

LDE

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Lucid Dreaming Questions and Answers

Karim, The Alter Ego
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Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Designer & Advertising Manager

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List of Contributors LDE Vol. 8, No. 2

Mary Ciuffreda, David Clapper, Alexandra Enns, Michael Fagan, Kauri Jakobson, Yeng Lao, Laura Mason Lockard, Cheryl Miranda, Greg L. Osborne, Sharon Pastore, James Sims, Jessica Voss, Jessica Whitfield, Bhaskar, Karim, Marlise

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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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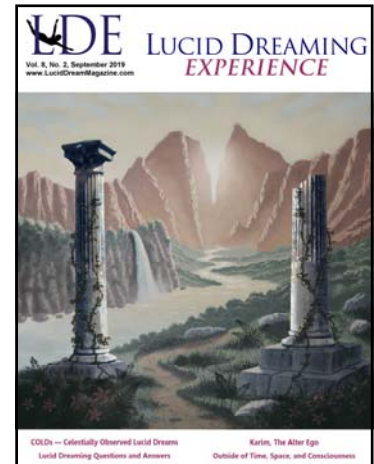
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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2019

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH LAURA MASON LOCKARD

Author, history
explorer, and
lucid dreamer
Laura Mason
Lockard
shares how her
lucid dreams led
to her novel,
See the Light.

The LDE
welcomes Laura!

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

When I was really little I had very vivid dreams that tended to occur in the same locations, or have the same scenery, if that makes more sense. I can remember waking up from some of these in my crib wearing a diaper! When I was around nine years old, I had a long conversation with my mother about my earliest memories, and by describing these locations I was able to sort out which ones were actual places we visited when I was a baby or toddler, and which ones were dreams. After that, when I found myself in one of these locations I knew to be dreams, I would realize I was dreaming. I began to play around with them and explore. This was in the 1970s before scientific papers were published about lucid dreaming, so I didn't have that terminology for them. I just called them dreamscapes. Some years later a movie came out with the same name (*Dreamscape*, 1984).

In the early 1980s I visited a psychologist and told her about these dreams. She told me they were called lucid dreams and that someone had just published a paper proving them to exist scientifically. But it wasn't until I was in college that I found a book about them. I was excited to find Stephen LaBerge's book, *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*, in the University of Pittsburgh bookstore.

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

At first I would just explore the other "worlds." Then I went through a phase, in junior high school, where I felt the need to convince the dream characters it was a dream. I'd say to them, "This is a dream," and they wouldn't believe me! I was in a lucid dream in my parents' kitchen having this argument with someone and there was a cake sitting on the counter. So I said, "I'll prove it! I'll make that cake disappear!" And it did, but the dream became unstable. I discovered that it works better, when making things disappear, to close my eyes, then announce that the thing will disappear, and open my eyes and it will be gone.

It was interesting to discover that once I could prove it was really a dream by making something disappear, the dream figures finally believed me and were amazed.

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

The most exciting and shocking thing that happened was getting evidence that I was communicating with people “on the other side.” I was having what we now call a false awakening the first time it happened. I was 13, lying in bed. I thought I was awake until my deceased grandmother walked in as if this were perfectly normal. That made me realize I was dreaming. I was not afraid of her. She motioned for me to follow her, so I did. She led me into my parents’ bedroom and opened the closet. Inside was a baby, either asleep or dead, in a small white coffin. The shock of seeing this caused me to wake up.

I went downstairs and told my parents about the dream. I could tell I hit a nerve as they both got really quiet. The details of what followed are in my book, *See the Light*. My parents eventually admitted they had a stillborn baby between my next older brother and I (I am the youngest). My sister and brothers remember it but insist my parents never spoke of it again after it happened. My parents were not happy to have this family secret revealed, but started to pay much more close attention to my morning dream reports after that.

What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?

When I was a child, it seemed like these dreams were more real than so-called reality, as if I were somehow living multiple lives. I noticed that when in one of these “dreamscapes” I could recall the other dreams that I’d had there far better than when I was awake. I used to wonder if they represented larger realities than what we perceive when awake, and I do believe that is true. The fact that all of my big psychological breakthroughs came as a result of one of these dreams seemed to demonstrate their power to influence my life in amazing, powerful ways. Sometimes “real life” seemed rather dull in comparison, especially in elementary school.

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

The earliest method I used, and the most frequent still, is recognizing the scenery of the dream as a “dreamscape.” I have often wondered what would happen if some of them are representations of real places on Earth, and what sort of crisis would happen if I someday found myself there while awake?

I have also had good results with dream signs. One odd but persistent one I have is looking up at the sky and seeing a laser light show. One time I dreamed I was standing in line at an amusement park with my son, and I looked up at the sky and saw the lights. So, I pointed it out to him and told him, “When you see lights in the sky like that, it means you’re dreaming. We’re in a dream right now.” My son remembered the same dream and seeing the lights became a dream sign for him as well.

