lucid void in response to a feeling of gravitas — the deep state of concentration and devotion characteristic of *Lucid Surrender*.

One of my most powerful wormhole dreams, ‘Saturnine Beings’, which took place years after the dream that opens this chapter, illustrates this process. Characteristically, I prepare for such dreams by spending some time in prayer prior to falling sleep.<sup>156</sup> On this occasion, I woke up around four in the morning feeling upset about my work and personal life. I decided to say the ‘Welcoming Prayer’,<sup>157</sup> i.e., ‘Welcome spite-fulness, welcome resentment, welcome confusion, welcome unknowing, welcome desire...’ Then a sung version of Psalm 28:7 welled up in me, ‘You my God are my heart’s desire’:

*The next moment, I realise that I am lucid, and my being is taken up on the Black Light, where I have the sensation of zigzagging back and forth for some time at great speed. It takes a lot of energy simply to keep my bearings. I start to ponder what all this is for. I feel terribly alone, but then remind myself that celestial Beings surround me. After some time, I recall the song from my prayers before sleep: ‘You my God are my heart’s desire, and my soul cries out to Thee. You my God are my strength, my shield, to you oh Lord will your Servant yield. You my God are my heart’s desire, and my soul cries out to Thee.’*

*As the song continues, I have the distinct impression that my very being curls up and takes refuge in the words and music like a butterfly in a cocoon. Encapsulated in this way, my soul is pulled into a wormhole funnel at incredible velocity. The intensity of the journey begins to feel unbearable. I call out, ‘I wish I could see you, Holy Beings of Light.’ At that moment, my essence ‘splashes’ into a pool of shimmering pinpricks of living lights. Before me, a stunning, endless expanse of new planets and constellations is revealed.*

*A group of five planets of massive proportions cluster together in front of me in a most unusual way, leaning into one another like friends or family consulting one another. They emit a striking, tawny-coloured light. I notice that these great planets have Saturnine rings around them, which tilt with their*



*movements. The overall impression is one of serene equanimity combined with fiery intensity and intelligence, causing me to wonder whether these planets are actually Great Beings.*

*The clear beauty, piercing intelligence, and the tremendous force of the scene startles me, and as my internal focus shifts, I am pulled back through the wormhole passage, feeling disappointed that I couldn't stay there longer, yet grateful to have been shown such a vista within Lucid Surrender.*

Over recent years, physicists have extended the wormhole analogy, hypothesising that deep within the 'core' of hyper-space, space-time as we know it may give way to multiple dimensions,<sup>158</sup> where other worlds invisible to us may exist. Wormholes could, in theory, enable us to enter these dimensions. Furthermore, the physicist John Hagelin has argued that, at the quantum level, the entire universe arises from a 'unified field of consciousness'.<sup>159</sup> In Hagelin's view, wormholes allow for the creation of midway points where different points within the same universe can meet. Based on my experience of wormholes, I have wondered if they connect different dimensions in the multiverse.

Correspondingly, in my lucid dreams, there has always felt to be an interplay between my consciousness and wormhole phenomena, in which my devotional gravitas on one side of the wormhole transports me to extra-dimensional Beings on the other side. It seems the energy of my consciousness becomes the vehicle required for traversing the wormhole, my focus and desire has been greeted by a greater, transpersonal presence from beyond.

### Sustaining Wormholes in Lucidity

In the dream 'Saturnine Beings', I realised that my state of mind was the key to travelling through the wormhole. A year later I had another wormhole dream — an excerpt from which follows — in which it came to me that my conscious awareness is actually instrumental in the creation of the wormhole:

*After a long period of prayer, I dream and become lucid. For the first time, my being is taken through a field of octagonal structures made of light whose beauty mesmerises me. Eventually, the abstract forms give way to a tunnel about the width of my extended arms (although, at this point, I no longer have a visible, physical body).*

*As I am pulled into the wormhole, I note that the spinning sides look to be made of a shiny Black Light that appears 'wet'. I exclaim, 'A wormhole!' I wonder where this wormhole leads me. For the first time, I become aware that my consciousness somehow creates this wormhole, and I am anxious that it might collapse should my concentration give way. Just when I think my fear will overwhelm me, the tunnel opens up into a still, black, quiet space. I become aware of a Holy presence...*

*Two years later, during a lucid dream, I became aware of how my conscious awareness not only creates the wormhole but also helps to sustain it:*

*I am on the Black Light in the lucid void. As I sing 'The Lord's Prayer', an amazing wormhole passage opens up — an immense, webbed, lattice-like structure, with a square perimeter and supported within by what appear to be many arched beams, as in the vault of a cathedral roof or the ribs lining the hull of a great wooden ship, only that here the 'beams' look made of a fluid substance.*

*As I pray, I feel myself carried by two invisible Beings. The deeper the prayer, the faster we go. The unseen Beings carry me backwards, so I cannot see where I am headed, but only where I have been while the wormhole rises up around me like a cresting wave that never collapses.*

*After some time, I wonder what will happen if I'm woken up while in the wormhole. Will I find myself in a deranged mental state? But upon hearing the same words that I have heard in other wormholes, 'You are safe,' I decide not to worry. The movement begins to slow, 'Will I see another world? Meet Holy Beings?'*

*As the movement stops altogether, my subtle body is lowered so that my invisible feet touch down. This time it feels as if I am placed in a pool of bubbling Black Light, that moves up from the soles of my feet and rises with a surge of intense, joyful life. The Divine touching me in this sweet way reminds me of Jesus washing the feet of his disciples to show that he was also their servant and friend.*

Some years after this dream, when reading research on wormholes, I was intrigued to find a diagram illustrating the effects of a spacecraft travelling at 'warp drive' through a wormhole, thus creating a 'bubble of asymmetrical spacetime curvature' around the spacecraft, akin to the formation in my dream.<sup>160</sup>

The wormhole as a portal to a meeting place in the realm of the transpersonal is foregrounded in a lucid dream I had during the Covid-19 pandemic in 2020. There I met, for the second time, a Being that had appeared fourteen years earlier, as a 'Black Sun' (see Chapter Six). Prior to falling asleep, I had prayed for guidance and support in living through the pandemic.

*I am surprised to find myself on an island where the buildings are painted crisp white and azure blue as in Greece. The beauty of the scene makes me aware that I am dreaming! I pause to see what happens and am abruptly pulled into a 'wormhole' of incredible depth that looks like a great rotating whirlwind of Black Light. Falling downwards, I sing the hymn 'How Great Thou Art'. The descent lasts until I have nearly finished the hymn's final verse, and I begin to think, 'What next?'*

*The movement slows and stops, and I am 'flipped over' onto my belly. I float there in space somewhat surprised to see, just a foot away from me, a massive spherical disc of shining Black Light, whose edges radiate an intense white light, like a solar eclipse. 'Ah,' I think. 'The Black Sun. We meet again.'*

*There follows a long silence between us until, spontaneously, I bow my head slightly and silently ask, 'How can I best serve?' With this, two slits of piercing white light open up like eyes on the sphere's surface, converging into one that hits me between my eyebrows, then bouncing back and forth across my brow. After a while, I raise my left hand to the light, and with my shift in focus, I am pulled back through the wormhole. I wake up feeling tired but expansive, my forehead still zinging.*

The two lines of light that appeared on the radiating Black Sun reminded me of quantum theory's double slit experiment. No explicit guidance was given, yet the Black Sun's light instilled me with the will, hope, wonder and love needed to engage with whatever the pandemic should bring. The answer to my prayerful request to the Black Sun, 'How can I best serve?', came through empowering and emboldening me for the writing on Lucid Surrender that lay ahead.

*Continued...*

### Notes:

153. This teaching has been a touchstone for me. Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet* (New York, NY: Alfred A. Knopf, 1951), 71.
154. Subsequently, when I read *The Truth in the Light: An Investigation of over 300 Near-Death Experiences* by Peter and Elizabeth Fenwick (London: Headline Book Publishing, 1995), I noticed that the wormhole phenomena of my lucid dreams share many similarities with the 'tunnels' that lead to the 'light', as reported in *Near Death Experiences*.
155. C. W. Misner, J. A. Wheeler, 'Classical physics as geometry', *Annals of Physics*, 2, No. 6 (1957): 525, doi:10.1016/0003-4916(57)90049-0
156. Before sleep, I often sing 'The Lord's Prayer' to whatever tune comes to mind. This might be a hymn, a melody from the classical repertoire or a popular song such as 'Somewhere over the Rainbow' or even, 'Blue Moon'. Once I become lucid and my soul is taken into the void, this sung prayer (or another sacred song), spontaneously arises. For long journeys, 'The Lord's Prayer' has helped me to sustain lucidity, especially when it involves wormhole or Black Light transit.
157. For a more in-depth look at this form of prayer, see Chapter 13, 'The Welcoming Prayer', in Cynthia Bourgeault's *Centering Prayer and Inner Awakening* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Cowley Publishing, 2004), 135–152.
158. The Nobel Prize-winning physicist, Kip S. Thorne, gives a fascinating and accessible account of the science of such phenomena in his book, *Black Holes & Time Warps: Einstein's Outrageous Legacy* (New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company, 1994).
159. For an elaboration of this theory see John Hagelin's 'Entanglement, Space-Time Wormholes, and the Brain', *Science and Nonduality Series*, 5 December 2014, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nvVDYQoGWyk>.
160. Theoretically, 'warp drive' allows for travelling faster than the speed of light. The type of structure such warp-speed travel would cause is called an 'Alcubierre "top-hat" metric'. See Richard K. Obousy's and Gerald Cleaver's paper, 'Putting the "Warp" Back into Warp Drive', *Spaceflight*, 50, No. 4 (April 2008): Figure 2, arXiv:0807.1957v2 [physics.pop-ph]

**Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming**  
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# *A Quest to Saturn*

By Troy Vrolyk © 2022



Before I first started trying to lucid dream, I heard it was important to have goals. It was said you could do anything...anything at all. I let my imagination soar to come up with something... what to do, what to do... let's fly to Saturn! And so was born my first lucid dream goal.

