



Vol. 10, No. 1, June 2021
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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

Why Bother Lucid Dreaming?

**Blossoming in Space—Lucid Dreams
and Precognition**

Fading Wakes of Other Worlds

Maximizing Wake-Back-to-Bed at Home

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International Association for the Study of Dreams

★ IMPORTANT ★ ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE

2021 IASD ANNUAL
INTERNATIONAL DREAM CONFERENCE

Now a **VIRTUAL** Conference
with Global Reach via Zoom

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(Sunday - Thursday)

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In order to ensure the safety of our attendees and to avoid the risk of having to cancel our conference once again due to ongoing pandemic conditions, IASD has decided to hold the full 5-day conference virtually via Zoom. It will be live and interactive with the same symposia, panels, workshops, morning dream groups, and special events offered as had been planned for the onsite program. This not only ensures the safety of participants but increases global access to the full event. Everyone is welcome – whether you are a professional, a dreamworker, or just a curious or interested dreamer.

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For more information about the conference
and for easy online registration

<https://iasdconferences.org/2021>

International Association for the Study of Dreams

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View more of Becky's abstract art and dream paintings at her website: <https://beckysteeleartist.com/>

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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Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: August 15, 2021

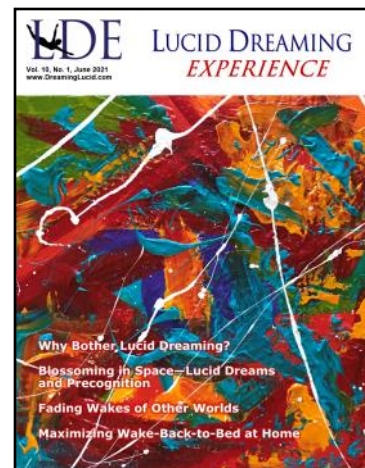
Submit articles and lucid dreams on this theme: *Movement in Lucid Dreams: Doorways & Portals—How to Travel, Where to Travel, and What Do You Discover When You Get There?*

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2021

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN AHERNE

Robert
Waggoner
interviews
Brian Aherne,
a lucid dreaming
proponent
of WILDs

Welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life? When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

The very first time I lucid dreamed was about 40 years ago, quite by chance. It was actually in the nature of a false awakening so I really didn't know what was happening until after I woke up for real and realised what had occurred.

I'd gone to bed as normal the night before and, as far as I was concerned, had slept the entire night and woke up just as the doorbell rang. Someone else in the house answered the door and I heard excited voices and squeals of delight, because a girl who'd been staying at the house who'd been missing for several days had finally turned up. We were all very glad to see she was safe and sound and were flocking around her asking her questions as to where she'd been and everything. While this was happening, I suddenly began to feel a little strange and slightly dizzy. As the sensation increased I also noticed some purple and white zigzagging streaks that appeared right on the periphery of my vision.

This was rather disconcerting, to say the least. I gently shook my head a couple of times to try and make it stop but it only got worse! These purple and white stripes were becoming more and more pronounced until that was all I could see. At which point I could feel myself falling backwards as if in slow motion and logically thought that this is what fainting must be like. Half expecting to feel myself hitting the floor, what happened next was quite surprising, because the next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed again exactly like the first time?? Yikes!

Immediately realising what had happened, I was stunned for a few moments while still trying to take this all in. The nature of that first awakening being so convincingly real that for weeks afterwards I wasn't quite sure it might just happen again at any moment! And this was my first ever introduction to even the possibility of lucid dreaming.

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while?

My next encounter was maybe even as much as 15 years later. I

hadn't been trying to lucid dream or anything and wouldn't have even known where to begin if I did. But one night I went to bed as usual and was kind of just lying there getting comfortable and ready to drift off, when suddenly I seemed to be hanging upside down in a net with my head touching my feet only to then find myself sitting up on the side of my bed with the lights on dressed in only my shorts and a T-shirt! Fascinated to realise what was happening, I looked around the room, which as far as I could tell was my bedroom albeit everything had a kind of surreal feeling to it all. Everything twinkled slightly as though with its own inner light. It was beautiful! Added to which I was fully aware that I was actually somehow dreaming! This was amazing! I quickly decided that the thing to do was to get dressed and go out and wander around outside, to which end I attempted to pull on my jeans — only for some reason my legs wouldn't go into them. There didn't appear to be any obstruction, but some seemingly invisible barrier just wouldn't allow me to get my legs into them. It was while I was trying to force my legs into them that it slowly dawned on me that maybe I was actually trying to dress my sleeping body and the reason my legs wouldn't go into my jeans was because there was a duvet in the way. The realisation of which gave me a jolt in that I then had visions of myself perhaps sleep walking around outside in the street completely unaware of the passing traffic! I decided then and there that it's probably best to stay home and just explore the room I was in instead! (smile)

Being totally new to all this, I didn't have a clue really what to do or to try next, and after walking around the room a few times I had the idea to maybe then try and create something in the dream completely from my imagination to see if it would materialise. I stared at my hand and tried to visualise a plain glass tumbler, which to my surprise began to actually appear albeit only in ghostly form. The outlines of it were there alright, but it wasn't solid and its solidity was what I wanted. I concentrated a little harder and for sure it became a little more solid and defined but was still basically only a ghostly shifting form in my hand. I didn't know what to do, something was lacking, but some intuition suggested that I had to pour some 'emotion' (or something) into it? To which end I somehow generated a feeling, somewhat like you feel in an elevator when it first starts up, and I whooshed this ghostly tumbler with it. The result of which was pronounced in that I'd seemingly used too much feeling because this nebulous tumbler suddenly solidified in my hand while expanding to 4 or 5 times its size and literally flew out of my hand and right across the room where it was now standing on the floor maybe two feet high and some ten inches wide, shocking me to pieces! I could see it standing there in the corner looking solid enough, as solid as anything else in the room albeit all distorted down one side as though having been melted from a great heat. I was fully intent on going over to inspect it only at that very moment I woke up back in bed in the dark still under the duvet.

What happened next?

After that last experience I became really quite intrigued about lucid dreaming but didn't actually know how to repeat the experience, I didn't have a clue! No matter what or how I tried nothing worked and it was again a number of years before I came across a series of books that talked about looking for one's hands in a dream as an express method of deliberately inducing a lucid dream. I tried this for quite some time with nothing ever coming of it. Months went by intoning and intending to lucid dream on a nightly basis only nothing ever happened! Nothing I did or tried seemed to work. How frustrating!

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

At the time, and being totally unable to make it happen again, all I really had to go on was the 'idea' of lucid dreaming and the kinds of things I might try to experiment with the next time it happened. I thought about it often and planned the kinds of things I might try, plus also read everything I could get my hands on in the meantime but all to no avail, nothing seemed to work no matter how much or how hard I tried. Nightly I lay down intoning out loud until I fell asleep that: "I want to lucid dream! I want to lucid dream!" Fully expecting it to happen only it never did. How disappointing! Eighteen months farther down the line, I still had nothing to show for it and even began to lose interest...

What eventually happened?

The breakthrough for me came shortly after getting a last-ditch idea of perhaps giving myself the command to wake up later in a dream at a somewhat deeper level. The idea being that perhaps my subconscious mind might hear the command more clearly if I was already in a somewhat slightly altered state of awareness to begin with. And as such I began to experiment with trying to fall half asleep before intoning the command to wake up later in a dream. This too unfortunately didn't work out either and nothing ever came of it except that sometimes, just before actually drifting off, I would notice all these very slight colours, dots and streaks appearing behind my closed eyes. The more I stared at them, the more pronounced they became, especially

if I kept my eyes perfectly still, stared straight ahead and let these colourful patterns move and shift around by themselves. It wasn't much but was still interesting enough to keep me going for several nights just to see what it was and if anything else came of it.

Anyway, one night I was watching all this going on when a small, plus seemingly 3-dimensional, image appeared, a perfectly clear round flat circle marked with cubes that seemed to have some depth to them, and it was while I was examining this quite sharp image that I felt myself rushing forward and the next thing I knew I was suddenly standing in a fully lucid dream! Added to which I hadn't even fallen asleep yet! Yikes! It didn't last very long but I'd definitely been in a dream and fully aware of it. Fascinating! When I managed to repeat the experience verbatim the very next night, I realised I was onto something really quite different here. Nowhere had I read about anything like this! And it was at this point that I then began to write everything down — the better to study it.

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

At that time I'd never even heard of 'Waking-Induced Lucid Dreaming' (WILD) so was doubly intrigued when someone mentioned that they thought it might be some kind of a trance-state, or possibly even something called a WILD. And it was while I researched these 'WILDs' that I came to understand that what had happened to me was indeed what Stephen LaBerge had termed WILDs. The more I read about them the more obvious it became that this was indeed what they were! Undeniably so! A lucid dreaming state that one can quite deliberately enter into while still actually fully wide awake! How utterly amazing and correct!

The rules for which were all fairly simple and straightforward, in that all anyone basically has to do in order to initiate them is to find these images (which I later discovered were called hypnagogia), examine their details for a moment, and this alone triggered a WILD virtually almost every time! The more I practiced the easier it became until I could effectively breeze through the initial steps of relaxing my body enough to see these hypnagogia, quickly attempt to examine some of their details, and whoosh, off I'd go almost every time! Wow!

Succinctly stated, what seems the advantages to the WILD approach?