If I suspect I’m dreaming, I do a reality check. The best one by far is looking at either numbers or text, looking away, and looking back again. If you are dreaming, they will almost always change when you look away.

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

I think it has rules, or more of a native set of logic that determines how things work. Over time, I have tested some things I thought were rules and found they were more about my own fears and expectations. I have a dreamscape of a moonlit garden that my grandmother hangs out in. For many years I felt there was this unwritten rule that I couldn’t actually go inside of it. Then one day I did, and it was fine. I think it had more to do with my being afraid of it than an actual rule.

Part of the fun is experimenting to find out what the rules actually are! I have noticed that when you don’t focus on something, you tend to lose it. Like a dream character — if you really want to dialog or interact with that dream figure, don’t turn your back on them or allow yourself to get distracted by some other element in the dream. It seems to work the opposite way as well. I have found if I ask a deceased dream figure a question that causes them to self-reflect or think deeply, they will often disappear.

As an example, I once found myself in a dream of my parents' kitchen, long after they were both dead and the house had been sold. The kitchen was so real! It looked exactly like it did in the 1970s. My dad was there. We were wandering around looking at things, opening cabinets, amazed at how solid and real everything was. I asked him if the dream seemed as real to him as it did in the past, while we were living there, and if he could tell he was dead when experiencing one of these. He seemed surprised and said, "Actually it does seem very real..." started to think about it, and then disappeared.

I also think dreams tend to abide by your beliefs. If you expect gravity, there will be gravity, but you can change the rules and fly if you are confident and take action. Water flows downhill and rain falls from the sky to the earth, but I suspect if you asked the dream to do it differently, it would.

Sometimes when we see a deceased dream figure, we become lucid. I recall that you shared a lucid dream in which some deceased family members helped you figure out a 'family secret.' Would you share the lucid dream?

This happened over several dreams. In the first dream, I was standing in a field by a split rail fence and it was very foggy and damp. I became aware that three grandmothers were arguing about a piece of property. One of them left the group and came over to talk to me. It was my great-grandmother, Margaret Kelly. She told me there was a dispute in the family over this farm, and if I went to the Allegheny County Courthouse and looked up Mary Ann Kelly, I would find the documentation about it. Then she gave me the volume and page number (which I didn't remember upon waking) and began to quote a legal document.

After you woke, what did you do? Was the information accurate?

I did exactly as she directed — I went to the Allegheny County Courthouse and looked up Mary Ann Kelly in the index. Tons of documents! We had been researching this family for years, finding nothing because we were looking for the grandfathers in the index! I filled out a slip to get the paperwork and they handed me a stack almost a foot high. It took a long time to read through all of that and digest it, and a lot of quarters to photocopy it all. There was a dispute over this farm. Mary Ann Kelly's two sons inherited it from her (she was a long time widow) but never bothered to file a petition to divide it between them. Later, one son (my great-great uncle) mortgaged the entire farm to his mother-in-law. When she died, his in-laws tried to collect the debt and take the farm off of the brothers. They fought this lawsuit by claiming his wife inherited the farm back from her mother, and were successful. After my great-grandfather died, his brother used this ruling to evict my great-grandmother and her children from this farm.

This information explained part of my mother and her sisters' childhoods, why that side of the family was estranged. They had never been told any of this, and my grandmother had never been told why they had to leave the farm after her father died. It happened in 1898 and had been gone from living memory for at least seventy-five years.

In your new non-fiction novel, See the Light, how does lucid dreaming enter into the coming-of-age of your young protagonist, Laura?

In the novel, most of the important plot points as well as the climax of the story happen in lucid dreams. Lucid dreaming is central to the plot! It will be even more so in the second novel in the series, that I hope to release this fall in time for the holidays. In the story, deceased dream figures provide helpful advice, information, and support as the 11–14-year-old protagonist struggles with being socially ostracized and post-traumatic stress disorder. The final battle between Laura and the antagonist takes place in a multi-layered lucid dream, where she is finally able to confront this person and overcome the fear. This results in an amazing healing.

Since See the Light seems largely based on a true story, what other strange or precognitive lucid dreams have helped you along your path?

I can tell you that the events and dreams in *See the Light* are 100% true. The only things I had to adjust were some of the event timings and what I chose to highlight or ignore to create the feeling of a plotline. This shows the dreams in context of a life story and how they respond to conflict in the external world.

Although I have found it more challenging to recall dreams and induce lucid dreams now that I am older, I still rely on them for guidance and comfort.

I had a dream recently that meant a great deal to me, now that almost all of my family has passed on including my only child, Henry. It happened the morning before the annual family reunion for my mother's family. My parents' and grandparents' generations are both completely gone, and my own generation is fast disappearing. The reunion is now my first cousins' children and grandchildren, and although I really enjoy seeing them all, I can't help feel a sense of loss over how many people are not there anymore.