I quickly learned that flying to Saturn was no easy task for a beginner. After getting lucid, there were some immediate struggles—like how to stay in the dream state long enough to even accomplish anything! It was all I could do to just walk to another room without the dream collapsing, never mind fly to space. This was going to take some time.

After a month of lucid dreaming practice, I finally started to make some progress. Figuring out how to run at supersonic speed, I bolted across the land and then was ready... Saturn, here I come! Running a zillion miles an hour, I jumped as high as I could. Up, up... and not so away. I looked and I was only about a foot off the ground. Though I was happy with my new height record, I decided to put my goal of flying to Saturn on the back burner. Apparently, I had to learn to navigate better first, and decided to start with the basics, working my way up step by step.

I had to learn to fly. Finally, after my second month of practice, I made it about 20 feet up in the air... but then I seemed to hold there, as if I was a kite on an invisible string. Later that month I did the same thing again, flying up and feeling the invisible string holding me from going any higher, though I was able to sort of swing around in the air like a balloon.

Then after my third month of practice, in fact to the day, I managed to really fly! It was the most fun, free, and liberating experience. Once I passed that hurdle, things got easier... as if I had finally broken down some of my self-doubts and barriers. I started having so many wonderful experiences, getting caught up in so many other things, and forgetting my original goal to get to Saturn.

A year went by. During that time, I had all sorts of space adventures. I flew through space. I made new gigantic "star animal" constellations. I created skies of rainbow stars. I commanded a full rainbow meteor shower. I had all sorts of encounters with aliens, and spaceships. I even did what I was told to never do: I went into a black hole. After narrowly escaping blowing my brains out and my body imploding, I decided to maybe not try that again for a little while!

After a year and fourteen days since I had first started lucid dreaming, I thought about what lucid goal to do that night. I was in a bit of a "blah" phase. When you're able to do anything, it can sometimes feel that anything is meaningless. In one lucid dream I had stripped a scene right down to the void, and built it back up. What else was there to do?

Then I thought of my old goal, my very first goal, and smiled. I hadn't flown to Saturn yet! I instantly wrote it in my dream journal as my goal for that night, and fell asleep.

Sure enough, I managed to get lucid. Okay, let's do this... once and for all. Let's fly to Saturn! I thought about

it for a moment... how should I do it? Should I fly? That could take a while, even with supersonic flight. Should I create a portal and teleport there instead? I could. Should I spawn a giant fishing rod, and reel down the whole planet to me? Hmm, that would be cool... I might be on to something!

Then I thought of another 'outside-the-box' idea and smiled, knowing it was perfect. With a little dash of intention, I reached down into my right pants pocket, cupping my hand around its hopeful new contents. I pulled it out and slowly opened my hand... and sure enough, it worked. There it was, at last: Saturn!

I marveled at the tiny ringed planet in my palm. It was the size of a toy, but it looked so realistic! I could see features on the planet, its rings, even some space or atmosphere surrounding it. How do our dreams achieve such wonders, witnessing sights that could never be seen in the waking state?

You're not supposed to stare in a lucid dream, but I didn't care... it was worth it. I used the rest of my time there to just gaze at the amazing planet, in awe of its magic and beauty. And so I completed my first goal... my quest to Saturn. ▲



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# Standing on the Moon

## AND OTHER LUCID MOON DREAMS

By Laura Atkinson © 2022

### Standing on the Moon

The dream begins that I am standing upright and looking at the night sky. I don't recognize where I am. There are no buildings in either direction. I initially think I am standing on a beach somewhere, but there is no ocean.

I look at the stars again and they are too big and too bright (lucidity trigger). I was able to look down at my feet, and notice I am standing in white powder-like substance. I turn the opposite way I am standing and see the earth. At that point, I realize that I am standing on the moon.

I suddenly have a telescope in my hand. Looking through this telescope, I see what I can only imagine is the edge of the universe... but it can't be the edge because there is no edge... I am confused by what I am looking at but amazed by the beauty of it.

The edge starts to fold up like a paper fan. I have the realization that this is how people can connect from other places in the world: don't walk the flat path, fold up the edges to bring the two ends closer together and jump across. (August 29, 2003)

*Note: Standing on the Moon was previously printed in the LDE March 2004 issue, with the companion artwork by Laura Atkinson featured on the cover.*



Artwork: "Standing on the Moon" by Laura Atkinson



Artwork: "The Moon Too Soon" by Laura Atkinson

### The Moon Too Soon

I dream that I am driving in my car. The view in front of me is a gorgeous sunset. In my rearview mirror, I see a full moon. So ahead of me, I see the colors of yellow, orange, pink.... and behind me, deep blues, white, and purple. It's surprising to see the sun and the moon at the same time. (September 11, 2007)

### The Night the Sky Got Wild

When I wake up again, it's in the middle of the night. The moon is spinning / wobbling and making strange colors, morphing slowly at first from blues, to orange, to a glowing heat-red. Suddenly, it's just gone from the sky! It just blinks away as if it has never been there and all that can be seen is a river of stars. There's no explosion, it's just missing from the sky. (August 14, 2014) ▲





# *The Mysterious Hotel*

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2022

An excerpt from the book, *Dreams & Our Guardian Angel*

## **Lucid Dream of January 18, 2021**

I lay awake for a very long time before becoming aware of soaring through darkness as though still lying in bed. I am really high up in this night sky when an incredibly energetic rock-n-roll style music suddenly begins broadcasting from inside a black cloud portal. The music fills the darkness as I recognize the melody and the lyrics of *Working Man* by RUSH: “*Seems to me I could live my life a lot better than I think I am!*” sings Geddy Lee, and abruptly there is absolute silence... I have made it into the dream space! However, all remains darkness, and coasting along I feel there’s no hope of an actual dream scene appearing. Yet I am fully lucid and determined to remain in the dream space; I will not accept this seemingly impenetrable blackness. I reach out and—as if my will and my faith become manifest in my dream hands—I literally grab hold of the darkness and pull it apart, forcing it open to reveal white points of light. The stars of a dream scene! I have literally found the light in the darkness! Initially the opening is only a narrow fissure, and it is not easy to make it larger; the effort is actually physical as I oblige the darkness to part before me so I can finally fly into the night of a dream.

Almost at once I come upon a colossal building that appears constructed of light-golden stone. Clinging to one corner, I look down at it from a great height, amazed I was able to make it here so swiftly and effortlessly. I actually willed the darkness to give way before me and embedded myself in a dream scene! Clinging to the massive edifice, I wonder at how I willed the darkness to give way before me....

The next thing I know, I’m walking purposefully through what looks and feels like the atmospherically lit lobby of a grand hotel searching for my Guardian Angel. I lose the dream for an instant but immediately return to it, and when I do I’m already on an upper floor of the hotel, one of several persons standing in a well lit corridor. Then, discerning what might be the shadow of a figure at the end of this open foyer, I make the decision it will be my Angel and move toward it.

“I can’t see you,” I say, as I come to a stop before the amorphous darkness, “but maybe you’re my Angel.” Then I command quietly, “Hand me the book” as I reach out to him so he can place it in my open palms. Feeling someone grasp my hands instead, I slowly pull a man out of the impenetrable shadows, and find myself facing a young dark-haired youth dressed entirely in what appears to be black leather. But when I distinctly see a white Playboy Bunny logo on his jacket over his heart, I immediately let go of him and step back, certain he is not my Angel, and I immediately tell him so. My Guardian Angel would *never* wear a jacket with a Playboy symbol on it. And no sooner do I state my conviction out loud than two taller, and very well built men, materialize beside me. The one who comes to stand very close to me is wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt of a muted orange-gold color that exposes his strong arms. As the guy in the Playboy jacket backs away, this man and his companion escort me to a balcony overlooking the main lobby, where more such men congregate around me. The one in the orange-gold T-shirt seems to be their leader and, smiling slightly, he never takes his eyes off me as he listens to me explain how I immediately knew no Angel of mine would wear a Playboy Bunny logo over his heart. He looks somewhat amused yet also serious as he asks his friends, “Who is this Cuban?” His tone is playfully rhetorical, but just in case they aren’t as friendly as I believe they are and I need to get away, I perch on the edge of the balcony. Then, when they simply stand watching me, I slowly begin descending down into the main lobby.

