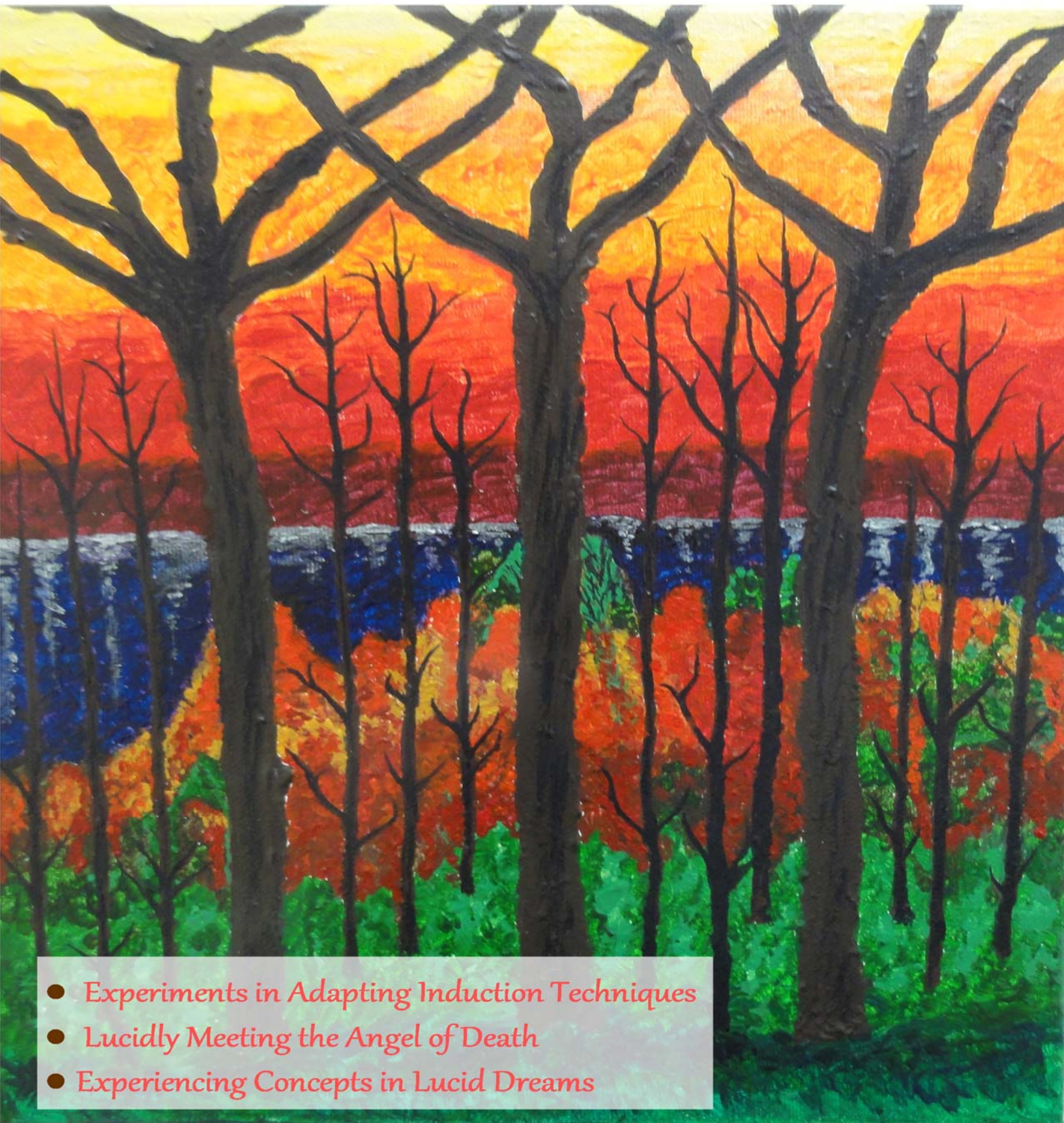




Vol. 8, No. 1, June 2019

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- Experiments in Adapting Induction Techniques
- Lucidly Meeting the Angel of Death
- Experiencing Concepts in Lucid Dreams



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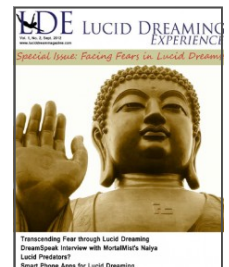
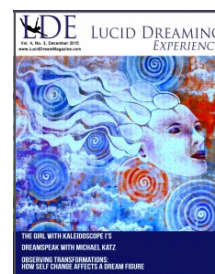
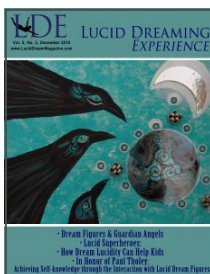
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Statement of Purpose

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.*

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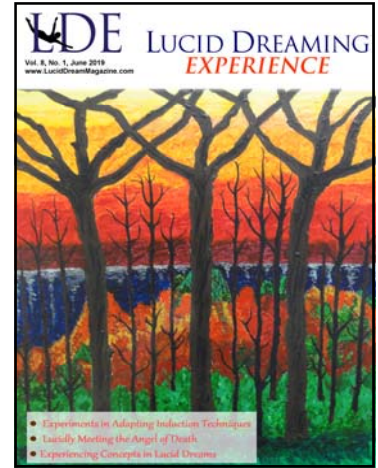
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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2019

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH JESSE JACOBS

**Director/Designer
Jesse Jacobs
brings a cinematic
and synesthesia
flavor to his
lucid dreaming
investigations.**

**The LDE
welcomes Jesse!**

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

First of all, I wanted to thank you for all the work you do in your books, lectures, and classes.

I first learned about lucid dreaming in high school when a friend showed me Stephen LaBerge's book. Also, I had vivid dreams from an early age. When I was very young, many of my dreams were inspired by films and stories. I remember a lot of dreams with heroes and monsters from *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. I specifically remember one night when I was very little, my father woke me up to watch the Beatles' animated film *Yellow Submarine* in the middle of the night. For years I had reoccurring dreams playing with the animated Beatles and all the creative creatures from the movie. At this age, these dreams felt as real as any experience in the waking world with many of the characteristics of lucidity. When my friend told me about her lucid dreams I was very interested and believed it was possible.

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

I remember being so excited to lucid dream but not knowing what in the world I was doing. I first tried the counting technique to try and enter a lucid dream from the waking state. It was pretty funny; I remember thinking *this isn't working at all*. Sometime after, I spontaneously had my first lucid dream when I wasn't trying:

Flying as Sam Lowry

I was flying in a vast cityscape made of endless brick and stone skyscrapers. The buildings were bluish grey and the landscape was filled with rays of golden light. I soared high into the air and came diving down to the ground at high speed. I was so low a sea of bricks whizzed underneath me. I realized, 'I'm dreaming!' I quickly discovered I was flying as the character Sam Lowry from Terry Gilliam's movie Brazil. I felt a lucid euphoria, amazed by the immense power of flight. As I flew

faster and faster, everything was more real than anything I had experienced in my life! The energy increased until the whole dream was flooded with light and I woke up. (As I woke I realized I had fallen asleep in a moving car. If you are familiar with the film — my first lucid dream was about a man who lives to dream.)

Eventually, lucid dreams happened randomly and spontaneously over the years when I wasn't at all trying to have them. Years later, when I began doing dream work and writing my dreams down every night, I began to have more lucid dreams. At this point, dreaming became a practice.

What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?

Many areas fascinate me. I have been interested in the potential of lucid dreaming in the areas of creativity, expanded awareness, psychology, healing, consciousness, and spirituality. For the most part, my interests developed in that order. When you first lucid dream there is an incredible excitement to use the creativity of the dream to have experiences beyond your wildest imagination. About the same time I learned about lucid dreaming, I began experiencing visual-kinesthetic synesthesia from doing improvisational awareness and movement exercises. This was a type of peak experience that profoundly changed the way I saw the world and I began asking bigger questions about awareness and perception: What is the nature of perception and the mind? What is the relationship between our inner and outer world? Can we expand our perception and raise our awareness to raise our consciousness? Years later, when I began dreaming about energy, I became interested in lucid dreaming as a way to understand the layers of self and the nature of mind. The following dream excerpt occurred in a sequence of dreams which explores some of these questions:

The Dream Theater

I found myself in a room. It was a dream room filled with red, green, and blue prismatic light. Somehow it was a room on another level of reality. Not here or there, in non-time. . . . A light flashed and I found myself in a different part of the school. I was told the school housed many floors for artists, musicians, filmmakers, scientists, and healers. We walked the corridors to a vintage elevator which we took to the ground floor. Up top, I noticed a wire buzzing with electricity hooked up to a generator. There was an auric Qi type energy glowing off the wire. I could feel the glowing energy with subtle synesthesia. That's strange, I thought and I realized — 'I'm dreaming.'

People were going into a movie theater right off the entrance. Inside, the theatre was filled with crowds of students, so I decided to follow them. I met a woman friend and we sat down in the theatre together. One student had prepared a dream film that we are about to watch. The professor explained, "In this course, people will be trained to share their dreams directly to the movie screen. People have the ability to prepare their dreams to save them and then re-conjure them for people, like a recording." One student raised their hand and asked, "How is that possible?" The professor answered, "It is the streaming of consciousness, directly onto the movie screen. The mind screen. They re-enter their dream that they themselves have already dreamed and just play it again. Another student asked, "They stream it? How?" The teacher said, "Yes, they replay it in their mind and when they do it, it will project onto the movie mind screen . . ." — and he pointed — ". . . to this screen right here."

A beautiful shy young woman with a short black hair bob like a 1920s flapper sat down on the main chair, in a black fringe dress, closed her eyes and started to dream. The stage lights were brought down into a single spotlight on her. As she closed her eyes, images began forming on the screen. It was of a bird. I looked around in amazement. She was replaying a dream right onto the screen. It was of a beautiful bird soaring over a landscape. I looked all over the screen at the beautiful scenery, trees, mountains, and rivers.

The entire audience all began as a bird. We were the bird. I don't just mean we saw the bird. We were inside the bird, as a bird. Yet we were also in our bodies simultaneously in a dual state of consciousness. The bird soared over these beautiful landscapes that were more real than real. And then the audience became a flock of birds all flying together with a single purpose.

And then, the visual-kinesthetic synesthesia began. Everyone in the audience could both see and feel everything simultaneously. Like we were touching everything outside ourselves like it was all one. Unity. We

flew over hills and rivers and through telepathic telecommunication towers. There was a sea of these towers transmitting energy frequencies of multilayered consciousness.

The reality began to transform into an abstract landscape of geometric forms, triangles, squares, and circles. The entire landscape transformed into this vibrant electric light. A beautiful abstract mathematical geometric world of the most amazing colors: deep oranges, reds, blues, yellows, and greens. A vast spectrum of lights and forms. We realized now we were directly inside her mind — dream flying as one. We were all in a single unified consciousness. We moved through a geometric landscape of neon forms, crystals, and the streaking beams of light through time. We entered a single spectrum prism of light and energy.