In this dream, I found myself at the Aunt Farm — a nickname for my grandparents' house as three of my mother's sisters lived there for many years. They were all there — the aunts, my parents, uncles, grandparents. They had a party and were sitting outside on the big front porch, watching my two nieces' children play in the front yard. One of my aunts went down and strung flowers all up and down the trees where they were playing, forming a bower that rained down flower petals on them. It felt like a blessing and the dream was so happy and light. A large bear showed up but nobody seemed worried about it. At this point I was semi-lucid and decided I should get my cell phone for some pictures.

I went into the house and my deceased son followed me inside. "I don't think this house is strong enough to withstand an attack from a bear of that size," he said. I realized he thought I was hiding in the house. "I'm just getting my phone so I can take some pictures," I told him. "I'll be right back."

At that point I was fully lucid and I had a moment of choice: give in to the mild fear of the bear and exit the dream, or go back and see what happens. I decided to go back. I went to the door and saw the bear's head on the other side of the porch railing. I took a picture with my phone and told the bear, "Thanks." The bear said, "You're welcome," and came to sit on the porch with us. I saw then that my family knows this bear and already has a relationship with her (I also knew the bear was female). This scene continued on, and really felt like a blessing being passed on to the new generation of the family. The youngest of them, my great-niece Eva, who I haven't seen since she was about 18 months old, was singing and dancing, and loved performing.

A few days later I talked to Eva's mother and she confirmed that this does seem to be Eva's bent in life, at least right now. She loves to sing in public and can carry a tune despite being only five years old. The dream was totally accurate about her personality and this made me feel even more strongly that I really was with my family, somewhere, sometime.

What is it that you hope a reader will learn about lucid dreaming and life by reading, See the Light?

One of the major themes of the story is how lucid dreaming can be a tool to find healing for situations that many people assume are totally unfixable. They can provide closure for issues with people who are dead or missing or just unsafe to be around. I think they also show us just how amazing life can really be, if you are willing to have an open mind about things and a somewhat flexible belief system.

Because of your interest in writing historical fiction, I wonder if you have had lucid dreams that involved historical events, figures, or dress? I mention this because once I found myself walking down a dusty trail through a pine forest, and came to a river valley. Suddenly, I saw six men and women dressed in 15th century French clothing! Then I looked at myself, and I was wearing green leotards and a green-and-white silk shirt! Suddenly, I became lucid and had an extraordinary lucid dream where one of the women grabbed my wrist and took me flying! Has this kind of thing happened to you?

I have, and these are some of favorite kinds of dreams! I often suspect some of them are dreams of past lives. Right after my father died, I had a really interesting one. I was disembodied, floating. I floated above an ocean and up to a large wooden ship. I could see the barnacles on the hull and smell the damp wood. I went through the hull of the ship to the inside where people were traveling together in a large room with rope, barrels, crates, and straw. I saw a family and immediately knew their back story. The husband and wife were having a mild argument about a broach the wife had kept. She was supposed to sell off all their assets for coins, which they had with them wrapped in some sort of textile. The coins would then be used to buy

everything they needed to set up housekeeping in their new home when they arrived. But she kept back a couple of pieces of jewelry, including this broach, so she had something to pass on to their two daughters. The ship was coming into a harbor in Ireland, and they were getting ready to disembark. The wife's father had come with them and was lying on a pallet of straw nearby, very old and obviously ill. I recognized him right away as my father. Nobody else could see me hovering there, but he could. He broke out into a huge smile and pointed at me. "I see my mother!" he told them. They just looked at him like, well there the old man goes again. But I knew I'd come to take him to the other side.

When I woke up I realized a ship going TO Ireland, along with the clothing I'd seen, meant I was looking at a ship bringing Scottish settlers to James I's plantation of Ireland around 1600. So, did I live a life as my dad's mother in 16th century Scotland? There is no way to prove it, but it was an awesome dream regardless.

I often have what appear to be past life dreams, where I am someone else, in some other time, some other place. Sometimes I am the opposite gender! It is so interesting because whomever is inside my head has totally different beliefs, different life experiences, and different assumptions about things. It has given me a great deal of appreciation for how different our experiences can be living here, and has made me much more tolerant and understanding of other people who think and believe things that don't make a lot of sense to me here and now.

What other areas of lucid dreaming do you explore?

It is pretty apparent from this interview that I do a lot of exploring life after death. This has been a lifelong theme. More recently, I have been exploring how to use the dream to heal grief. I sometimes ask for a healing dream, and the varied results are interesting. In one requested healing dream, I found myself walking down the street in a town near where I grew up, and noticed it was being revitalized. I was lucid from the beginning of this dream. I noticed a metaphysical shop and went inside. A woman working there gave me a mandala, and then my mother appeared and started showing me how to draw shapes with my finger on top of it.