Alighting on an atmospherically lit dance floor, I remember what I wished for as I lay in bed trying to fall asleep—to dance a waltz with my Angel in a dream—but I only see a woman standing nearby staring at me. As I head in the direction of the main entrance, I think about the fact that if I’m going to wake up soon, I

should probably do it now so I can clearly remember how I came to this hotel looking for my Angel and what happened here. 🌿🌿🌿

The following day at around lunch time, feeling tired after a long walk, I worried that if by forcing myself into a dream scene by pulling open the darkness I had exercised a dark power and, as a consequence, found myself surrounded by bad Angels, for they almost had the look of a gang. Contributing to my concern was the fact that my Wake Induced Lucid Dream involved rock-n-roll music, not celestial harmonies. But on the positive side was the fact that, decades ago, RUSH helped wean me away from the suicidal influence of *Joy Division*, and the lyrics of the song I heard in the dream make reference to living a better life than the one programmed by the world. Nevertheless, I was still uneasy, so I went to the Bible I keep on a bookshelf in the living room. I seldom open it, for my favorite and principle Bible is upstairs in my bedroom. Pulling it off the shelf while silently praying for reassurance I had been with good Angels last night, I opened the book at random, and my eyes instantly fell upon this verse:

*Bless the Lord, you His angels  
Who excel in strength, who do His word,  
Heeding the voice of His word. (Psalm 103:20)*

I was stunned. I could hardly believe it was possible I had received such a loud and clear response. Considering the thousands of possible verses I could have opened to in the Bible, I felt this verse had literally been put into my hands. Hurrying upstairs to my computer, I learned that there are 23,145 verses in the Old Testament and 7,957 verses in the New Testament, for a combined total of 31,102 verses in the Book I opened, which contains both the Old Testament and the New Testament. What are the odds that not only would I open the Bible to the right page, but that my eyes would immediately gravitate to that one little verse directly related to my question? I asked for and immediately received reassurance, even confirmation, that I had indeed been surrounded by good Angels last night.

I was now free to believe what I had felt when I awoke from this dream—that the man in charge of the group was my Guardian Angel, one of the two men who materialized on either side of me after I realized I had pulled a highly questionable dream figure out of the darkness. This conjuring method was a mistake I will never make again, for I realize now it was the lucid dreaming equivalent of sorcery, the domain of fallen angels. In the dream, my soul practiced discernment of spirits by providing me with a contemporary mark of the beast—a Playboy Bunny. My soul sensed the “wrongness” of that black-clad figure and provided me with a “hieroglyph” that would instantly speak volumes to me. And I don’t doubt my soul had help with this—help that came from the man who at once materialized and came to stand protectively beside me—my Guardian Angel.

The impression I got in the dream was that this grand hotel was filled with men like the ones who accompanied me to the balcony, as well as with others like the guy wearing the Playboy jacket lurking in the shadows. Staying in a hotel is a temporary condition, a location outside our normal permanent residence. In a way, my dreaming soul is akin to a hotel where my Guardian Angel (occasionally accompanied by friends and co-workers) can “check in” for the business of helping me as the Holy Spirit of God prompts them to. Hotels are also associated with vacations, a pleasurable change from our normal life where we experience things we usually don’t or can’t experience where we live, and that is precisely what dreams offer us. On earth, rich and powerful people often make use of grand hotels, and the hotel in my dream was certainly full of powerful beings. Hotels don’t discriminate on a basis of personal character, meaning both good and not so good, and even evil persons can make use of them. In this sense, a hotel full of bedrooms, where people sleep and dream, can be likened to a spiritual dimension between heaven and earth.

“Any home-like dwelling in a dream is representative of the Self. A space of transitional living such as a hotel... connects to the Self in a temporary state of being. This symbol usually appears when there is change afoot, indicating that the sense of Self is in transition and not yet fully ‘home’... If the hotel is grand... you may be preparing yourself for an increase in abundance.” (i)

“In a spiritual context, the notion of abundance or plenty is less about material conditions, revolving instead (once basic needs are met), around an appreciation of life in its fullness, joy and strength of mind, body and soul.” (ii)

Even though he never looks exactly the same, my Guardian Angel definitely has two principle contemporary

personas he assumes in my dreams—a young and ideally handsome man with white-blond hair, and a strong tall man with sandy-blond hair in his late thirties or early forties, which was how he appeared to me last night wearing an orange-gold T-shirt.

“Orange: Symbolic of endurance and strength... the color of fire and flame... The red of passion tempered by the yellow of wisdom. It is the symbol of the sun.” (iii)

“Gold: The sun; divine power, the splendor of enlightenment; immortality; glory; endurance; the masculine principle.” (iv)

Last night my Angel protected and observed me but spoke only four words to me when he asked, “Who is this Cuban?” I was indeed born in Havana, Cuba, but I have lived in the United States ever since I was eight months old. Our Guardian Angel knows everything about us, our entire history from the moment of our birth. His remark in the dream strikes me personally as a playful acknowledgment of the truth that my soul has come a long way in a decade. And it also occurs to me now that my Angel may have been confirming his identity by reminding me of that intensely special dream years ago when he asked me, “Who is this Maria?”

Perhaps one reason I was surrounded by Angels in this dream is because they were aware I would soon begin writing a book about them, which will hopefully inspire people to pay more attention to their Guardian Angel and make better use of this Divine companion.

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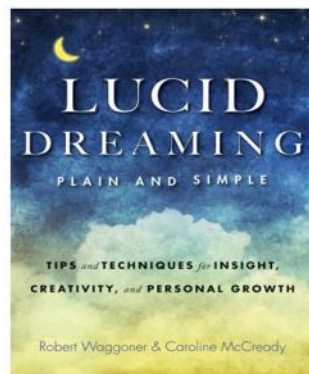
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The non-fiction book *Dreams and our Guardian Angel* is available at [Amazon](#) & [Audible](#). ▲

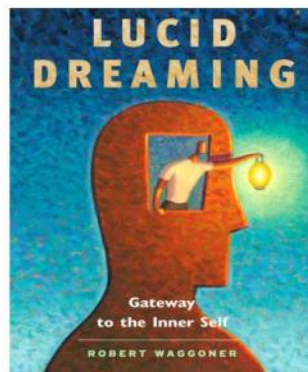


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## GALAXY EYES

The dream was quite simple. It was what happened about six months to a year later that was mind-blowing.

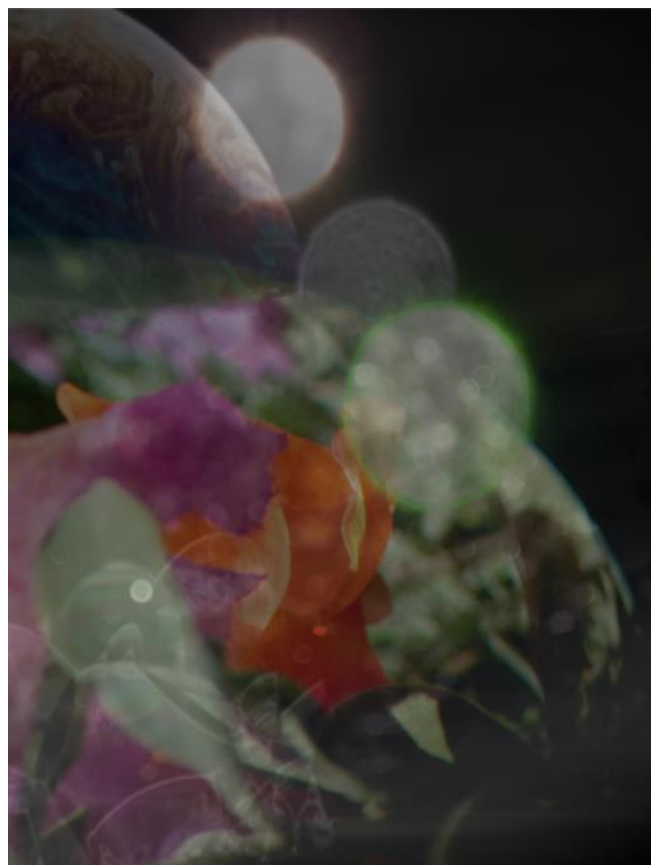
The Dream: I found myself at the inner realm version of a location in my Waking Physical Reality (WPR) neighborhood. A woman/girl was sitting cross-legged on the ground facing south. She was conscious and meditating. I was lucid and curious. I approached her. She telepathically acknowledged me and I sat down facing her. We gently stared into each other's eyes. The irises of her eyes were like swirling galaxies with all the depth, color, and movement you would imagine. I was enchanted.

The WPR Event: Looking for adventure, my brother and I decided to visit a sweat lodge about an hour outside of Houston, Texas. People come from all over the state to participate but we didn't know anyone else. The plan was for everyone to participate in building the fire (that heats the rocks), then gather in a circle to introduce ourselves and begin the ceremony. We would move to the sweat lodge once the heated rocks were ready. After the sweat, we would share a potluck lunch.

It was a bright blue, clear, and cold January morning at about 7:30am. My brother and I were two of the first people there. We were helping to build the bonfire as everyone else arrived. All of a sudden I had what I call a "tuning fork" sensation. (It's an inner knowing that I have learned to pay attention to when it occurs.) A woman approached, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I knew her but not from WPR. She was the galaxy-eyed woman from my dream! I couldn't believe it! It was the first time I've ever seen someone in WPR that I had only met in a lucid dream. I pulled my brother aside and excitedly told him who I thought she was. (My brother and I have shared dreams ever since we were little and he was familiar with that particular dream of mine.) He was incredulous. We were both stunned. I told him, "Just watch... we'll find out."

After the bonfire was roaring, we gathered in the circle to do introductions and start the ceremony. When she introduced herself, she mentioned she was an alternative health practitioner who used a special type of methodology called Iridology. It's a healing modality that studies the patterns, colors, and other characteristics of the iris to determine information about a patient's systemic health.

It took some time, but by the potluck lunch after the sweat, I finally gathered up my courage to approach her. I shared that I thought I had met her in a dream and why/how. She looked at me incredulously and told me that she had confided to her friend on the way to the sweat lodge that



Photograph: "Perennial Aura 1" © Ketria Scott

SHE felt like she was going to meet someone in person at the lodge that she had met in dream time!