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

After I began writing down my dreams regularly I started having spontaneous lucid dreams of visual-kinesthetic synesthesia, telekinesis, energy, and light. This was a real shift. These lucid dreams would usually come about in one of two ways. Sometimes these would begin in conflict with antagonists or shadow figures where I would discover unknown powers of perception. Other times the dreams would spontaneously show me new levels of awareness beyond my waking ego. The following dream excerpt is an example in which a confrontation leads to expanded awareness:

The Lodger

In the dream, I am traveling visiting an old motel. (After several earlier scenes I realize I am being chased.) Wham! The door blasts open. The man appears. A streaking light casts deep shadows on his face. He wants to kill me! I have to decide if I am going to storm him and slam the door, but think, 'He will just try to break in again, or return.' I need to face him now. I reach within the core of my being and summon all my power and realize 'I'm dreaming!' Telekinetically I rise all the objects up in the room. First small inanimate objects — books, glasses. Then the chairs, desk, couch, and finally all the furniture and everything off the floors and walls. I feel a unifying electromagnetic field. The room fills with light. The outside floods the windows with light. I lift the shadow man up in non-gravity. He hovers held within my energy field — his head and back arch, his arms outstretched, legs dangling. I can feel the entire room magnetically as if everything is a part of me. The energy increases until I feel the man metamorphose into long streaks of light. I fill with light. The room fills with light. A magnetic force field travels through my body. I dropped down deeper into myself. I discover my unknown power. I awake in bed vibrating in a magnetic field of energy and light.

The following dream excerpt is an example of how the dream moves my body with energy to expand my awareness:

Tai Chi Wheels of Light

I was walking through traffic when I spontaneously began doing all of these Tai Chi moves without my volition. My body moved as if the information was being transmitted into me from a beam of energy. My body ramped down as if from a slow-motion camera back to normal speed as I settled into a ready stance. I am filled with heightened awareness. I am both standing and flying simultaneously. In perfect balance between gravity and non-gravity, earth and sky. 'I'm dreaming!' There was a feeling of total unity, physical oneness in perfect harmony with everything around me. Next, I looked down inside my body and saw a cylindrical spinning wheel of light and energy.

The energy wheel seemed massive, like a cyclotron accelerator inside me. For a moment this powerful energy source seemed to extend about 30 feet beyond my body. In that brief moment I was hovering above as perceiving awareness while the light energy whirled and whirled. Back in my body, I could feel the vibrations of the energy propellers in slow-motion. Imperceptible high-speed revolutions emanated from within — whoosh, whoosh, whoosh! Amazing! I could see my energy field and feel its power. I returned to normal perception and began to walk to experiment with this new level of awareness. I immediately began to fly high above the rooftops. And then I remembered, 'You often go flying once lucid. Remember your mindfulness training.' I descended back down into the Tai-Chi ready stance and began a waking meditation. I thought, 'I

need to learn to fly with my feet on the ground.’ (This concept was beyond anything my conscious mind conceived and felt more like a mind transmission.) I felt an energy balance of oneness and symmetry. I was both standing and flying simultaneously, in gravity and non-gravity, I knew my place, my body in space and in time. The dream is flooded with light and energy and I woke up in a magnetic energy field trance.

When did you first experience waking synesthesia?

The waking synesthesia first began when I was doing awareness exercises at The Second City Theater and also learning Feldenkrais movement work. Both exercises started by focusing on being in the moment, being aware of my body in space, and by extension everything around me. One improvisational technique used sense memory exercises that you would replay like a kinesthetic movie. I would memorize a sensation and replay it in my mind. For example, imagine you pick up a glass of water. You feel the glass. You have a memory of the glass. Then you touch a table. Feel the table, the floor, and so on. You remember all of these sensations. Next, imagine that these sensations can be recorded like a multi-track audio recorder. Instead of audio, it is playing sensations. Now imagine that each sensation is increased and the recording then plays back all of the sensations simultaneously. This progression of attention lead to heightened visual-kinesthetic synesthesia where I felt connected to everything. Not only was I aware of my body in space. It felt like I could touch things kinesthetically outside my body in real time. It also had the sensory characteristics of a magnetic energy. There was a sense of oneness. Everything felt connected in a unified field of awareness. These experiences changed my worldview and raised questions about the nature of mind and perception.

Why do you think this ‘synesthesia sense’ occurs in your lucid dream state?

It is a mystery. In lucid dreaming, the visual-kinesthetic synesthesia happens spontaneously. The energy in these kinds of dreams is exponentially more powerful than anything in my waking experience. In lucid dreams, the synesthesia comes as a symphony of light and energy. One possibility is that our perceptual faculties are capable of far more and the mind creates and generates an imagined simulation. From a Western scientific perspective the brain filters stimuli to generate our experience. But we know that the brain is capable of perceiving far more. In lucid dreaming, we seem to be able to experience these expanded states more easily. From an eastern perspective, it may be there is an underlying energy field and deeper levels of awareness.

Were there any concepts in lucid dreaming that helped change your perspective and realize that more is going on here?

There were two ideas in your first book that changed my perspective. The first was the metaphor that just as no sailor controls the sea, no dreamer controls the dream. Instead, the lucid dreamer relates and directs their focus within the dream. The second was the realization of a larger awareness behind the dream. I had the following dream the night after reading this idea that the lucid dreamer is similar to a sailor navigating the sea of the unconscious (or subconscious):

The Golden Sea

A rectangular light appeared in the void. I walked closer and closer. Gradually a space opened up out of the darkness. The place felt like a museum. There were glass cases with space suits, electricity brains, big airplanes hung from above. It all felt like some kind of maze. The air felt thick like I was under water. I need to find my . . . just then a game show arrow marquee appeared from nowhere outlined with flashing blinking lights, at the end of which was a big hand pointing at the door. Game show music played from everywhere.

As I walked slowly towards the door, I turned to my left and noticed that the walls of the room were being pulled up and away like a live-action miniature world. This revealed the next room as those walls were also lifted into the air. Soon it appeared we were on some massive sound stage that went on forever, as big as reality. Wall after wall, furniture, trees, buildings lifted up and up straight into the air to reveal an empty vanishing point exposing an infinite sound stage of the mind.

I was awestruck as I attempted to reach for the door. All thoughts emptied from me. I was flooded by the

confusion of the surreal absurdism. 'Where was I going?' I thought. In slow motion, I could see my hand wrapping its fingers around a golden doorknob. 'I must open the door,' I thought in slow motion. 'I must open the door.' I twisted the knob and walked through the door . . .

. . . I fell into the black void in what seemed to be the end of the earth and all of time. It was a black sea of darkness. I fell down, down, down underwater into the murky ocean of my subconscious. I sunk deeper and deeper into a dark trance. I looked above at the beautiful shimmering golden caustic light shining down on me as I drifted into the abyss. "I'm dreaming!"

And then . . . a new view . . . a new perspective . . . separate from my body. Like an edit in a movie of consciousness, my awareness was above the water looking at the most beautiful landscape I had ever seen. I had no form, I was just perceiving awareness. The ocean was lit with beautiful golden light that skimmed the surface of the water like a painting. The light was so incredible, something you can only find in a magnificent impressionist painting. It was almost like the light was thick with an abstract visual texture like an oil painting, but it was living and breathing and alive. It was a misty stew. Its beauty filled my whole being.

Back in my body, I continued to fall into the darkness of my subconscious. (I remember actually thinking this during the dream.) The light was getting further and further away. I fell into a deep sleep. I was being absorbed into the greenish black void. Far up above I could see the shimmering golden light. A voice said 'Come back.' I sat there floating, floating, floating in this dark golden void.

Somehow I could see far under water and the tiny little speck of me. I summoned all my power. As perceiving awareness — I reached my giant hand into the landscape from off-screen, like some surrealist optical illusion. A second, bigger me moved my giant hand across the vast landscape in slow motion and reached into the golden ocean.

Beneath the water, looking up now, I saw my giant hand plunge down, down, down to grab myself. Now as awareness I watched my giant hand pulling my body out of the water disrupting all laws of perspective. Deep in the water, my giant hand lifted me up, up, up. The golden water and light swirled all around me. I was pulled out of the abyss with tremendous force and exploded out of the water and breathed the breath of life! "I'm alive!"

Comments:

It was very interesting that when I had this dream I was only a couple chapters into your book. I hadn't yet read about the idea of a larger awareness. Also, it was quite surprising being two places at once in the dream. There was the ego me drifting deep into a subconscious sea. The dream then showed a larger self, first me as perceiving awareness, which then became embodied literally as a larger self with a giant hand, to reach in and save my smaller self. Also notable was, as the larger self, how everything was perceivable in a magnetic field of connected awareness. This simple sea metaphor and the possibility of an unseen larger awareness was transformative.

Some use lucid dreaming to access creativity or inner freedom. Do you have any lucid dreams of this kind?

A lucid dream fairly recently was inspired by my childhood dreams. Lucid dreaming, at times, can be serious stuff. And sometimes lucid dreams just show up to express a hidden creativity. In the following lucid dream, I became a live action-animated George Harrison from the Beatles' animated film *Yellow Submarine*. (Passages of this dream were edited for length.)

"Dream as often as you like." — George Harrison

(This dream picks up from an earlier scene where I had been invited by a friend to the Beatles' Apple Records.) The festival head continued, "But since we are also honoring the anniversary of the Beatles original Apple Studios . . ." — more cheers — ". . . we first will have a unique short film from the Beatles themselves!" Suddenly the movie Yellow Submarine began to play. The Animated Beatles appeared on screen as contemporary versions from the original film. As they played Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts, psychedelic colors and surreal characters danced from the screen. As they played the song, animated creatures flew out of the screen — Blue Meanies, The Dreadful Flying Glove, a winged rainbow man horse creature, and the Suck-o-chant. I thought, 'Wow, that's strange, how did they get the animation out and into the theater? I'm not wearing 3D glasses.'

When the song ended the Animated Beatles looked at the audience. There was a moment where everyone wasn't quite sure what was happening. The Animated Beatles smiled wryly as if it were a live performance. John and Paul winked at the festival woman. I thought, 'This is so strange. Are the Animated Beatles live somehow?'

The British woman continued, "As I said, this is a unique film, a new kind of experimental film. It is a living film. A movie come to life! Anyone who wants to come inside the film can just jump inside the screen! And anyone who wishes to become one of the characters from the film, all you have to do is jump inside them!" People cheered. "The studio is your playground! You could jump from the movie to life and from life back to the movie. You can go back-and-forth very easily, all you have to do is use your intention!"

Just then, the Beatles leaped off the screen playing the most incredible Beatles music I had not heard before. Animated live-action visual effects appeared as they sang harmonically: "And you've got time to rectify, you can fly to electrify." And then all the Beatles began speaking in their classic Beatles comic gibberish wordplay. I hear, "Oh yes, I will! I will now won't I? Oh yes, I will!" Somehow, without my own volition, powerful energy swept me off my feet, high into the air in slow motion. As the room whirled by, I wondered, 'What is happening to me? Where am I going?' This magnetic force poured through me like a wind. Suddenly, at high speed and with great power I flew directly into Animated George Harrison! I was filled with immense creative power. I immediately began speaking like George Harrison.

