

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Announcing the Lucid Dreaming Foundation!
DreamSpeak Interview with Dashiell Bark-Huss
Inner Awareness Based on Dream Re-entry
A Dream on Forgiveness

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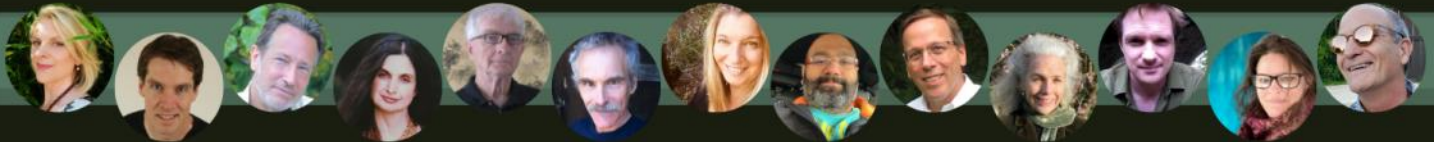
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Statement of Purpose

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

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Submissions

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

Subscriptions

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Submission Deadline: November 15, 2022

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

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DECEMBER 2022 issue: Any Topic!



Send us your LUCID DREAMS and ARTICLES on any topic related to lucid dreaming. We also welcome ARTWORK inspired by lucid dreams!

Please send submissions by November 15, 2022 via our NEW website: [luciddreamingmagazine.com](https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com)



ANNOUNCING

the Lucid Dreaming Foundation!

*Have you ever wished that someone would create
an easy way to become lucid in your dreams?*

*Have you ever wanted to help others understand the benefits of lucid dreaming
for emotional healing, physical healing, and exploring consciousness?*

*Have you ever had a lucid dreaming idea that you
wanted to share and wished someone would research?*

The mission of the 501(c)(3) non-profit *Lucid Dreaming Foundation* (with your help) is to energize and empower lucid dreamers worldwide by working to create and promote new advances in the practice, education, and science of lucid dreaming.

What does it mean to have a 501(c)(3) non-profit designation?

*The **Lucid Dreaming Foundation (LDF)** has received Federal approval as a 501(c)(3) non-profit public charity by the U.S. Department of the Treasury.*

*This means that donors can deduct contributions they make to **LDF** under Internal Revenue Code Section 170 and that **LDF** also qualifies to receive tax deductible bequests, devises, transfers or gifts under Section 2055, 2106, or 2522.*

*The **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** intends to use all donations to help support the advancement of lucid dreaming.*

Our goals:

- To increase the number of active lucid dreamers worldwide.
- To enhance the ease of inducing lucid dreams with new techniques.
- To expand the scope of lucid dreaming's potential benefits.

Simply stated, the **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** will work to empower the field of lucid dreaming to develop and grow!

Consider these examples of possible projects:

1. Funding programs to develop new, innovative, and affordable ways to become consciously aware in the dream state.
2. The translation of lucid dreaming training programs into numerous languages, to make this information freely available to people in all socioeconomic groups throughout the world.
3. Funding new research to see how lucid dreaming can assist psychological healing through resolving phobias, anxiety, recurring nightmares, and Obsessive Compulsive Disorders.
4. Funding new research into how lucid dreaming can impact and improve physical health.
5. Investigating the nature of the mind and the unconscious through targeted lucid dreaming exploration programs online.
6. And so many other areas, to be determined with your help!

Announcing the Lucid Dreaming Foundation!

As we look at the larger framework of lucid dreaming, we see a variety of common areas of **LDNs**, or **Lucid Dreaming Needs**. These include the following:

- Innovative induction techniques.
- Creative approaches to enhance lucid dream healing.
- Providing education in languages where quality lucid dreaming books have not been translated.



This helps to explain the need for a non-profit organization like the **Lucid Dreaming Foundation**, focused on lucid dreaming, to keep the momentum going and to effect positive change worldwide.

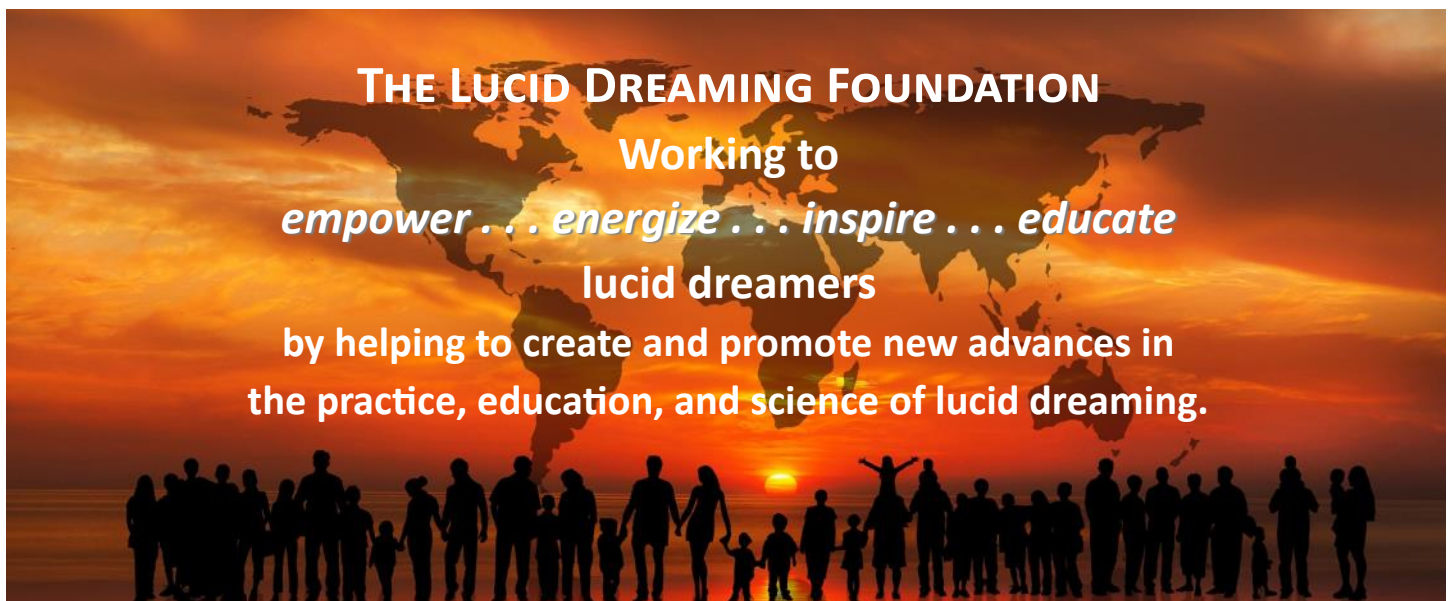
Around the globe, hundreds of millions of people have heard about the inspiring practice of lucid dreaming. However, in much of the world, the information on practices remains incomplete, mistranslated, or unhelpful.

At present, in underserved areas, many talented lucid dreamers know little or nothing of the documented benefits of lucid dreaming or may be uncertain if these benefits actually exist.

The **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** believes that education, new creative approaches, and a focus on natural advancement will make a difference! Providing lucid dreamers worldwide with helpful, understandable, and practical information to induce, stabilize, and explore the lucid dream state can open up new vistas for millions.

The founders of the **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** envision this as a community effort, involving the greater lucid dreaming community. We invite you to learn more and to join in and support the dream of expanding the ease, value, reach, and benefits of lucid dreaming. Your ideas, support, and tax-deductible donations can help us make a difference around the world! If you would like to volunteer your time and skills, share an idea, or assist in some way, please contact us through the website.

Want to learn more? Please visit our [Lucid Dreaming Foundation](http://www.lucid dreaming foundation.org) website!



dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2022

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH DASHIELL BARK-HUSS

Lucid
dreamer
Dashiell
Bark-Huss
explores lucid
dreaming with
one eye on
lucid dream
tech and
another on
research

Dash, 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?

I first learned about lucid dreaming from my mom when I was around the age of 5. She said that sometimes she has dreams where she realizes she is dreaming and then tries to fly.

That year I had my first lucid dream because she made me realize it was possible. I saw my friend, Jeff Bubby. I realized I was dreaming and told him.

Interesting fact: Jeff is the younger brother of a now-retired Victoria's Secret model who dated Leo DiCaprio the year after *Inception* was released, a film that popularized lucid dreaming. The years the couple dated were also the years I started training to lucid dream. Does that mean anything? Probably not. But who knows!

I had about five random lucid dreams throughout my childhood.

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

I decided to train to lucid dream in college. At that time, I was on a strict diet. At night, I had dreams about junk food I couldn't eat. I would take a small bite of pizza or brownie. It tasted so real and so good! But I'd stop myself. I believed it was real and that I was breaking my diet.

When I'd wake up, I'd wish I had known I was dreaming. I could have kept eating, knowing I wasn't breaking my diet!

So, I decide to learn to lucid dream so I could spend my nights eating junk food.

It took about 3–4 weeks to get my first (trained) lucid dream. Then it took 5 months to have lucid dreams consistently. I was having three lucid dreams per night! But they were all short and I mostly just ate junk food for the first year.

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

A few years after I started practicing lucid dreaming, I had a strange experience with my then-boyfriend, Shlomo (now my spouse). The event occurred during a Wake Back to Bed sleepover.

When we woke up to take our supplements, he was able to fall asleep right away. But I was still awake.

Lying awake in bed, next to him sleeping, I felt a tap on my left boob. I looked down to see if Shlomo was pulling the cover in his sleep or something. But as I looked, nothing was moving, yet I felt the same tap on my left boob again. I thought this was weird and I should tell Shlomo about this in the morning.

In the morning, Shlomo began to tell me about his WBTB experience. As soon as he lay down, he fell right into a lucid dream. I was in bed next to him just like in waking life. He told me he was dreaming and said he could prove it.

He took his hand and put it over my left boob and made my left boob grow and shrink twice. His lucid dream temporarily lined up with my waking experience of a phantom tap two times on my left boob.

This experience made me wonder if lucid dreamers could tap into the physical world somehow.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

Outside of being able to eat junk food, it was just so cool. There were so many known uses for lucid dreaming like improving sports skills, getting creative inspiration, and fighting PTSD. I wondered what else it could be used for. Lucid dreaming seemed very practical to me; I could add more time to my life and improve my life with it. I was surprised more people didn't find it amazing.

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

When I first started lucid dreaming, I really believed I could lucid dream every night. The reason being that whenever I had a serious crush on a boy, I would think about him so much that I would eventually have non-stop dreams about him. So, I thought, similarly, if I thought enough about lucid dreaming, I would end up dreaming about lucid dreams every night causing me to reality check. In essence, my tactic was to reality check a lot and think about lucid dreaming all the time during waking life. I developed a sort of "lucid mindset" this way.