## BLANCO MOUNTAIN

For the first time ever, I heard my name in a dream. It was startling.

In the dream, I was somewhere in a California city on the west coast. Although the city had really big trolley cars, it didn't feel like the inner realm of San Francisco where I often find myself. I knew I was a research fellow at a university in town. I was out with some friends/colleagues, enjoying some leisure time. We were walking by a restaurant and I heard someone speak my name, "Ketria." It wasn't about me. It was about someone else. I was startled and became lucid.

I turned to my friend in surprise. I was curious to see his reaction. It was significant to both of us! He smiled in acknowledgment and gave me a high five. In some way, we both realized it was a milestone. Almost simultaneously, we understood that we immediately needed to catch one of these trolley cars back to the university. I turned quickly to grab my forgotten purse and missed the trolley. My friend was seated on board and passing by, disappointed that I had missed the ride with him.

I ended up being lost and wandering for a few years [within the dream]—lost physically and lost to who I was. I allowed myself to be led around by a domineering huckster. I had no name. At some point, as I was standing near the coast facing the ocean, I looked to my right and realized exactly where I was. Being lucid, I had the distinct impression of my location, latitude, longitude, and orientation. I saw a mountain range in the far-off distance. Realizing who I was and where I was, I came to my senses and woke up.

After waking, I studied a map and found the mountain from my lucid dream. It was Blanco Mountain in California. It was my first time learning that this mountain even existed in WPR.

Around the same time as the lucid dream, I wrote this poem, *Two Planets in Orbit*. ▲

*Ketria Scott is a self-taught artist based in Houston, Texas. She usually creates sculpture but recently has enjoyed dabbling in experimental photography... "attempting to 'capture' the effervescent quality of otherworldly dreams in these images."*



Photograph: "Westview" © Ketria Scott

### *Two Planets in Orbit*

There is this dance  
we've been doing  
for what feels like an  
Eternity.

Two planets in orbit,  
heart breaking loops  
need - expectation - frustration -  
disappointment - guilt - shame.

I realized, tonight,  
our stories are our gravity,  
a way of keeping us close -  
is that better than nothing?

I've forgiven you so many times  
and forgiven myself just as  
many, without any change.

Until tonight,  
Stars blazed brighter -  
Grace.

We are bigger than our stories  
More expansive,  
Grander than the  
small orbits  
we've been running in.

Like Rumi wrote,  
*Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,  
there is a field. I'll meet you there.  
When the soul lies down in that grass,  
the world is too full to talk about.*

# Going to the Sun: Religious Beliefs & Psi

By Linda Lane Magallón ©2022

## ***I've been flying to the "sun" for quite some time.***

Although I might consider this bright spot in the lucid dream as a piece of scenery to explore, I also seem to have my own religious and philosophical associations with it. However, neither first-hand experience nor symbolic interpretation rules out the possibility of psi. Even group psi. The last dream in this article had resonance with my own waking life and with the visualization and dream of two other dreamworkers.

## **The Room Above the Sun, 4/24/83**

Second-hand, I see myself come out of a small house and walk towards a large tree. Since I'm above and slightly to the right (of the dream scene), I view mostly the head of the self below. She has dark hair and is wearing a dress. She's also walking with another dark-haired woman.

As I become lucid, I shift to first-hand perspective. Now I can't see the other woman, although I can feel her on my left. From this perspective, the tree branches distract me because they completely fill my view. I want to see beyond them. Reaching with my mind in that direction, I spontaneously take off flying into the blue sky, headed for the sun. Closing in, I discover that the "sun" is actually a stack of books pressed against the "ceiling" of the dreamscape. The books have titles like *Rationalism* and *Catholicism*!

I climb, or rather pull myself hand over hand, up the bookstack to the top. There's a trap door here. Pushing the door upwards, I stick my head through the opening. On the other side is a room with rows and rows of what look to be small computers on tables. From my viewpoint just above the flat, grey floor, I can see a white-clad man leaning over one of the computers. His loose-fitting attire makes him look like a combination scientist and mystic.

"Is this the control center?" I ask him. He turns and indicates that I'm half-right. This "higher plane" is also a learning center. Yes, I can see the school desks in the room off to the right.

## **Levitating Is Against the Law, 5/3/87 (FA)**

Beyond the room where I'm located, I can hear a group of people at a birthday celebration. I levitate up off the floor, then downward and land, yelling at my son, "Go tell mother!" I want a witness to this super feat (since I think I'm awake in physical reality). I try levitating upside down while standing on my head, but there's too much weight. I jump up and don't come down, floating into the bedroom. "See? See?" I call, "Let mother know!" I float out of a sliding glass door.

Now I have the heavy, foreboding feeling that someone wants to keep me here. Is levitating against the religious law in this time and space? I float up to the roof where I can see cars passing quickly on a narrow, windy road. I hadn't heard them before, because of the celebration inside.

I continue floating upward in a feather-light storm of snowflakes or white puffs to circle around a brightly lit "sun." It attracts, then zaps me. I get out of the way, to the other side.

## **Flying to an Exploding Sun, 12/11/90**

I find myself outside, lucid, in a flat area with tall trees in the distance. I especially notice the warmth and light of the dream scene and look around in the sky for the source. It's the sun. Even though I know it might not be the actual sun, I decide to fly to it. I launch myself into the air and streak directly towards it.

Then I become concerned about the heat that I might encounter in the inferno (who knows how similar it might be to the physical sun?) and I start to veer off. But I steel my courage and force myself back on course. The "sun" doesn't get any larger than, say, a garbage can lid, but I fly directly into it with my outstretched hands. It separates into a fireworks display, exploding from a small yellow center. Sparkles shoot off in all directions, in an irregular but balanced circular pattern.



## The Divine Within, 6/23/88

I become lucid in a room that has several people at the far end, some sitting, some standing as if in a scenario of a shoe department (I especially remember one slender, dark-haired man). I take a deep breath and call out to my recurring dream character, "Willie! Willie!" Previously the people had been fairly immobile, but the energy of my voice raises them to activity. They jump up and/or begin walking rapidly away toward my left, except for one. That woman, who has long, curly, light brown hair, comes forward to speak with me. We talk; I ask her, "How do I find Willie? Should I stay here? Or spin and go someplace else? Or what?"

"Do what you want," she replies. I remember hearing this reply before in lucid dreams. So I decide on a new tack. "What do I want?" I ask her. In a voice so low I almost think I imagine it, she replies, "Love." She's sure right about that, I muse.

I decide to go ahead and spin my way-clockwise-into another scene, calling out, "Willie! Willie!" I find myself in another room. The people here seem shorter, younger, and definitely more playful. They crowd behind what looks to be a rather large dollhouse placed on a table. I peer at them through the open front door. "Do you want to play with me?" I call, trying to encourage them to come forth.

Then I look around at my surroundings. I peek behind a mirror attached to the wall, trying to find a doorway. "Aha!" I exclaim when I see just the wall, as if there is some significance to this fact. I walk further down the wall, searching for a way out. I realize my concern over the possibility of being trapped is creating this continuous wall, so I let go of it. In response, a door suddenly appears. I can peer into the next room and see that just inside the door, to my right, are seated three Black men. "Now we're getting closer!" I say to myself. This is the first time I've come across Black people in this dream.

I walk across the room, up to a bar where women are seated or standing. I talk with a rather tall Black woman standing there, asking questions like, "Do you know Willie?" She responds, "There's somebody I'd like you to meet." She gestures at another Black woman seated at the bar who turns towards me. I am struck by how large her eyes are. As I continue to gaze, her features metamorphose to become more Caucasian, yet the pupils stay with the same wide-eyed look.

(During this dream sequence, I almost awaken several times, but force myself to gather strength and continue the dream. As I am finally awakening, during the "blank" period of hypnopompia, I hear a voice

state, "Create the conscious..." Waking fully, I wonder if that meant "Create the consciousness." As I am pondering this, I suddenly remember that I want to participate in Fariba Bogzaran's spiritual lucid dreaming project. Heading back towards the dream state, I "freeze" the flickering hypnagogia. In a grey space, I form the intent she suggested to "Seek the Divine Within" and immediately have the distinct impression that Willie is standing unseen, off to my left. Then movement propels me into a brief dream scenario.)

I find myself walking forward, carrying the back end (right side) of a large mural which dips and sways as we pace (Willie is carrying the other end). The mural is covered with a swirling abstract of red and hot pink colors, juxtaposed with highlights of white and charcoal or chocolate brown. I awake again with the strong impression that the "Divine Within" is something that Willie and I create together.

(I tell my husband bits of the dream, then fall slowly back to sleep, holding onto the intent that, for Fariba's project, I will be seeking the "Divine Within.")

This time when the scene springs up, I am in a room with lots of people, not immobile but moving around the room. My impression is that this area is very much "on the surface" so I form the intent to go deeper. I look for an exit and discovering none, decide to go through a wall. Instead, as I near the wall, I find rows of bright, colorful *curtains waving as if caught in a breeze*.

Just before I enter, however, I suddenly notice the person just passing by is Fariba Bogzaran. *Fariba is skating around* the hardwood floor counter-clockwise, as are most of the other people (I've come clockwise, as have a few others). My sense is that Fariba's motion is "getting things going" or revving the people up for her project.

My own forward movement and intent is so strong that I almost lose the dream trying to stop myself. But before I take off to my adventure, I want to tell Fariba what I am doing. With a supreme effort I manage to turn around to call out: "Fariba! Fariba! I'm going to seek the Divine Within!"