WILDs are indeed revolutionary! Being able to initiate them on demand probably being the biggest plus most useful bonus of the lot. I mean, why gamble on getting a DILD when you can bet on a sure thing every time with WILDs? Good question, huh... That, and the fact there's no interruption to one's waking stream of consciousness when transitioning into them. Add to this the 100% lucidity that WILDs always engender by default and people are surely onto a winner! So much so that I haven't even tried to DILD again ever since!

From your experience, what miscellaneous factors help to increase the likelihood of success for the WILD approach?

It's best to learn to WILD at normal bedtimes to start, thus mastering the 'how to get in the zone' bit via relaxing first, and then, once you've had your first WILD, branching out from there to just about any time of the day or night you wish! And this because everyone gets a daily opportunity to learn them at bedtime without fail, something which is only really required at first in order to start WILDing and which takes around 2 weeks of steady work to achieve. After which, it's then up to you how often or not you go WILD.

Some people report finding WILDs difficult. What tends to cause problems with having WILD success? What are the blocks, the snags, etc.?

I guess what really surprises me is just how easy it actually is to learn to WILD. There's so little to it that it's

“If one day everyone develops their ability to WILD on demand, it's reasonable to assume our society will then change for the better in order to accommodate our ability to be more in harmony with Nature and the rest of the Universe.”

almost a joke! There's been several methods offered to WILD in the past, all of which were rather off-putting to say the least, including things like having to put up with sleep paralysis (SP) and disturbing vibrations, not to mention an almost horror-show of dark shadows and scary encounters that quite often goes hand-in-hand with SP.

Then there was the wake-back-to-bed approach (WBTB) of setting alarms to wake people up in the middle of the night so they could make an attempt that way etc. No wonder then WILDs had gained a somewhat bad reputation of being somehow difficult and only for masters. Thankfully, there's a better way involving only the hypnagogia alone as an entry point wherein there's never any SP, vibrations, scary monsters or anything like that to have to contend with. Use just the hypnagogia alone to enter into a WILD and there's really nothing more simple, straightforward, reliable and hassle free.

How do you suggest a curious lucid dreamer might proceed?

It's really very simple, almost ridiculously so: First, understand in advance the three stages (or increments in awareness) involved and then put them into practice one by one over the course of 14 days or so in total in order to achieve your very first WILD.

1. Over the course of a week you learn to relax your body just enough to start seeing the hypnagogia, which is actually the hardest part of the whole thing in that you have to learn to recognise just what's enough relaxation to accomplish this without falling asleep.
2. Once you start seeing the hypnagogia, just stare straight ahead without moving your eyes and these hypnagogia gradually increase in complexity until actual images start appearing.
3. Once these images begin to gain some finer details to them, you then have two choices: Either keep gazing at them in the same manner while enjoying the sometimes incredible movie shows involved, or, when you're ready, start making attempts to 'examine' some of those finer details in the images that pass by and through the area you're gazing steadily at. This last being what ultimately triggers the WILD when one time those same images pull (or zoom) you right into a fully fledged lucid dreaming situation, and that's it! Job Done! A basically completely new technique that's very reliable and trouble free!

How do people learn more about your work?

WILDs appears to be something that anyone can do with very little effort, and if one day everybody develops their ability to WILD on demand, it's reasonable to assume our society will then change for the better in order to accommodate our ability to be more in harmony with Nature and the rest of the Universe. The *work* thus ultimately involves nothing less than a remaking of our humanity, of rescuing ourselves from a state of ignorance, darkness and material despair.

To this end there's a whole series of completely free animated short videos on YouTube based on my book that was published in March of 2016. They're exactly the same as the book, chapter for chapter, albeit a bit shorter and anyone can definitely learn how to WILD from them. And then there's the book itself, which is a bit more personal and detailed and that also considers some of the philosophical ideas based on the implications of doing them, if anybody wants that, but which is really only now the reference material behind the whole technique which was published as a formal lay-paper on the subject. There's also the WILDs & WILDing Facebook Group which is currently still the first and only active group for WILDs out there. It is an open public forum which people aren't required to join in order to read all the info gathered on there unless they wish to post and ask questions as well.

Links to Resources:

The WILDs & WILDing Facebook group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/Lets.Get.WILDing/>

Full YouTube video playlist:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PPdWBHPoYso&list=PLruXyqMQ3h9GQG6f9VY-S3EFSOSzGPqCk>

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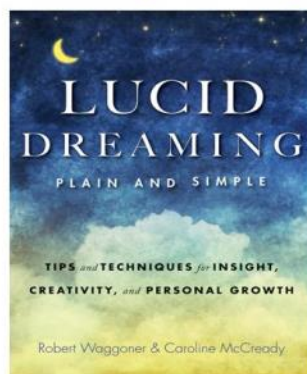
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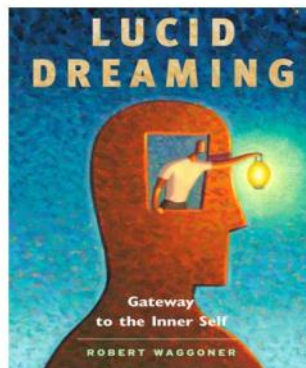
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Why Bother Lucid Dreaming?

By Alexandra Enns © 2021

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Since lucid dreaming is often connected with continuous effort during your practice, one significant question might arise at some point: ***Why bother lucid dreaming?***

Why keep on sticking to reality checks or certain lucid dreaming techniques without one-hundred percent success after having implemented them in your daily or nightly routine? What might I get that is worth the effort? What does lucid dreaming mean to me? Why do I want to attain lucid awareness in my dreams?

In retrospect, one particular aspect of lucid dreaming has repeatedly inspired me to stay on track with my practice in the course of the past decades: *The profound challenge of asking my subconscious awkward questions.*

As for identifying your own personal 'awkward questions', I suggest you go through the following list, paying attention to which of the questions evoke feelings of deep excitement, fear, uncertainty, or unwillingness to obtain the answer:

- What is the meaning of my life?*
- What is my vocation?*
- What is my purpose in life?*
- Who am I?*
- Which part do I play in the universe?*
- Whom do I love unconditionally?*
- What exactly is being disguised by...*
(a certain nightmarish or reoccurring dream

character, symbol or scene)?

- Is there a particular message for my life?*
- What does enlightenment mean?*

Is there a topic you have been running from in the past? Is there an uneasy question attached to the subsequent thought, 'What if...?', i.e.:

- What if I don't get the 'desirable result'?*
- What if I have built my life on an illusory basis?*
- What if I am mistaken about something?*
- What if I am on the wrong track with my goals?*
- What if I had once taken the wrong decision?*
- What if my existence is of no importance?*
- What if I am not designed to create a special impact on my life and on the lives of others?*

This might be one moment demanding courage and openness towards the frequently unforeseen outcome. But, if you never asked . . . would you be happier in the state of not knowing?

In my view, it is always worth a try asking crucial questions about your life as the answers might turn out to be transforming, or even life-changing. You spend your entire life with yourself; why not bite the bullet and ask a tough question to get to know yourself better?

Lucid dreaming is a truly personal journey where illuminating insights might be encountered in unexpected places at any time, which is one of the

“Lucid dreaming is the place where listening to your heart becomes visible, palpable reality.”

most intriguing aspects about lucid dreaming for me. This unpredictability of the result after having asked an awkward question keeps me returning to lucid dreaming again and again. The thrill or nervousness before I call my question out, the preparation it takes to brace myself mentally in waking reality before pursuing a certain aim in a lucid dream is a crucial part of the process. The final resolution keeps on reverberating for a long time after awakening.

With time, I have realized that some of my questions demand they be asked at a later point in my life or require a more precise wording. In other cases, I kept on obtaining the same results after reformulating my questions until the meaning slowly dawned on me!

To me, one thing is for certain: Self-growth and healing rarely come easily. Prepare both for the patience that might be required until you get the answers to your questions and the catharsis they might bring about, both in your dreaming and waking life.

Lucid dreaming is the place where listening to your heart becomes visible, palpable reality. It is rather simple to sleepwalk through your entire life, yet much more rewarding to take the leap and see and accept yourself as you truly are, or perceive the bigger picture around your existence. ▲

Where's Robert?

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Blossoming in Space

Lucid Dreams and Precognition

By Judy Loken © 2021

When I was a young wife, living far away from my original family and raising two little children at home, my busy husband's work kept him basically absent. Dissuaded from working outside the home, I dealt with my isolation partly by writing in my journal. Before marriage, I'd been on a scientific path, following academic guidelines for science, but now I began to explore areas that were ignored by science, and I started keeping a dream diary.

One day I had a dream that briefly became lucid, at which point I got excited and began to wake up from the dream. The imagery in that dream was only a landscape, with nothing unusual, but as I awoke, I heard someone tell me, ***"Flowers don't care which way is up or down, they just grow toward the light."*** Right away I wrote this in my dream diary, but I couldn't think of any associations to it. That was unusual, because I could almost always see a meaningful association when I wrote down my dreams. For a long time after this, I pondered that phrase, wanting to make sense of it, but I didn't learn what it meant until many years later.

My marriage couldn't survive. I became a single mother. Rents were rising faster than wages, and I had a series of jobs that barely kept a roof over us. But I persevered, and my ongoing inner journey was like an oasis that refreshed my spirit.