This was very effective. But it was also energy intensive. I can't keep up this kind of practice now, as I have too many other topics that require my mental energy during my day. So I lucid dream a lot less than three per night now.

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

Learning to control the dream was very difficult. I got good at it over time. For example, I could not make junk food appear out of thin air. But if I opened that drawer over there... I could surely find a pizza. It was like my brain needed the activity to at least be somewhat plausible.

I also found that if I tried to control the dream it would sometimes go dark and collapse. But if I let the dream do whatever it wanted, it would pick me up and swirl me around a bright magical golden world or something very vivid like that. So sometimes if you don't control the dream, the surprises can be more interesting.

Do you have a lucid dream example in which you 'let go' and had an amazing experience? Why do you think surrendering to the lucid dream results in some of the most fascinating experiences?

Often when I tried to control the environment of a lucid dream, the dream would collapse. I wouldn't be able to see anything. Then I'd wake up. But I once became lucid and tried the opposite: I let the dream control me. I thought, "Dream, show me things."

A gust of warm wind lifted me. The wind swirled me around a dazzling golden city. Green hills surrounded the

city. The dream was so bright and vivid, more than my non-lucid dreams even.

When I control the dream there's a fear that it won't turn out how I want. Since it's all created in my mind, if I fear something the fear comes to fruition; the dream collapses. But by letting the dream control me, I let go of expectation. I have no expectation to fear failing.

When did you first begin to think about using technology to assist with lucid dreaming? How could technology help?

There are two ways I see lucid dreaming tech helping.

1) Popularizing lucid dreaming. When I was learning to lucid dream, friends told me lucid dreaming wasn't real. Others didn't understand what it was, no matter how many times I'd explain it. The scientific community didn't acknowledge lucid dreaming until scientists provided the first proof, when lucid dreamers communicated with eye signals to the waking world.

This might convince scientists, but decades later the general public still isn't convinced. Technology can help this kind of hard proof to reach the public. A polysomnograph of a signal-verified lucid dream isn't enough for the public. They need something relatable. This is why I want to live tweet from a dream. If I can show someone, "Look at these Tweets, they are all coming from within someone's dream right now," this will get someone thinking about what it means to lucid dream.

2) Helping people get more lucid dreams. Even though I've been a proficient lucid dreamer on my own, training is hard. Technology could help people who otherwise wouldn't be able to lucid dream.

Can you share some examples of success in using technology to induce or influence a lucid dream? What are the advantages and disadvantages of using tech for lucid dreams?

The first tech I used was my own Do-It-Yourself version of the NovaDreamer [light-based lucid dreaming mask]. I sewed two LEDs programmed on a timer onto a sleep mask. The first time I tried it, I saw the flashes during a dream that was too normal to otherwise realize I was dreaming. So, it helped in that situation where I would not have gotten lucid on my own. The problem is, it isn't always that easy, even with Rapid Eye Movement (REM) detection. Your dream doesn't always incorporate the lights. Or the lights incorporate too well to notice. For example, I used the REM-Dreamer Pro which has REM detection. But I never was able to incorporate the lights or sound, even with targeted REM detection.

The most success I've had was at Northwestern University's sleep lab with researcher Karen Konkoly. She knows me as a lucid dreamer and tailors the experience to me. She looks at biodata from electrodes all over my head. These help her decide the exact time and brightness to trigger the lights.

When you did lucid dreaming work with Northwestern University researcher, Karen Konkoly, how were you using technology? And what were you trying to show?

Karen conducted the first study that showed researchers could communicate with lucid dreamers. While participants were in lucid dreams, the researchers asked the dreamers math questions. Some lucid dreamers responded correctly from within the dream.

The technology setup at Northwestern was the best I've experienced. Karen hooked me up to a bunch of sensors. She was looking at my brain waves, eye movements, muscle tone, and respiratory activity. This helped her determine my sleep stage and the precise moment I'd be susceptible to lucidity.

The sensors also enabled me to communicate to Karen via eye movements and sniffs. The lab uses sounds and lights to signal to me that I'm in a dream so I can become lucid. Additionally, the speakers enable the researchers to ask me questions in the dream.

Did you have any interesting lucid dreams in the sleep lab?

In my first lucid dream in the lab, I 'woke up' in the driver's seat of a crashed car, not yet lucid. A cop flashed a flashlight in my eyes. I thought I was in huge trouble; I thought I had killed someone with my car due to sleep

deprivation from all the lab sleepovers. But then I realized it wasn't the cop's flashlight. Instead, I was asleep in the lab and Karen was flashing lights to get me lucid. I signaled to her that I was lucid. We began to communicate.

Looking at the current state of lucid dream tech, and/or lucid dream research, where do you see it heading? For yourself personally, do you have any tech ideas that could help make lucid dreaming ten times easier for newbies?

There are too many companies that reinvent the wheel or try to monetize off of some bad research. I don't want to see another project led by some group with no connection to the lucid dream community. I want to see more MVP-driven products that focus on effectiveness and rigorous testing.

I'd like to explore innovative tech backed by research. I'm currently trying out different ideas, both induction devices and training products. But I need to finish and test them more.

Finally, would you share a lucid dream that changed your thinking or your perspective on life? What happened? And what changed?

My friend told me I was dreaming. I thought he was joking but I reality checked with the breath test. The state check showed I was dreaming. This realization shocked me. It didn't feel like a dream at all. I touched the walls. They felt tactile, hard, and real. I couldn't see any evidence that this moment was a dream; except that the breath test kept failing.

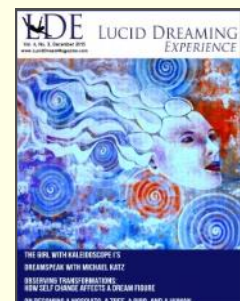
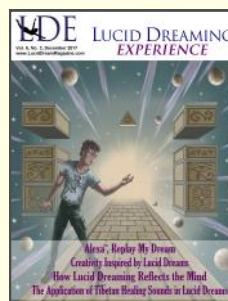
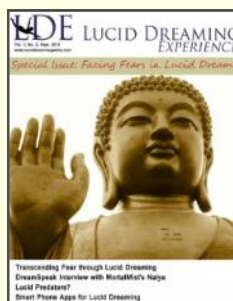
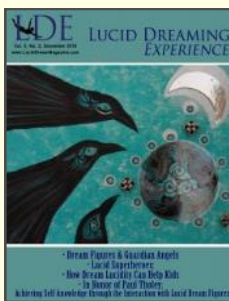
I had this experience many times. Lucid dreaming helped me realize that what we experience isn't always the truth, even if it feels real. It's brought me a great understanding of humility.

Where can people learn more about you and your lucid dream interests?

People can follow me on Twitter: @dashbarkhuss.

Thanks, Dash, for sharing your experiences! ▲

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



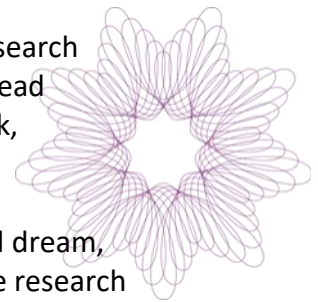
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New Lucid Dreaming Study Seeks Participants



A new dream research study seeks lucid dreamers, willing to complete a task within a lucid dream that involves asking a question in the lucid dream.

If you send your email address to LucidDreamResearcher@gmail.com, the research protocol will be sent to you. Once you receive the research instructions and read them closely, the researchers hope you will have a lucid dream, recall the task, perform it (while paying close attention to details), and complete the task.



After the lucid dream, the researchers ask that you carefully record your lucid dream, make detailed notes about performing the experimental task, and answer the research questionnaire about your experience within the lucid dream. You will then send the completed questionnaire to LucidDreamResearcher@gmail.com.



To participate, please confirm that you meet the following requirements:

- You have had at least one lucid dream in the past 12 months.
- You are at least 18 years or older.
- You are able to communicate your lucid dream in English.

To join the study, please send an email to: LucidDreamResearcher@gmail.com
[Note: Your email address will only be used to communicate about the study].

Within 24 hours, you will receive the research protocol instructions and the questionnaire to complete after fulfilling the lucid dream task. If you have lucid dreaming friends, please make them aware of the study. More lucid dream participants will assist the research efforts.

Participants will be asked to submit their lucid dream reports by March 1, 2023.

Thanks for your participation in this study!

Inner Awareness Based on Dream Re-entry

By Alexandra Enns © 2022



One of the most common difficulties a beginning lucid dreamer might encounter is the ability to prolong the dream. Because of inner euphoria, after having achieved lucidity, the dream could collapse instantly! From my experience a few decades ago, I started practicing the spinning technique as an attempt to stabilize my dream environment. However, I failed at spinning for many months(!), which made me not only feel frustrated and doubtful about my potential lucid abilities, but also led me to develop an entirely other lucid dreaming technique by accident!

In this article, I hope to inspire the LDE readers with an inner awareness based dream re-entry, a variation of the Dream Exit Induced Lucid Dream (DEILD) technique which I expanded and adapted over the years.

I wish to emphasize that the target groups for this technique are both beginners and advanced lucid dreamers. I recommend that beginners focus on the experimental approach while more experienced dreamers concentrate on the aspects of mindfulness of this method.

The pathway to an inner awareness based dream re-entry:

As you notice the current dream scene is about to dissolve, close your eyes at once, collect yourself without tensing up and tell yourself internally: *“I’ll be right back.”*

Hint: This is one of the main differences to the common DEILD technique—you apply this DEILD variation *just before* your dream has ended!

Possible scenarios that await you in the transition state after closing your eyes:

- A seamless crossover to a new dream environment;
- Temporary experience of the void state (e.g. the grayish, fuzzy, in-between state) until a new dream comes into being;
- “Staying in the wait mode” up to several minutes or longer while lying consciously in your bed until a new dream unfolds.

The appropriate mindset:

In my opinion, you mostly encounter some strange, nebulous instructions about “what to actually do or feel” in the in-between state if you try looking up the DEILD technique. It often sounds like pure magic, particularly for a beginner!

In this context, I suggest you try experimenting with my more concrete train of thoughts about this topic:

- If the dream doesn’t restart right away, try to carefully get into a more comfortable body position.

Hint: You might be caught by surprise if the dream suddenly builds up as you change sides; try to stay as relaxed as possible during the entire process. Expect nothing and stay as flexible as possible towards the outcome! Enjoy the quick success or continue to patiently await your dream re-entry.