I exclaimed in a Liverpudlian accent, "I must be dream'n!" And then, I felt I was filled with the life of the universe. I had an elastic electric malleability. I felt I could do anything. I shot electric rainbows out of my hands. I played music and flung color and light into the air. I was vibrating with magnetic multicolored energy, and I felt connected to everything and everyone. I ran up to the other animated Beatles. We were all laughing and joking in all our Beatle voices. As I looked around it seemed like what those 60's parties might have been like. The surreal Yellow Submarine creatures ran wild. A winged horse cartoon creature licked a humongous ice cream cone. A woman meditated on an elephant. Giant animated hands clapped. It was a creative playground . . .

. . . I found myself on the rooftop overlooking a live-action animated marmalade sky. I could feel a cool blue wind on my cheek. I could touch the sky with synesthesia. It was as if I was the sky and the sky was me. At that moment everything seemed possible. Animated Ringo popped out a courtyard window below and said "George, get a move on, they're calling us back on. Come downstairs. We got to make bingo, bango, bongo!" Ringo popped back inside the window and then instantly popped down to the ground floor. 'How did he do that?' I thought. 'How did I get up here? This whole place is a maze; how will I ever get down?' Remembering I was animated (and dreaming), I stepped onto the fire escape morphing into a malleable elastic man. I poured myself like cartoon pancake batter through the metal slats of the fire escape and onto the ground floor. I shape-shifted back into my live-action cartoon form and walked effortlessly into the party.

I met up with Paul, John, and Ringo who were having the greatest time. I wanted to savor the creativity of the moment. I looked at the other Beatles and said in a Liverpudlian accent 'We're dream'n!' They looked at me puzzled. To prove it I said, "Watch . . ." I looked directly at a wall with my intention. I walked through the wall effortlessly as I felt a breezy vibration sensation and whoosh effect. They watched, still confused. "Watch again . . ." as I effortlessly walked straight through a second wall. "See!" At that moment there were so many amazing things to look at — color laser constellations, beautiful people, wise elephants, Hindus, and Buddhists meditating inside a moving Tibetan Thangka. The whole environment was just pure creativity . . .

. . . “See brother, we’re dream’n!” Ringo was still trying to believe me. Now I was determined to tell everyone at the party that we were all lucid dreaming! So I went to John. “So John,” I said. “Yeah George?” “You know we’re dream’n.” John, still puzzled, said, “No way.” “Way!” I said, “Way! We’re dream’n!” So I took my hand, looked right at it, and showed it to him. I began swinging my hand like a paddle ball: wap-wap, wap-wap-wap! The Beatles all cracked up. John exclaimed, “Holly Moly Magoo, How do you doooo?” John handed me his hand, and says, “Show me, brother!” So I took his hand in my hand and I start yo-yo’ing it — wap-wap, wap-wap-wap! Everyone was in hysterical laughter . . .

. . . At that point, I became aware of my dream body. Suddenly I was transported to a vast space as my dream body was filled with energy. I was sleeping in a magnetic energy field floating in a deep space of golden light. Giant golden hands of light surrounded and held me. I saw George Harrison’s face fill the entire dream as everything was filled in the golden magnetic light. I heard George Harrison’s voice, “You know, you can lucid dream as often as you like.”

Comments:

This dream seemed directly related to the reoccurring Beatles dreams from when I was very little. It felt like I had literally channeled my animated childhood into my adult self. For some reason, this film had such a profound effect on how I saw the world. The film is just very imaginative. It may be that I saw it at such a young age or maybe that I first saw it in the middle of the night. Also notable was that I hadn’t listened to the Beatles in ages because I had associated their music from specific times from my childhood. At the time of the dream, I was asking myself about the relationship between spirituality and creativity. I hadn’t previously had any special connection to George Harrison, but the dream seems to be an answer to this question, the main message being — *don’t forget to play.*

Could you speak a little about your interest in the potential of lucid dreaming for health?

Well at the base level, it appears lucid dreaming has the potential to work on a deep level of the self directly with the unconscious (or subconscious). Psychology and psychotherapy show how thoughts, feelings, and beliefs create and shape our subjective reality. Many of these processes are completely habitual. Research points to the possibility that a majority of our brain’s activity is unconscious. In your last book, you discuss Carl Jung’s theory “a second psychic system coexisting with consciousness.” Lucid dreamers often discover similar experiences of awareness that they experience as both beyond them and a part of them. Lucid dreaming offers the opportunity to understand the relationship between these conscious and unconscious phenomena both for deeper understanding and for health.

In a more direct way, I first became interested in the possibility of lucid dreams for healing, as a result of my energy dreams. These lucid dreams seemed to be leading towards integration whether through conflict or revelation. The dreams were so powerful I began to wonder if changes to the dream body would change the physical body. When I began reading more, I discovered many lucid dreamers frequently share similar accounts of healings with energy and light. Your books provide many accounts of lucid dreamers experiences with energy. I particularly took note of both your and Ed Kellogg’s Ph.D. work around energy and healing which has helped to both understand and normalize non-ordinary experiences. I feel very grateful to have read your book as well as Ed’s contributions. The potential for lucid dreaming in the areas of psychology, healing, meditation, and overall health continues to be of great interest to me.

Sometimes lucid dreamers encounter geometric symbols, as they go deeper. What did you make of this?

Dreams continue to show me new levels of awareness in a variety of forms. Sometimes my body expands into an energy field beyond my dream body. Within this field, it seems like I can sense everything on some deeper frequency. Sometimes I exist only as a perceiving awareness. In other dreams, I have spontaneously become symbols or sacred geometry of energy and light.

The following dream excerpts occurred during your course with Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. after he had presented lessons about the Tree of Life, and a paper on the possibility that reality exists — not as we perceive it, but

instead within abstract code similar to the film *The Matrix*.

Merkabah = X

I am at a library after the music concert. Ed Kellogg appeared and presented an equation: $\# + \# = X$. He held a number which floated in space above him, cycling like Matrix code. My synesthesia awareness tuned to the frequency of the number to solve the equation. Suddenly my body metamorphosed into geometric electric light. I was a combination of laser lines and triangles. My new form calibrated itself, rapidly twisting and turning like solving a geometric puzzle like the Rubik's cube. There was a burst of energy as I reconstituted myself and clicked into place. I was a laser light double pyramid Merkabah! 30 x 30 feet floating in space as light and sound. Ed's mystery number stopped cycling and watched.

Ed's number started cycling. As a Merkabah, I began to solve the combination. With another massive burst of energy and light, I clicked into place and became a second Merkabah. Two Merkabahs floated vibrating in space. The solution to the equation was presented: Merkabah + Merkabah = (X).

I was filled with energy and power beyond my conscious understanding. I was witnessing the experience. Next, I began vibrating as two Merkabahs as the frequency increased again. Then the X symbol began vibrating. The frequency of energy increased until the equation revealed: Merkabah + Merkabah = Torah! There was a burst of light and I became aware of my sleeping body. With dual awareness, as the Merkabah electric light form equation, I entered a waking trance.

Beyond The Matrix

Ed Kellogg was talking about the inter-dimensional mathematical matrix reality. He said, "These realities exist everywhere, all around us." Matrix code began to emanate from his body. As he spoke he entered a waking trance. His matrix code filled the whole classroom. Suddenly Ed entered a levitating lotus position. His GUI matrix code then transformed into synesthesia energy. Ed began glowing with light. The entire room was now tuning to a new frequency that connected everyone in our class . . . (Several students began demonstrating super powers of consciousness . . . sequence edited for length.)

I was trying to make sense of all their transformations. I thought, 'I must have missed the first part of class where Ed gave instructions on how to enter the Matrix.' (Earlier I had come into the class late entering through a magic portal.) I didn't even understand the teaching or how any of this was happening. I decided I would just watch and wait.

Suddenly a magnetic force circulated through my whole system. I lifted up and began slowly spinning. Geometric forms encoded into my energy body. I entered a deep dimension. As I levitated, the new matrix software entered my system. Geometric circles, within squares, within triangles, created lines of energy within me. I was now in a dream trance as the mathematical geometric system circulated code and energy through me. I expanded in a geometric form about 18 x 30 feet high. I rotated slowly into an energy vortex and into intricate forms of geometric laser light.

As energy awareness I circulated into semi-kaleidoscopic geometric forms. I felt a long cord of energy down my spine going up and out and into the earth. I was filled with four giant laser circle forms. Then I transformed into code. Then the four circles transformed into four spheres of emerging energy. I levitated and expanded within the new frequency of geometric energy and light.

Comments:

What do I make of it? It is a mystery. Funny, I am not at all a math person. When I had these dreams, I made no special preparations, I had just read Ed's course material. I actually had another Merkabah dream prior to these when I had only glanced at the first paragraph of his Tree of Life paper. This was all quite surprising. So how and why this occurred, I don't know; maybe through some kind of dream osmosis? I recently became familiar with the work of Cognitive Psychologist Donald Hoffman who presents theories that we perceive reality like a simulation that translates and generates what we observe. These dreams seem to speak to

these questions. Often we learn about theoretical concepts whether they be in science, psychology, philosophy, religion, etc. and only think about them. In lucid dreaming, there appears to be an opportunity for firsthand experience. More specifically, this was not just a remote visual experience as when you watch a film. Once I entered this geometric energy awareness, I no longer perceived my body. Instead, my whole being was a giant symbol of energy awareness. I felt energy exponentially beyond physical perception. Communicating this experience in words does not begin to describe the depth of the energy that I felt. It's ineffable. Ultimately, I would say it raises questions about the nature of self and mind.

You seem to have transcendent lucid dreams, which go beyond the normal lucid dream self-activity. Do you have an excerpt of a transcendent lucid dream? How do you explain that to yourself?

Cosmic Mandala

I was traveling through doors of reality in a stained glass mandala of various dimensions. I was awareness. I had no body. I was in outer space or another dimension. As I approached, I saw a light curving as it peaked over a horizon. At that moment I saw one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. Slowly coming into view was an infinite stained glass mandala realm — a world as vast as the sky. It seemed like I was only glimpsing a piece of it, as it appeared to go on forever. It looked like a massive spaceship of light and sound — a Tibetan mandala with the most intricate kaleidoscopic prismatic glowing light. I was somehow flying in the cosmos while also floating in stillness. I watched without thought. I watched with my whole being. I was the mandala and the mandala was me. I was outside of it, yet I was a part of it. I was as big as space. As I watched (as perceiving awareness) I began to look closer at each individual window within the mandala. Each kaleidoscopic teardrop window contained a small world of life within itself. Inside the windows were various scenes, places, and times. You could go inside them and travel wherever you wanted to go by projecting your consciousness. I could see infinitely small scenes of people and places. Suddenly I could hear, see, and feel the eternal chanting of cosmic sound. I felt the unifying vibration of life as my whole being was filled by the stained glass mandala of celestial light and sound. I was in an ecstatic consciousness of wonder. It was magnificent. All was one.