"OK, Linda," she responds in her usual high-pitched voice, "Good luck!"

I turn once again to go through the swinging drapery. I walk through several rooms and corridors of various shapes and sizes, not all of which are rectangular or square. Some are curved—I remember a corridor made of a series of semicircles spaced one after another which narrows to allow for only the passage of a single person. I pass people everywhere I go, sometimes stopping to chat with them.

One dark-haired woman seems quite lucid herself, almost a guide figure, until she says to me confidentially, "For a buck you can pass over." I know she means "passing over to the other side," that is, dying or being re-born. I get the impression this opportunity is a particular point in a game, like passing "Go" in Monopoly where you can collect a monetary amount before going through another cycle. "Oh, no! Not again!" I exclaim. I know this is the fourth time in a dream I had been offered such a "deal" (dreams unrecalled upon awakening), but this time I'm not going to be tricked into taking her up on this game, not for such a paltry amount.

It's at this point that I am in the semicircular corridor, following a blonde haired woman as the corridor narrows. I realize that before long I'm really going to have to squeeze through. I pause and make an adjustment in my thinking (like taking a breath and creating more mental space). The scene shifts and I find myself in a larger rectangular room where people are coming and going—like a crossroads. I talk to some of the people.

Finally, after going through all this restricted space, I find myself outdoors in a huge grassy field. After walking in a semicircle I come upon a group of people seated in a rectangle, as if around an Olympic-size swimming pool. I join the "end of the line" and sit down, too. In contrast to the minor frustration I've felt in the rest of the dream, I feel that I've finally "come home" to a bunch of like-minded people. I briefly wonder "Sethians?" but they seem to include and go beyond that designation.

I feel so right and comfortable that I'm not at all upset to turn and discover that the three "people" who've come to sit after me, aren't people at all. They're colorful geometric crustaceans, cartoon-like lobsters and crabs. We don't talk in English, but our non-verbal communication indicates that they are in agreement with my views. Suddenly, directly in front of the critters, appears what seems to be an immobile bus (no wheels). The double doors swing open and a man steps out and points his finger at the three crustaceans. "You've got to go!" he orders. I wonder—why? They weren't doing anything.

Before I have a chance to develop this line of thinking further, my attention is drawn to the right. I stand and discover that a new group of people, including a blonde haired man, have intruded smack into the middle of our group's space. They are busily setting up some weird construction in the center of the grassy field. The outside is made up of straight-edged planes crossing each other at acute angles, but the main piece is an *organic cylindrical structure, curved like the casing of a snake, but larger at the base than at the top*. The sun is a small circle in a wide blue sky and its diffused light illuminates the entire vividly colored scene. But the structure's top opening is only large enough to admit the sun's blinding light. The hole is too tiny for anyone inside to see the blue sky. Nor anything else, for that matter.

I get the sense that this inverted cone-like structure is built to attract and gather the Light, like a telescope. *The cylinder is painted bright yellow*, to better reflect the Light. The structure is only large enough for one person to stand—their shoulders would be scrunched if they were tall. *There is little room for movement and they'd be mostly surrounded by darkness*. But these disadvantages would be ignored because of the attraction of the Light. With head raised, the person would gaze directly into the blinding brilliance collected at the top-most opening. Captured by the ecstasy of the sensation, they would rise and be sucked into it and disappear into the Light.



Painting by Linda Lane Magallón

The symbolism is so powerful and so clear that I immediately and intuitively understand what these people are about. And I get angry. "You mean to tell me that I have to join some religion in order to reach God? The hell with that!"

I wave my hand in rejection and the intruders and the structure vanish. All I see is the field with people fleeing from me, back in the direction from which I've come. "The hell with that!" I repeat, setting my legs akimbo and slapping my fists against my hips. I have the sense that my colleague Kent Smith is off to my left, supporting my conviction that such a narrow religious pathway to Godhood is totally unnecessary.

Here in this green, grassy, open field with buildings in the distance and clear, blue sky stretching to the far horizon, I've a wonderful feeling of expansiveness. I stand centered in the midst of the diffused sunlight that covers the entire space and allows me to see the beauty of the whole

world. I awake with the same great feeling of self-confidence about my stance.

The next day I took a meditational walk through the nearby park. As I was passing the playground, I did a double-take. *The essence of the curved children's slide was the same as the structure in my dream.*

When I shared this dream with the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group the following weekend, Kent Smith shook his fist and said, "All right!" No one else seemed to react too much, no one that is, until we all painted pictures of images in recent dreams. Then, as I was hanging my painting on the wall, a visitor to our group took one look and told me about a waking re-entry he'd just done a day or so before. It had the same image.

[In a taped interview on July 2nd, Tore Neilsen described the same image/structure viewed in his waking clairvoyant re-entry, as follows:]

"I was focusing on the image of a black hole in space and the question was: 'What's in this black hole?' I looked inside and there was this yellow image. At first it was just an incoherent image—it was like *a pile of yellow ice cream, except it was two-dimensional, thicker at the bottom and thinner at the top.* It was standing straight up. I felt like I didn't know what this was. The next instruction was, 'Well, go with that.'

So I kind of threw myself forward into the image and suddenly it was no longer straight up, *but it was a slide*, that was down and sort of pointing ahead. I was sliding down along the curves of this yellow object. And I slid and slid right to the bottom, from side to side, right to the bottom. And at the bottom, I was in a valley overlooking an area like Big Sur. There was a big gong in the image and I sat in front of the gong and starting sounding, with a steady hum, 'Wahhhhhh.' I was sitting in front of it and meditating. That's where we decided to stop."

At the ASD conference the next week, dreamworker Barbara Shor told me a dream of a *black rock*. *Dejá vu*. I showed her my painting and she confirmed that hers was the same shape as the structure in my dream.

Finally, I was sitting with Barbara at the "Night's Worth of Dreams" presentation, in which Fariba Bogzaran was participating. And what did we see on stage? *Fariba and others gliding around and waving a curtain of plastic material to imitate the rolling sea!* And, as a series of slides were being projected against the stage backdrop, one especially caught my eye. Barbara turned to me in sudden recognition, too. It was a *curved rock of sandstone, with base wider than the protruding top*—the dream image come to life! An eerie shiver went down my back.

Each dreamworker had his or her own associations to the image. Mine, I knew instinctively, both in the dream and afterwards. The image was a perfect illustration of my ideas of something which had concerned me greatly and about which I had addressed in a Letter to the Editor of the "Lucidity Letter." It related to the issues surrounding lucidity which emerge from a particular spiritual/philosophical framework that emphasizes kundalini arousal and "going to the Light."

My contention was that the fears, worries, and overwhelming experiences described by the dreamers were inherent in the practices of their particular philosophical/religious structure but not in LUCID DREAMING per se. My belief was based on knowledge of those lucid dreamers, including myself, who do not experience that framework and its accompanying problems.

As my dream so blatantly states, it is not necessary to adhere to a particular religion in order to have a spiritual lucid experience. Furthermore, the format and content of the lucid experience is related directly to the pre-dream expectations, values and mores of the dreamer. So there. :-) ▲

### WHO'S WHO?

*Here's a brief description [from the 2002 first article printing] of the dreamworkers mentioned in this fourth dream and its aftermath:*

- Kent Smith founded the San Francisco Dream Training Institute and helped create the "Dream Definition Dialogue" interview method of dreamwork.
- Fariba Bogzaran is a lucid dream artist who teaches arts and consciousness studies at John F. Kennedy University in Orinda, California.
- Tore Neilsen is a lucid dream researcher from Montréal, Canada who found that wearing a blood pressure cuff in the lab produced dreams of falling and flying.
- Barbara Shor was a mutual dream researcher from New York City who co-wrote [with Linda Lane Magallón] the book *Shared Dreaming: Joining Together in Dreamtime*.





Image: ArtsyBee / Pixabay

### Vicki Van Vynckt — *Moon Dreams*

I became lucid while dreaming and rose up out of the ceiling of the house. I started flying fast and went up through space. I kept saying “moon” over and over again because I wanted to go to the moon. I flew right up close to the moon (it was very huge) and observed the different shadow areas on its surface, before coming back to the physical.

There was no face on it like I painted [see Vicki’s painting, *Cerulean Moon*, on this issue’s cover]; however, the dream inspired me to create the painting.

Later, while looking through my dream journal, I found a moon dream I had back in April of 2019 that was similar to my more recent one above. I had completely forgotten about this older dream.

I am with my sister and brother in a building that has open windows (no glass), with a wide windowsill. I become aware that I am dreaming and decide to fly. I fly up and briefly sit on the window’s ledge before flying outside. I go between being inside the building and outside. I see trees and the moon. There is fluctuation between daytime and nighttime. I fly toward the moon, admiring its beauty and saying “moon” often as I draw nearer to it. The moon becomes larger and larger as I fly toward it and it is incredibly luminous and bright.

I realize that I could ask for or find out important information since I was lucid in the dream. I ask to see my “higher self”. I again see the moon with all its brightness and know that the visual image of the moon I am seeing is like looking at my inner self, full of light and luminosity.



### Sarah — *Flying*

I was dreaming I was at a French party and kept hearing in the back of my mind, ‘I’m dreaming’—so I started listening to it and then I became lucid.

In a room, I decided to sing and everyone there listened. Then I left the room and tried flying through the wall. I ended up in a different room where there was a mother and three children. I tried to fly up to leave but their noise was distracting me. They left for a bit, and I began to lose lucidity, but I kept imagining the room and finally gained lucidity back.