—While consciously awaiting your dream with your eyes closed, tell yourself calmly, *“I’m going to wait as long as it takes,”* which might prevent the feelings of tension or impatience. I also recommend regarding this so-often unpredictable process of dream re-entry as a “mindful surf-riding”:

“I am under control by staying still, but I don’t know which wave is going to take me in my next dream.”

Further recommendations and suggestions:

—Through regular meditation practice, you work on a solid foundation for your DEILD technique, especially as far as the state of inner calm right before the dream collapse is concerned.

—Try to practice this DEILD technique with your eyes open as a variation in the dream state.

—Use another mantra (see suggestion list) to support your inner conviction that “you’ll be right back” or omit it entirely with certainty: “even if the dream ends now, I’ll be able to continue dreaming at any moment.”

—Skill comes with practice; don’t give up too soon!

—A challenge for the night: Try to bring about consecutive lucid dream chaining with this technique!

To sum up and to make the point, one of the most important aspects of this dream re-entry method is the familiarization with the dream collapse moment. Don’t feel discouraged if you feel like “you have to sacrifice several lucid dreams” to get the hang of it. Developing this kind of “subtlety for your current dream state” might support you with practicing any lucidity technique in the future.

Finally, I succeeded with the spinning technique as a beginner, but I also learned my lesson: Instead of discouragement due to a failure, face any dream challenge with an open mind which might lead to an unexpected and creative result in the end! ▲

MANTRAS

“I’ll be right back.”

“I’m going to wait as long as it takes.”

“I am under control by staying still, but I don’t know which wave is going to take me in my next dream.”



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A Dream on Forgiveness

By Karim
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During the time that I was focused on dreams of oneness and non-dual experiences, I encountered a number of dream teachers and guides. After the dream with the Divine Butler (published in the December 2020 LDE), I had a dream where I got initiated in the Lord's Prayer in Aramaic. I was told that the full power of the prayer can only be unleashed if you chant it in Aramaic.

I started researching the Lord's Prayer in waking life, looking at different translations (which depart from the English version), and during that time I came across a number of interesting Psalms.

One night I watched this very haunting chant of *Psalm 50, Have mercy on me O God* in original Aramaic, on the YouTube channel Adoration of the Cross: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z0CJxM3hm58&list=RDMMZ0CJxM3hm58> (I suggest switching on "cc" for translated subtitles as you watch).

I was mesmerized by the chant. However, I found the translation to be a little hectic about being sinful and born of sin and I totally rejected that fact. I was still enjoying hearing the Aramaic chant though. Strangely, it evoked feelings of requesting forgiveness. I was wondering what that was about? But I did not think twice about it and went to sleep that night.

As usual, anything I start wondering about makes its way sneakily into my dreams. We truly have an inner watcher listening to everything we do, say, and even think.

I noticed that the same chant I had heard on the YouTube video was playing on repeat in Aramaic in the background while I was walking out in the open air. This prompted lucidity, and I realized I was dreaming:

I meet a dream character dressed like a priest, wearing black robes, and he seems like a kind soul. I go up to him and say, "As lovely as this verse-playing sounds, I think it evokes feelings of guilt about being born in sin. We surely can't be born of sin. That must be a religious tactic of control."

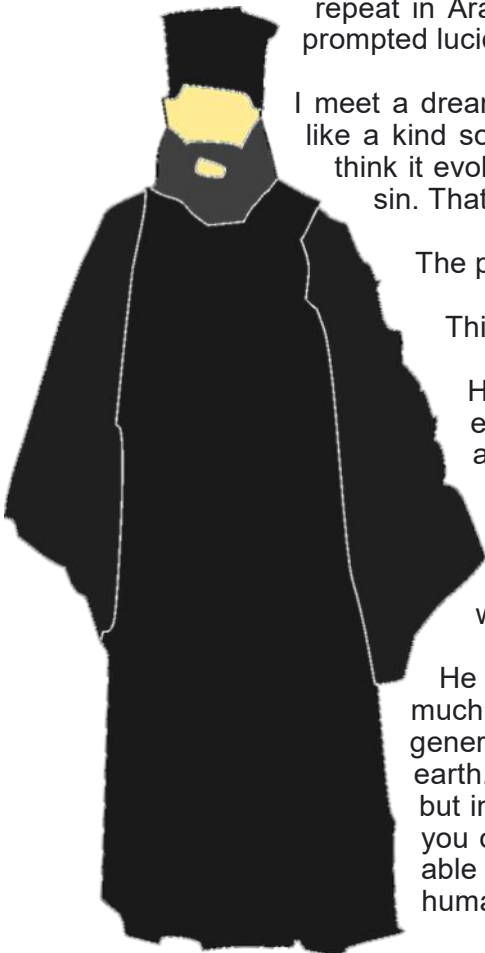
The priest gently says, "But it is true...."

This upsets me and I reply, "How can we be born of sin!? Please explain?"

He says, "It depends on what you mean by sin. And your statement is not entirely correct; we are not born *of* sin, but we are born *with* sin, like an attachment. What do you understand sin as?"

Being lucid, I can sense I am standing in front of a highly conscious dream teacher. I search my mind and all I can come up with is, "I understand sins as the deadly sins, the dark passions: pride, envy, wrath, etc...."

He says, "Very well, we are getting somewhere. You are not aware of how much sinning you do on a daily basis. Think of it in this way: you are generating a constant stream of karma by merely existing and walking the earth. You can engage in those sins you mentioned, not only in greater acts but in small ones, in gestures, in thoughts of resentment for the one who cut you off on the road, by feeling hurt by a person's nasty comment, not being able to forgive those who wronged you, anger against injustice, etc... humans engage in sin all the time!



A Dream on Forgiveness

Moreover, we are born bearing the sins of our fathers and mothers and their ancestry. They pass on what they learned about being prideful, angry, resentful, jealous, greedy... we are born with those sins embedded as our heritage and we learn it and pick it up as children.

Asking for forgiveness as a practice is not meant to engage you in guilt, but helps you become more aware of the sins (small and large) that you commit unconsciously every day. This is true for all humans, even for saints and prophets.”

He continues, “The original mystical teaching on forgiveness is supposed to help you eventually enter the ‘state of forgiveness.’ You already encountered the state of mercy. The state of forgiveness is its cousin.”

I immediately remember the dream I had of travelling to the state of mercy to petition for prolonging the life of Soltan the cat when he was extremely ill. (That dream was published in the September 2020 LDE.)

“Dwelling in the state of forgiveness (think of it a specific type of trance state) helps you blot out sinning and increase your humility. It is one of the qualities of the divine. Are you not familiar with the Sufi God-name ‘Al Ghaffar’ (meaning the Great Forgiver)? These names are not just divine qualities, they are states of being that you can access!”

This character’s knowledge seems vast, and what he says of the Great Forgiver has me intrigued. I respond, “Yes, I am aware of that name. But those sins or passions, as you say, are a normal part of existing as a human. Why is this teaching on forgiveness coming to me time and time again? Is there something specific that I need to request forgiveness for?”

He chuckles and says, “It is okay to be angry, prideful, lustful, etc. It makes no difference to the Father whatsoever. However, haven’t you made a request recently that you wanted to be close to Brahman?” He smiles at me.

I started to understand what he was trying to tell me. I recalled a Sufi teaching of prophet Mohammed when he urged people to request for forgiveness as a daily mantra. He used to do that himself till the day he died. I never truly understood why he did that until now.

The priest continues, “Then stumbling onto forgiveness is not a coincidence. If you want to be close to Brahman, you will need to reduce your karma and the number of sins that you generate. As you do that, more and more of Brahman starts to reveal itself to you, through you!”

“Thank you for this explanation. It really helps,” I said, my head spinning with a new perspective. “Who are you, by the way?”

He smiles at me and answers, “I am Saint Christopher.”

I thank the saint, aware that I had never heard of a Saint Christopher before.

I wake up and write down the dream, and then google ‘Saint Christopher’. Legend says that he is a saint who carried baby Jesus across a river. He is also known as the patron saint of travelers, who pray for him to protect them on their journeys. I wonder if he also supports people on their inner journeys—such as the journey towards the greater awareness?

Over the next few weeks after this dream, it became more apparent to me why integrating and healing our shadow (aka ‘shadow work’) in both waking and dream realities is very important. This is especially true for anyone who is serious about healing, expanding one’s awareness, and self-discovery. ▲



Public domain image: St. Christopher, from the Westminster Psalter, c.1250

Where's Robert?

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Begins September 22, 2022 — Online

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A 30-day IONS workshop with Robert Waggoner and Gillian Thetford

Details at: <https://noetic.org/experience/lucid-dreaming-living-lucidly/>

October 29 through November 12, 2022 — Online

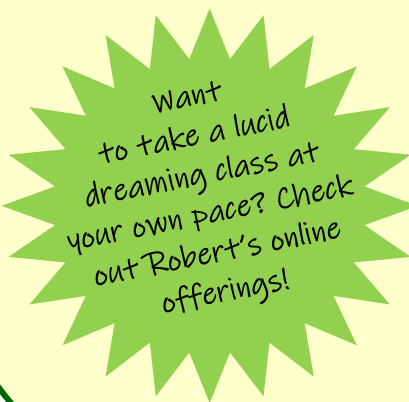
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*** See the inside front cover of this issue for a full listing of MWLD Conference Presenters and Topics!**



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Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

from Robert's LucidAdvice.com © 2022

... Robert Waggoner answers questions submitted
by lucid dreamers to his book website ...

Q: *Focusing on Dream Recall or Lucidity Before Sleep?*

Hello Robert,

I am focusing on lucid dreaming for roughly 50 days. I had one false awakening and my first real one 10 days ago. Being a novice on this matter, there is a question I'd like to ask: On what should I put my focus before going to sleep? Should I focus on an affirmation to have better dream recall? Or should I focus on an affirmation to become lucid? What's your opinion on that?

Greetings,
Jan from Hamburg, Germany

Robert answers:

Hello Jan,

If you can recall at least one dream a night, then I would simply focus (before going to sleep) on the affirmation to become lucidly aware. By doing that, you make "becoming lucid" your clear intent.

My second book is translated into German—and in it, I make these kinds of suggestions: "Tonight in my dreams, I will be much more aware, and when I notice something strange, I will realize I am dreaming."

Or, more simply, "Tonight in my dreams, I will realize I am dreaming."

Now, a beginner with poor dream recall might try this one: "Tonight I will clearly recall my dreams, and when I notice something strange I will realize I am dreaming" — and see how that works.