Comments:

At some point, mandalas began showing up in my dreams in a variety of ways. I was not at all studying mandalas or religious texts of any kind. They just began appearing. Sometimes I would spontaneously activate a laser light mandala in a dream figure's body. Sometimes they appear as a resolution to a conflict. Or a mandala would appear while I was healing someone or being healed. In other dreams, an entire architectural space would move like a massive kaleidoscopic mandala, very similar to some of the sequences in the movie *Dr. Strange*. Dreams like this seem to bypass my identity completely and all stages of lucidity. How do I explain it? All I can say is there is something quite mysterious at work here.

Finally, would you like to share any lucid dreams that gave you a profound realization or special insight?

Recently I had the following dream, which is short and seemingly very simple, but contains an important message.

Beautiful Blue Light

I was in a dark room. The three of us were talking in the darkness. The room was lit only by moonlight. One man was talking to the other lit in silhouette. He said, "The light of awareness is not just for monks." Then the other man said, "One can awaken to the light of awareness at any time. You will know it when you see it. It will hit you like a lightning bolt. You just need to be open to it." Then the two men turned and looked at me. One of the men lit a match. A spark ignited a bright blue flame to a candle. This flame grew into a beautiful energy field of spherical blue light. It was so beautiful, I became entranced by the light. A deep tone of sound circled around the light creating an energy field within the room which reverberated deep within me. Then one of the men said, "Once you are presented with the light and you are ready . . . it will ignite the light of

awareness within your soul and within your whole being.” The light circled around and around and grew into a giant spherical magnetic energy field as large as the whole room. I heard a deep vibrating tone that eclipsed the room and reverberated through my whole being. The swirling energy vortex grew larger and larger. As it came toward me, I could feel the energy vibration of light and sound growing from deep within me until I merged with the energy awareness. I became the beautiful blue light.

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

Thank you, Robert! I just want to thank you again for all of your and Ed’s work! ▲

View Jesse’s website at www.jessejacobs.tv

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— Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Experiments in Adapting Lucid Dream Induction Techniques

By Marlise Brauchli © 2019

It's not yet six years since I first discovered lucid dreaming. I had read about the possibility of this phenomenon in a newspaper. The idea fascinated me, and so I started to read books about the science of dreams and lucid dreaming. Soon I had some success with DILDs and even, at that time, unwanted WILDs. These experiences felt very strange and weird to me, so I began to read more about them and to explore the borders of lucid dreaming.

I had read in an internet workshop that a way to achieve success in having a lucid dream is to imagine one's ultimate lucid dream. My idea of an ultimate lucid dream was to transform into a fluorescent butterfly, then merge into a swarm of butterflies while flying to the music of *Chariots of Fire* until dissolving in bright, sparkling light. But I wondered if it was really possible to control a whole dream.

Of course, I never fully succeeded, and in a workshop taught by Robert Waggoner I learned that 'the sailor never controls the sea.' However, sometimes, as in the following anecdote, I was partially successful:



Butterfly Anecdote (October 3rd, 2014)

In my dream, I see the face of a man. He is talking to me, but I can't hear a sound. This makes me realize that I must be dreaming — then the face dissolves.

I'm in my bed and recall my ultimate lucid dream goal and shout out loud, "I'm transforming into a fluorescent butterfly and flying in a swarm of fluorescent butterflies . . ." I think I stop here because I can feel my arms transforming into wings! It's a very strange feeling. My head is vibrating, too. I can fly up towards my wardrobe although at first my wings are covered with my duvet. My daughter (aged around 4 years in the dream) comes with me. Now I can repeat aloud my whole wish to the end, ". . . to the music of Chariots of Fire until dissolving in bright, sparkling light." There is a TV screen on my wardrobe, and I see a movie with butterflies. I wonder if I should fly into the screen to join them, but decide to try to fly out through the open window instead.

I'm standing on the windowsill with my daughter, who wants to fly with me. I'm worried about her ability to fly. To confirm that I'm really dreaming, I want to perform a reality check. I want to look at my watch to see the figures changing. But there

is no arm, no watch! I can only see my wing.

We are on the third or fourth floor above the street and I really worry that my daughter could fall down. People are looking up to us. Suddenly my daughter falls and can only hold on to the sill with one hand. In panic, I'm crying down to the crowd, "Catch her!" A man extends his arms towards her and picks her up safely. I wake up, but into a false awakening.

I return to my bed. There are 4 beds in the room and my other daughter and my husband are awake. I tell them about this incredible dream before waking up for real.

My second lucid dream is about physical healing. After reading of this possibility in Robert's first book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I felt extremely motivated to give it a try.

For more than ten years I had a chronic upper heel spur on my left heel. In September of that year, I got a cortisone injection but it didn't help. Therefore I was extremely motivated to give lucid dreaming a chance!

In my first lucid dream of that night, I recall my goal but don't believe that it can really happen, and I end up in a false awakening. Then I go back to bed and am even more motivated to give it another try. I wish from deep in my heart with devotion and yearning to becoming lucid again in my next dream — and it works!

As I was still a novice lucid dreamer, after waking up, I couldn't recall what triggered me to get lucid. I even had the feeling that I might have transformed into a butterfly (which was still my ultimate lucid dream goal at that time). Later, I recalled that I felt very confident while inside the lucid dream of being able to heal my heel:

Healing My Upper Heel Spur (November 4th, 2014)

I'm lying in a room on a bed (it felt like being in a hospital) and speak aloud, "I wish for healing energy for my left heel!" Immediately, a 20-30 cm long bright, bluish-white light beam is flying down from the 'universe' above me to my left heel. It's passing through it and coming out between my toes as a dirty blue gum-like tape. Another light beam is flying down into my heel and out between my toes, but as a transparent, slightly bluish worm, with a sweet little face, made of black points and lines. I wait for a while for a third light beam, but none comes.

I feel euphoric and in awe of what has happened! I fly through the wall, out of the building. The dream scene 'offers' (throws down to) me lots of other obstacles that I penetrate until I get stuck inside a wardrobe. I realize that I'm still dreaming and walk through it, thinking, it would be better to wake up now, otherwise I won't be able to recall this incredible dream.

But I have a false awakening. I get up to walk downstairs and write down my dream. But there are strange puppets on the stairway. I realize that I'm still dreaming and that it is of no use to write down the dream. I lose lucidity — until another wardrobe is flying towards me. I don't want this; I want to wake up, and so I do.



First, after waking up, I had forgotten about the healing. Only after questioning myself as to why I felt so incredibly euphoric did I suddenly recall everything.

My power of intention and belief that such a powerful dream can help worked! Within about six weeks my heel was completely healed, and still is — I'm jogging 10 km a day or go for long hikes with my husband.

I think, within a lucid dream I'm nearer to my unconscious than in meditation and/or when using positive affirmations and therefore the placebo effect might be stronger. It's also important to visualize the body as already healed; as though there may not be any doubt about it.

From his Glidewing workshop (that I participated in later), Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche stated:

"In lucid dreaming, you develop certain levels of freedom, flexibility, strength, healing qualities, and knowledge and have access to many powers, because of a deep sense of freedom. Knowing this is a lucid dream, you look at your pain, think 'I can heal it' and send your awareness and healing energy to that location. You draw attention to the location and bring your awareness of space, awareness of light, and awareness of warmth to that location wishing for healing energy and change it."

My third dream is about a special WILD technique. At the beginning of my 'lucid dream-career,' sometimes when I felt a strong yearning for a lucid dream goal, after a WBTB I was unable to go back to sleep. If I finally could sleep, then I had an 'unwanted' WILD experience. Therefore I 'developed' my own WILD technique: instead of waiting for a DILD and shouting out my wish (for example, "Show me something important to see!"), I began to say it in my thoughts after a WBTB until I could enter the dream state consciously.

This led me to the following:

After reading about Active Imagination in books by Carl Gustav Jung, Robert A. Johnson's book *Inner Work*, and Clare Johnson's book *Dream Therapy*, I had the idea to try using this Active Imagination technique as a WILD. For example, after a WBTB, I tried to induce a dialogue with my "dream baby" from an earlier lucid dream. Inside this lucid dream, a baby wanted to fly with me. Since this has happened in other lucid dreams before, I asked the baby why it always wants to accompany me. But it didn't respond.

Therefore, I hoped to find an answer by following my Active Imagination Dialogue that I'd start in my thoughts, until it turned into a lucid dream:



Dialogue With My Baby (April 24th, 2018)

(Dialogue begins after a forgotten scene.)

Me: Why are you a separate aspect of me?

Baby: Because I need more freedom.

Me: Why don't you feel freedom within me?

Baby: Because you are too serious!

Me: Why do you think so?

Baby: I would like to play and laugh more and have more fun.

Me: Why do you join me often during my flights?

Baby: To have fun and experience adventures.

Me: Why are you behaving like an adult?

Now the baby starts to talk on its own, like a real dream figure. It says something weird, like, "In my past life, I could fill in forms when I was only six weeks old. I paid a bill for the amount of Fr. 600." (I couldn't recall the exact words).

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At the same time, I'm lifted off my bed, turned upside down, and thrown head first back on my bed. My face is stuck in the bed cover, and I begin to fear I'll suffocate. But I immediately realize that it is only sleep paralysis and/or a hypnagogic hallucination. I relax and breathe normally.

Then, I'm able to turn my head to the right side and can see that a baby skeleton is approaching the foot of my bed. It sits down. Wow, it works! I'm feeling terribly euphoric: I can enter a lucid dream with this technique!

"What do you want?" I ask the skeleton aloud.

Unfortunately, I wake before the baby skeleton can answer.

For me, this technique offers a fascinating possibility to reveal the meaning of dream figures and maybe even objects. I wonder if other readers might use a similar form of active imagination or something like my own 'wish' technique, mentioned above, to enter lucid dreams. ▲



Note: All artwork accompanying this article is original dream-inspired artwork by Marlise Brauchli



Lucidly Meeting the Angel of Death

By Karim © 2019

This was a lucid dream that profoundly affected me and changed the way I view waking life. It made me realise how important it is to learn detachment and letting go.

In this dream I was shown a highly personalized version of afterlife testing. I have heard of books like *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* and *The Tibetan Book of the Living and Dying* explain what happens to someone who is recently deceased and the afterlife tests that they go through and the results thereof.

This was one of those rare, long, epic-type dreams that was extremely vivid from start to end and I was fortunate to retain most of the memory upon waking up.

The dream started by a visitation of the angel of death whom I know as Azrael. I was very familiar with the character as he had visited me before in a few dreams, so I became lucidly aware. This time he was wearing a black three-piece suit with a black top hat. He was quite pleasant looking as always.