When my children were old enough to leave the nest, suddenly I lost my job. Grieving for my empty nest and job hunting, I wondered what to do next and what path to take. At that time, I experienced several months of synchronicity with an eagle theme. For instance, one time I mused in my journal that the first lunar landing vehicle was named *The Eagle*, and very shortly after that my daughter dropped by and handed me a newspaper with a front-page photo of an eagle landing on the moon (a close up of a silver dollar). We were both delighted by that coincidence and others like it.

Eventually, I dreamed that I found a job in a tiny lab next to a narrow hallway with walls like concrete. When I realized that I was dreaming, I decided to experiment within the dream. I noticed a large, towering structure like the monolith in the *2001* movie, and decided to make it change shape. I did not try to control what it changed into, I simply watched it change. As it was changing, I felt a buzzing sensation in the region of my heart, and this frightened me a little, so I started to wake up from the dream. While I was waking up, I saw the structure change into a winged heart, and then it was a luminous eagle flying under a colorful sky.

After a long, unsuccessful search for my next employment, I felt very discouraged until I went for an interview in a small photo lab

to apply for what I thought was a job as a photo printer. When I saw the large poster of an eagle on a wall behind the person interviewing me, I got very hopeful. Yes, I was hired there...as a slide technician working in a tiny lab next to a narrow hallway with walls like concrete.

Making slide dupes and creating new slides was exciting work to me. When I took work breaks, I made pretty slides for a slide show I was creating for myself. I bought the equipment to make slide dissolves, and soon I was watching projected images of eagles, winged hearts, mandalas, etc., cross-dissolve in exquisitely beautiful patterns. This led to a growing interest in video production, and eventually I moved to Silicon Valley, where I worked by day and took evening classes in video production at a local college.

Then, from an internship program at that college, I got an internship at NASA-Ames, and later a contract, for working on media projects in the Gravitational Biology department. During those exciting years at NASA, I was asked to log and edit some video that was taped on the Russian space station, Mir, of astronaut Shannon Lucid working with the plant biology experiments. I couldn't help noticing that her name was a wonderful synchronicity, because watching her float through a corridor of Mir reminded me of floating in a lucid dream.

One day, my supervisor described to me the biology experiments in space, to see if Arabidopsis seedlings can grow without gravity. The results showed that their roots didn't know where to go, wandering in many directions. But some of the plants did well, and even flowered.

Remember the dream phrase I recorded as a young wife? Imagine my goosebumps when he said, ***"Those flowers don't care which way is up or down, they just grow toward the light."***

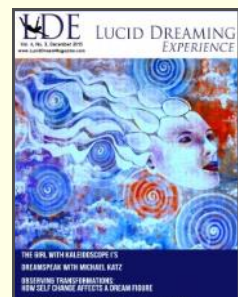
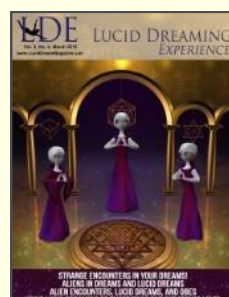
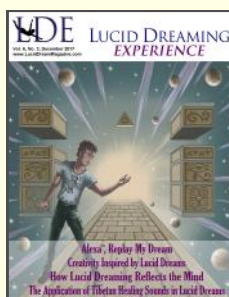
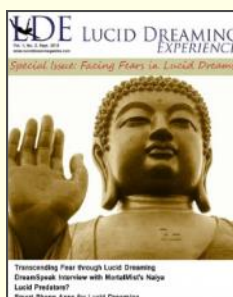
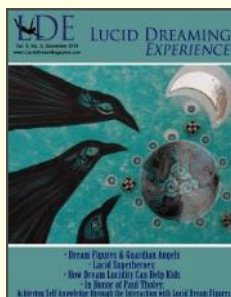
Working with scientists and engineers, I did not share this with my co-workers, but ever since then I like to think that a space station is part of human expansion beyond earthbound restraints of gravity, and it's mirrored by inner expansion beyond linear restraints of rational mind.

We appear to be merging the intellect with the dream world, in a new synthesis. Some of the astronauts hint of expanded consciousness in space, and I can imagine that our growing interest in lucid dreaming, precognition, extra-sensory perception, and similar phenomena, is all part of a new turn on the evolutionary spiral . . . into an ocean of space, just like when life evolved out of the sea and into the world of gravity. ▲

Image: Pixels / Pixabay



TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



Read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:

<https://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/>

A New Community: TECH FOR DREAMING

● CONNECT WITH RESEARCHERS AND TECHNOLOGISTS ●

By Brian J. Gilan © 2021

Tech for Dreaming is a new community focused on the application of technology to make lucid dreaming more accessible using devices, supplements, and the power of cross-discipline collaboration.

In April, *Tech for Dreaming* had its first event and was joined by Karen Konkoly, a lead author of the recent lucid dreaming study out of Northwestern University: *Real-time dialogue between experimenters and dreamers during REM sleep*. Karen discussed the study with event attendees, including some that are building their own lucid dream induction devices. Below are some study highlights.

Study Snapshot

With 36 study participants across four institutions, this study demonstrated two-way, real-time communication between researchers and lucid dreamers. After detecting REM sleep and attempting to induce lucidity using various methods, researchers asked study participants a series of math problems and yes-no questions. Dreamers first confirmed they were experiencing a lucid dream by executing pre-defined horizontal eye movements measured by EOG sensors. Next, they answered questions in real-time with eye movements or facial muscle signals.

The results were astounding. Out of the 21.6% unambiguous responses, 18.4% of the responses were correctly answered and 3.2% were incorrectly answered. This demonstrated ability for interactive dreaming opens many opportunities for future research and exploration, including better scientific exploration of dreaming, real-time mental health interventions in the dream state, promotion of creativity, and whatever experiments those creative dreamers can imagine.

More About the Tech for Dreaming Community

Tech for Dreaming will host more of these discussions at the intersection of technology and lucid dreaming with impactful researchers like Karen and with people building commercial solutions to move the field forward. This community will serve as a hub for learning, collaboration, and experimentation. It will prioritize scientific evidence over anecdotal examples and marketing hype. We invite a healthy mix of openness and skepticism.

Would you like to help us apply technology to make lucid dreaming more accessible? If interested, please join us at www.techfordreaming.com ▲



My First Real Lucid Flight

By Troy Vrolyk © 2021



I woke up to my friend Aaron shaking me awake; apparently I was sleeping in his house, I think on a couch. I was so tired and hating life, and told him to screw off; I needed sleep, otherwise I'd go insane! Aaron didn't speak, but just kept on being a pain and shoving me awake. His wife Lex, sleeping in the living room on another couch, was within eyesight and looked up at her pest of a husband.

Eventually I could take it no more, so I got up and went after him... he tried to duck his body on the couch and I started hitting him, closed fist pounding down on his back like Donkey Kong, not too hard, but enough to make him leave me alone. Once I figured he got the message I went to the other room, walked past Lex, and just lay on the floor... finally finding a restful spot to sleep.

Lex was talking to me but I couldn't really hear her, and I tried talking back but my voice wasn't working. I tried again... my sound cracked a little but wouldn't come out properly. Now that was strange! I thought, I'll do a state-check, right finger through left palm... see, not dreaming... oh wait, gross... a little skin flap opened and my finger went through my hand. WHAT? I guess I am dreaming! Well, at least my waking body was finally getting some sleep!

Now, what to do... my current goal was to get on top of a roof. The only problem was, I was in a dark house with no windows. Should I change goals? Nah, screw it, let's just go through the wall. I ran towards the dark wall in the dark house and tried body-checking into it. Sweet: right through! Hmm, actually not exactly... all I saw was darkness. Was I stuck in the cursed wall?

I closed my eyes and then found myself outside, waking up on a sidewalk outside a commercial condo strip mall. I thought I had woken up in my waking reality! Elway [private detective character from the show *Dexter*] was there beside me. He seemed to be a shopkeeper, standing outside his establishment door to start the morning. I was too tired to think straight, nor cared if it was daylight or not, as I curled up on the sidewalk wanting to get some much needed sleep. I gave Elway a final look, sorry that I was picking his establishment to sleep in front of. He had a comical look on his face with a wry smile, seeming to notice that I was an inch from exhaustion and just needed a place to crash. I tried to explain my circumstances to him before drifting off but my voice wasn't working... hmm, I must be too tired, let's try that again... still not working.

Haven't we played this game? Now I was really confused as I was just in a lucid dream... how could I be dreaming after waking up? I did what I thought was a pointless state-check to verify, and sure enough the gross skin-flap version of it happened again, my finger going through my palm. WHAT? I guess I am dreaming again! Wow, these false awakenings mess me up!

At this point I felt instantly rejuvenated... now it was on! There was a tall building beside me, about three-storeys high, though I didn't notice any windows or doors. Three storeys, eh? Of course my brain couldn't give me a nice one-storey building to complete my current goal of getting on a rooftop, but such is life. I accepted the challenge and was about to try running up the wall but then said, "Screw it, I'll just jump." I started

jumping and ‘Whoosh’! I leaped straight up in the air, my vision a blur, and it looked and felt like I could’ve gone to the moon! But when I stopped I had only made it halfway up the building, and was kinda stuck there, just floating in the air. I looked down and saw Julianne Moore (red-headed detective actress) on the ground, looking up at me smiling. She seemed happy for me.

I looked back up towards the roof, wanting to complete my goal to make it all the way. Hmm, how to move... I started swimming in the air like a breast-stroke, and it was working, taking me higher, just a little slow for my liking. Then I gained a little confidence... while looking at Julianne, I put my arms down against my sides, palms facing out, and did a tiny flutter with my fingers (so keeping the bottom half of my hand quite still), and just did a weird flapping “up, up” motion, all my fingers in unison, and sure enough, up I went, sort of showing off to her as she just looked up and smiled. I quickly reached the top of the roof, saw black shingles, and landed... my current goal of getting on the roof of a building complete!