It has been very exciting over the last several decades since more books on lucid dreaming are being published! I have enjoyed reading your book and others which give such great ideas for new things to try! I have had a lot of great results with asking the intelligence behind the dream for things, from "give me a healing dream" to "I'd like to talk to my great-great grandfather." I also love Ed Kellogg's suggestions for dealing with common obstacles like, "Clarity now!"

What advice would you give to young lucid dreamers (especially ones with a writer's bent) about lucid dreaming? And where can people learn more about your books, or order one?

I am so happy we now live during a time when there are books, classes, and online communities of people who share lucid dreaming as an interest! Read about them, talk to others and share your experiences. This is the best way to get new ideas and overcome obstacles, as nobody has all the answers. Don't be afraid to be bold and try new things!

I have actually dreamed entire novels and I'm sure I'm not the only one who has done this. Record interesting dreams that can be turned into writing or other types of artistic projects. Dream incubation can be helpful here, as well as getting lucid and asking the dream, "Give me an idea for a novel, painting, song, etc." One thing I have been incubating is interviewing a historical character I'd like to write a novel about, possibly more than once, to get more information about them.

How can readers learn more about your book?

See *the Light* is available on Amazon as an eBook or paperback. More information and free supplementary material, including an iTunes playlist from the time period and a photo album of the characters, can be found on my website, www.lauramasonlockard.com. Join my mailing list for a free book! You will also be notified when the second book comes out and have a chance to get a copy for free.

Thanks for taking the time for this interview! ▲

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ROBERT WAGGONER is the author of *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, and a past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). For the last 18 years, he

has been co-editor of the online magazine, *The Lucid Dream Experience*, the only ongoing publication devoted specifically to lucid dreaming. Robert successfully taught himself how to lucid dream in 1975, and since then has logged more than one thousand lucid dreams. He is a frequent speaker on lucid dreaming at national and international dream conferences, workshops and college classrooms. Rob has been an avid reader of the Seth material, since 1976.

DAVID CIELAK is a frequent presenter at the US and European conferences of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). His presentations often focus on Seth's teachings in the area of dreams and his most recent presentation was on Seth, Dreams and Health. Dave has been studying the Seth material since the 1970's when the book *Seth Speaks* literally fell off a bookstore shelf into his lap. He credits Seth's concepts and dream state practices to helping him achieve success in building large scale social welfare organizations which have helped thousands of disabled and disadvantaged people to obtain and maintain employment. Dave has facilitated and co-led Seth focused dream groups both on line and in person and is the Program Director of New Awareness Network Inc.

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As a hobby astronomer, I particularly enjoy stargazing, eagerly awaiting a shooting star to appear from nowhere, leaving a short-lived glowing tail in the starry sky.

In this context, I hope to inspire the LDE readers with the following ‘celestial’ lucid dreaming method they could apply during one of the upcoming major meteor showers in November (the Leonids) and December (the Geminids).

A previous starlit dream, where I suddenly spotted two stars falling in quick succession after several nights of stargazing in the waking state, eventually gave birth to the ‘COLD’ technique I developed this summer during the observation of the Perseids. Grounded in the core principles of mindfulness, this technique mostly results in dream-induced lucid dreaming and comprises the following steps:

1. Wake up spontaneously or purposefully around 2 till 4 a.m. so you still will be able to fall asleep after your practice.
2. Check the sky briefly — *can you see the stars tonight?* If not, postpone COLD or replace it with one of your favorite WBTB techniques. However, even if the sky is covered with a thin veil of clouds making the stars appear pale or inconspicuous, don’t give up

prematurely: Mostly, the shooting stars are much brighter than the regular celestial objects you perceive with the naked eye, especially on the peak nights!

3. Set yourself a goal, e.g. to lucid dream tonight after using COLD.
4. Choose a comfortable place for the next 30-45 minutes to prevent a stiff neck, and wrap a blanket yourself around if you’re prone to freezing when sitting or lying still.
5. Choose the most radiant star in the sky and try to look at it long and intently. If you get distracted, remind yourself of your intention and return to your previously selected star.
6. If you’re lucky to notice a shooting star during the observation process (and you will even if you’re looking ‘elsewhere!’), instantly perform a reality test: *Am I dreaming right now?* It is also advisable to review your state of awareness sporadically to connect stargazing with the achievement of lucidity in general.
7. After COLD, stretch a bit, and relax to facilitate falling asleep while keeping the intention of attaining lucidity in your mind.
8. Upon awakening, make notes in your dream journal, e.g. jot down your lucid dream(s) or examine your dream environment: *Did you have any cosmic dreams?* You might be on your way to lucidity via the COLD technique then! Keep on being an attentive admirer of the sky and repeat your attempt as soon as possible!