He took me to the underworld. It looked like a big underground labyrinth. He explained that he would be guiding me through the afterlife testing, that each corridor would be taking me to a big space in which a real life scenario would play out. If I was able to pass through the scenario then I could exit this area to another corridor that leads me to the next scenario and so forth.

Each scenario would test the level of desire I have for the physical world.

In the first scene I saw some of my closest friends getting together for dinner at one of our favourite restaurants. It was a happy scenario with a sense of friendship and belonging. They were calling me to join them as I entered. I had the inclination to go there and check out what was going on. Azrael held my hand fast and shook his head. He said, "You

must not engage with anyone here. You must ignore what is going on in the scenario and move ahead to the exit quickly. Talk to no one and do not stop to examine anything."

We kept walking to the restaurant's exit, ignoring the pleas of my friends to join them and the warm welcome from the restaurant staff.

As we left we went through a small corridor/tunnel and entered the next scenario. This time it was my brother and his wife walking towards me and they were very angry at me. They were trying to pick a fight. They were telling me how upset they were that I did not visit as often as they would like and that I do not seem to love them. I got upset and wanted to argue back but Azrael held my hand fast and said, "No! Do not engage them. That will suck you into the scenario and cause you to get stuck in the reincarnation cycle. Move on and ignore them."

We hurried to the end of the street and we entered yet another scene. I was waking up in my folk's home and mom was calling me for lunch. She had prepared my favourite meal and it seemed like my dad was about to tell me some good family news. With a

heavy heart, I left the house ignoring my folks.

Then I entered a big department mega store in a shopping mall. An announcement was made that all items on display were being offered to everyone for free! The store keepers constantly asked me how they could help me and if I would like to try anything on? They explained they have all the big brands here and all their items were being sold for free. I could check anything out for as long as I liked. They were being warm and extremely friendly. I stopped for a moment to thank a lady for her offer and apologized that I had to leave quickly. Azrael pulled me forward and said, "Do not bother with any small talk. Any conversation would risk you being pulled into the scene and thus generating desire."

As we walked, we passed a huge mirror. I stopped for a second and wanted to see what my reflection would look like in this lucid dream environment. To my surprise it was exactly the same as waking life with no distortions. Azrael immediately said, "Do not look into a mirror for more than 10-15 seconds lest you want vanity to arise." He advised avoiding mirrors completely.

Next I was on a beach with hundreds of nude men and women having an orgy. Some came to pull me in to join them. I have to say they were all really good looking and the entire scene was steamy hot! (blush!). The angel pulled me from this one too and we moved on.

We entered a fancy office where I was just being made the head of a large corporation. I was being offered a contract with a massive salary, benefits, status, and power that I never dreamed of before. Walked away from that too.

Azrael and I continued walking and I kept realising these were not easy scenarios to let go of. Every scenario pulls you in and plays on certain emotions and feelings. You really have to be strong to let go and pull through.

In the next scenario, I had a huge number of followers believing in me, as their spiritual leader. They were gathered around and everyone was seeking healing or guidance of some sort. My ego really liked this one in particular. I decided to ignore them all and go ahead with the angel.

There were many more scenarios that I encountered but couldn't remember them all. The last one was a scenario where I attained great realisation and enlightenment. I felt this eternal bliss inside me and

all around me and I felt highly present, and centered. Even this, Azrael wanted me to let go of. He said, "The desire to be enlightened or realised is still a desire that would keep you attached to the physical world." With that I stepped out of 'enlightenment'. It was a very hard thing to do.

Azrael continued to explain: "With every scenario, you had to learn to let go of the desire in that scenario and keep moving through to the exit unto the next one. If you succumb to your desire to eat, argue with people, spend time with loved ones, have sex, etc...it means you still have desires in your soul that need to be fulfilled through incarnation and you would have to keep coming back to fulfil them."

I have to say some scenarios were easy to go through like the one in the store with the clothes and brands. Others, like with family and spirituality, felt more difficult to let go of. The angel was there every step of the way maintaining my lucidity and reminding me that I must not engage and move on.

Finally, we arrived at a huge arena-like place where I had to face a big ogre-like monster. The angel explained that this is the 'Dweller on the Threshold' and I have to defeat it in magical battle. He said I have to figure this one out by myself.

Thankfully, all the lucid dream practice I've had over the years has paid off! As many lucid dreamers know, while lucid we can manifest instantly things like weapons, special abilities (like super speed, super strength, teleportation, etc...) and get help from the awareness behind the dream. I knew I did not come this far to fail. After a long battle which I will not detail here, I managed to defeat the monster.

The 'Dweller on the Threshold' then transformed into another angel and explained that this aspect that appears negative is here to test us in life by challenging us every step of the way. He said it could have crushed me if it wanted to, but it did not because I kept my heart focused the whole time on union with the divine; that this is the only thing that can help me pass all the scenarios; maintaining this focus without being attached to the outcome.

"This entire test is designed to answer one question: Do you want union, or do you still have worldly desires to fulfill?"

Death explained that there is no pass or fail really. This is not really a test but more of an evaluation. If I had enough of life and worldly desire then I could move on into union. If I still wanted more of life, then I

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would get to reincarnate to experience more of life. It depends on what my soul wants.

He then opened the last door that led to a region of pure dazzling white light. He said that I have passed and I can go through the door, but when the time of my death comes, he will not be here to help me through the trials and temptations. I have to do it all on my own. This was just a dry test run.

As I passed through the door of light, I woke up.

My respect for dream practices immediately deepened. I now know why Dream Yoga exists and how important it is.

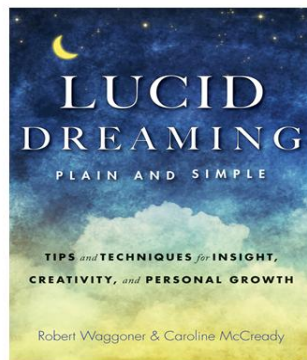
Since that dream till now, everything in 'real' life seems to be like a dream. Even though I am very busy at work now, I just feel I am living one big lucid dream. As a result of the above dream the quality of my life has increased. My ability to detach from things, situations, and people has improved a lot. Even though I can get sucked into a negative or positive waking life 'scenario', from time to time losing my 'lucidity', I eventually can enjoy it, learn from it, then detach and let go of it. I am not there 100% yet, but will keep practicing till the moment Azrael comes for me.

Hope I get enough time to practice. ▲

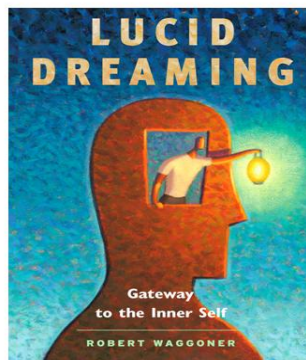


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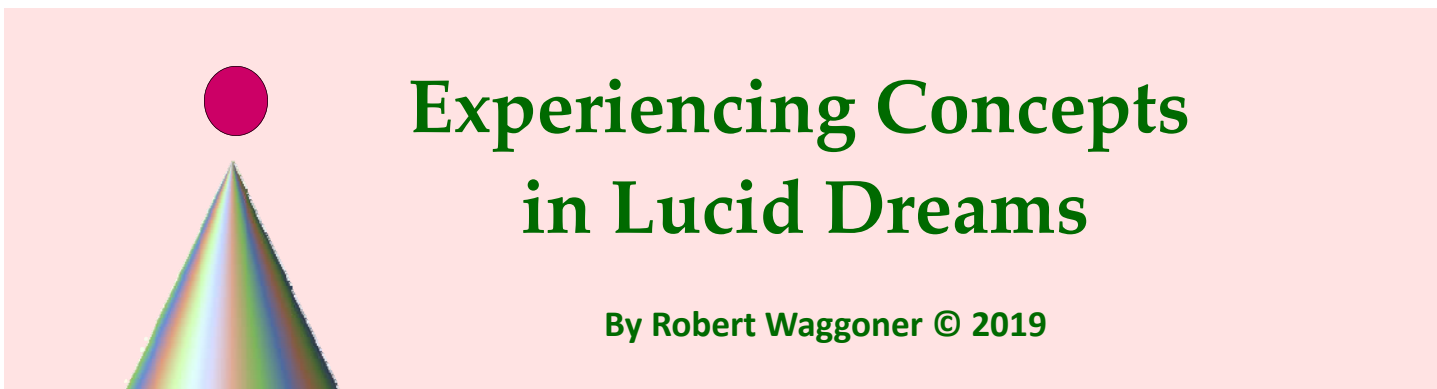
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Experiencing Concepts in Lucid Dreams

By Robert Waggoner © 2019

While lucid dreamers can often point to one particular lucid dream that exemplifies release from pre-conceptions or lucid surrender, the path of lucid dreaming seems to involve an ongoing continuation of breakthroughs, realizations, and triumphs over fear/s, limiting beliefs, and non-constructive viewpoints.

By using one's larger awareness to experience a 'concept', you learn how lucid dreaming allows you access to something more — a deeper portion of the self's wholeness.

In my own experience, I began lucid dreaming in 1975. In May of 1985, I had a pivotal lucid dream which led me to realize that “an awareness” may exist behind the dream — so after that point, I sometimes posed questions or requests to the “awareness behind the dream” — and often felt amazed by the depth of its knowing, creativity, and educational ability.

That same year, 1985, LaBerge's first book came out, and he mentioned the idea of 'surrender'. Reading it, I noted that he skirted the issue of 'who' or 'what' one surrenders to — but I had already encountered this non-visible awareness in lucid dreams, and felt comfortable with it. Interestingly, eight years later, Castaneda has a conversation in the 1993 book, *The Art of Dreaming*, in which don Juan calls this awareness behind the dream, “the dream emissary” and points out its abilities.

By then, I had many encounters with this “awareness behind the dream” and knew that it seemed interested in educating and instructing the lucid dreamer, and had a vast knowledge far beyond the waking ego self's. Knowing that, I often let go totally.

The following lucid dream from February 1993 expresses the depth of releasement possible, when one agrees internally to let go, and accept new conceptual engagements and powerful sensations:



I'm standing outside in what looks like my childhood neighborhood. I'm walking with one of my brothers. It's a nice sunny day.

Suddenly I notice brightly colored fish, about six of them, swimming through the air about 6 feet off the ground! At first I conclude, “They can breathe and live in our environment just like we do in theirs.” Then I see even more fish swimming by in the air and the incongruity strikes me. I realize, “I'm dreaming! This is a lucid dream!”

I decide not to run off or go flying, but wonder, “Well, what should I do?” I think about trying to find God, but realize that I have tried that before with limited success. (Normally, I begin flying higher and become too

emotional and the lucid dream collapses.)

Then I remember: I want to hear my feeling tone (a concept in the book *Seth Speaks* by Jane Roberts). I consider how to do this and on impulse, just look up in the mottled sky and yell out, “Hey! I want to hear my feeling tone!”

Suddenly, a tiny black dot appears in the sky directly above me. From it comes a barely perceptible humming sound. At first, it’s quite slow and quiet, but it seems to have a familiar sound to it, like a high-pitched, vibrating Aaaahhh. Then the dot begins growing in the space above me. As it grows, the humming sound volume keeps sounding louder and louder. AAAAAHHHHH!!!