But in general terms, it seems best to have a suggestion which focuses clearly on one thing.

Have fun with it!
###

Q: *Lucid Dreaming and Hypnosis?*

Hello,

After nearly a year of trying numerous methods, I finally had my first lucid dream using the hypnosis script for that purpose from a book called, *Instant Self Hypnosis*.

However, it has only worked once. I've been continuously repeating the process for three weeks since then, but to no avail. I know you have said that a method can become habitual and thus lose its impact, but it doesn't feel habitual to me. You have also said that lacking a sense of fun in the process can sabotage a dreamer. That may be my problem, but I don't know how to change that. I don't feel any enjoyment from the process at all, and I've never been able to make anything that wasn't naturally fun for me more so.

Thank You,
B.

Robert answers:

Hi there,

I think when you read one of my books, you may see some new ways to approach this process of becoming lucid.

The value of hypnosis and self-hypnosis, is that it

can help us ‘adopt’ new beliefs in our ability to lucid dream! And sometimes that ‘fact’ shows us the importance of belief and positive expectations in creating an environment to have lucid dreams.

Now, one way to approach this is “Lucid Lite”... where you incubate a dream. For example, try this—before going to sleep, write this out on a piece of paper, and memorize it, and repeat it three times:

“Tonight in my dreams, I will play and have fun like I did when I was little—and I will feel amazed to see how much fun I can have.”

By suggesting this before sleep, you help create an ‘environment’ for that kind of dream to emerge.

###

Q. *Dreams About Lucid Dreaming?*

Hi Robert,

I have occasional, short lucid dreams that have a vivid, sparkling, awake quality and it feels like both my conscious and unconscious mind are present—so I do have a sense of how it feels when I am having what I would call a “true” lucid dream. These experiences are rare and exciting but I’m not practiced at staying within those states long enough to do much exploring.

However, more often, I have seemingly lucid dreams which do really not feel “lucid”—they feel like a non-lucid dream where my conscious mind doesn’t seem to be online and there is not the same vivid quality—yet they have lucid aspects (i.e., I know I am dreaming, I talk to the dream awareness, or do lucid activities like flying and interacting with the dreamscape). It feels like my unconscious is somehow rehearsing the lucid state based on what I’ve been reading or learning in waking life. So, I’m curious if it’s possible to have a dream about lucid dreaming?

Below is a journal entry from one of these types of dreams. This one happened while I was reading your book, *Lucid Dreaming*. I’m curious to know your thoughts about what’s going on here.

Dream: Lucid Dreaming Practice

There are a series of scenes in which I am “lucid dreaming” and I can move things with my mind. When I focus attention on something, it changes or shifts the more I move towards it—so in a sense I am able to manipulate the dreamscape in this way. I also speak to the dream. It goes on a long time and it is like I am practicing the skills from the book. I notice I am able to stay in the dream much longer. However, it does not have a really ‘lucid’ quality and it feels like I’m dreaming about having a lucid dream. I wake up

into another dream and I am telling someone about the long lucid dream I just had.

Thanks so much for your consideration!

Robert answers:

Hi there,

Thanks for sharing your experience. In a general sense, ‘awareness’ can vary in the waking state or in a lucid dreaming state.

While awake, you may be very present and aware in the moment—but if someone tells you that they heard Joe has a secret crush on you, then you may suddenly be very aware of thinking about Joe and largely withdraw your focus from the physical world (to the inner world of thoughts, imagination, etc.). Or consider if you become tired, then your sense of feeling present and aware in the moment diminishes. Awareness varies.

In lucid dreaming, we realize other things: 1) that our ‘level of awareness’ fluctuates and we can actually return to regular dreaming if we do not stay focused on being lucid; and 2) our ‘focus’ determines where our attention goes, so we can focus on the outer experience or on our inner thoughts about it, and so on.

In the lucid dream you shared, you became lucid, did things, and then had a “false awakening” (you write: “I wake up into another dream and I am telling someone about the long lucid dream I just had.”). Because of the false awakening activity of telling someone about the long lucid dream, you now have two versions of the lucid dream experience in your mind: 1) the original; and 2) the re-told version of the original.

Which is now more cogent? I imagine #2 seems so. It seems more recent in your memory, easier to recall and therefore more powerful. As a result, the false awakening re-telling makes the original version seem distant and not immediate.

However—Yes! You can have a dream about lucid dreaming! And you can also have a semi-lucid lucid dream, where you do lucid things but feel that you did not have “full awareness” (and perhaps acted in a habitual manner). But in the example you provided, the false awakening aspect changes the ‘memory’—and the false-awakened memory of the lucid dream achieves prominence. ▲

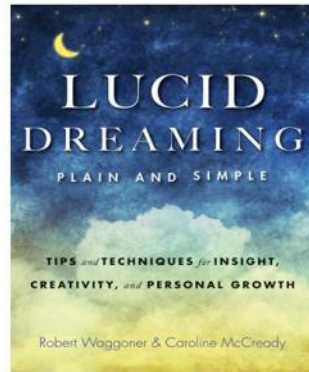
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(or to submit a Question of your own)**

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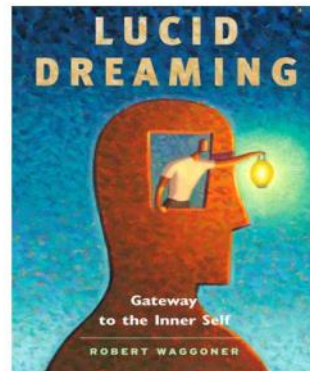


Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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SEEKING RESEARCH PARTICIPANTS:

AWAKENING SPIRITUAL FREEDOM FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL TRAUMA

A note from the researcher:

My name is Jennifer Hart. I am a doctoral student in the process of writing my dissertation and would greatly appreciate your participation in my research. Your sharing of personal experience has the potential to benefit others who have undergone a similar experience of spiritual trauma following clergy-perpetrated sexual abuse.

My research is focused on the way spiritual trauma affects the survivor's perception of the sacred, and the way the survivor may move forward in seeking spiritual connection. The study does not prescribe any one spiritual path but offers an intervention method, a form of art therapy, to explore the way to each individual's unique spiritual path forward.

For more details about the study and time commitment, follow this link: <https://jenniferhart4.wixsite.com/jen-hart-s-research>





Jo Holmwood — *Searching for the Lines of the World*

I had a very restless sleep. I woke up at 4am and was tempted to get out of bed to make tea. I had an intense feeling of frustration and annoyance, for some reason. I really wanted to have a lucid dream so I could look at the lines of the world. My monkey mind was telling me that my dreaming had been rather under par recently. “How are you going to help others lucid dream if YOU can’t even do it? You are going to be a giant failure.”

I told my mind to “Shut the hell up!” (or words to that effect). Eventually I dropped back to sleep... I was in a room with some people I didn’t recognize. The room had a red light on; it was very dim. It was like being in a darkroom where you develop photos. I had carried my frustration into the dream. “I know there are lines here. Why can’t I see them? Please show me where they are,” I said to the head of the small group of people that had gathered.

The only line I could see was a single thick red line coming out of my midsection. It fanned out into multiple lines, but I couldn’t see what they were attached to, they just faded into the dream scene. I squinted to see if that would help, but it didn’t.

“You cannot see the lines from this position in awareness. You have to be awake and use your seeing,” said one of the people.

“I’m sure that’s not right,” I said. I wasn’t convinced. This dream person is trying to trick me, I thought. It suddenly dawned on me that I must be dreaming. I remembered that I had been awake and annoyed and now I was asleep and annoyed. What the hell? No point in being irritated. I’d better make this count, I thought.

I looked around the room and spotted a small window. Perfect, I’ll just go out there. I gazed through the small aperture. I was in an old university campus. It felt like Oxford or Cambridge. The stone buildings looked ancient and grand. The breeze caressed my face as I peeked out. I could see towers and archways leading to mysterious dark places. The sun was about to rise. There was a golden glow on the horizon that cast a beautiful amber hue over the old buildings. It created eerie shadows. This place is deliciously atmospheric. Time for some fun, I thought.



I slipped like smoke out of the window and into the warm air. I felt such freedom and joy as I soared around the towers, spinning and twisting as I went. Then I remembered my intention, to see the lines of the world; to perceive the web of energetic lines that holds everything together. But I couldn’t see any lines, try as I might. I began to feel my lucidity waning. I had better do something to hold the dream before I lose it completely, I thought.

I came to rest on a well-manicured lawn. I put my attention on the territory around me; I was surrounded

by neat flower beds and to my left was the entrance to one of the buildings, stone steps led to a huge wooden door. I looked at my hands. I need to remember this; I need to write it down, I thought.

Then I woke up... I was sitting opposite my teachers, in their lounge. I was telling them all about the dream where I had been looking for the lines of the world. "A dream figure told me you can't see lines in dreaming, you can only see them in..." I stopped talking. They were smiling at me but not saying a word. There was a strange reddish hue to their faces and everything around them. I sat staring at them in silence, for a long moment....

Something isn't right, I thought. Then I clicked. "Am I still dreaming?" I asked. They nodded in unison and we all laughed. "Hold on a second, let me double check." I stood up and flung myself forward...and I floated. Excellent, I thought.

"Come on, let's go and explore," I said. "I really want to show you the place I found." We went through the front door of their house and found ourselves back at the university. We flew at breakneck speed, darting in and out of the ancient buildings. We explored the dark places. We looked with awe and wonder at the towers as they expanded up into the amber sky. Every time we entered a narrow corridor, I'd shout, "Stop! This is a trap," and we'd back up. We searched for wide open expansive places to fly. I wasn't sure what we were looking for anymore, we were just flying for the pure joy of it, and it was awesome!

Sara Casalino — *The Mysterious Package Delivery*

I was trying to fall asleep for the longest time. I had a dream of my CPAP machine (used for sleep apnea). In the dream, the machine was really annoying me because I had removed the headpiece and the machine kept turning back on and I kept turning it off. The setup of the machine was very different. There were three keyboards now, for some reason, leaving less room for me in my bed. There was also a large computer screen, instead of the tiny touch screen I was used to.

Where did this computer screen come from? What's with all these keyboards and equipment? That wasn't part of it, I thought.

I asked my spouse. "Where did all this stuff come from?" Like it just appears overnight?

He said, "The delivery person brought it early this morning."

"When?" I asked incredulously. "I was trying to sleep for all this time. It's 6am. They don't come this early."

My spouse said, "Well, they brought the delivery. I opened the door and brought the package in."