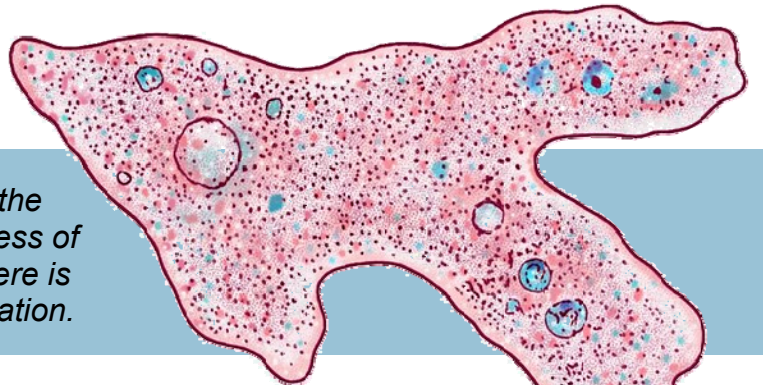
Based on my own experiences, one of the most beneficial advantages of the COLD technique is its aspect of playfulness. Being a lucid dreaming enthusiast, I occasionally try to infuse my favorite pastimes with lucidity-related activities to enhance the chance of experiencing a lucid dream and to avoid rigidity and doggedness in my practice at the same time. Stargazing also reminds me of the importance of being patient and not to take (celestial) events for granted, which also contributes to a healthy attitude towards lucid dreaming; resolving struggling or the defiance to accept your current abilities/results as they are at the present moment.

By literally elevating your lucid dreaming practice with the method outlined above, you might overcome a lucid dreaming drought or remember the sheer beauty of our universe. ▲

Karim, The Alter Ego

By Karim © 2019

In my dream group, the dream challenge for the month was to experience the concept of oneness of all life in a way our mind can understand it. Here is the dream I received in response to this incubation.



DREAM: I was in an open-air market having a casual conversation with a dream character (DC) about some of the items being sold. Suddenly the dream pulled my awareness to a third-person point of view, in the air above the crowd. From there I was observing everything that was happening below and staring down on all the people in the scene, including myself.

The more time I spent in that aerial view, the more I started forgetting that I am Karim. Suddenly I was just an observing awareness: silent, peaceful, still. A thought popped into my head, 'You need to get back to your alter ego.'

I thought, 'Who's my alter ego?'

It took me a while to search my mind, but then I had an aha moment. 'Here he is. The one down there called Karim is my alter ego!'

With the excitement of having found me, I slammed back into my body fully lucid this time. I was feeling a little confused as to what happened and why. (At this point I did not recollect what I was incubating.)

I asked the larger awareness in the dream about this experience and it responded, "Your deeper awareness has an alter ego, Karim — which is you. Think of it like this: Superman has an alter ego as Clark Kent, and Spiderman has an alter ego as Peter Parker. So does the larger part of you have an alter ego to function in the world."

For some reason this information pissed me off and I retorted, "I am not something else's alter ego!" I wasn't happy to be called that.

I heard a gentle laughter. Then the awareness said, "Well the alter ego is just the outer surface layer of awareness but still part of the entire continuum of the one thing. Think of an amoeba. It has a surface skin. That surface skin is not unlike the alter ego. Essentially you! But it's still part of the amoeba and not separate from the amoeba at all. You are also awareness!"

Frustrated, we continued our conversation for a while.... I don't recall the middle part of the dream; however, I vividly recall the last part. The awareness was showing me how everything we say, no matter how silly or seemingly unimportant, has a much deeper meaning at the level of the deeper consciousness.

Then, I was having a conversation with someone and I don't recall exactly what they were saying. It was something about the loveliness of the scene we were watching. We were in an open-air concert with people dancing joyfully and cheering, basically having a good time. I was instantly aware from the comment what was the deeper meaning behind what was said; how it related to something universal and the one consciousness. Everything in that conversation which at the surface seemed to be normal, everyday, random conversation was actually much deeper and much more meaningful. I truly wish I could remember the details of the conversation and the insights behind it to give an example here.

Then I asked the awareness, "This is an amazing level of perception. I can see a few levels deep into the

conversation, like the point of view of the deeper awareness when I'm talking or someone else is talking to me. This is totally different than what we think it is at the alter ego state." (Now I understood why the awareness showed me I'm an alter ego).

The awareness said, "Do you actually think you are talking to that lady? Can't you see it is the one consciousness talking to itself via two alter egos?"

I was totally tripping at that point in the dream! I realized deep inside that this was the truth.

I asked, "Why is it that the one consciousness is not speaking to itself in the void? Why all of this trouble (this creation) to just have a simple conversation?"

The second I finished my question, I felt something instantly grab me and transport me halfway across the universe to arrive at an empty black void. I noticed I was just a floating awareness with no body.

The awareness said, "Do you prefer that we talk here in the emptiness? Or could there be an alternative?"

I was then grabbed again and we started what felt like descending down into the universe. After a while I was noticing galaxies and star systems whizzing by until we arrived at the Milky Way galaxy, then we zoomed down further to our solar system, then to Earth, and we flew all the way down to the ground level.