I think I flew through something like a sky-dome in the ceiling and remembered my intent to fly very high and look down on the earth. I was flying slowly and felt like I wasn’t getting up very high.

There was an upside-down building that almost looked like an alien spaceship near me that I used to show myself how high I was getting. I also saw a helicopter. I looked down at some point and saw the town below but wanted to be higher, so I kept flying up. I made a sound like a ‘blast off’ noise and then it was like I was in space. All I could see was blackness with bubbles... and then I woke up.

### Brian Gilan — *Intergalactic Travel Atop Microwaves*

Step by step, I climb slabs of stone stairs toward an ancient-looking building. Something doesn't quite seem right. The colors of the sky and surroundings seem subtly otherworldly.

"Is this a dream?" I ask myself. I levitate in place to confirm.

Turning my awareness to the dream itself, I shout, "Tell me something I need to hear!" I receive no response.

On to Plan B—I fly directly into the building until I see dream figures. I stop to chat.

A normally-dressed woman tells me we are on Planet Ioota. She somehow knows Earth and tells me about how she used to live on an Earth-like planet. We discuss traveling to Spain, and she uses the phrase "un montón de" to describe a lot of something, which is a common phrase in Spain.



Artwork by Brian Gilan

A clean-cut man stops to calmly explain how he travels between galaxies. He tells me it involves the use of a "chronotrigger" and microwave technology. He sees this as a no-frills method for intergalactic travel. I'm taken aback by how basic this notion is for him. Before I could ask more, the dream collapses.

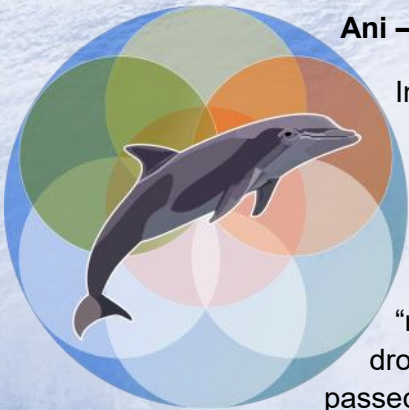
I rush to my dream journal to capture what I hope are helpful hints for the future of space travel. In a fit of clumsy excitement, I knock over my nightstand lamp and grab the journal. While writing in the journal, I notice complicated math scribbles at the bottom of the page. Before I can inspect the equations, this dream also collapses. It was a dream within a dream.

Upon waking, I assumed that I had merely made an odd mental connection between space travel and a lazy (i.e., efficient) man's kitchen appliance. A quick online search revealed a deeper connection: the conversion of electricity into microwaves is actually being explored by NASA as a promising means of space propulsion. My jaw dropped.

Perhaps this information was previously absorbed by my brain, and was forgotten before resurfacing in the dream. Alternatively, lucid dreaming could be a portal to communicate with nonlocal intelligence.

Explorations in future lucid dreams may provide the answers. To infinity and beyond!

### Ani — *Recognition*



In my dream, I was the ocean... vast, deep and transparent, illuminated and calm. I was the ocean and my "visual" perspective in this dream was from the bottom up and around. When I realized I was the ocean and was looking at the mirror of the surface at a distance, I saw that surface break. Suddenly a school of dolphins in transit dove towards "me" (the paradox is that I was sustaining them, and was also a drop of consciousness somewhere in the vastness). When they passed and glided, they looked at "me" in recognition. I felt whole.



## RickM — *Traveling to a Forbidden Dimension*

Years ago, I read an interesting story by Patrick Boyle in the June 2011 issue of the Lucid Dream Exchange. In short, while lucid dreaming, Patrick was eavesdropping on several dream characters dressed in 17th century garb who were discussing the handling of his most recent dreams. He sensed they had the ability to control the dreamscape so as to limit his awareness and contain both him and the dream within certain parameters. They were acting like “censors of the dream realm,” as he describes it.

In a similar fashion, I have speculated that something (possibly the subconscious mind) has attempted to limit my ability to travel in dreams. You name it: cars, boats, bikes, planes, elevators, stairs, flying on my own; and often times there are obstacles: flat tires, broken elevators, deep water, wide ravines, high mountains, giant dream characters blocking the way, bikers, etc. It seems I have an inquisitive dreaming mind, constantly looking for new and different places to go and interesting dream characters to meet, but it’s almost as if another entity is trying to limit this activity.

As an example, I once had a dream where I was walking down a corridor and was forced to take a left turn at the end. This similar corridor also came to an end forcing me to take another left turn. When it happened a third time I said to myself, “Okay, this must be a dream because I’m not getting anywhere.” Now lucid (rare for me), I reached through the wall of polished granite to confirm my dream state. As I moved my body through, I could see the reflection of my face getting closer and when it was right at the wall, my face turned into that of a demon’s with glowing red eyes. I thought to myself, “Is that the best you can do?” and continued through.

Once traversed, I was standing in total darkness, so I waited patiently for the next scene. In a few moments a flat panel screen turned on in front of me. I sensed that this was not a show but an actual closed-circuit video of a man being beaten by a handful of both men and women. Still lucid, I then penetrated the TV where I found myself now on a balcony looking down at the group. Jumping the rail, I landed at their level and began to scold them for their behavior. They seemed startled by my appearance and remained silent.

The dream ended here, but my movement in a downward direction was indicative of a lower dimension where bad things almost always seem to happen, dream wise.



## Emily Freedman — *A Parallel Universe*

I astral projected a few times, which consisted of me flying out of my bedroom window (my usual exit strategy) and onto my front lawn, where I encountered a zombie man staring at me with blood on his face and his arms spread out. It was as if a spotlight had been placed on him, and in the distance, a group of zombie people appeared behind him in the darkness of the astral plane. I knew not to be afraid, and we joined hands and formed a circle. I arrived back in my bed, but I was still in the astral realm, and the same zombie man was attempting to get very close to my face. It was almost as if he wanted to eat it! He was bloody and unpleasant, and I focused on removing him from my presence. I used my mind to imagine big, rocky boulders hitting him in the head, which prevented him from reaching me.

Eventually I woke up, went back to sleep, and felt myself leave my body again. But this time when I astral projected, I found myself standing in the scene of a kitchen full of people I did not know. I intuitively knew I was not “me.” We stood around the kitchen table which had ethnic food in rectangular tin platters, buffet style. An Indian boy was there, and I knew he was someone’s boyfriend. I knew I was connected to everyone there, but it felt like a dirty secret that I was not who they thought I was. I was fully conscious and aware that I was in, what felt like, someone else’s body. I thought for a moment; who was inhabiting my body at this point in time? And how often does this happen that we are inhabited by other beings? I pondered if I should give myself away or continue to go along with this life that I suddenly “woke up” into.



The best way I can describe this feeling is a shift in consciousness or focus. It's like when you're doing homework and you have the TV on in the background, and you don't hear anything the TV is saying until you focus in on it. We sat at the table and started eating dinner. My aunt was there and I hugged her. Eventually I was hanging out with some friends in what seemed to be my house. Some of them were studying and eating chips in front of the TV. Even though I did not know anything about this life, I automatically knew the relationships I had with people, and I was not acting out of character. I was just amazed that all this time I was in this unfamiliar body and everyone thought I was my normal self. I took this time to walk through the large house, amazed that I lived there, and confused as to how this was happening.

Eventually after what seemed like forever, I decided to blow my cover. I was riding a bus with one of my friends in that universe, and I told him that I'm not who he thinks I am, that I astral projected, my name is Emily Freedman, and I'm from New Jersey. He seemed surprised, and I told him he can find me on Facebook. He searched for me on Facebook, but he was not able to find me. He sent me Facebook links to random Facebook friends of mine, and I tried to send him my Facebook, but it wasn't working. I found pictures of myself on Google to send to him, but it was a different version of me from what I look like in the earth dimension. It just wasn't working to send him photos.

When I woke up from sleeping, I realized that he would have never been able to find me on Facebook there, because I don't exist there like I do here. I firmly believe I shifted consciousness into a parallel life of mine, or another timeline that is playing out simultaneously—I was not “me” like I am here, rather I was a different version of “me,” and we are each not aware of the existence of the other's universe.



### Vadzimu — *Bar Dream*

I am with someone (Athena) in my room, sitting on the bed. Then I see aunty Vesta, who is cleaning the room. I think Vesta is acting strangely so may be on drugs but then I realize that it's a dream since it's a spirit of Vesta in the room.

I walk to my door and fly out across the courtyard. I feel close to wakefulness so focus on maintaining the dream. I appear in a large sports shop and try out the exercise equipment. Then a security guard walks over and points in a direction past some toys. I see rowing machines that cost around \$2500.

Then I'm walking with my parents and heading to a bar. I say I can cover it (the cost) yet my sister says money won't work as the currency is wrong. I have a card, too, so I think that will work. I go to the bar and sit between two sexy chicks. I speak to one of them. I see the bartender is a friend of mine, Dusty, and he greets me. We say it's a small world. He's very happy to see me.

I ask the woman her name and she tells me. Then I tell her mine. She's very friendly and we kiss but then her hair gets in her mouth, so I pull back. I ask what she does and she says something but then I see a paper with the image of a local and international artist. So I assume she does artist booking. Then another woman takes the paper and I feel up the one I was talking to. Then she gets up and it's time for breakfast. I change, and my shirt covers my head, and a butler announces food.

### Levente Gracza — *Triumph*

Recently, I experienced something of a rarity in my case: three lucid dreams happening on the same night.