I was still awake in the dream, which was unusual for me following a successful goal; normally I wake up afterwards. Hmm, what should I do now? I jumped back down to the base of the building and found that I was on some sort of very strange urban cliff overlooking a massive dream city. The atmosphere seemed a lot like Vegas, buzzing and full of life, but not quite as commercial as Vegas looks. As I looked around, I couldn’t believe how vivid everything was; so clear, so colorful! Luckily in this dream I didn’t have my normal waking-life “short-sighted” eyes... I could see with such crystal clarity! I stood there to try to take it all in, looking all around with this wonderful dream-vision: the city, the whole dream city... and the sky, the amazing sky!

The sky was something that I’d been meaning to look at, as it is typically very rare... perhaps I have never seen it in a dream, and definitely not like this. Everything was so clear, not like my usual hazy dreams, and there was so much going on, sort of a whole packed magical world, and such beautiful colours! I wish I was an artist or could take a snapshot of this somehow. The sky spanned over the city in amazing multi-colored brilliance and beyond... then was another suburb town way off on the horizon, with greenery, and clear blue skies over it (kind of neat seeing different colored skies over different areas) and some light poking through from the horizon as if there may have been a sun just coming up or setting.

As I was completely wonderstruck admiring this dream setting, I contemplated what to try next. I remembered a Reddit post I had seen about lightning earlier that day (in waking reality), and I had commented on a guy’s response as he said he actually got struck by lightning once. Okay, I thought: Let’s make lightning. Hmm, might be hard as it’s currently a nice bright sunny day, with breathtaking sky over the city with no clouds... hmm, oh, over the distant suburb town in its plain blue sky there, I could see two small fluffy white clouds. I stuck out my hands like a sorcerer and tried to will lightning out of the two clouds, and sure enough, in that piece of the dreamverse miles and miles away, one of the clouds started sparking and igniting and moving around quite quickly. It was working!

Then the poor blue skies darkened over there, which was a shame but at least it would be easier to see the lightning. Then the second cloud jumped in, sparking. They started producing lightning; success!

But then they seemed to grow a mind of their own, as they continued moving around the sky, almost seeming to terrorize all who stood below. I was picturing the poor people in panic, probably wondering where the heck this freak lightning storm came from, and how these insane lightning-spewing clouds chased them! The dark-



Image: Carolyn Booth / Pixabay

ness and mood of the storm extended rapidly and its fringes started to reach all the way over to where I stood. Wowzers! I looked up in the sky, seeing small lightning striking horizontally here, vertically there... this wasn't quite shaping up as planned! Thinking of the guy on Reddit with the funny response that he got struck by lightning, I thought. Oh great, this stupid lightning so out of control is likely to hit me! My hands that were out trying to spin clouds and will the lightning now felt like an exposed lightning rod, and I winced in preparation to be struck. Then I thought, Hey, now might be a good time to change things up!

I looked back at the furthest reaches, being the darkest and the root of all this weather, and tried to will it to become a nice sunny beach scene, believing it would be easier to change a faraway scene I couldn't really see than a close one. The sky slowly lightened and looked like blue skies again with a warm glow, mixed with browns, so potentially there was sand down below. Sweet! Hmm, now how to get there to see my created dream beach? I was still up on this urban cliff overlooking the whole city, and the potential beach I may have created was way past it at the next suburban town... geez, that's far! I'd never walk all the way there... maybe it was time to try one of the ultimate goals I made when I had first started with lucid dreaming — flying.

I looked at the beach in the far horizon, looked at the urban cliff in front of me, and thought, Screw it, let's try! I ran towards the edge of the cliff I was on, and there was a little step there for me, as if the dream created my own personal jumping platform. As I neared it I thought, 'Hope this works!' while praying I wouldn't fall to my death. I leaped off, Superman-style, looking directly towards the far potential beach I had hopefully created, and... success!

Wooooohoooo! Flight! My first real, non-kite flying, non-hovering, pure bona fide horizontal flight! I was amazed at it, and what's more, I finally felt the 'tingling feeling' other lucid dreamers mention while they fly... like your body is full of moving energy, tingling all over....

As I looked down, I saw I was passing over a large, lovely fountain. I was reveling in the sensation of the tingling and vibrating, which grew so strong it was hurting my tooth a little (in my waking body, the tooth was broken). I closed my jaw-dropped mouth (didn't even know it was open) to silence the brief pain and continued towards the beach, still stupidly far away. About halfway across the city I looked down in the streets and caught a glimpse of two girls. I thought, "I suppose a little detour couldn't hurt." I'll stop there. ;-) ▲



ANNOUNCING: The LDE Website Renovation

• EXCITING CHANGES AHEAD!

We're excited to announce a renovation of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* magazine's website in the coming months. Please be patient with us as the site undergoes this upgrade.

• YOUR SUPPORT IS NEEDED!

For many years now, co-editors Robert and Lucy have volunteered their time and resources to create and publish the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* as a free, quarterly, online magazine. The LDE is the only magazine dedicated to the lucid dreaming community. It continues to grow in popularity and readership, helping lucid dreamers all over the world. However, this growth brings increased expenses and needs.

• PLEASE DONATE TODAY!

If YOU are passionate about lucid dreaming and enjoy the LDE, please consider supporting us with your donation. Big or small, every donation helps! Follow this link: [DONATE HERE](#) to learn more and help us today. THANK YOU!

Maximizing Wake-Back-to-Bed at Home

By Carissa Marie Galgano © 2021



Image: Alexas_Fotos / Pixabay

When we start a new practice, it's natural for us to look for the shortcuts and the quickest ways to increase our chances to have a lucid dream. I will first preface this article by reiterating that lucid dreaming is a skill that takes practice, dedication, and *time*. Second, I will say that if you are looking for a good pair of techniques to start with, then look no further than WBTB + MILD.

I had the pleasure of reading the article, *Inducing Lucid Dreams: The Wake-Up-Back-to-Bed Technique in the Home Setting*, by Shredl, Dyck & Kuhnel. Over the course of five weeks, 50 participants selected one night a week to attempt WBTB with the goal of having a lucid dream.

Each participant picked one night a week, for five weeks, to attempt the WBTB technique. Participants in the study who practiced WBTB at home increased their probability of having a lucid dream by almost 12% compared to those who did not practice an induction technique. Even among participants who had never had a lucid dream (N=10), 50% had at least one lucid dream over the course of the five-week study. However, these occurred on a non-WBTB night.

Replicating previous studies, these findings suggest that practicing the WBTB technique can give us a boost in lucid dreaming frequency.

I get it, even after over a decade of lucid dreaming, I still occasionally dread the 3:00 am alarm and the risk of not being able to fall asleep, but the trade-off, the chance to become lucid, is well worth it!

Now, if we attempt WBTB every single night, we may cause ourselves to feel fatigue in the morning. In the study, this was offset by conducting the WBTB only once per week and sleeping in longer on those days. For those of you who are ready to try this at home, let's talk briefly about mitigating and maximizing the WBTB:

1. Pick a weekend or a day when you don't have obligations the next morning — this will encourage you to enjoy the process of getting up without the pressure.
 - As mentioned previously, the study found that additional rest after the WBTB, if it was allowed, did not have negative effects on feelings of restfulness the next day.
2. Time the alarm for after your third REM cycle.
 - This is about 4-6 hours after you go to bed.
3. When you wake up, lay still, try to recall your previous dream and record what you can remember. During this time, keep the room dark and avoid cellphones and other electronics.
4. Spend about 30 minutes awake. During this time, think about your previous dream to identify any dream signs. Then, decide on a goal for your next dream.
5. Utilize the Mnemonic Induced Lucid Dreaming (MILD) technique: this uses our prospective memory to remind us to do something in the future. Using the MILD technique primes your mind to recognize that you are

dreaming the next time it occurs.

— As you fall asleep, say to yourself: *The next time I am dreaming, I want to remember I am dreaming!*
This phrasing is best because it is intentional.

6. Then, go back to bed!

These studies were conducted at home and used social media as a support mechanism to inspire consistency with a questionnaire in the morning. This implies the benefits of a support system such as a Dream Circle, WBTB Support Group, etc., and the utilization of some kind of recordkeeping, be it your Notes app, Dream Journal, or the like. This is precisely why I started a WBTB support group every Sunday at 6:00 am Eastern Standard Time.

One observation of the study is that longer intervals of training are needed to really understand the effects of these techniques on lucid dreaming frequency in the long-term. I for one am greatly looking forward to more research on this topic!

For questions, comments, or to sign up for the WBTB Support group to maximize your lucid dreaming practice, you can go to www.DreamBigDreamLucid.com ▲

Acknowledgement: The author wishes to sincerely thank Dr. Benjamin Baird for his feedback by which this article was greatly improved.

Works Cited:

Shredl, Dyck & Kuhnel. (2020). Inducing Lucid Dreams: The Wake-Up-Back-to-Bed Technique in the Home Setting. *Dreaming Magazine*, 287-296. Volume 30, No.4. December 2020.