I can barely believe what I’m seeing and feeling (but decide to simply go along with it). Simultaneous with the expanding volume, a distinct conical shape begins forming and growing outward from the initial dot, and it’s headed towards me! The humming sound continues increasing, vibrating the space around me with enormous intensity, and as it does, the conical shape comes closer and closer.

Now the humming AAAHHH sound feels like an immense vibrating energy and the sound increases to fantastic proportions. The cone grows larger and will soon be surrounding me on all sides. My whole being is reverberating with this energetic, vibrant humming sound as the cone encloses me! (Here, the vibrations were so energetic that I seemed to be falling apart due to the intensity of the vibrating sound.)

At this point, “me,” “Robert,” simply disappears. From a different vantage point, an awareness watches the scene of the vibrating cone — the feeling tone, the sound of that person’s being. Oddly, a Robert-me doesn’t really exist in any normal sense any longer, there is only the vibrating sound of my feeling tone. Yet strangely, an awareness views the scene of the vibrating cone. (I assume this is my larger awareness or Self.)

As this continues, something inside that awareness eventually decides that it needs to recapitulate that feeling tone back into physical form — before “Robert” essentially forgets to exist and loses himself in the sound, the feeling tone. There is a bit of a struggle here (like a magician pulling a person out of his hat!), as the awareness struggles to recall and recapitulate the memory/form/idea of Robert. The awareness seems to shuffle through various memory/form/ideas until coming on to the one connected to this vibrating feeling tone.

And once I, Robert, again perceive — now sitting in a lotus position outside in my front yard, looking towards the house where I sleep. I pick up a deck of cards and try to shuffle them, but all of them fly out of my hands in an impressive display. Suddenly I recall the feeling tone sound again and the tone begins humming, Aaaahhhh. I look down at my thumb and index finger, drawn together in a yoga mudra, and I can feel the extraordinary energy vibrating through my whole body. I’m transfixed by the sound and notice that my thumb and index finger are starting to glow with a golden light from within.

I decide to stop the feeling tone experience, and wake. ▲



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Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

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John Asks About “Test Pattern” Lucid Dreams

Dear Robert,

Have you ever experienced a “test pattern” type of lucid dream?

Last night I experienced an organic lucid dream, subjectively feeling like a few minutes. Next I experienced a transition, while walking in the lucid dream, of walking in a dim hallway with hanging beads (or something similar to white, black, and gray beads) which partially obscured my vision. There was a sensation of forward movement along with the visual of these black/dark gray/light gray/white beads getting closer, then passing me on both sides. I tried to stop walking, but the forward motion (or the perception of forward motion) continued and the sight of these shapes coming towards me, and passing on both sides continued for a time period that felt like half an hour or longer.

It was long enough for me to wonder what was happening, try to stop it or wake up, and have a full awareness that I was dreaming, get bored, and still be forced to simply stare at this “test pattern” that just kept going on and on. When it finally ended, after what felt like about 30 minutes or more, I was in a second lucid dream (or a continuation of the first?), and there were about ten people around me looking around, remarking that they had been dreaming a few seconds ago.

I have been having lucid dreams infrequently for 30+ years, and practiced your technique of looking at my hands in the past, when I was trying to have more lucid dreams. So I am familiar with my types of lucid dreams, ranging from a “sandbox” variety allowing all manner of creation and magic, to “near-reality” lucid dreams which do not allow any manipulation of reality, to “pure visions” which are just viewings without any body or interactions.

But I have never had anything close to this type of dream that reminds me of the old television “test-patterns,” and haven’t ever read about it either — or anything close.

Just wondering if you have any thoughts or experience with this type of lucid dream? Thank you in advance for your time and consideration.

Robert Responds:

Hi John,

Yes, I believe I have had a very similar experience — many times in fact — and most lucid dreamers call this “test pattern” imagery (of mostly black with sparkling white) the Void or the grey state or the zero point.

In general terms, lucid dreams normally end by the person waking up. But in some cases, the lucid dream visual imagery comes to an end, or collapses, and the lucid dreamer finds themselves in this Void state of sparkling black and white. Here, often a lucid dreamer will decide to wake (so this can be a very short experience). However, if you decide to maintain your awareness (by continuing to think thoughts, sing, hold your non-visible arm, etc.), then you may suddenly find that a lucid dream is beginning.

When it begins again, my experience has been that suddenly objects/dream symbols begin to appear across the “dream screen” until the lucid dream is visually full once again.

Now, there may be a second experience, which seems somewhat similar — and that involves flying or falling through complete darkness (and this can go on for a very long time) until finally you “get” somewhere, and there is visual imagery. But most people who have the old television “test pattern” of sparkling blackness are experiencing the Void.

So what is the Void?

I believe it must be the space before dreaming, and the space after dreaming. In a sense, the sparkling blackness represents “mental energy” un-formed. (I make this point in my books, I believe.) The beauty of it — you often get to see the “birthing” of the new lucid dream (and this has never been studied by researchers, only by lucid dream explorers).

Congrats on the lucid dream!

Haylee Lynn Asks About Reality Checks

Hey Robert!

I have been practicing and studying lucid dreaming for a couple years; on and off practice. I have researched it so much that I have run into the same information over and over, so I feel I have a pretty good grasp of everything. The only thing I really struggle with is reality checks. I've had a couple dreams that have become lucid due to reality checks, but a lot of them have been spontaneous. I've had a good handful of lucid dreams so far. When the reality checks DID seep into my dreams, that was last year. I was so obsessed with the subject and that's all I thought or read about; which definitely helped. I'm getting back into it again; more than ever, but reality checks don't seem to be working the same.

I know that it's all about TRULY questioning your reality, and doing a series of checks to see if you are in the waking or dreaming state. I'll count my fingers, look away and count again; I will look at my hand, analyze it and look again; I will read text twice, ask myself mental questions, and even try pulling on my finger or skin to see if anything becomes abnormal. I do remember to do reality checks throughout the day, but they aren't seeming to work their way into my dreams easily as of right now.

I try a lot of techniques from many different teachers/authors. One of them comes from Charlie Morley which is called the “Weird” technique; just doing a reality check when something weird happens. But in my dreams lately, I have been pretty unaware. I know that if I increase my awareness throughout the day, eventually it will become a habit and show up in my dreams. I feel like I have all of the information I need, but for some reason, it's hard to implement it correctly. Maybe I don't spend enough time doing them or really thinking about the reality check? Do you have any recommendations or tips for this? Thank you!

Robert Responds:

Hey Haylee,

I'm glad to hear of your deep interest in lucid dreaming. When it comes to reality checks as a tactic, you may have a bit of an uphill battle because of a psychological factor called ‘habituation.’ Here is the quick Wikipedia version of this concept: “*Habituation* is a form of learning in which an organism decreases or ceases its responses to a stimulus after repeated or prolonged presentations. Essentially, the organism learns to stop responding to a stimulus which is no longer biologically relevant.”

In your case, it suggests that in the first period of using reality checks, it works! You respond to the reality checks and become lucid — and even practicing reality checks seems fun and interesting. **But then** — a year later, you get back into the reality check game, and it doesn't work as well. *Habituation. You simply don't respond like you used to — and as a result, the old reality checks do not elicit lucidity or never get noticed in the first place.*

What to do? Try another approach! In my book, Lucid Dreaming Plain and Simple, I offer a variety of ways — including the idea of Developing a Lucid Mindset (an approach which allowed me to have 30 lucid dreams a month).

Hope that helps! Lucid dreaming is a journey, and like many journeys, we need to adjust as the situation and circumstances change. Best wishes on your journey of awareness!

Ileana Asks About Hyper Real Images in a Hypnagogic State

Hi Robert,

During the hypnagogic state, I'm getting images that are extremely clear, not the normal mental images I get while falling asleep which are clear enough and charged with feeling, dreamlike. These images are extra high definition . . . always in movement, in action. People doing stuff. Faces close up, speaking. The emotional aspect is not as strong. It's as if I were witnessing fragments of scenes going on somewhere.

"Hyper real" is the term that comes to mind. I'm not there with them. I just see them on a mental screen. And usually (not always) it is literally a mental screen, rectangular shape and all.

Do you have any idea what this might be?

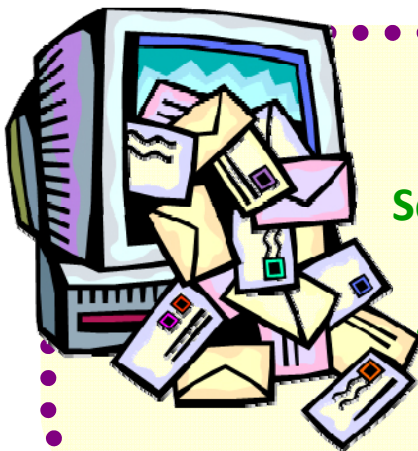
Robert Responds:

Hi Ileana,

Hypnagogia, and the images or sounds that we may experience while falling asleep, can vary a bit depending upon a number of circumstances, and sometimes seem 'hyper real.'

For example, if we feel sleep deprived, then it seems we may move more deeply into a dream-like scenario with the 'hyper real' imagery. Or if we happen to take some medication before sleep, then it may result in more vivid or intense imagery. Or if we have learned to maintain our awareness as we fall asleep (perhaps due to WILD practices), then we may notice that the imagery becomes 'more real' as we allow ourselves to go deeper (and yes, sometimes, it seems like a mental screen, or an area that we need to move into or pull ourselves into if we wish to become lucid). And finally, if something is going on in our life that has a fair amount of emotional energy, then it would seem possible that our hypnagogic imagery moves to greater intensity or a super real sense.

Perhaps one of those situations apply to you. ▲



SEPTEMBER 2019 issue — Any Topic!

Send us your lucid dreams and articles on any topic related to lucid dreaming. Please send your submissions by August 15, 2019 via our website:

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In Your Dreams!

Cheryl Miranda • *Moving at the Speed of Light*

I was quite tired as I prepared to go to bed. I didn't know why, but I also felt unusually anxious. In bed I read the last chapter of an OBE book I had been reading. Then, still feeling a little strange, I turned out the light.

As I started to drift off to sleep, the first images of a dream had already begun. Still awake, I watched as my dream self entered a New Age store. In the dream, I looked to the left and then to the right before a gentle male figure appeared in front of me. I immediately recognized that he was not part of the dreamscape. He had a more real and solid quality to him, yet I couldn't make out his features. I assumed he was a guide. He extended his hand towards me. I was still awake as I watched him offer me a CD. I understood that the CD was to help me relax, go deeper than I could on my own. As my dream self reached to take the CD from his hand, I immediately began feeling groggy while losing the simultaneous awareness I had of me in bed while also being a dream figure in a New Age store.