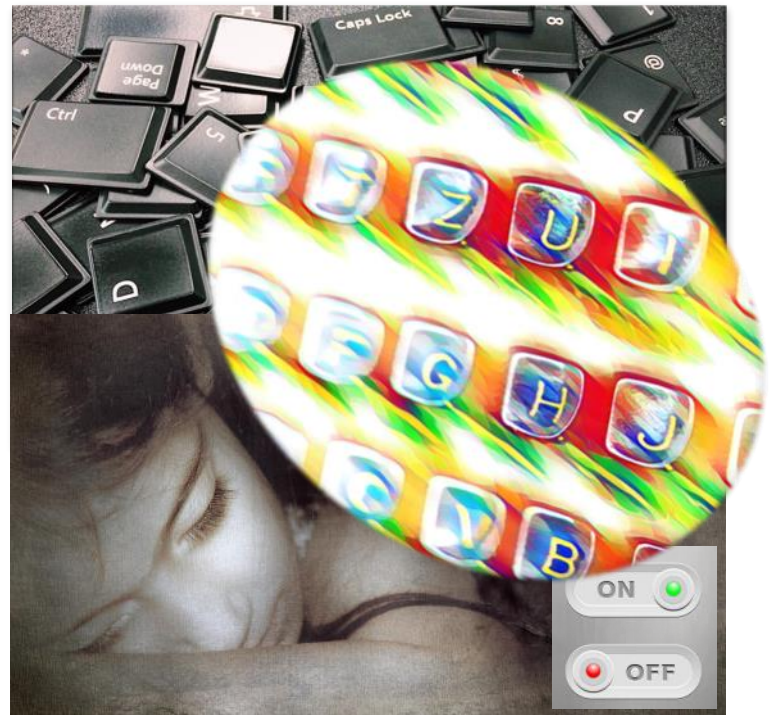
"But who set all this up?" I asked.

He said, "The delivery person came in and set it up."

I said, "What? Was I asleep this whole time? Like what is going on?"

I thought it strange that my spouse would have let some stranger in to set something up while I was asleep in the room. This was so unlike him.

Then I thought, Wait, is this a dream? I did a reality check, which I don't remember, and realized it was a dream. I'm still in bed, I thought. This is a lucid dream! Then everything else disappeared and there was a white light. I thought, Okay, I want to fly through the forest. I waited but nothing happened. Just the white light. It was like an empty stage. I tried to move my physical body and found that I could move easily. I could still



see the empty white light. Then I opened my eyes. I had become lucid right at the very end of the dream, but I guess by now the show was over.



Erin — *The Swaying Pink Victorian*

My friend and I were walking around in a big city that reminded me of New York City. I became lucid and decided that we owned a house there together. I pointed to a super tall, pink Victorian house in a tight row of other homes.

We went inside. The whole place was swaying and had peeling dark blue paint on every surface. It smelled like mildew. There were other people walking around the house. The house was really long and narrow and had two kitchens. The second story was hard to get to because the floor was somehow soft and we couldn't find the entrance to the stairwell.

Bored with the house, I decided I wanted to find a jewelry store to look through. We walked to a neighborhood with lots of businesses. I found a shop that had something to do with George Orwell and we went inside. There was an old TV with a chair in front of it, and further back in the building there was a bed and really thick carpeting.

There was a woman inside the bed, awake. We were going to ask her about the nearest jewelry store, but then I woke up.

James Sims — *Games, TV Series, and Truth Seeking*

In my dream, I'm playing Call of Duty with my little sister and other online gamers. However, rather than viewing the game on a TV screen, I'm inside the game. After being beaten by my sister (as was the case whenever we played this game in waking life), I resort to cheating by hiding and firing from beneath a bed. Through illegitimate means, I win the game. I will later discover, however, that this dishonesty has ramifications.

Instantaneously I find myself lucid in the next scene, and although I'm not sure how, I suspect that my younger sister plays a role, as the sight of her often triggers lucidity. In this case, I fly upwards with my sister. She says that by flying just a little higher, I can reach the sixth density.

I attempt to fly higher; however, as is often the case in my lucid dreams, I hit a white ceiling that impedes my ascension. Through perseverance, though, I push the ceiling open. My entrance gives way to the pleasant sight of two golden Buddha statues (one large and one small) sitting next to a mirror. I view this a call for me to assess myself.

Also, there are numerous Buddhist books, one with the word "willingness" in its title. Feeling gratitude, I pray before the elaborate alter. I then become aware of another room nearby that symbolizes Christ. Upon entering, I see the word "Christianity" in large writing, but I feel let down when I see no other Christic symbols.

I'm so disappointed, in fact, that I exit this section by lowering myself and ask a man at a bar why I was unable to see Jesus in the area. He replies cryptically, "Because of truth." Perplexed, I question further, "Then why was I able to see Buddha?" Letting me down on no uncertain terms, he bluntly states, "That was merely symbolism for inspiration. You could even get that information in a daily newsletter."

Feeling more disappointed than ever, I wake up from the dream to the sobering truth that the dream is telling me not only to be more true to myself, but also to live outwardly in greater congruence with my inner practices, i.e. meditation and lucid dreaming.



As additional confirmation, I read in *The Law of One* later that very morning that as a soul progresses, one's work should be more and more of a perfect representation of who they truly are. Thus, I'm being called to better integrate my inner and outer life.



Gustavo Vieira — Seeing My Father

I'm in an office meeting at my house. As I haven't been a full-time office worker for years, I find that strange, so I become lucid.

I leave the house with the intention of seeing my father again (he passed away a couple of years ago). When I see him, my father says, "At last. I've been waiting for you for about 3 months."

After a short talk, I wake up and check my dream journal. Curiously, the last dream encounter I had with him was 3 months ago.

Noik — Fear Turns into Lucidity and Light

I walk along a path and play and jump on all kinds of things, like rocks. Next to the path, there are many open spaces, similar to American home garages with open shutters.

I jump on one shutter and it drops from the top of a pavilion; it could not hold me and started to fall fast. It is made of huge, heavy iron, like an iron fence suddenly coming down. I am thrown to the side and breathe strongly and with fear and a little hysteria, thinking to myself that I really could have been hurt or died! What was I thinking to jump like that!? And looking at the tattoo while doing so. (Lucid Dream tattoo on the back side of my hand. My reality check.)

But the tattoo says 'Light' or 'lighte'. It does not make sense. So it didn't really happen in reality. This is a dream. I'm still in awe and very emotional and surprised, breathing heavily, but realizing it's a dream and I can look around.

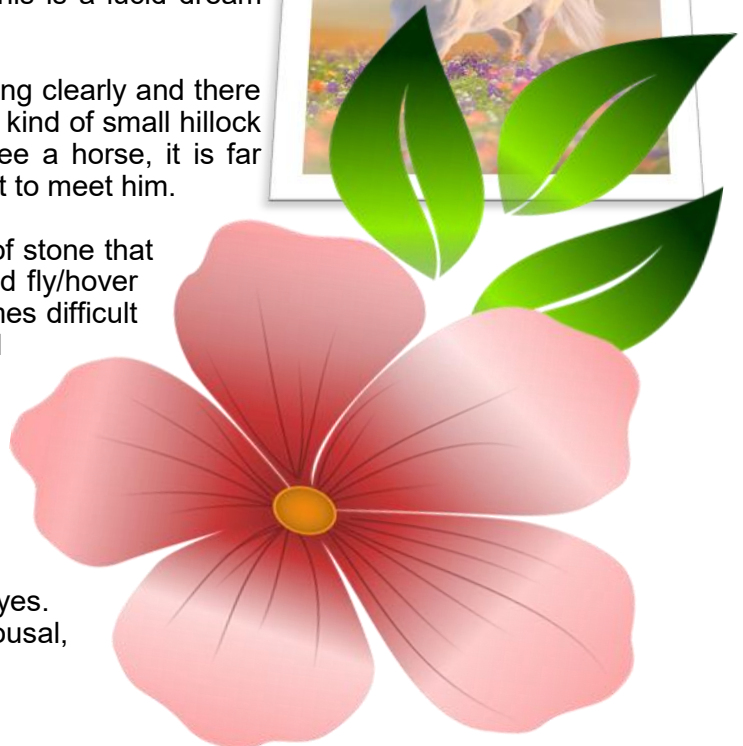
There is a path next to the garages and a beautiful flower that shines with tremendous intensity—around the flower is an aura of light. I am attracted to its beauty and its power. I reach out and touch the petals, while at the same time, try to relax. I am singing, too; something about 'this is a lucid dream and everything is all right.'

Beyond the flower I see a small and gentle stream, flowing clearly and there is sun and blue sky. Beyond the small stream, there is a kind of small hillock with grass and small flowers. Farther in the grass, I see a horse, it is far away. A white horse, is it a unicorn? I am not sure. I want to meet him.

But I feel less like touching the water. I jump on a kind of stone that turns into a soft sponge and I want to rise up with it and fly/hover up to the horse. To do this I remember that it is sometimes difficult for people in a lucid dream, but I believe it is possible. I take a deep breath and as if filling up with air, close my eyes to concentrate.

Suddenly I hover up and the speed accelerates. I am moving very fast with high acceleration and literally fly into the horse—who I see is also rushing in my direction.

I tell myself that maybe I would meditate and close my eyes. But as soon as we collided, I had surprising sexual arousal, following which I woke up.



Lisa Snow — *Lucid Healing with a Multidimensional Being*

I am aware that I am standing in front of a stage in a dark theatre with all empty seats behind me. Suddenly I become lucid. There are only three souls present in the room but only two of the souls are human. I am one of the human souls, the other is a man sitting in a chair on the stage.

Above the man sitting on the stage is a light, and it's the only light that is shining in the entire theatre. It's a cone-shaped pendant light which hovers just above the crown of the man's head, showering him in a yellow and white light. I intuitively know this is a healing light.

The third soul is standing beside me and has a male presence, but I cannot see his face. This presence is about 4 foot tall and wearing a dark trench coat. I intuitively also know this soul is not of a human soul but a soul from another dimension of time and space; he is a multidimensional Being. Is this my guide, I wonder?

As I observe the man on the stage being showered in yellow and white healing light, I say to the multidimensional Being, "Wow, I want that experience, too."



Artwork by Lisa Snow

The next thing I know, the Being is standing in front of me. Although I cannot see his face, his eyes begin to beam with rays of yellow and white light scanning my body from head to toe, and healing every single cell in my body.

Instantaneously, I go into what I know of as gamma brainwaves and my whole body begins to shake, vibrate, and buzz. I soon wake up and my entire body is still vibrating and buzzing, and I am in a state of total bliss and euphoria knowing I've just had a full body healing experience whilst lucid dreaming.