THEME FOR OUR SEPTEMBER 2021 ISSUE:

MOVEMENT IN LUCID DREAMS:

DOORWAYS & PORTALS

*How to Travel, Where to Travel, and What Do You
Discover When You Get There?*

In your lucid dreams, do you: Travel through doorways or portals with intent? With a particular destination in mind? Or just step through and see what happens? Purposely look for doorways and portals? Create your own? Ever step into a wormhole?

Please send us your LUCID DREAMS and ARTICLES on experiences of Movement/Travel in lucid dreams via our website: www.dreaminglucid.com

We also welcome ARTWORK inspired by lucid dreams!

Submissions deadline: August 15, 2021

Fading Wakes of Other Worlds



An Excerpt from
a Short Story
written and illustrated
by Talli Peled © 2021

Thirty beds pressed against the walls, along with chairs and tomorrow's clothes. The clothes were identical and rarely matched the child's particular size. Near the door, where the air flowed best, sat the care-lady with an old book. It was a love story which she had read many times before. It rustled when she flipped a page.

Soft moans of sleeping children carried from time to time. Along with smells of soft breath and soiled sheets. The lady lifted her sharp eyes and caught a movement of muscle and fluttering lids.

They were dreaming. Not all good dreams. It was not a happy sort of place. There was little laughter during the day and even less so at night. But it was enough to care for basics and teach essential lessons until the time came to join the workforce.

The furthest bed was the largest. A brother and sister were fast asleep and moments from sealing their childhood by turning ten.

The boy fell asleep anxious again. Stories of factory accidents weighed hard on his head, especially the one about his father. His twin sister was braver and mastered her feelings despite being younger than her twin by a few moments. She woke herself after an unusual dream precisely when she switched ages.

No longer nine, her ten-year-old eyes fluttered as consciousness flowed like water soaking a sponge.

She was a master of dreams and stopped one at will. She weaved her nightly ventures like a seamstress. Creating realms and doing as she pleased. Mastering things she couldn't master in her dull waking world.



In her dreams, she flew and rested in the warm daylight or ate a mound of lily fruit pie with a side of crescent puffs, such as she had only seen once in the market on a rare class outing. She never tasted the delicacy, but it was sweet and soft like spring clouds in her dreams.

Those were good dreams, but at other times they weren't. They would weave her like she was their yarn.

At these times, she would gain her autonomy by choosing to die and wake up.

The girl decided to die at that particular moment.

Read the complete illustrated story at: [Fading Wakes](#) ▲



Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

from Robert's LucidAdvice.com © 2021

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

Why Does the Lucid Dream Collapse When You Stare at Something?

Hi Robert,

I have never read any thesis from anybody [about] why Lucid Dreams collapse if you are staring at something for more than a few seconds. I tried to ask a Dream Character once but got a gibberish answer. In a non LD you can concentrate at something for how long as needed but it seems to be a "rule" in LD when we are conscious to wake up [after staring].

Why do you, Robert, think this is? Have you ever asked the awareness why?

Kind Regards,
Tony

Robert responds:

Hi Tony,

In the dream state, we normally have REM — rapid eye movement. Our eyes literally move all over the place.

Decades ago, a REM researcher noticed the eye movements of a man in the sleep lab whose eyes moved left and right throughout a part of the dream. Upon waking, the researcher asked him about his dream, and discovered the man had been at a tennis match -- watching the back and forth movement of the tennis ball! So eye movement seems very common in dreaming.

But in lucid dreaming, when we decide to stare fixedly at something for more than a few seconds, this becomes un-natural or abnormal to the REM state. I believe that tension (of doing something in defiance of rapid eye movement) causes the lucid dream to

collapse. When it collapses, the lucid dream ends and the uncomfortable staring gets resolved (as you wake and look around).

While a person may seem able to look at something in a non-lucid dream for a long time, I do not believe it is truly possible (because you lack the lucidity or conscious awareness to 'stare' fixedly). For example, in a nightmare, you may be looking at the witch — and then without realizing it, you look at her pointed nose, and her pointed shoes, and then the wart on her face. When you wake from the dream, you think, "Oh I really looked at the witch for a long time" — the actual experience is that you looked at differing aspects of the witch (so you have slight eye movements, focusing on various aspects).

Staring fixedly runs counter to a basic tendency in dreaming (i.e., REM), so this may result in the collapse of the lucid dream (as many thousands of lucid dreamers have noticed).

How Do I Deal With Distracting Dream Figures?

Dear Robert,

There's a continuous narrative that I have been experiencing in lucid dreams for about 7 years. The narrative has progressed but it only seems to become more and more mysterious and confusing. Recently, I came across your lectures and interviews on YouTube (very eager to read your book!) and the experiences you shared have brought some understanding but also invited in new questions. **What happens is that I can only interact with dream figures so long as they don't know that I am lucid, and if they do find out that I am [lucid], they will attack me in some way so to wake me up.**

The strangest part, though, is that this goes for all except one. There's one dream figure that will actively try to prompt me into realizing I am dreaming so that they may speak to me, and at times they will seem conscious and in control of the situation even if I am not myself. In regular dreams, I will see them staring at me as though waiting for an opportunity to engage into speaking; they will often take me away from those dream figures or else act along with the dream narrative searching for a window to interact with me. After [watching] your videos, I decided I should address directly to the larger consciousness to ask why my dream figures aren't collaborating except for that one, and what would they represent.

However, on my latest experience, I called out to the dream consciousness and I got no response. Now I'm wondering if it could be that this particular dream figure is the embodiment of my larger consciousness. Also, I'm wondering if there's anything that could be done regarding the other figures. It might be worth mentioning that the aware figure is someone I know in real life but am not at all intimate with, and they seem to behave quite strangely in my presence, which leads me to wonder whether it could be that this is not a dream figure but somehow an independent consciousness. I've been struggling with this for quite a while and I would love to hear your thoughts on it all. If you'd have any information or advice to offer so to help me progress on this path, I would be forever grateful. Thank you for your time and your wonderful contribution.

Lucid wishes!

Robert responds:

Hi,

Thanks for sharing your lucid dream experience! Hope you have a chance to read my books, since I believe it will help put things in a better context.

As I mention in my books, all dream figures are not created equal. Some seem unable to respond or comprehend or behave. While others seem very responsive, knowledgeable and self-directed (often independent of the desire or expectation of the lucid dreamer). Also, some lucid dreamers report a recurring dream figure that appears in lucid dreams.

Regarding the issue of dream figures causing trouble for you, when they realize you have become lucid -- it's not uncommon that some people have 'distractors' in their lucid dreams, meaning dream figures who might distract, bother or hassle the lucid dreamer. Sometimes they try to convince you that 'This is real!' or get you to doubt your lucid awareness.

These distracting dream figures likely represent one's self-doubts or concerns or something. In most cases, you can send them thoughts of love and compassion, and they will lose their energy and become smaller or less distracting — which shows you that they are 'projected mental energy' — since your 'change of mind' about them causes them to change to a different form.

If this was my experience, and I routinely noticed that one aware lucid dream figure or set of figures wished to interact with me, or actively assisted me, then I would make it a goal to do this: Ask open-ended questions of that one, such as "Who are you?" or "What do you represent?"

By doing this, you may discover that you interact with an archetype of wisdom, or inner knowing. Or perhaps, it may respond that it represents your inner self, for example. But you need to remember to stop in the lucid dream, and think, "This is my chance to find out what that aware dream figure is all about!" and then proceed to ask the open-ended questions.

Lucid wishes!

What should one do when confronted with unhelpful dream figures and/or one's efforts to manipulate the dream prove futile?

Dear Robert,

Firstly, I want to thank you for writing your book, which has been instrumental in my lucid dream journey. I'm writing to you today because I had an unsettling lucid dream last night and I would be very grateful for your insight.

In the dream, I become lucid in a sort of educational institution (perhaps reflective of my applying to graduate school for next fall). There are a dozen or so professor-type characters scattered around the library-appearing room. I take the most approachable one aside and very calmly and politely explain to her that I know I am dreaming and that I would like to ask her for advice. She walks away and doesn't return. I am informed by the other professors that she will not be coming back and that I will be put in a different cohort of students. They stare at me disparagingly — aware of what I told her. They are quite transparently annoyed with me.

Remembering the advice from your lucid dreaming book, I confidently call out to the consciousness behind the dream, "I demand that all thought-forms disappear and that you show me something meaningful." However, none of the professors disappear and nothing happens, despite the fact that I have

successfully used this technique in the past. I feel deflated. We sit in their staff breakroom, staring at each other awkwardly. “I’m just going to sit here like this for the rest of the dream, then?” I ask.

The Dean of the University-type dream figure has mercy on me and decides to show me her home. When we arrive at her front door, I try to draw a pink heart on the glass with my finger. Really, I just want to do anything that proves I still have some power. In my last few lucid dreams, I’ve flown, asked for advice from dream figures, performed miraculous acts, etc. I’m unaccustomed to being so powerless.

It doesn’t work. I can’t draw the heart on the door.

But, just as the professor is turning the knob, some color starts to spread from the center of the large, glass pane. It spreads of its own accord, eventually filling in a relief of the professor and me in the center, surrounded by a circle of the other professors intermingled with colorful butterflies. The dream ends.

What I find unsettling is that when I called out to the consciousness behind the dream, I did so with the utmost confidence. As you described in your book, sometimes worrying about falling or doubting one’s own ability to fly in a dream, for example, can affect the outcome. The dreamer might fall from the sky merely due to this negative thinking. However, in my case, I was confident in my ability and yet I was still not able to elicit the intended response. Furthermore, the dream figures seemed almost hostile – they clearly wanted to keep me from accomplishing my goals.