My awareness shifted to my astral body. I was laying flat on my back inside my physical body. Then, I began to slip deeper and deeper in a downward and backward motion through what felt like membranes or dimensions. I was moving far beyond the physical world. I realized I could increase the speed of motion by repeatedly relaxing and surrendering deeper. I was fully lucid and aware of what was happening; blissfully absorbed in the luminescent energy of my astral body as I moved at light speed faster and faster, deeper and deeper with each thought of relaxation. I wanted to go as far as I could go, even if I never came back.

But, suddenly I returned to my physical body. I was still fully aware; never having lost consciousness from the moment I climbed into bed. I lay on my back watching sparkling energy move rapidly in front of my closed eyes. I was filled with gratitude.

Mark W • *Duality*

I have experienced many "paranormal" experiences in my life, almost the whole bucket-list, yet lucid dreaming is something which I have only discovered recently. It seems to have arisen organically, answering my conscious frustrations over the years as I have asked myself, how do I make progress in communication? In the "real" world it feels as though metaphorically I am behind a 20-foot thick opaque glass window when paranormal entities attempt contact or communication. It's been very frustrating, and I most often push them aside as if to say, "Yes, I know, you're bugging me, but what do you expect me to do?"

Now today it feels like lucid dreaming will be a major gateway and a breakthrough. The potential seems thrill-

ing. I can't be too annoyed it has taken this long and believe that all things happen in their own time.

The feature of my first lucid dream recently was the strange complexity I felt. I was standing on the deck of a ship, realised I was dreaming, but the realisation came from me being an "observer" of myself. I was literally another version of me standing a short distance behind, watching. As the observer, I was also experiencing what the primary person (me) was feeling and experiencing, as well as what I was experiencing as the (me) observer. The primary me wasn't aware of the observer me. The observer was the only one who knew it was a dream.

I seemed to be in two places at once with different levels of awareness. This actually, on reflection, seems to represent lucid dreaming accurately. My awareness of realising I was in a dream literally formed itself as a point of view figure in the dreamscape whose consciousness bounced back and forth between the two figures, including senses. The observer me could be in two places at once and the primary me could be in one place, oblivious.

Overall it gave me the impression that in real life my consciousness exists both in the meta or non-local space, as well as possibly multi-versions of myself in various realities who probably believe they are the only conscious version.

I am really excited now to explore lucid dreaming, to discover more about the nature of reality, and to also have contact with deceased people and animals I've loved, as well as non-human intelligences who have all previously appeared many times to me in regular dreams.

I have only had one further lucid dream where I saw my deceased best friend enter through a door at a party and I realised I was dreaming. I went up to him and he was very kind and comforting to me. We had a short conversation about his death and how much I miss him, before I was awakened by loud noises in the real world outside my bedroom window! That is one of the problems of lucid dreaming happening in the morning.

My lucid dreaming seems to have evolved after years of experiences in the hypnopompic state, where I would awaken from sleep with very clear, rounded "knowing" of certain things, fully formed (and often complex) theories or explanations just "being in my head" at that moment of awakening.

As of today, dreams I'm having are trying very hard to show me that they are dreams and I am missing the oh-so-very-obvious cues every single time . . . which is humourously frustrating, with me thinking when I wake up, "How could I have missed that was a dream . . . yet again!?" (They just play out as ordinary dreams.) I hope soon to get the hang of that initial very important step . . . "Aha, I am dreaming!"

Lana Sackwild • *Dream Tasks*



I was on a train watching a group of girls dancing and they told me their group name was something "tigers." I found their social media and saw they were performing at a bar nearby. I arrived at the bar and there were lots of people from my high school years including my ex, Tom, and old classmate, Ali. We were having some drinks and it turned out the "tiger girls" had brought some ecstasy pills to the bar. Tom asked if we could have some and took one. He then wanted Ali to take one, so he pretended to show Ali something on his phone and dropped it into her drink. I took one and then drank a little bit of Ali's drink. The pill dissolving was turning the drink purple and you could see the pill fizzing in it. I started feeling the effects of the ecstasy immediately. I had a realization that I wished I was able to dance, let go, and feel that ecstasy-confidence with music more often. Along with this thought, I realized I had no idea where I really was or what I was doing and thought I must be dreaming.

I decided to do the finger reality check and my finger came straight off from my hand. I was now lucid. I got up and walked over to another small bar around the corner. The bar man was there washing some glasses and came over to greet me. He asked me what I would like to drink. (In my

waking life I had just lost my voice, right as I was about to begin conducting interviews for my MSc research, and so I had set my lucid intention to receive healing). I told the bar man this and asked if he had anything for it. He said he had just the thing and started rummaging around. I noticed this area of the bar was dim and in order to remain lucid, asked if we could move to the other end of the bar where there was a bright light on. We did and he placed a large bottle on the bar with the words PAVGOMA written on it. He asked if I had had it before and I told him I hadn't. The drink included many of the ingredients that I use to make an omelette: spinach, tomatoes, egg, onions, and lots of other vegetables. I almost asked him to make me an omelette with it but thought I didn't really need one right now and wanted to get on with my dream tasks. I thanked him for the drink and told him I need to continue with my lucid dream tasks as this is just a small section of my dream task list. He looked at me with a smirk and said, "Ahhh" — like he was proud I had worked out I was dreaming and that he also knew we were in one. Although at the same time, he seemed somewhat disappointed that I didn't want to stay and chat.

I walked out of the bar and into an area that turned into my nana's old house. Sox (my mother's cat) was there and I was pleased as I had hoped I could see him whilst doing a task where I needed to visit my mum. I sat and stroked him and called his name in song-form which he often enjoys. He was purring a lot and lay down with me and we had a big cuddle. I didn't want to lose lucidity and thought Sox could also be at my mum's house so I went downstairs and decided to try and use a mirror portal to travel.

I looked into the mirror and there was no reflection of myself. I ran at the mirror and as the top half of my body fell into it, I was caught in some kind of elastic jelly that made the kind of twanging noise of electric guitar strings. I was pushed back out. I tried again and again with no luck. Then I tried with just my arm and waved it about inside the mirror. It was relaxed and felt light and airy. I envisioned my mum's house with the mirror in her bedroom that I wanted to travel out of and grabbed a chair from nearby so I could stand on it and just drop into the mirror with my whole body letting go all at the same time rather than just the top half of my body falling in like before.

As I stood on the chair and began to fall forwards into the mirror, Brian (my other half) kissed me on the cheek in the waking world and told me he was leaving for work. I woke up.

Maria I Pita • *One Heart One Body*

This experience showcases how a non-lucid dream can seamlessly transition into a lucid void space experience in which I know I am out of body, at which point I consciously enter a dream scene. In my opinion, these states are all part of one non-physical reality, just like my legs, arms, and head are part of one body. And just as my physical body is sustained by my beating heart, the "space outside" it mysteriously manifests and expresses the Divine Heart giving Life to everyone and everything. This makes all aspects of dreaming interactions which can become relationships as real as the ones we experience while awake.



Night of April 23, 2019

Papi (my deceased father) is in a room. I realize we're sharing a large hotel suite. He shows me a large key. He tells me he's going to get some dinner, and asks if I want to come with him. When I tell him I already ate, he changes his mind and says he'll just order something to be brought to the room . . . an interlude centering on chocolate. Is there any chocolate? There's no chocolate left? A hotel server declares, "Don't tell that to me now," which I know means he will get me some chocolate....

I dive up into a starless darkness, where rather close to me I perceive a ship made up of green containers or box cars attached to each other. My disembodied consciousness is rising straight up through an impenetrable darkness like a fish through the deep. Then I hear a voice speaking to me, "Come pan de sol, Maria" / "Eat the bread of the sun, Maria." The voice is telling me something about my life, and how this is my food now.

I think, “I’m having this out of body experience. This is something I can do for some reason.”

Then suddenly remembering I was just with Papi, who was ordering us dinner, I long to escape this featureless void and find him again. I feel myself turn and descend, and almost immediately I’m surrounded by a totally real and vivid nocturnal dream scene. And despite the fact that it’s night, the colors remain vibrant. I’m gliding just a few feet above a rural street into a beautiful graveyard, where green grass and tall old trees flourish between uniquely individual tombstones. With an ineffable sadness, I think, “Yes, Papi, you’re dead,” as I wonder if I’m heading toward his grave, even though I know that in waking reality he is interred in a wall.

No sooner do I drift into the cemetery than in the black sky directly ahead of me, I perceive a cluster of colorful stars which seamlessly resolve into a helicopter-like vehicle flying over the low white stone wall straight into the cemetery. The female driver is sitting on the outside of this dynamic little ship as colorful books billow out from both its sides like solid autumn leaves delivered by an energetic wind. I fly up to this divine “helicopter” hovering close to the ground as the driver pauses to deliver a book, and spotting a seat next to hers (set at a small table) I ask eagerly, “Oh, can I fly with you?!” She replies, “Sure,” and crying, “Oh, thank you!” I slip in beside her. But as we pass over the graveyard’s enclosure wall, I begin waking up.



Jay Antony Thomas • *Beings Interested in My Computer*

I spent the first couple of hours struggling for lucidity, without ever quite achieving it. Faces from the past came and went, but none of them could tell me where I was. Whilst I knew that I wasn’t in physical reality, I didn’t feel myself to be dreaming, either. This was something altogether different.

I then became paranoid that somebody was accessing my computer whilst I was out of the house. I responded by returning home deliberately early. What I found was like a scene from *The Adjustment Bureau*. Around ten men were in my bedroom, huddled around my computer. I asked them what they thought they were doing. They wouldn’t tell me. I threatened to call the police. They seemed unconcerned.

I slowly began to realise, once again, that I wasn’t in physical reality. However, it was also unlike any lucid dream I’d ever experienced before. Not only could I not assert control, but the men in my room were definitely not dream characters. They were far too coherent, intelligent . . . and evasive.

They eventually told me that I wouldn’t understand what they were doing. “Try me,” I replied. One of them turned towards me and said, “You’re not like the others.”

This, apparently, was their explanation for why they were interested in my computer. They didn’t mention my blog, specifically, but I got the distinct impression that that was what had prompted their visit.

Once they realised that I was lucid, they seemed more willing to engage me in intelligent conversation (and what followed was hours and hours of it). In fact, this was undoubtedly the longest sustained “dream” I’ve ever experienced. We talked about everything from time machines to virtual electronics (essentially, computers built within a computer-generated environment).

They seemed to induce a “false awakening,” at one point, but it didn’t take me long to see through the ruse (which earned me even more respect). It was then that I told them what I thought they actually were. Namely, soulless beings, who spend their lives trying to understand and acquire what they do not have. They didn’t

deny it. In fact, one of them implied that they were close to some kind of breakthrough.

Thoughts upon awakening: It wasn't my "computer" that they were probing, but my brain. The computer was merely symbolic. I didn't sense any malevolence from these beings, if that's what they were, but they're definitely tricky fellows, and I wouldn't necessarily trust them either.