Maria Isabel Pita — *The "So Good" Locution*

I had a lucid dream that felt like being a ghost or spirit transcending, but still bound to, the physical realm. Everything was black-and-white, and I was lucidly conscious of being in an "in between" space of some kind. It was a "misty" place in every sense, tactile but barely so. Everything was real yet vague, including the sense of location. "Floating" out of a lucid scenario involving my late father and living brother, I drift into another one....

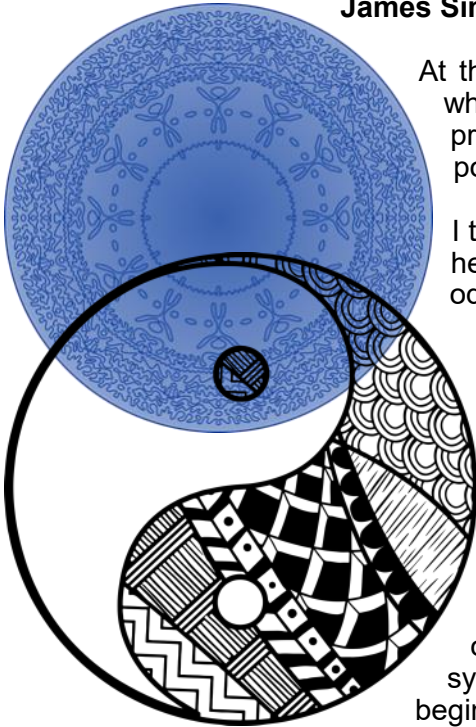
In a grand indoor space, I shed something akin to a dark coat as it brings me to my knees it's so heavy. (I suspect this has something to do with not being fully "detached" from my physical body.) I find myself in a large open space that looks and feels made of stone, perhaps a Castle or a Cathedral, where I perceive a handful of figures wearing long flowing garments just as I now am. We're all standing several feet, some even a few yards from each other. Closest to me on my left is a feminine presence. Remaining in the exact spot where I first became conscious of being here, I am in some mysterious sense communicating with this female figure. And as I do so, a man's voice suddenly speaks directly into my right ear. I hear his voice clearly and distinctly, it is absolutely real, not in my head but coming from outside me. The voice says to me (and I also somehow know *about* me) "So good...."

I glance over at the feminine presence as if for guidance, because that was a *real* voice that spoke to me, in the sense described as a *locution* by Santa Teresa of Avila. I then begin "surfacing" into waking reality as I wonder who just audibly complimented me, and as soon as I'm fully awake, I know what I had already

sensed, that it was *not* God's voice but the Enemy's. For I know perfectly well that I'm *not* so good at all, no human being is. Only God is truly SO good. The Enemy always flatters a soul it's trying to win over, or in my case to win back after having lost it. I also understand God allowed this to happen so I could exercise what is known as "discernment of spirits."

Dream Notes: Last night's experience calls to mind the terrifying dream I included in my novel *The Way of the Prince* in which the Enemy (exuding a paralyzing evil malevolence even though he was darkly attractive) said to me, "We're all shits here, except you sweetheart, except you." Last night, he used the same flattering tactic. However, this experience was different because I couldn't sense his evil or his presence. I also didn't have to suffer the terror of seeing him so distinctly. Last night, he couldn't actually manifest. And yet he *was* permitted to speak into my ear. And God allows these *things* (at this point in my spiritual life I can hardly call them *temptations*) for my soul's benefit. Initially, I wondered if it was possibly my Angel testing me, but I don't think the Holy Spirit would ever command my Angel to do such a thing. And I somehow sense, I *feel* and *know* it wasn't my Guardian's voice because there was no warmth in it, no tenderness, only that deceptive note of flattery.

James Sims — *Polarity and Orbs of Light*



At the beginning of this dream, my sister and I are in a 12-step meeting in which a participant says the key to healing is to avoid talking about one's problems. The facilitator of this meeting disagrees, offending the man to the point of walking out of the meeting, along with his fellow members.

I then say to my sister that suppression, as I have learned, is not the path to healing. The realization that this sister often appears in my dreams, and the oddity that my other rarely does, leads me to lucidity.

I take advantage of my awareness by running into an ancient building with Maya-like symbolism on the walls. Also in this temple are two yin/yang circles over two brightly-colored sky blue orbs. As I traverse this ancient civilization, I open hidden doors in the well-lit areas, typically avoiding the darker ones of this intricate structure.

I explore this environment for the remainder of the dream until I have a false awakening in which I ask a Spirit Guide in which order the yin/yang symbols and sky blue orbs appeared. When I ask him if the two orbs were over the two yin/yang, he corrects me and says the yin/yang symbols were on top. I then tell my friend, Calvin, of this symbolism and the beginning of the dream, but it ends before I can get through much.

I believe this lucid dream to be symbolic of throat chakras activation, as blue is the color of this chakras, and the importance of verbal expression of one's challenges is emphasized.

Troy Vrolyk — *Raindrop Magic*

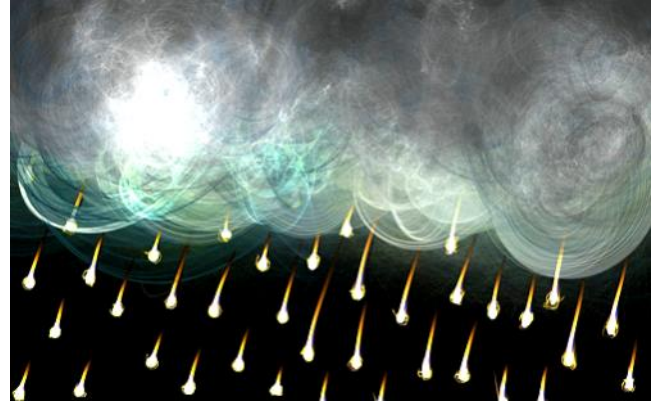
I'm in some third floor apartment (apparently mine and my girlfriend's), trying to sleep. Unfortunately, it's not going well. I'm on the floor by the end of my bed. To make it worse, her son is beside me and extremely restless. It's also quite bright. Although it's dark out, the window is getting either some crazy moonlight or maybe just bright light from some light posts outside, and the mostly translucent curtain isn't blocking much at all.

Getting a little frustrated, I get into my bed to sleep and leave her son on the floor... but then look back, feel sorry for him, and ask if he wants to join me, hoping the comfort of the bed and the bit of cuddling might calm him down. He gets in bed with me but is still restless. Then I hear my girlfriend come in with groceries through the main entrance and then the kitchen, which is at the other end of the hall. I think, It's quite late for that but, whatever. Her son jumps over me and goes to his mom to see what she bought. I hear him say, "Alright! You bought the good kind of cereal, I'm set!"

With her son over there I think, finally, I can get some sleep! But then her daughter is in bed behind me somehow, and she's very restless, too. She flips and flops around. I try closing my eyes and ignoring her, but it's so

bright in our room. I think, Where is this light coming from?! I look over and it's coming in from the window, from whatever light is on outside. I notice that now there's no curtain on the window anymore... that's weird, I think. I pull the covers over my head to block out the light. But then it starts pouring rain outside. It's very loud and now I know that the kids will never sleep. I poke my head out from under my covers and think, What the hell is going on around here!? How will I ever sleep under these conditions?! Then I think, Wait a minute... could I be dreaming? I look down at my hands. Three fingers, and one of the fingers isn't even attached! Ooooookkkkaaayyy... now it all makes sense. I am dreaming!

My earlier feelings of frustration drifted away as I realized there was rain outside—I had been hoping to connect to the element of water this night! I rubbed my hands to stabilize the dream and then got to work. Hmm, what to do... this rain is pouring so fast I can't even see it! That gave me an idea. I looked out the window, put my hands up, pointing them to the rain as if casting a spell, and commanded, "Stop!" I concentrated hard in one area and, sure enough, the rain slowed down in time until finally stopping in mid-air. I looked around the sky and cityscape outside, and could see every raindrop, silvery in the partial darkness, suspended in the air like little life-giving stars as far as the eye could see. It was magical!



I gazed for a moment, then thought I better not stare too long or the dream could collapse. I moved my hands away from each other abruptly, as if gesturing to expand them, and POW! Each raindrop splashed apart like little fireworks in perfect outward formations, all over the sky and cityscape. Once 'exploded,' it all continued to remain suspended in the air in their new formations, so I was looking at these sort of magical 'raindrop fireworks,' held in time at the peak of their 'explosion.' It was incredible! I felt truly blessed to get lucid, and to connect with the water element in such a surprising and magical way.

I then wanted to be directly *with* the water, so I jumped out of the third story apartment through the window-pane and started flying through the suspended 'raindrop fireworks,' gazing all around me at the wonder of it all. I kept flying gleefully and then eventually saw a sort of outdoor mall or at least a kiosk down on the ground to my left. I lowered down to about 15 feet in the air and saw two women running the little shop... a café. They had medium- to dark-brown skin and seemed very friendly, smiling up at me as if equally in awe with the suspended water all around us, and I smiled back. The one on the left drew my attention, as she had an exceptionally nice smile and was very cute with her black hair in a ponytail, and had that 'rained on' look with the top of her long-sleeved shirt quite soaked. I thought about going down to get a closer look, but then thought, "Wait! Focus, don't get distracted!"

I remembered my more specific goal, looked back around me at all the rain suspended in the air, and commanded, "Let me become one with the Element of Water!" At that point it was like I lost all power. I fell out of the sky in a heap and landed on the pavement below... almost on all fours, needing to use my hands to help catch me. I looked at the women, smiled sheepishly with a wink, and said, "Oops! I was expecting a different result!" They smiled back and asked if I'd like some warm coffee. We were all wet from the storm. I accepted gladly, walked into their little shop/kiosk... and then woke up.

Bahram — Are You Still Walking on the Earth?



I was in the street when I received a message from my wife saying, "Are you still walking on the earth?" The message was like a Zen phrase, helping to achieve enlightenment.

I understood that I am **lucid** and very slowly took flight towards the sky.

Then I thought, what did I have as a project, once lucid? I looked at a moon in the sky and saw some flying spirits! I said, No! I am not in the mood to go chat with the spirits of the moon! I would rather talk with the dream characters to learn more about me!

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I see a group of people down on the floor. I come down and see a nice boy, I point my finger at him and I ask him the question, "What is your role in my life?" He answers me that he plays the role of leader in my life!

Then the other "troublesome" dream characters came along and they started pinching me (as usual), so I woke up!