Ultimately, my question can be summarized as: What should one do when confronted with unhelpful dream figures and/or one’s efforts to manipulate the dream prove futile? Thank you in advance for any insight you’re able to offer and thank you for your continued contributions to the lucid dreaming community.

Sincerely,
Jennifer

Robert responds:

Hi Jennifer,

Thanks for submitting your lucid dream, and your excellent questions! Because lucid dreaming seems mentally reflective (it reflects our beliefs, expectations, focus, etc.) and also mentally dynamic (when we ‘change’ our beliefs, then the lucid dream changes), I can more easily analyze a lucid dream when someone provides details of what they were doing and also ‘thinking’ while in the lucid dream. So

thank you.

Relative to your question (about not receiving a response, even though you felt confident), I want to look at precisely what happened: “Remembering the advice from your lucid dreaming book, I confidently call out to the consciousness behind the dream, ‘I demand that all thought-forms disappear and that you show me something meaningful.’ However, none of the professors disappear and nothing happens, despite the fact that I have successfully used this technique in the past. I feel deflated.”

Okay. It seems to me that you asked two vastly different ‘intents’ (e.g., 1) all thought forms must disappear, and 2) show me something meaningful) — which I mention in my second book (and probably the first too!) normally results in a lack of response or hesitation or something. As lucid dreamers discover, the ‘wording’ matters. Asking to ‘look for art’ that I can create results in a much different experience than asking to ‘look at art’ that I can create (and suddenly it appears — even though the wording differs by one word — for vs. at). In your case, you ‘ask’ for two very different things — and therefore the energy and meaning of the intent is divided, and in a sense fractured. When lucid dreamers do this, it normally results in no response or something a bit fractured.

Now it may be that your ‘intent’ of “show me something meaningful” ultimately appears in the very auspicious ending to your lucid dream... “But, just as the professor is turning the knob, some color starts to spread from the center of the large, glass pane. It spreads of its own accord, eventually filling in a relief of the professor and me in the center, surrounded by a circle of the other professors intermingled with colorful butterflies. The dream ends.”

If this was my dream, then I would find it interesting that this happens as the professor turns the knob (since it symbolizes to me that ‘opening’ to this new space of grad school results in the ‘heart’ image that you drew — becoming an image of the professor/grad school surrounded by other professors/education and colorful butterflies — which suggest the metamorphosis of butterflies and lots of positive growth for you as a grad school person leading to a profession). In a sense, when you ‘turn the knob’ (to grad school), then it will lead to growth, and ultimately personal transformation.

To me, that sounds “meaningful.”

Lucid wishes on your deeper journeys into lucid dreaming! ▲

To read more Questions & Answers, visit Robert’s book website: LucidAdvice.com



Brenda Liv — *Creating a Gift Out of Thin Air*

I was still new to lucid dreaming and practicing how to stay lucid longer when someone suggested that as soon as I become lucid I just sit down for a minute. So that's what I did.

I 'came to' inside of a home decorated in everything '70s, as if I had traveled back in time. It wasn't just a few '70s themed things, it was down to every detail. As I was sitting down trying to stabilize (the dream) I saw one of those old TVs with the rabbit ear antennas. It was on and was broadcasting the news. I didn't feel like watching the news so I turned it off. It turned back on. I thought, 'OK, I think I've sat for long enough,' and went to explore.

I could hear people coming from upstairs. I felt like I wasn't supposed to be in their house, so I hid behind the couch until they passed by and then I went upstairs. Things were different upstairs; instead of the '70s, it was futuristic. There was a hallway with several doors. I felt drawn to the one closest to me. As I was about to enter, a woman appeared behind me and told me not to go in there. I didn't feel like arguing so I just accepted it and kept walking down the hallway.

The door at the end of the hall opened up to a large bowling alley. There was a lot of people and everyone was very happy; they were bowling, and eating pizza and chocolate cakes. I felt it was someone's birthday. I saw some chocolate and tasted it — it was the first time I had tried eating in a lucid dream. It was pretty good, but I didn't have time to try more of the food because I could feel myself waking up.

I went onto the hallway again and felt I should probably leave a gift. I closed my eyes and visualized a crystal candle holder shaped like a lotus. I have one in real life, so it was easy to picture. A very bright white light appeared in front of me and slowly went down to the floor. Then the light disappeared and in its place was the gift I had pictured. It was the first time I had managed to create something out of thin air in a lucid dream.

Claudia Lambricht — *Kindness is the Most Important Thing*

As published in my book, *Just a Dream Away: After-Death Communication Through Dreams*, exactly a year after my husband Rusty's death, he came to me in a very special dream. I dreamed I was at a business meeting. After getting checked in and moving into my hotel room, I went down to the lobby. There were lots of people there, but they all seemed to be engaged in conversation, so I stayed in the fringes. Suddenly, I looked slightly to the right and there was Rusty, standing very close to me and smiling. The shock of seeing my dead husband snapped me into full lucidity. Surprised and elated, I cried, "Rusty, you're here!"

"Yes," he said, "I felt you really needed me, so I came." He asked me what was wrong, why was I pulling on him so hard? I told him I missed him and wanted to see him. He said, "Do you need help with the questions? If they ask you what's the most important thing, tell them 'kindness,' because it's not at all forthcoming." I hoped I would be able to remember everything he was saying. Then our son was there with us and the three of us were standing close together, holding hands. My consciousness faded and I woke up, back in bed. What's most interesting to me about this dream is that Rusty said straight out he came because he sensed I

needed him; I believe the vibrations of my deep grief traveled to him across the field of energy that connects everything in our world. And, I was stunned when he told me that kindness is the most important thing in life, not because it's implausible but because he was sharing what I would consider a sacred principle; it appeared he was relearning the important things we forget when we incarnate and the "veil" is lowered.

Jonathan — *I Did Everything Wrong*

Over the last couple of months I've had dreams featuring my dead father (he died 6 years ago) including one very vivid one where I walk into my parents' bedroom and the atmosphere was, for want of a better word, actually creepy. I notice my dad is present and it hits me, 'He's here! But he's dead, this isn't right! I must talk to him, this is the Holy Grail!' I felt a great deal of emotion, but crucially I had no conscious lucidity. He walked from the room without speaking and I started shouting at him to wait. It was then my wife woke me, I had been crying out in my sleep.

A few weeks later I had the lucid dream. This is what happened:

The dream started with me waking up in a hotel room, looking long and hard at the alarm clock, deciding, 'Yes, I will wake up, waking up is what I should do...'

Soon I'm walking with a crowd into a seated conference room. Strangely, I remember many in the crowd were grumpy about my presence. Whispers of "he shouldn't be here" drifted in the air. A bit strange.

A friendly person took my arm and shepherded me inside. I immediately felt more relaxed. He brought me to my seat, and it was then I saw that I was being seated next to my dad. He looked younger, middle aged (my age). And he was vivid compared to the other grey, brown figures (I don't recall the friendly 'shepherd's' face at all). It was then that it happened; I thought clearly to myself, with great excitement, 'This isn't right, I only see my dad in dreams.'

It then hit me like a bolt of euphoric lightening and I shouted out, 'I am awake!' I was lucid. I want to stress how euphoric the feeling was — it felt like a great amount of adrenaline was coursing through me.

In hindsight I can speculate that 'dad' was created by my subconscious to wake me to lucidity, or it's possible 'dad' might have actually been his consciousness/soul, passing through dimensions in an attempt to connect with his son — so bearing in mind that within the lucid dream I was suddenly face to face with my dearly departed father, a man I would have done anything to be able to speak to over the last seven years... So what did I do? Full of zapping energy, I completely ignored the man, immediately sprinted out of the building, looked at the skyline and shouted, 'FLY!' I took off, Superman-style, flying around a shining glass cityscape.

This is the 'head scratcher' part: There was thunder in my ears, I felt a total rush. I could also feel something pulling at my leg, slightly weighing me down. I looked down to see a woman flying also, hanging onto my foot. She had the face of a jovial girl I had known as a child. She wore a green frock and daisy chain headdress. I'm ashamed to say I started to kick at her face, trying to dislodge her. She was weighing me down! Kicking at her, I managed to smash her off into the side of a building. Why was she trying to curb my enthusiasm?

I shouted, 'SPACE!' and immediately started to rocket vertically up into the clouds. I felt her again. I looked down; she was gaining on me.

I was then falling, like a skydiver, dropping like a stone, getting battered by turbulence. She had gone, but I was falling, helpless. It was the greatest noise, like a hurricane. I wasn't scared, it was all I could do to hang on and endure the 'wind tunnel' violent vibrations. I thought I opened my eyes and I could



Image: Alexas_Fotos / Pixabay

see my arms flailing in front of me. Deafening noise. (There was a strange split-second flash or feeling of my brain being inserted into my skull and then my skull top being put on!) Then my eyes opened for real. I think I saw a few flashes of light, then stillness. My arms were by my sides. It's hard to believe they hadn't been waving around. My dog was happily asleep, laying over my leg. He hadn't stirred. My wife was asleep beside me; I hadn't even cried out.

I don't know if I was about to have an OBE, but I do think that the key to successful lucid dreaming is to remain calm and take control. I did everything wrong.



Ian — “One Footstep”

I was in the backseat of a car. My uncle was driving, and Robert Waggoner was in the passenger seat. We were going to some sort of dreaming convention.