I suddenly slammed inside my body. I noticed I was sitting in Paris in a coffee shop and a friend was sitting right in front of me having coffee. My friend said, "Or do you prefer this instead? Us here with this amazing background and setting having this tasty coffee while the one consciousness is talking to itself?"

I was a little spooked as my friend was speaking with the voice of the awareness behind the dream.

He then said, "I asked you a question. Do you prefer this?" He raised his hand and clicked his fingers together and all perceptions — lights, sounds, smells, bodily sensations — were gone. We were back in the void again.

The voice proceeded, "Or this?" I heard another finger click and the lights came on and all the sounds, sensations, and perceptions came back on.

"Isn't this a much nicer setting to talk to ourself? I'll let you ponder this." And I woke up.

In every conversation I've been having since then, I've been remembering this dream and that nothing anyone says is really unimportant. Everything seems to have a deeper meaning but we need to maintain that level of awareness. As a result, I'm listening better to what people are saying.

Today I had an incident in the waking world. I met a friend of a friend who was telling a mundane story about the first time he ate sushi, which wasn't too long ago. He told us he ate a big chunk of wasabi, not knowing what it was, and it burned going down his esophagus and how it was hell, and we all laughed at his facial expression.

Suddenly I felt I was pulled back, like in the dream. I realized consciousness was reporting back to consciousness about an experience it had in the waking world when it ate something that was super hot and it felt a burning sensation. It was like almost the feeling of consciousness rejoicing and exhilarated that it had an intense experience in the physical world. Then I was back into my alter ego again, laughing at the story. ▲



Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

from Robert's LucidAdvice.com © 2019



At Robert' Waggoner's book website, lucid dreamers send in questions about their personal lucid dream experiences. Here are some recent examples, with Robert's answers.

Questioning the Larger Consciousness

Dear Robert,

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

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

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

Lucid Wishes! —Bird of Paradise

Robert Responds:

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

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

It's not uncommon that some people have 'distractors' in their lucid dreams, who might distract, attack or hassle the lucid dreamer. These likely represent one's self doubts or something (and in most cases, you can send them thoughts of love and compassion, and they will lose their energy and become smaller — which shows you that they are 'projected mental energy' — since your 'change of mind' leads them to changing to a different form).

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

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

Lucid wishes!

Advice on the Unconditional Love Exercise

Hi Robert,

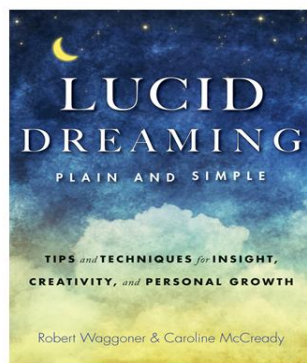
I have read your books and have been recently trying the unconditional love exercise that you describe, but with only minimal results.

Here are the details: I become lucid in a dream. I pretty quickly look to the sky and yell, "Hey dream, let me feel unconditional love for 1 minute!" (I added the 1 minute phrase recently because I thought it might make a difference). Then, I am partially filled with some positive energy (which feels very nice) and in my most recent

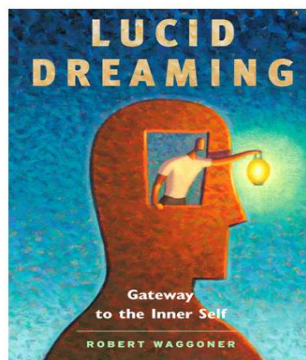


Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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attempts it is like I am being transported somewhere (it literally looks like I am traveling through a Star Wars light speed tunnel through space). And then, it fizzles out after about 10 or 15 seconds (well under a minute) and I am left underwhelmed with a thought and feeling like, “Well, that didn’t work.”

Most recently, I continue dreaming after this occurs: I appear in the dream where I initially became lucid and I am still fully lucid, so it is not like I am getting too excited and waking up (that used to happen to me and I know how it feels and this is not that). In my most recent attempt (last night), I tried the unconditional love request at three distinct times during a very long lucid dream (where I filled in the gaps between attempts with typical lucid dream stuff: talking to dream figures, etc.). However, each attempt yielded pretty much the same results described above. My only explanation comes from your books and lectures: Maybe my subconscious does not think I’m ready for the experience and is therefore protecting me by aborting early?

Please let me know if you have any ideas, suggestions, and/or advice.

Robert Responds:

Congrats on your lucid dreams! Glad to provide some feedback.

For others reading this, I have suggested lucid dreamers can ask to have a ‘conceptual experience’. For example, a person interested in enhancing their spiritual understanding could ignore the dream figures and ask the unconscious mind or larger awareness in the lucid dream, ‘Hey, let me experience unconditional love!’ — and then normally the lucid dream changes and they begin to have the ‘experience’. Some people have reported profound experiences, saying that they never understood the true depths of unconditional love, before they asked for this in a lucid dream.