RickM — A Visit with My Guardian Angel

This hypnopompic dream occurred in 2003 and I theorize it was a meeting with my guardian angel or spiritual guide. Entering the scene, I became lucid immediately and knew it was a dream.

There, before me, he stood leaning against a couple of crates. His appearance surprised me. He was a rather homely-looking chap of about 60 years. He had a nose that looked like [the actor] Karl Malden's nose and was dressed in Renaissance-looking garb, with knickers-style pants and a Shakespearian era cap. I recall thinking to myself, "Please don't let this be my guardian angel."

Hopefully, he is currently visiting other clients and not reading this.

I remember waking and thinking, "Wow, that's not what I expected!" But he actually gave me excellent advice (that wasn't heeded). At the time, I was having a problem with a tooth. Months earlier, the dentist had replaced a silver filling in that tooth, near the front of my mouth, with plastic filling for cosmetic reasons. The tooth was still very sensitive after several months. In the dream, the chap was telling me not to worry about the tooth and to be patient. That was the extent of it.

Instead, I ended up convincing the dentist to replace the new filling with another. But the second new filling was also very sensitive for almost a full year until things returned to normal.

Michael Lyons — An Out-of-Body Experience

Going to bed one night, I asked the powers that be for a dream and got one. In this dream I was able to see...

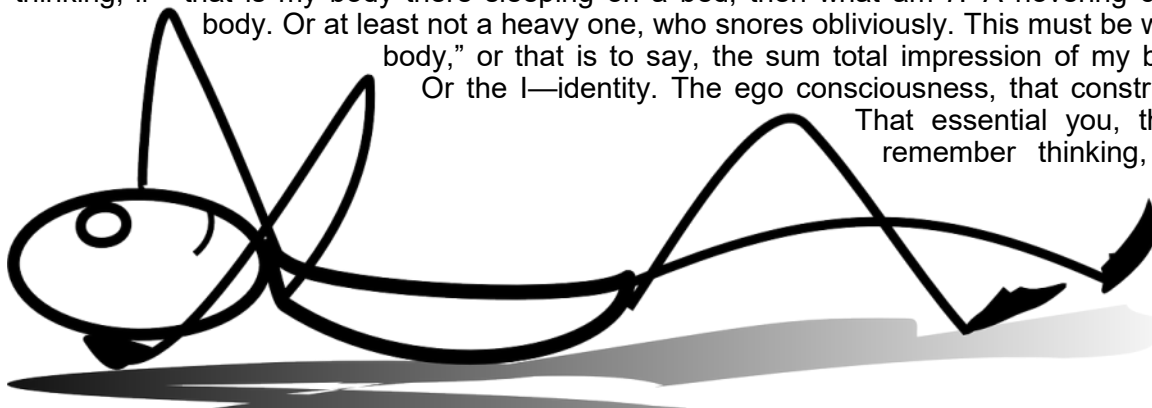
I am floating down the hallway of a house. I turn a corner, and go down another hallway further. I float easily like in water. I am floating down cavernous corridors. The place is a castle with stone floors and stone walls. This buoyancy, it is strange and wonderful. The light falls from high windows above and forms shafts of light cutting through the clear depths of water. It is enough to see.

At one point I feel myself a little bit hunched up—my arms outstretched in a zombie manatee posture—just drooping along, placid, unperturbed. One of the great pleasures of flying in lucid dreams is that you don't have to go fast. You can drift, you can luff, you can roll, pitch and yaw if you want to.

But my mind started moving quickly—I began remote viewing, zooming down the corridors. I came into a room, where I saw my body asleep on my bed. I was watching myself on my bed. My body was over on one side, facing the edge with the covers pulled up. I knew it was me. I just watched myself.

I realized I was having a common out of body experience. Or whatever you want to call it. And I remember thinking, if that is my body there sleeping on a bed, then what am I? A hovering consciousness with no body. Or at least not a heavy one, who snores obliviously. This must be what they call a "subtle body," or that is to say, the sum total impression of my body of me. The self? Or the I—identity. The ego consciousness, that construct of your continuity.

That essential you, that tries to prevail. I remember thinking, that business of a silver cord connecting to the front of the chest was not right. So that's it. I am some intermediated state between the



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physical body and the deep transpersonal archetypal Self which I inherit just from being human. I realize the feelings are important. Not the names of things. It's the experience.

I decide to try and see what happens if I make contact with the (my) sleeping body on the bed. I remember floating down closer and closer to the physical body on the bed and wondered if there would be a shock at contact. I was with the lovely feeling of trying to get into a spoon with my own self in bed. It's kind of like an out of body experience of love. I am a big male and so I am always the spooner, and never the spoonee (the one held). What would it be like to hold myself?

I slid my etheric body up closer to the physical body, and it was like a feeling of love. I was able to sink into my body, pulled it to me by the hips. My body did not wake up. I pressed my forehead into the neck and could feel its ribs moving in breath. I am he who sleeps on the stomach or the side, can only be re-entered from the back. I feel just a warmth in my back, and think: you are, we are, I am, this ensemble of bodies... subtle body, psychic body, etheric body. I know it now, and must find my way back—by meditation and trance, by self-hypnosis and imagination—to an accommodation of all of us.



Yuvaldreamtraveler — *Lucid Healing*

I used to have social anxiety. Most of the time it would be hard for me to talk to people. Sometimes even seeing other people would send me quickly back into my cave, and then I would feel destructive towards myself for feeling weak. But this changed when I experienced my first lucid dream.

I 'woke up' in my dream, looking around a British pub I had created out of my imagination. With the realization that I was dreaming, I decided to go on top of the tables and start acting ridiculous, just for the fun of it. Then I walked between the people's tables and observed their amazed faces as I lived in my full expression. When I had enough of performing in front of the crowd, I danced with myself in front of a mirror, observing the blue and purple colors of my face and the 7.5 fingers on my right hand.!

A week after the dream, my friend Max invited me for a men's circle. Every guy had the opportunity to share with the group what's going on in his life. I felt panicked... but suddenly, I decided to mimic the lucid dream—I stood up and walked around the room, jumping on a pile of mattresses, and then just stood silently while everyone looked with anticipation.

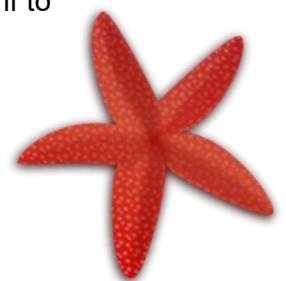
I used to think the dream world was a virtual reality playground, but after my first lucid dream, it became my greatest healer. I realized I could experience anything I want in the dream realm, including scenarios that I usually would avoid in real life. When I was in social situations after this dream, I felt so much more ease in my mind and body in navigating the previously different emotions that would come up in the past.

Debbie Johnstone — *Flying Above Comfortable Water, Landing on my Feet*

I'm up on a high mountain like one that's beyond the city of Santa Barbara, California. Looking ahead between hilly ridges, I see a hint of deep-blue ocean water in the distance. Next thing I know, I'm flying above the sand and ocean water. I always become lucid when flying in a dream.

I see people scattered about on the sand and in the water, all about 6 feet apart (I can't imagine why they'd be doing that!?). The water is fresh, moving, and vibrant. I look down at a man standing in shallow water. He's about my age and attractive. He looks directly back at me up in the sky but turns away as if to say he's not interested—or maybe just preoccupied.

I'm ecstatic to be flying again and try to stay with it but lose my momentum. I get plopped down in the ocean, landing solidly on my feet in waist-high water. The water is calm in some areas but beginning to get rough— as if it's the beginning of a storm. I'm mildly concerned about getting swept out to sea but with my feet so firmly planted in the sand, I know I will be okay.

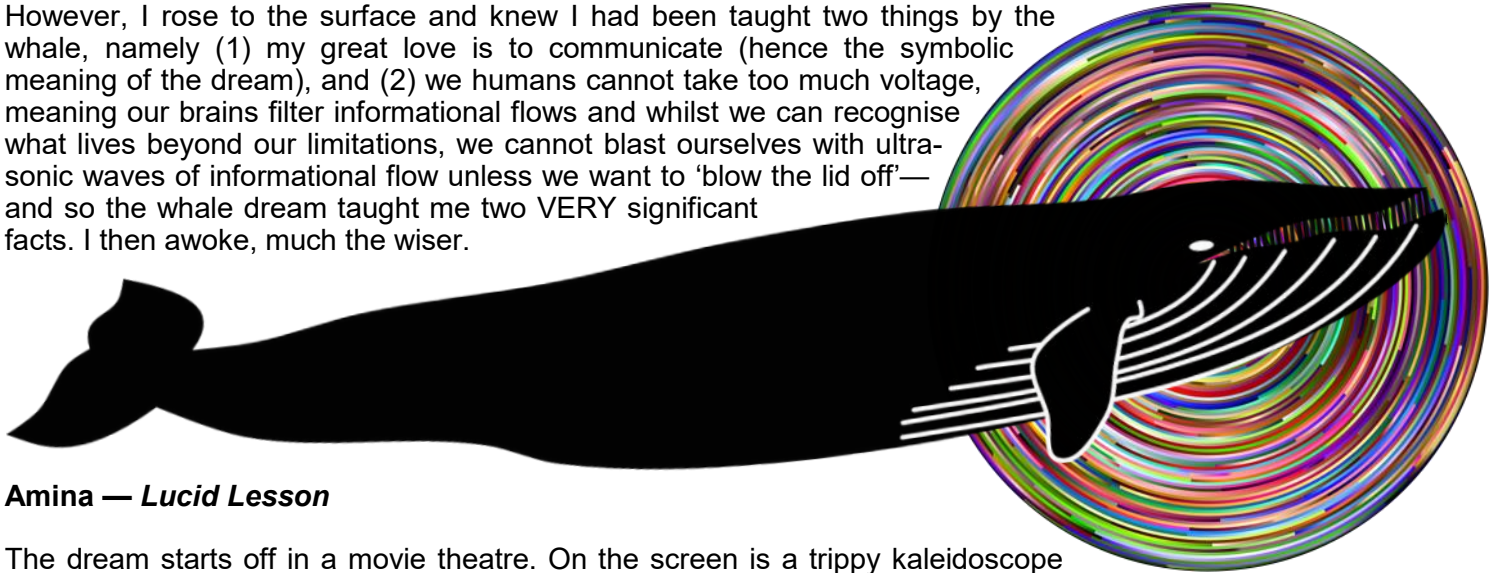


Madelyn Freeman — *The Whale's Song Lesson*

My lucid dream began when I awoke in my dream to find myself deep under water, swimming “with all my might” in order to move up the length of the massive body of the whale situated on my right.