I asked Robert if he remembered me and he said no. Before I had a chance to explain who I was, the subject was changed. It dawned on me that I was dreaming.



I said, “Robert, what do you represent? I know this is a lucid dream and I would like to know what you represent.”

He said, “One footstep.”

Zyla — Facing Fear

I was in the backseat of the car approaching the new studio where I would be working temporarily as an intern. The studio had windows the size of the walls and was modernly simple, elegant, and dark gray. As we got out of the car, my new boss, a slender man with skinny-style business attire walked in front with his main assistant. Both of them would turn around every couple of seconds showing me the ropes of my new job.

We reached the first floor of the studio and I looked out through the huge window. When I turned back, I saw two huge screens take up the other sides of the walls of the room with my boss next to one screen and his assistant next to the other. He announced that he would show me his latest art piece for his upcoming gallery. The screens turned on simultaneously, and ran bright and saturated video clips flashing at 1-second intervals of random things such as puppy dogs, green fields, flowers.

I turned away in panic as my field of vision was being taken up completely by the large screens and images seemingly expanding larger and larger. As I shut my eyes hard and cowered to the window, my boss came over to console me and said, “It's okay, you're safe.”

I became lucid at hearing those words because I had never truly felt safe in waking life and much less have ever heard anyone say that to me. Not only did I realize that it was a dream, but that I was there to confront two things that I couldn't face in waking life. One was realizing that I never truly felt safe, completely safe, and the second was the megalophobia I had with large objects completely taking up my field of vision.

Knowing that I was dreaming and that the dream figure was my support, I decided to turn to the screens to finally face my fears... and then I awoke.



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Martin Stewart — *I Fly with the Goddess*

I am outside by the pomegranate tree by the porch. I say I love Jade like a sister. I start saying *aum mani padme hum* — the Buddhist mantra. Then I am in my room and say emphatically that the angel Raphael cured the sick, not Jesus, as Raphael's name means, 'God cures.'

I go back into the dream I was just having. I am by the pomegranate tree again and become lucid. I am aware of my sleeping body. I look at my hand, doing a reality check. I start to fly and then fly over the gate. I call out, "Athena," and then, "Athena hugeais" (Athena of health) and hear a *Night Nurse* reggae song playing as a response.

Then I see Francisca and Felicity moving some stuff into a house. I see them from above. This is a premonition of them moving out. I think I have slept with one of them and flirted with the other. My mind goes back to Athena. I fly with the goddess Athena.



Image: zinka / Pixabay

Martina Kmetikova — *The Unknown Importance*

I asked my Inner Awareness to show me something important. Suddenly, I was lifted in the air with my arms next to my body, sort of forming a cross. Then a paparazzi appeared and started to take pictures of me. I thought, what a lovely and creative touch. (Ha-ha!) Apart from me and the photographer, the scene was totally black. I know it represents a personal importance but one that is not lived or acknowledged yet.

Athena Phoenix — *Thank God That Was Just a Dream*



I have had lucid dreams very often since early childhood. Two have left an impression on me more than others.

In the first, when I was around 7 years old, I remember I tried to bring something back because my sister did not believe me when I told her I could wake up in my dreams, and that I could do pretty much anything that I wanted (mostly I would fly). But I could also touch and feel things and transform objects, so she told me to bring a diamond back (lol!). So in this dream I went on a quest looking for a diamond, but all I could find was stones, and I could not turn the stones into diamonds. However, I thought a stone was better than nothing, so I picked up the most beautiful stone I could find (it had a blueish glow to it). I felt the rush of awakening happen so I held on to it as tightly as I could, then I blacked out and when I woke up I had a horrible

pain in my arm. It was a painful and fuzzy feeling. I knew at that moment that I could not bring things back and that I should probably never try again (and I never did). It was funny because I knew before it happened that I was most surely not going to be able to bring something back, but I remember during the dream I had the feeling that it was so important for me to do this.

In the second dream that left an impression on me, I was older, I was 14. My sister and I were at a party, dancing, when all of a sudden, she started pointing and laughing at me. I asked her what was wrong, and she said, 'Look at yourself — you're naked!' (I was.) I frantically looked for a place to hide while telling her to be quiet. But she wouldn't stop laughing and people started looking at me. I looked around in despair for a place to hide, when I saw the DJ's cabin and I knew that it was the only place to go. But the cabin was on the other side of the room and everyone would see me running naked (and my sister still wouldn't stop laughing) so I knelt down on the floor trying to cover myself with my arms. My head was down and I closed my eyes. Then I

Image: Celia Kathy Berk / Pixabay

felt a hand on my shoulder; it was the DJ and I was in his cabin. He smiled at me and told me everything was going to be okay and that's when I woke up in the dream. Me being naked was impossible, me transporting to the DJ's cabin was also impossible — this had to be a dream!

I imagined I had on the most beautiful dress, and I stepped out of the cabin. My sister was astonished and asked me how I did that. I told her that we were in my dream and that I could do whatever I wanted. She told me to prove it to her, so I started doing different things like elevating objects, changing clothes, flying, transporting to different areas of the place; I made the music change and stop; I did whatever I wanted.

Then the weirdness began. I started to get bored and wanted go out to test things outside to see up to what limits I could do things (I mostly wanted to show off, but I was also curious). But there were people stopping me from going out. Then my sister came running after me and begged me to go with her.

She brought me downstairs to a white place where the toilets were. She told me that I was insane and that I was not in a dream, I was really naked and that she brought me some clothes to put on. I told her I didn't need them and that it *was* a dream, but she kept trying to convince me otherwise. The more she told me this, the more I started to think it was possible. I then realised that I could actually do fewer things, but I still didn't totally believe her. Then she looked at me with stern scary eyes and said, 'This is your last chance. Admit you are not in a dream and put these clothes on!'

Wow! She scared me, and at that moment I knew this was not a joke and that I had to do what she said. I felt if I didn't, I would stay trapped in my dream. So, I took the clothes and went into the toilet and put them on. Then I sat on the floor and started crying. I didn't want to get out anymore because I knew this was not my sister and she scared me. But she started knocking on the door and told me that I needed to get out because we needed to go home.

Meanwhile, I was thinking, *wake up wake up*, in the back of my mind but nothing happened. Then I thought I'd better do what she said and force myself to believe it is not a dream. So I started saying, 'It's not a dream; I am crazy, it's not a dream, it's not a dream.' Then finally I got up, opened the door, and that's when I got shot back into reality. My body sat up in the bed and I was shaking. My heart was beating so fast I was sweating and I was in shock at what had just happened. I looked over and saw my sister sleeping in her bed and I thought, 'Thank God that was just a dream.'

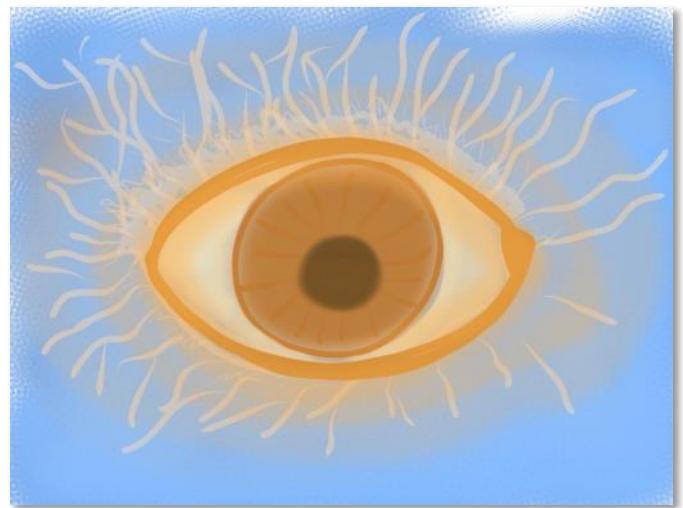
I never talked about these dreams to anyone after that. I didn't want people saying I was crazy and I think I eventually made myself believe it was all a part of the dream — even the awakening part. I stopped this intense lucid dreaming as I grew older, though still from time to time I woke and thought I must be in a dream, but my subconscious always woke me up right then. I'll have to work on my abilities if I want to have lucid dreams again.