In the first one, I was at my grandparents' old house when I became lucid. After a little while I remembered what I wanted to try—as I believe, the hidden awareness must somehow play a role in arranging mutual dreams, so I asked him to find my friend and bring him to me. (My friend is very interested and invested in the whole topic; he is my partner in experimenting with shared dreams and dream telepathy.) I mentioned the nickname I usually call him, but then quickly added his real name, too, just in case, wording the request as accurately as I could. Soon enough, my friend did indeed appear. By appearance it was him without question, but he acted a little zany, as if not really there. We talked a bit, but the whole thing was quite awkward. At one

point he even crawled under the table. I came up with a code word, and repeated it to him. I told him to try to remember it upon waking up.

After this, I woke up as well, and made the big mistake of not writing down the dream immediately. Another (non-lucid) dream occurred, after which I suddenly realised, I no longer remembered the code word! I so arrogantly believed that this is the one thing I surely won't forget, and there I was, lying in bed, taking wild guesses, angrily. Now I think it might have been the word 'diadal' (Hungarian for 'triumph'), something we laughed about with my friend earlier, just because of how actually triumphant it sounds.

I soon fell asleep again and found myself in an empty classroom. There wasn't any prelude; I immediately got to business with the hidden awareness. I asked him to tell me the code word from the previous dream. Letters appeared on the black chalkboard-esque surface that covered one of the walls, in 3D, as in reliefs. They were different words, but I wasn't pleased, for none of them rang a bell for me. My frustration increased. "No, no!" I shouted, "These are not the ones! I need that one, from earlier!" This shows quite accurately my peculiar relationship with the awareness behind the dream—sometimes he's showing signs of elusiveness, even teasing me on occasion. I think behind this behaviour is the intent of sort of teaching me a lesson; he didn't show me the word I was looking for (even though he knows what it was), because it wasn't that important, and I was focusing too much on an unsuccessful experiment.



In the third dream, I became lucid in an apartment, and decided to let the damn thing go, and just wander around, doing nothing much, enjoying the experience. I climbed up to the window, with the intention of flying, but as usual, it didn't go great, and I landed in the park behind the building (very similar to the area behind the blocks I lived in a few years prior, only with way more foliage, lush green trees everywhere).

"Teach me how to fly," I called out, "Please!" For some reason, flying just never came as naturally to me as for other dreamers. I always struggled to even lift myself up, and when I do succeed, I have difficulty in properly navigating, somehow always ending up landing in a most inelegant way.

After my request, nothing happened, but somehow I felt that I am the one who's got to do this—so I tried, and then flew up without any trouble! I enjoyed gliding from street lamp to tree. I had great control in navigating myself.

"Thank you!" I said gratefully to the hidden awareness, while clinging from a tree branch, and I felt his presence near me. It was a great moment of reconciliation.

### Mica Somi — *Kali*



I walked up the stairs in my building, up to the 4th floor to my apartment. I was shocked for a moment because a homeless man was sitting on the stairs right in front of my apartment. He held out his open hand and wanted money, but I didn't have any.

There was a woman standing by my neighbor who greeted me. It was Branka. I had met her once over ten years ago when she was visiting a friend, but I haven't heard from her in years. She had said of herself that she was spiritually awakened. I didn't really connect with her back then. So now she greeted me and said she would come over later.

I entered my apartment. The door was open, which surprised me. The walls were painted a warm shade of green, and the furnishings were foreign to me. The composition of the apartment was similar to mine, but there were other rooms next to each other. Did the homeless man have something to do with it? Maybe it wasn't my apartment and I was in the wrong house. I became lucid.

The lucid dream was very long and very stable. This was helped by the fact that I was enjoying the lucidity at

every moment. This lucid dream was the one with the strongest sense of reality until today. I also noticed that while I was dreaming and knowing about it, it intensified more and more. I have always been on the border between lucid dreaming and what I call “illusory reality”. The “illusory reality” is the same as the feeling that one has during a false awakening, except instead of waking up in a dream, you go right into that “illusory reality”. At some points it is almost indistinguishable from the lucid dream, except that the opacity gradually shows through because you believe you are really awake.

This was a very excessive lucid dream because knowing I was dreaming gave me the confidence that nothing could happen to me. I was partially provoking the dream reality and demanding to challenge myself precisely because I knew I was immortal here.

There are certainly more exclusive things in a lucid dream than seducing a man, but it offered itself demonstratively to me. About ten handsome men stood opposite me in a semicircle. I chose one of them and unbuttoned his pants at the same time....

We became very intimate and everything was very affectionate. I enjoyed him giving me everything I wanted.

But it was not enough.

I found myself in one of my rooms. Now Branka appeared, as she had indicated during the welcome.

“You carry Shiva inside you,” I said to her. “Uh, Kali,” I corrected myself (Branka used to talk a lot about Kali).

“Come to me, I want to experience Kali,” I enticed her. She came to me and we sat cross-legged facing each other, my legs wrapped around her and her legs wrapped around me.

“I want to know who I am, I want to experience Kali inside me, I want to become one with Kali”.

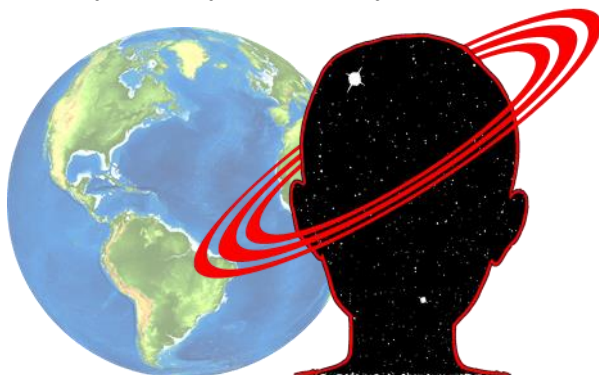
We looked into each other’s eyes, as I know from White Tantra. Then she took a mirror and put it between us. The mirror was semi-transparent so that I could look at myself and see Branka at the same time. While we were looking at each other, it happened like while White Tantra, the face of my counterpart changed every second, I saw a thousand faces, of old people, of young people, of women and men, poor and rich, loving and desperate. Now, of course, I saw it not only in her, but also in me through the mirror. The morphing into each other was extremely intense and contrasting.

At some point the mirror was empty, time stood still, and nothing happened anymore. This was only for a short time, of course, because my overzealousness wanted to experience more “spiritual” things in lucid dreams. Let’s go all out, I thought.

I was standing on an escalator, with a couple hugging in front of me. A bright blue light emanated from the man’s back. I took that as a sign. I touched his shoulder and addressed him. “You must be spiritual,” I breathed into his ear. “Yes, somewhat,” he admitted. “Then take me to your teacher!” I asked him.

When we got upstairs he wanted to take me there. I followed him down the hall where we quickly entered a room. Here was the teacher; it was an old Indian man with a very special loving radiance (similar to Ramana Maharshi). He sat down sideways on the floor and pointed at me to sit on the cushions. I did.

From here, my memory fades. I only know that Hanuman, the monkey god, was sitting next to me.



### Jaguarone — *Becoming a Satellite*

I was inside a satellite, or rather, I was a satellite.  
I became lucid right away.  
Moving away from the earth, I was looking at a screen and watching the Joint Chiefs of Staff.  
They were also watching me on the earth.  
It was a short dream.



### Sarah Woods — *A Star Among Stars*

One night, I returned to my light body. Having left my physical body in bed, I travelled to space realizing I was lucid dreaming as I approached an invisible barrier. I travelled through it effortlessly and felt a deep sense of relief on the other side. I was home! As if I was a star among stars. I took what felt like a deep breath of air, as immense freedom, gratitude, and relief came over me.

“Oh, I am home!”

I turned around and saw earth distantly below me. My heart sank in realization.

“I haven’t finished my work yet. I must return.”

And so, I travelled through the invisible barrier, floated down and back into my body. I felt my return to the physical, moved my arms and touched my body to make sure I was, in fact, back in it. And opened my eyes.

“It’s time to get back to work.”



### Laurance — *“I AM, I AM, I AM”*

Periodically, the divine, whatever it may be called, is expressed in such a powerful fashion in my dreams that it cannot adequately be described by words. The more transcendent the experience, the more difficult it is to share with others, probably one reason why the world needs poets, artists, and musicians.

After waking up at 3am, I went into the living room, plopped down in my easy chair, and chanted HU for about 20 minutes, focusing on the third eye between my eyes, theoretically the window between the physical and spiritual worlds. Although people are more familiar with chanting OM, HU is an ancient name for God and has been called the spirit behind all sounds and words.

In the Eckankar spiritual tradition, HU chanting promotes consciousness-expanding spiritual dreaming and soul travel. In my case, I never had a lucid dream until I started this practice and since then have had many. Although I’m a former NIH division director who was trained in the sanctity of a so-called “objective” science, such HU-inspired lucid dreaming has forever changed who I am at some level. Paraphrasing Shakespeare’s famous quote: “There are more things in Heaven and Earth than in most scientists’ philosophy.”

In some of my lucid dreams, I’ve heard powerful music, seemingly transmitting divine energy or sound current in some form. Eckankar calls this energy the ECK, Christianity calls it the Holy Spirit, and Yogananda has referred to it as the Christ Consciousness defined as the projected consciousness of God immanent in all creation. Feeling this energy reverberating through my soul triggers overwhelming bliss. Such music can reflect many genres (e.g., rock, country, big band), including ones that I have little appreciation for in waking life. After experiencing this blissful, altered state numerous times, I am convinced that it represents the key “Sound” or “audible life current” element reflected in the philosophy of various spiritual traditions.