Eventually, I caught up with the whale's head and found myself directly in line with our eye-to-eye-contact. The moment this happened, the whale emitted an ultrasonic sound wave frequency which I began to perceptual ‘travel’ down deep into the ocean's depth and thought—10 miles...100 miles... or perhaps even a 1000 miles? I knew I could not tell because the pressure under the ocean at that depth distorts our sense of space and time.

However, I rose to the surface and knew I had been taught two things by the whale, namely (1) my great love is to communicate (hence the symbolic meaning of the dream), and (2) we humans cannot take too much voltage, meaning our brains filter informational flows and whilst we can recognise what lives beyond our limitations, we cannot blast ourselves with ultrasonic waves of informational flow unless we want to ‘blow the lid off’—and so the whale dream taught me two VERY significant facts. I then awoke, much the wiser.



Amina — *Lucid Lesson*

The dream starts off in a movie theatre. On the screen is a trippy kaleidoscope scene with elves and random colors. I wake up—and loved the feeling of the dream—so I go back in for more, asking my dream guides to give me lucidity. Sure enough, next comes the best lucid dream I ever had!

Now lucid from the start, I am with one of my spirit guides. He tells me that we have known each other a long time and I feel safe with him. He says he protects me, and I feel it. It feels like I knew him before, although I never saw him in real life.

We are in a cab, then get out and enter a big building. I run from the rain and he laughs at me. Maybe he forgets what rain feels like because he's not human. We're then in a huge restaurant-like building. He tells me to lay low and act cool, because human dreamers aren't usually allowed here.

He's telling me all sorts of things about life on earth. He tells me how we chose to incarnate, and how everyone in the spirit world watches us and keeps up. He explains to me how there are guards who keep track of everyone's consciousness, and that there are a group of souls called “centennials,” aka people who have been there for centuries or lived lots of lives. There are different types of souls.

He tells me a lot of secrets of spirituality and about how the universe is structured. I wish I could remember all he told me, but the dream was so long. I ask him about my podcast and my path in life and he says it's going to be very successful. He plays me some of my future episodes and I cringe at hearing myself! (I had new intro music and it was me talking to new future guests.)

Eventually we sit at a table. There are so many people around. We sit with a lady. We're acting low-key, trying not to be noticed. She confirms that if the restaurant “servers” see me, they will send me back to my body, because they have to keep the veil of reality for humans. I try to duck down but they spot me and try to wake me up. I start to levitate into a tunnel. I think I'll wake up, but instead, still lucid, I am now in a small cafe.

New dreamscape: I see a lady with her baby and husband. She seems nice so I go sit with her. I ask her if she can teach me French. She says, “Of course!” She tells me to walk with her. We walk around. She's talking to me in fluent French and correcting my mistakes. I don't even speak fluent French in real life but with her

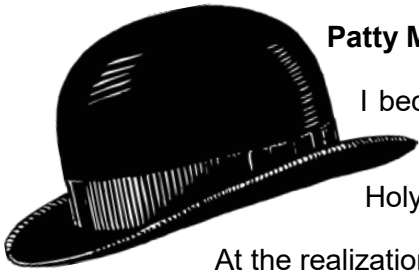
I was doing it and understanding every word.

She continues to tell me secrets. She compares spirits in the astral world to flagpoles (the ones that hang high) and humans to marking-flags (those little hundreds of plastic flags on the ground). At first I don't get it, but the more I think about it, I get it. They're watching over us. She told me so much I can't remember it all. She also told me humans aren't supposed to remember it all, because it defeats the purpose and the mission of life. We're supposed to incarnate with a clean slate and a clean memory until we die, and we get reviews on how we did.

We walk into a room with a huge movie theatre screen. The era of the dinosaurs is showing and the spirits are watching. It's beautiful, so realistic and huge. I'm watching the dinosaurs live their life. Not a movie, but the real thing—live.

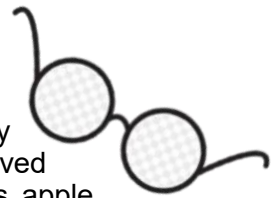
The souls can flip the channel to watch any time and place on earth. I ask her about this and she says anything in any movie is real, and happens somewhere in a time and place. All of it, any movie you've ever seen. I say, "Wow, I knew it!" I ask her if it happens like on our same earth or in different dimensions? Or how does that work? She doesn't answer, and one of the servers or dream guards notices me and I start to fade away back into my body.

I forgot so much of what they told me and taught me. I think the guards wiped my memory.



Patty Miller — *Walking In Another's Shoes*

I become lucid while looking in a mirror. I am wearing Harry Potter glasses and a bowler hat. My blue long-sleeved shirt is buttoned all the way up, covering my Adam's apple. Holy crap, I have an Adam's apple!



At the realization that I was a man in the mirror, I woke up from the dream. How intriguing to have felt such a large voice box.

Jill Whalen — *Good Thing This is Just a Dream!*

I dreamed that my husband and I went back to an old restaurant bar that we hung out at before we moved. However, it wasn't anything like the old place. The bar was short, sort of like a diner bar with maybe 6 seats. I saw an old bartender friend for a second, and she came out behind the bar after I said something like, "Gimme a hug!"

The owner (who we know well) saw us and mumbled to someone to give us a few free appetizers. I couldn't help noticing that everything was totally different. They had fancy menus, unlike the real place, and I couldn't figure out where the food was on them. Also, it was like we had intended to get pizza somewhere, but just stopped in this place first.

At some point we went into a different room of the bar, and there were a bunch of guys we didn't know sort of standing around a high-top table. It all felt very uncomfortable; we felt out of place. We went outside, thinking we would leave, and I saw that the building was now apparently in a strip mall of sorts. That's when I said to my husband, "Good thing this is just a dream, cuz this is so weird." He seemed to ignore me (as usual!) and we continued on but I repeated the same words a few more times to him. Finally, it clicked TO ME...WAIT... this is just a dream? If that's the case, then this means I'm lucid dreaming! That's when the fun began!

I was completely embodied within the dream, knowing I was dreaming, and started testing my sense of touch. Suddenly there was a sort of sofa or bed with sheets on it, and I was feeling the sheets. I felt every wrinkle and thread. IT FELT COMPLETELY REAL! Then I started touching everything, feeling the different surfaces. I wondered how I might wake up, but it didn't really seem like I had to worry about that. I



even remember my heart beating faster as I got very excited.

Then I grabbed my husband to see how he felt. We just hugged and I felt his arms around me, felt the warmth of his body and skin, and it was completely the same as in “real life.” Then suddenly I had a baby strapped to me in a front baby carrier. It seemed it was my 16-month-old grandson, but in the dream he was a good year younger, at least size-wise.

However, he said a word like “pup” (as he does now), and it sounded exactly how he normally says it. He also felt TOTALLY real. I could feel his warmth. I started saying to him, over and over, “I love Mama” (it seemed I was saying Mama, not Amma, which is my grandmother name) and I kept repeating that chant and that’s how I woke up: I was chanting but then felt that SWOOOOOOOOP that you feel when coming out of a dream... like getting sucked out of the dream back into your bed... and it was done.

When I first woke up, I knew I had a lucid dream, but I had to make a real effort to remember it and write it down, just like any other dream or it would have been lost to the ether.

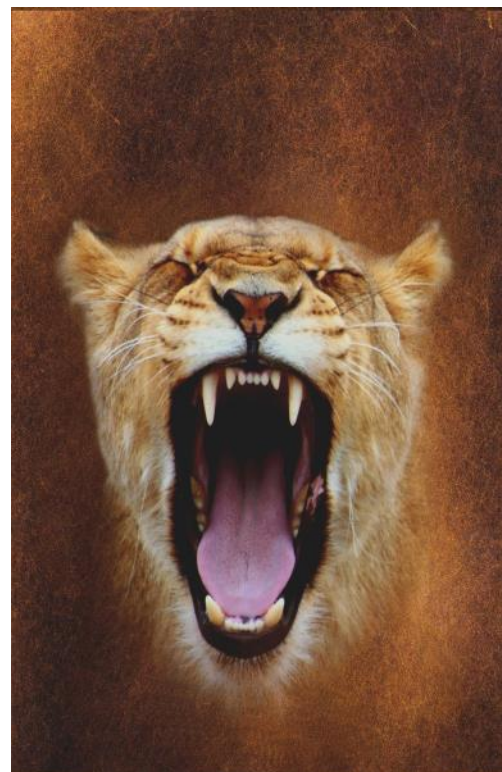
David L. Kahn — *Hand in the Lion’s Mouth*

I am outside in what looks like a trail area of a large park. The only structure I see is a wooden platform, perhaps 6 feet off the ground. It is a basic four-post structure with a platform on top that is about 3 to 4 feet wide by about 6 feet long.

Now I see a large male lion walking close by. He looks powerful. I don’t have any reason to believe he will attack me, but I know I’d be in serious trouble if he did. I pull myself up onto the platform for some protection.

The scene shifts slightly; now I see the lion as female. She remains large and powerful looking. I begin to feel a sense of awareness of this being a dream, now pretty sure that the lion isn’t real, and therefore thinking that I could reach my hand down to its face and be safe. With this thought I become lucid and say, “I’m dreaming!”

I decide to put my hand down into the lion’s mouth. I feel compelled to do this, like I am aware that doing so will help me with bravery in some way. I am wearing large, light blue mittens that look like pot-holders. I place my right arm down over the ledge of the platform. The lion is directly below. I reach my arm down into the lion’s mouth. I feel nothing, as I expected, like the lion was just a projected image. I have a sense that I have overcome a fear.



I wait for the dream to take me somewhere else but not much happens at first. Then I begin to float. There is a structure below and to my left that I float towards. It is plain, like a shed or storage structure. I am not sure if my eyes are closed, but I now see a pattern of blue and red hexagons connected and turning, like an evolving hive. The glowing colors of the hive are like the red and blue pills from *The Matrix*.

I float towards the structure facing down, and then rotate facing upwards as I land softly on my back. I hear music as I observe the hive-like blue and red pattern.



Bahram — *The Bird Flies Away with the Man*

I am in the street when I hear the cries of cats! I approach and see a bird which is the target of two cats. I try to save the bird by putting it on my index finger and reaching higher, so the cats cannot catch it. When I do, the bird makes me fly and I become lucid, filled with happiness and sweetness. ▲



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The LDE magazine is co-edited by Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner, with contributions from lucid dreamers around the globe.

The average size of each issue is 32-40 pages. The digital version is in full color, while the print version is in black and white.

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Ed Kellogg

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Maria Isabel Pita

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