Rienk • *Medieval Town*

This dream is my first lucid dream in which I was able to control the dream scene. Starting off semi-lucid, I was able to achieve two dream goals for the first time later on:

My wife has parked our car in front of the house we used to live in. I'm waiting in the passenger's seat. The car makes a noise and slowly rolls back. I hurriedly try to kick the brake from my seat with my left foot but that does not work. I climb into the driver's seat and drive the car forward again.

Then, when I'm standing next to the car on the sidewalk, a lady is suddenly standing there, bare chested and smiling at me. She has sturdy round breasts. At that very moment I realize that I must be dreaming, and touch her breasts and we begin hugging and kissing each other.



We go into the next house in the street. Remembering one of my dream goals, I say out loud my name and address and I am fully aware that I am actually sleeping in my bed. The lady and I have sexual intercourse and I almost come to an orgasm but then she is suddenly gone.

I go outside to start flying and simply jump in the air. As I am flying, I mess around with some headphones to be able to listen to some music. I fly down the street, then along the second street towards the old town center when a cyclist approaches me. I'm flying in a threatening way towards him, but he doesn't care, as if I'm not visible to him.

I now fly directly up to the church at the town center to fulfill my second dream goal, which is to fly around the church tower. Our town looks like a medieval town. Next to the church is another tower or big building.

Flying somehow starts getting difficult now. In between, I need to land on the rooftops — like I'm sort of jumping from rooftop to rooftop. When I'm halfway around the tower, I jump down from a high rooftop feeling all confidence that I am still in a dream. Just before I hit the market square, I manage to stay floating in the air just above the surface.

I go across the market square and stand on a sort of bridge or scaffolding upon a nicely green meadow near the church. I first jump in the air to test if I'm still dreaming before I jump down from there. When jumping from there, I fall down, but again I'm able to catch myself just before I hit the ground and float just above the surface.

Then, standing there in the meadow, I remember my third dream goal: I want to go to Main Street to eat a spaghetti ice-cream. Main Street seems too far away to me and I decide to try the spinning-technique to get there. First, I turn clockwise and repeat the dream goal to myself. When I turn counter-clockwise, I wake up.

Robert King • *The Naked Dream*

From what I have read, most folks have had the naked dream at least one time in their lives. It's when you are at school or at work, or somewhere a lot of people are milling around, and you find that you have nothing on. I have had several over the years. This one was a typical naked dream, where I found myself in a crowd of people, and I was completely buck ass naked. But this time I knew I was dreaming, so I decided to have some fun, along with a thought in the back of my mind that if I challenged this dream, would I ever have another naked dream again?

So, I start shouting to everyone, "Hey! Look at me, I am naked!" and then started doing a naked dance. Like many of my lucid dreams, most of the people did not even look at me. But this time, one guy saw me and started to laugh. I walked up to him and stuck my hand in his chest and made a swirling motion, and he vanished in a puff of brown smoke.

I immediately felt that I had done something very wrong. I had known that I was dreaming, and up to this point felt that I was just having some curious fun, but with me making this guy vanish or die, or whatever one wants to call it, I felt at my deepest level that I screwed up . . . haven't figured that one out yet.

Dean Clayton Edwards • *Parade, Door*

In a large barn. From the doorway, I see that my entire community, about 60 people, has gathered in uniform in the courtyard. Teachers. Students. Children. Some of the kids in the back row nearly get taken out when a pair of barn doors burst open. "Move! Watch out!" I hiss, because I'm in the barn and I don't want to be seen in my casual clothes. The parade is being televised. "Move forward!"

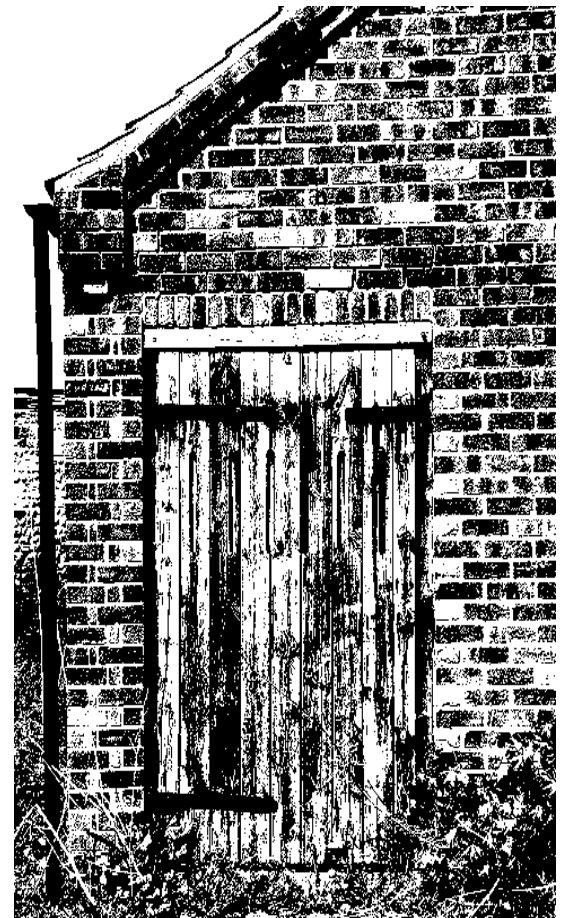
The swinging door is singing. It has hands, which clench and sway to emphasise the words. It uses a hand signal to tell us to stay back and then it pops itself off its hinges and approaches me.

I live and work in a barn. Ok.
I might be about to get kicked out of the military. Ok.
During a televised parade? Fine.
There's a talking door . . . Ok, just be careful.
And it can walk, too . . .
"I'm dreaming," I say.
"Of course," says the door, closing in on me.

While it had been friendly with the children, I see that its face is increasingly threatening. I conjure myself some power nunchucks and spin them around to intimidate the door. They leave red and green lights in the air, but the door only laughs. I fire a couple of light bolts at it using my free hand. They hit the door, but bounce, like drops of water splashing against tarmac. In a similar way, the door partly absorbs the light bolts with no apparent ill-effects.

Though his face looks increasingly human — I imagine it to be the face of a blacksmith in a fantasy series — he still looks as if he means to do me harm and enjoy it, too. I don't want to destroy him, because I know I could do that. And I don't want to wake up or teleport. I only want to keep him back long enough to get my bearings.

I create a circle of protection around me. . . . It makes a cool sound but I can tell it's crap. I spin the nunchucks. I step back into the barn as he approaches and the dream shifts into another.



Benjamin Mackinnon • *Version 8.0*

I am lying in bed. My body has gone to sleep but my mind is alert. I relax deeper like I'm on the peak of a wave and about to catch it.

At that moment the outside and inside worlds invert and an infinite space opens up inside of me. I rest in this space then, as if a sandman and all the objects surrounding him grows out from the sand pit but all interconnected. The experience solidifies and I am resting on my right side on a table.

I feel a heavy vibration at the back of my neck, like a drill boring into my spine. I hear the bone grind and noise of the drill but no pain. I understand I am in a dream as I experienced its birth without any loss of consciousness. I relax and let the experience happen understanding I am a dream and the drill is a dream. After a while I decide to investigate who is operating the drill.

I put my hand up to indicate to stop. The drilling ceases. I roll over. There is an android-looking being like something out of a daft punk video clip. I ask it who it is. It says, "I am version 8.0."

From this I take it that it is an Artificial Intelligence and think it may be a representation of my logical mind. We have an interesting talk about how it processes information and the differences between humans and it. It works on pure logic and does not understand the concept of love or emotions.

I stand up and walk closer and decide to help it understand love. I decide to kiss it. Just as I do it becomes more female-like. We kiss and it can't seem to comprehend what is happening. All of a sudden it's like it understands and becomes more female-like and kisses back strongly.

I wonder if this being has made love. I decide to give it the experience of making love. We make love and it becomes more feminine and sexual.

In my waking life I had never really understood what was at the heart of making love until this dream. I had had sex many times but this dream exposed the underlying deep meaning of sexual intercourse. Unification of two things into one.

I wake with a smile on my face.



BackToLucid • *Way Too Deep*

This is just a part of a very long dream, one of the first ones I had since I got back to lucid.

I found myself in a cheap motel in a city I used to live in. It made no sense to me, so I knew I was dreaming. I was trying to levitate but I felt as if I was losing focus and the dream was fading away. I counted my fingers, and the dream stabilized and I gained more control.

Since I had no predetermined goals, I decided to engage in some activities of a personal nature . . . and after that, I was still very lucid and awake. I spun around, cleared the room of all the dream characters and called out, "I want to see my guides."

I found myself in a huge ballroom filled with characters; some I recognized and some I didn't, some human and some that were not. I approached the closest one and asked, "Are you my guide?" He answered, "Of course I am, all of us here are your guides, but how did you get down here? You are not supposed to be here. You went way too deep!"

All of a sudden I felt a sense of urgency. I felt that I needed to get out. I found myself standing in a dark cave. An old man pointed to a staircase that was leading up and said, "Go up, hurry!" I went up the stairs, got out of the cave and found myself back on the street where that cheap motel was. I lost all lucidity and was sure that I was awake. I ran into my brother and told him that I just had an amazing experience. I felt extremely hungry, so stopped next to a food stand, got something to eat, and woke up.

Robert King • *Polar Bear Snack*

Riding my bicycle up our hill into our little mountain valley in northern Colorado, I see a Polar Bear on the side of the hill I am riding over. I think, "Silly dream, Polar Bears don't live in Colorado — I bet he is going to start chasing me now!" So of course, the bear obliges me and gives chase. He gets right behind my bike, and I am pumping up the hill, and look back and see him opening his mouth.

I figure, "Heck it's a dream, so may as well have some fun." So I dive off my bike right into his open mouth. I get eaten, and go through his digestive system, and come out on the ground as a pile of Bear crap. I experience myself as a bunch of bear poop on the ground.

Time passes quickly, and birds light on the crap to eat bugs, and their droppings contain seeds, which starts to grow a large tree. I also experience becoming the tree that grew from the poop, and now am rooted to the earth, which is fine for a while. I feel very peaceful, until I start to get bored after many years pass . . . then I decide I had enough of being a tree, and wake up.

This dream was a few years ago, and while I am starting to get a taste of what it was pointing to, it still leaves a lot for me to learn.

Dean Clayton Edwards • *#lucid*

A giant elephant rampages in the shadowy garden.
It's not just an elephant, but a giant elephant.
It bats trees out of the way like twigs,
thunders in and out of the darkness,
devastating the stillness.

My friend suggests putting it on a lead. "It'll be fine," he says, running alongside her with the rope.

Trembling inside the relative but not absolute safety of the stone house, I become *#lucid*. I float for a better perspective, but get
d i s t r a c t e d
when I pass through the ceiling into the attic. Dusty material. Cardboard boxes. Corridors. Unknown people in casual clothes perform science experiments in converted classrooms.

A strange-looking woman mistakes me for someone else, hugs me, and tells me she'll be right back — but this is a dream; real as it seemed to her, as real as I seemed, her entire world is gone before she returns. ▲





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Robert Waggoner's Book Website
<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne - First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute
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International Association for the Study of Dreams
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The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
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www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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<http://www.ld4all.com>

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