Virginia A. — All-Seeing Eye

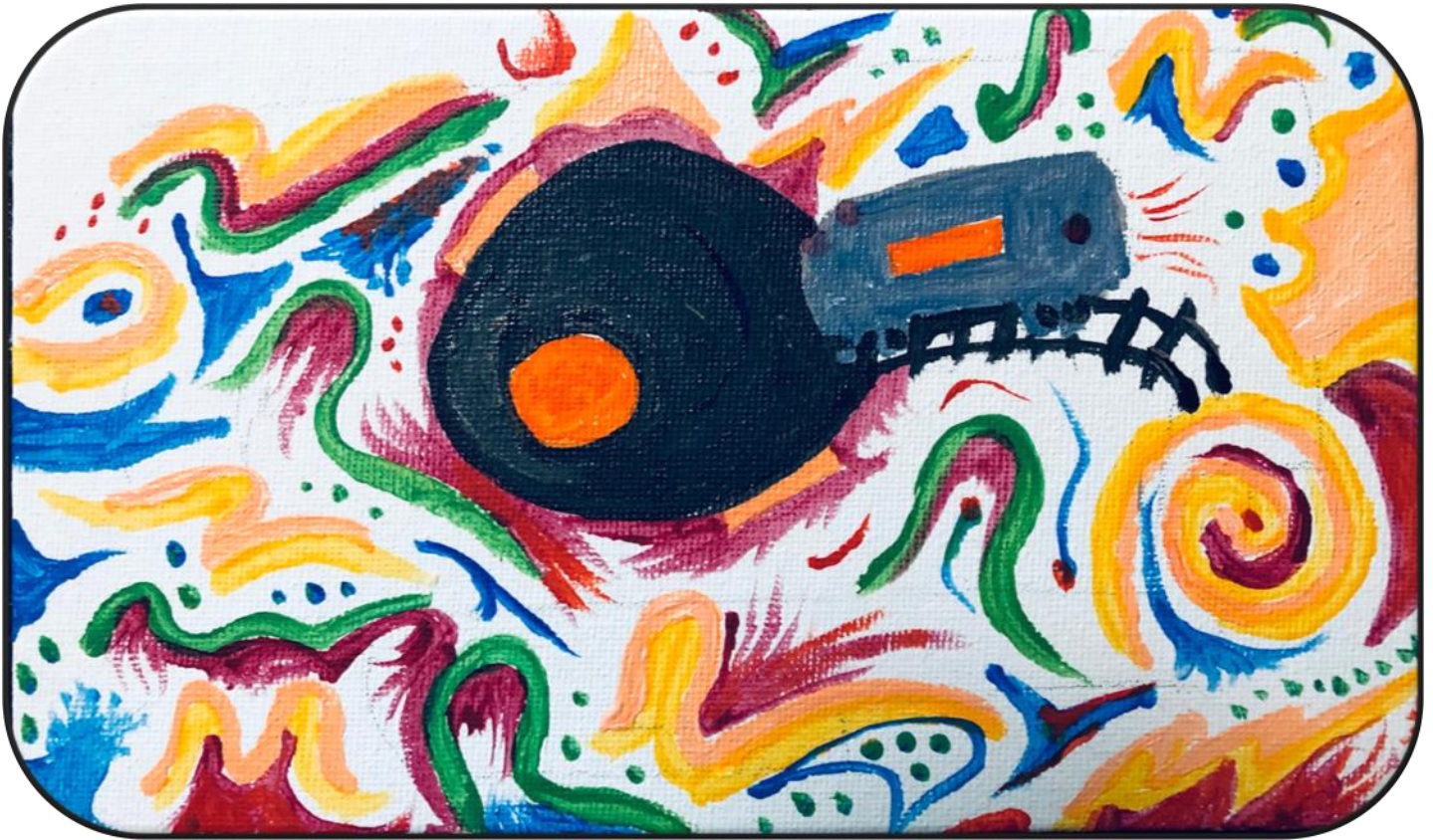
I had read the LDE a lot on the day prior to this dream. I was dreaming something I don't recall and had a feeling I was dreaming... it was a moment where I could ignore it and dream on, or wake up within the dream. So I said, "I'm dreaming!" and I see sky, lots of blue sky, with some white and gray clouds. I look up and raise my arms and cry, "I am yours, do what you will!" I start soaring up. The sky gets thinner, with less clouds, less little points of light. The sky has a watercolor look to it, like it's on paper.

I stop suddenly. There's a *huge* eye looking down at me. It moves; the whole thing has an ephemeral, wavy, undulating quality — always in motion as it "floats." It has a golden hue and the iris is light brown. Crackles of white fractal energy line the eye. I feel a rush of love and affection for this eye. I think, "God?" but don't feel it is. I awake.

Could it have been my subconscious awareness? I did feel it had a familiar, knowing essence.



Artwork by Virginia A.



"I AM Virgo, the spirit of the earth."

Artwork by Paul W. Sauers

Paul W. Sauers — *Dancing in the Process of Creation*

I intend to visit the void and I go to my usual black space with portals. Immediately I'm on a subway train in the right lower corner of the sphere that goes off out of the sphere at a 45-degree angle at about 60 mph. I go about 2 miles and the train stops. I do a somersault to promote/sustain lucidity.

I get off the train and proceed down a black tunnel. I reach an area where I see a dim light, like a turquoise reflection, and go down a hole/tunnel 90 degrees straight down. I encounter some 'blockage' like tar that I'm able to navigate through.

Then I enter a spiral black tube at great speeds that reminds me of a wormhole. I'm a little confused in that it's black and not white or light. I proceed and eventually see a 'blueness' as if a sky of some sort into which I emerge and realize I'm in 'another void'.

Here there is lots of spectacular hypnogogia with forms and colors swirling around in a 'fluid' manner. I have the knowledge that there are elementals here — gnomes, nymphs, salamanders, and other elementals 'at work'. The colors and shapes in the hypnogogia are mesmerizing. I'm intent on focusing on them. They are 'dancing' in the process of creation.

There are twisting forms and colors and whitish wispy sprays of forms like cotton candy going by that I know are 'drifting energy'. There are 'shots of light' like I'm in a storm of sorts and I realize I'm at the beginning of the formation of the earth in the presence of Virgo.

The scene goes on and on and I'm intent on watching it magically unfold. I 'ask' for music and hear only a soft snowy sound like white noise. I 'ask' what period I'm in and am told 'four billion years ago' but realize that it's 'now,' in that all time is simultaneous.

I continue to watch and marvel at the kaleidoscope of changes, color, light flashes and wisps of energy go by. Dancing, fluid, mesmerizing shapes and colors in the process of creation.

I ask to go OOB but nothing happens. I then realize that I'm already there.

Joy S. Rhodes — *Magnificently Beautiful*

I dreamed I was being chased through a parking garage. As I ran past a car, through my side-vision I could see in the distance a lady sitting behind the steering wheel. She was dead.

I could hear footsteps getting close to me. Suddenly there appeared a Red Door. I ran through the door into a room that was crimson and cream. At that point I looked at the brightness and became aware that I was dreaming. The first thing I said was, 'I'm in my dream.'

There were windows at the top of the ceiling. I was able to fly to the top of the windows where there were small golden bells. I flipped them over and saw Chinese writing and I was able to read in Chinese.

I noticed the door on the opposite side of the room. I flew to the door and when I opened it what I saw was so magnificently beautiful! It was in 3-D. There was a beautiful green tree standing tall, with beautiful multi-coloured birds floating around it. I reached my hand out to touch them, but they were so magnificent I couldn't face it.

I flew back down to the bottom of the floor. I heard the footsteps coming again. With my hand I drew a door in the wall and climbed through. As I jumped down, I entered my bedroom, and woke up.

Image: Felicity_Kate11 / Pixabay

Virginia A. — *Seeing Something Cool*

At first I am in some story dream... in a house that didn't look like our house.

I go to find a toilet downstairs. But it's in an open area and I become lucid. I get up since I know it's a dream now. It looks like an '80s parking garage with dark brown brick and a low ceiling — a very open space. Two teenage girls are chatting about 40-50 feet away from me. I cry, "All thought forms disappear!" But nothing happens. I try again. Nothing. I've never tried this before but am a little surprised it didn't do anything.

I spin a few times to strengthen lucidity. I walk more toward the building entrance where several people are walking around (like a mall entrance from a parking garage) and cry, "Dream, show me something I think will be cool to see!" I gave the wording some thought.

Suddenly time stops, the lights go dim, and I see a blueish spotlight on one of the dream characters' faces. I get closer, and it's a young man in his 20s. As I look, the lights go on again but he's still frozen in motion. I see it's Rex (my 7-month-old son) as an adult! I marvel at this. He looks like he has some features of both his grandpas and some light stubble, his cleft chin, and a nice strong nose. I do think this is cool! I get the visuals that he's in a train station. I think I get too excited and lose lucidity for a moment.

Now I'm walking through a flea market or other market with a SE Asian-looking man in his 30s, pudgy, short, with glasses, and wearing a light brown leather jacket. I can feel how alert/responsive he is, so I ask a few times if he's a fellow lucid dreamer. He says no.

Periodically I keep checking my hands as we walk and talk. I then ask him for some lucid dreaming advice. He says to try the 3-2-1 trick, where you count down to what you want to see, and try taking smaller steps, as I rush everywhere when I'm lucid. I repeat this to myself a few times so I can remember it. It's decent advice; I look forward to trying it in my next lucid dream. I also ask a brunette girl who's manning some checkout station for advice, but she just smiles.

Now I'm walking down a pretty street in a downtown area. I see a redheaded teen with his girlfriend sitting on a concrete platform with black metal railings, by stairs that lead to some basement-level store. Suddenly he falls backwards and gets really hurt. I can see his mouth is all bloody. As he lays there on the platform he starts spurting blood from his side. His girlfriend and other dream characters are horrified and yelling.

In Your Dreams!

I don't like this and so I get closer and will him to heal. I put my hands out and really concentrate on willing him to heal. I am surprised I don't see any visuals to this effect but, sure enough, he stops bleeding and sits up, all blood gone. I'm very pleased with this result! I wake up.

Martina Kmetikova — *Song of Love*

I became lucid and for the first time in my life I asked my Inner Awareness to show me something important. Instantly, I appeared in another reality, very similar to ours. It was dusk and people were walking down to take the train home after a day's work. While I was standing there observing the scene and thinking about the significance of this ordinary place, I noticed snow with blue sparkling ends forming part of the Earth. Intuitively, I knew I had to lie down in it.

Suddenly, the snow started to sing a song to me. There are no words to describe how delicious it felt when I rolled in it. I have never experienced feelings of such magnitude before. It was truly extraordinary to not only hear but feel, the "Song of Love." ▲



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