When I went back to bed, I had a long dream, eventually becoming lucid.

In this dream, I was initially attending a relatively small Eckankar seminar. I went out of the conference room to grab my name tag, noticing that buttered popcorn was being served. It smelled awesome, like manna from the Gods. In past dreams, I’ve had some amazing sound, light, and even taste experiences, but this is the first time I’ve had a peak olfactory experience. It seems as if the divine can manifest through all of our more refined dream senses.

I walk back into the seminar venue. It is now massive in scale in a huge, stadium-like venue fit for rock concerts. There was a dynamic singer, catalyzing the flow of divine energy to and through the receptive multitudes, creating an ever-expanding bubble of God consciousness flowing out to the universe.

He started by singing “I AM, I AM, I AM,” an all-important phrase in spirituality, reflecting God’s name in man, the indwelling Christ, being one with the Christ Consciousness, etc. Because I was aware I was dreaming, I wanted to bring the lyrics back into my waking consciousness, but unfortunately, my limited recall only allowed me to bring back the “I AM” chant.

Not only did I have a transcendent, sublime spiritual experience, but I had it with buttered popcorn!



### Johanna — *Fractals and Strange Spaces*

For a while when I had lucid dreams, although I wanted to explore the dream and interact with dream figures, I would ‘enter’ strange spaces filled with geometric figures or patterns.

One time I found myself in a beautiful space surrounded by huge, golden, three-dimensional fractals. I would just float among these figures absolutely happy to see such beautiful golden ‘plasma snowflakes.’

A couple of times I would find myself swimming in an ocean of ‘diamonds’ or silver-colored patterns.

Another time, after becoming lucid, I entered a vast, gray void. I felt I was flying since I could feel the cool ‘wind’ in my face. But nothing else happened, I would just fly, and fly at great speed in this strange space. Nothing responded when I asked something, and nothing changed. A couple of times there was a type of shadow figure that would fly next to me. I would try to talk to it or touch it, but there was no reaction. To this day I’m not sure how to interpret these dreams.



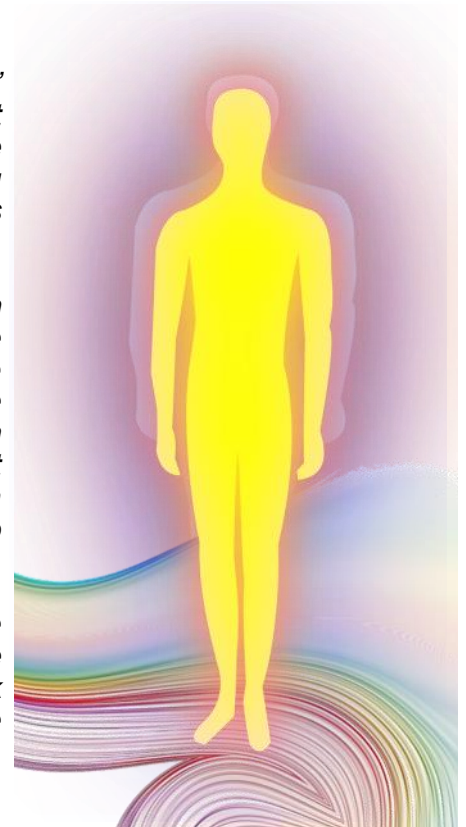
### Lucy Gillis — *People as Portals*

I’ve had many dreams where a dream figure is a combination or composite of two or more people—but is still just one person. But I’ve never, that I can recall, had a dream of someone contained *inside* another. That is, until recently:

*I am with friends who share the same first name. (I’ll call them ‘Rosy R’ and ‘Rosy D’. In waking reality Rosy D passed away over a year ago.) It seems the three of us have been travelling somewhere, and now they are dropping me off. It is nighttime. Rosy D is standing in front of me, saying something (now forgotten) and as we hug each other goodbye, Rosy R is inside Rosy D. This all seems perfectly natural, as I embrace ‘them.’*

*Though I can’t actually see Rosy R, I just know without a doubt she is ‘in there’ (inside Rosy D) because earlier I was, too. Rosy D makes some comment about me being home now. I laugh and say, not quite, I still have about an hour of travel to go. She looks surprised and perhaps even a little concerned. I turn away and walk along a well-worn narrow path, through some woods to a city. When I get out on the street, I pause for a moment to get my bearings and figure out how best to get home. After walking a little while on the crowded street, I go into a bustling bar/bus stop place to wait for a bus or shuttle.*

*Standing at a narrow bar, looking out a large window at the busy nighttime city, I am startled when suddenly Rosy D comes in. I’m surprised to see her back here again. We exchange a few words (now forgotten, but I think she was checking up on me to see that I would get back ok). Then she leaves. I wake soon after.*



That was the first time I dreamed of having been inside another person, like the other person was a vehicle of sorts. Then about three months later, I had an odd lucid dream that, upon waking, reminded me of the 'Rosy R&D' dream:

*At the end of the lucid dream, I am enjoying flying about in a room with a very high ceiling. I stop and hover in the air and look down at a woman below. Then there is another woman, who looks identical to the first. They are standing side by side, looking up at me, watching me, as though gaging my reaction to seeing them.*

*One of the women begins to 'laugh' or at least it seems like that. Her open mouth is black inside except for some bluish-white 'stars' sparkling in the centre. I look at the other woman who is now also 'laughing' and watch in wonder as her mouth (just like the other's) grows bigger and bigger—and inside all is black with bluish/purplish 'stars'. I am intrigued to see separate universes within those 'mouths.'*

*I somehow know these 'people' must each be portals, like a black hole or wormhole, and that I am being invited to jump in. I think about (or do?) throwing in a tiny scrap of paper—to see what, if anything might happen to it. But suddenly I feel myself waking, wondering what would have happened had I 'taken the leap' into one of those mouth/portals, what dimensions of reality might lie within those 'people'?*

Unlike travelling within Rosy D, a dear friend, it seems I was hesitant to accept a ride from strangers. :-)



Artwork: "Two Saturns" by Laura Atkinson

### Laura Atkinson — Two Saturns

I dream that I am walking in a cow pasture. The sun is setting and I watch the cows. They are moo-ing softly and frequently, as if they are trying to talk with me. They all turn to me and they seem confused, looking at me, looking at the sky, looking again at me. I turn around and see a mountain landscape behind me, and the moon is rising. The moon is absolutely huge and it must be an atmospheric optical illusion. Suddenly, I see the planet Saturn and all its rings... and then above the mountain ridge another version of the planet Saturn rises. Two Saturns!? No wonder the cows are confused! (August 4, 2007)

### Linda Lane Magallón — Cartwheels Across the Sky

I fly through a wall in order get out of a building into what I know to be an imaginary starlit sky. It's my intention to do what (lucid lab subject) Daryl Hewitt had described to me: cartwheel through the dark night. I extend my arms and legs like the man in the Da Vinci circle. Hands and head first, slowly, I turn over, but wind up just twisting around. Better to go flying, to develop the sensation of movement first.

After some flying, I wake a little, then return to dreaming. Again, I want to do just as Daryl did. I conjure up an image of dark outer space and stars, juxtaposed quite close to a brilliant full moon. I try cartwheeling. At first I twirl around. But that's not right, so I try a flip—first a forward flip, then a backwards somersault. It's really neat. I'm so happy that I can do this without becoming disoriented and wake up. Finally, I perform real cartwheels across the sky.

All this time it seems that I'm getting closer to the moon. The bright light is growing in size. It seems strange that this is always a full moon. I'm not going round the back where I'd see a crescent shape, for instance. Of course, I realize this is not really the moon. The light expands until there is just a narrow edge of darkness left. It's almost surrounding me. I move it back and forth, playing with it because I know I don't have to go completely into it if I don't want to. And I don't want to, out of sheer contrariness—so I can be different from Daryl and all those other male lucid dreamers I know who are forever trying to "go to the Light." I'm quite comfortable here in the friendly dark. ▲

*Note: Linda's dream was originally printed in the March 2001 Lucid Dream Exchange.*



# Lucid Dreaming Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

## **Robert Waggoner's Book Website**

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

## **Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming**

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

## **Lucidity Institute**

[www.lucidity.com](http://www.lucidity.com)

## **International Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org)

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

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

## **Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming**

[www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com)

## **The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale**

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

## **Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers**

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

[www.pathtolucidity.com](http://www.pathtolucidity.com)

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

<http://www.driccpe.org.uk>

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

## **Lucid Sage**

[www.lucidsage.com](http://www.lucidsage.com)

## **Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming**

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Lucidity4All**

[www.lucidity4all.com](http://www.lucidity4all.com)

## **Ryan Hurd**

[www.dreamstudies.org](http://www.dreamstudies.org)

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

## **Christoph Gassmann, Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey**

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

## **Nick Cumbo, Sea of Life Dreams**

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

[www.cafepress.com/moondialart](http://www.cafepress.com/moondialart)

## **Janice's Website, with links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites**

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

[www.bogzaran.com](http://www.bogzaran.com)

## **Robert Moss**

[www.mosssdreams.com](http://www.mosssdreams.com)

## **Electric Dreams**

[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

[www.lucidart.org](http://www.lucidart.org)

## **Lucidipedia**

[www.lucidipedia.com](http://www.lucidipedia.com)

## **Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation**

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

## **The Lucid Hive 2.0**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

## **Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC**

<https://www.lanasackwild.com/>