As I mention in my books, lucid dreaming shows us that this ‘state’ has rules and principles, which we need to understand in order to explore and experiment successfully. One such rule involves the importance of wording. I want to point out that if you asked, “Hey dream, let me feel unconditional love for 1 minute!” — then this may result in a different experience than this intent, “Hey dream, let me experience unconditional love for 1 minute!”

Just the simple change in the request (asking ‘to feel’ versus asking ‘to experience’) may be enough to alter the result significantly. So, everyone should always look at the wording of their request, and tweak it (in future experiments) to see what, if anything, changes.

The second point about your experience, I have to wonder about the situation at the time of the request, since you state, “I become lucid in a dream. I pretty quickly look to the sky and yell, “Hey dream, let me feel unconditional love for 1 minute!” I have noticed that some people become lucid, and within seconds launch into their goal (whatever it might be). Some do this because they ‘believe’ that the lucid dream will end quickly. Some do this because of the excess energy in trying to achieve the goal (which suggests an element of fear in not achieving it, or neediness or grasping). Whatever the case, a person has to look at the resulting experience in light of their own ‘mindset’ at the time.

For this reason, I encourage people to become lucid, then stabilize the lucid dream — which means you create a good foundation for your exploration, you settle your mind and clearly recall your intent, and experiment thoughtfully and mindfully (not suddenly, like someone grasping for something).

This idea of a ‘mindset’ in lucid dreaming also connects with my chapter on the ‘Reality Creating principles in lucid dreaming’ — which I see as Beliefs, Expectations/Emotions, Focus, Intent/Will and the X or larger awareness/unconscious. Since lucid dreaming is mentally reflective, it reflects your expectations back to you. If you ‘expect’ disappointment, then it reflects that back (normally). So a lucid dream experience has to be understood in light of the person’s ‘mindset’ at the time of the experience.

Finally, since you mentioned that it “fizzles” out soon, I would also remove the “one minute” clause to your request (i.e., I pretty quickly look to the sky and yell, “Hey dream, let me feel unconditional love for 1 minute!”). If you want the ‘depth’ of the experience, I would not put a time limitation on it. So the others reading

this understand, I have mentioned in my talks and books, that when I decide to explore something utterly profound, I often request that I have the experience for “one minute” — and then normally the lucid dream profoundly changes, I feel the depth of the experience, and at one minute — boom — I’m back in a regular lucid dream.

Again, congrats on your lucid dream explorations! By considering these points, you may find the one thing that needs changing to allow you to take this deeper, and experience, “unconditional love”.

Is Water, or Water Manipulation, my Dream Sign?

Dear Robert,

Tonight I had my second induced lucid dream in three days (and the fourth lucid dream since May 27).

I woke up at seven in the morning and decided to apply the WILD technique described in your book, *Lucid Dreaming, Plain and Simple* (which I’m reading at the moment after finishing *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*). I started counting: “One, I’m dreaming; two, I’m dreaming; three, I’m dreaming.”

A short time later, I was standing in front of a small garden pond. The pond soon turned into a small indoor pool (a kind of jacuzzi) in a mansion. I began to manipulate the water, making movements with my hands, raising the water through the air, completely emptying the jacuzzi, then filling it again with the “magic movements” of my hands. The water was obeying me, as if it was part of me.

Suddenly, I realized: “Wait! If I’m manipulating the water like this, it is because the WILD technique worked. I’m dreaming!”

I decided to do a reality check. Beside the jacuzzi, there were two packets of Ruffles chips. I made them float through the air to my hands. It was true. I was dreaming!

I was elated. I saw that there was a door leading to a garden. I decided to fly (I had flown in previous dreams, an incredible experience). I ran euphorically to the door and jumped into the air. Suddenly, my dream collapsed, most likely because I did not modulate my emotions and did not apply the MEME technique described in your book.

Although brief, this lucid dream was fantastic. And right after him, I started thinking about what you said in your book about “dream signs” — signs that appear in our dreams to trigger our lucidity.

I remembered that in my lucid dream of three days ago (reported to you in my earlier message) I was also standing in front of a lake, manipulating water. And the fact of manipulating water in front of a lake was also the situation that triggered my lucidity, which made me think: “Wait. If I’m doing this, it’s because I’m dreaming!”

So I think there is some evidence to conclude that the combination of water, lake, and “water manipulation” can be my dream sign, right?

Water — whether in the form of lakes, ponds, pools, oceans, rivers — has always been a factor present in my dreams. The same night I had this last induced lucid dream, I had also dreamed that I was in a boat, in the middle of the ocean, and that the boat was being filled with water (a terrifying sensation). The night before, I dreamed that I was flying over the Bosphorus Strait in Istanbul. Both the dream of the boat and of the Bosphorus Strait were not lucid, but water was there, present in them. And since my childhood I’m also passionate about swimming, due to the deep connection of this sport with water.

I like symbology. Looking at my dictionary of symbols early this morning, I found that several ancient cultures used the symbolism of the lake as “the gateway to the inner world.” For these cultures, the lake was the place where we could contemplate ourselves, the reflection of our conscience. And, in the same way, I know that in

psychoanalysis the water is a symbol of the unconscious.

Therefore I think it would be possible to think that the act of manipulating water would be a kind of warning, a sign from my unconscious, saying, "See, you are manipulating your own consciousness now, you are dreaming lucidly." Do you think this interpretation is correct?

Thanks for all the knowledge conveyed in your wonderful books, which are really helping me on this fascinating journey through a new territory. —Krishna

Robert Responds:

Hi Krishna,

Thanks for sharing your lucid dream, and your questions. Again, I need to congratulate you on your lucid dreaming. You seem to have a natural talent for it.

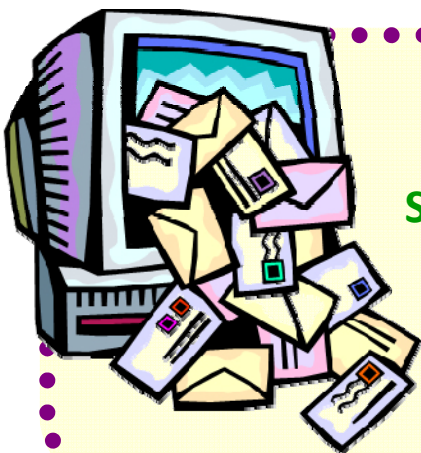
When it comes to determining one's dream sign, you can look at those things which 'tend' to cause you to become lucid. For me, it might be floating over a giant puddle on a sidewalk — and then realizing, 'Wait, that was strange . . . oh, I must be dreaming!' For you, it sounds like 'manipulating water' could be considered a dream sign.

And yes, flying in a lucid dream can be very fun — just remember to not get too excited! And then you can fly with ease and joy.

Dream symbols seem unique and personal to each person. Therefore a book on dream symbols may help a person consider the symbol, but may not be accurate for themselves. For many of us who work on dreams, we often ask the person, "How did it feel in the dream?" Was manipulating water a happy experience, a sad one, or what? The 'feeling' associated with the symbol often will indicate what it represents or seems connected to.

In my personal dream symbolism, 'water' normally has to do with emotion and feeling — so if the water is too hot or too cold, then that has meaning — or if it is a river that I am floating on, then I notice if the water is calm or I find myself in 'the rapids' (which normally suggests a very busy time!). And of course, a lake or an ocean is another specific type of water, which carries its own symbolic meaning and nuance.

So it seems impossible for me to say whether the interpretation seems correct or not. But as a person follows the dreaming and lucid dreaming path, they will likely discover the answer naturally. ▲



DECEMBER 2019 issue — Any Topic!

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

Outside of Time, Space, and Consciousness

By Lucy Gillis © 2019

Identity Cube ~ 1990

White.

All is whiteness.

Motion above, outside the whiteness, offside.

Invisible cube glides into whiteness, moves directly above.

Invisible cube descends slowly.

Awareness changes as cube approaches.

Density of environment increases, bringing a sense of heaviness, and as a sense of self dawns, the cube changes shape, like it pours itself into me, becomes me, as it disappears (though it was never visible) and the whiteness resolves into ceiling tiles.

As the realization of who I am grows, so does disappointment as I feel tremendous limitation in awareness and thought, the more I become me.

A sad knowing that here, in physical reality, I must for a time remain essentially closed off from something much, much greater, and much lighter than ego-me.

It may seem ironic that in a magazine dedicated to lucid dreaming, I present an article that opens with a description of an experience in which lucid awareness was not only not present, but would have been impossible. Impossible, because in order to be lucid in the traditional sense, in other words, aware that I was dreaming, I would first need to be aware that "I" was I. But as related above, 'I' did not exist until later in the experience.

As you can see by the way it's written, it is very hard to convey something I've experienced when there was no "I" who experienced it. And yet, I have memory of the event; of awareness without identity, and knowing without thought.

Prior to this episode, I was still relatively new to the lucid dreaming phenomenon, very excited about the field of sleep research, and highly motivated. I was meditating and practicing lucid dream induction techniques on a regular basis, and was recording my dreams each morning faithfully, chalking up several lucid dreams per month, so the "Identity Cube" episode, though odd, was not altogether unusual given my intense interest in sleep and dreams at the time.

However, it was the first time that I could remember having awakened without knowing who or what I was; without even a concept or self, body, or thought. It wasn't until the large 'block of knowledge' (as I first called it upon waking) or 'Identity Cube' had appeared, did awareness of self slowly begin to emerge. And though the block was invisible, somehow there was awareness of its shape and size: a cube, of about two cubic metres.



Another interesting element was that there was no apparent moment of 'waking up,' no point where I opened my eyes – it seemed they were open the whole time (no memory of blinking) so that I wondered if I had slept with my eyes open, or had my eyes opened moments before awareness of whiteness kicked in.

My interest in lucid dreaming continued, and I had many odd experiences associated with sleep and dreams, but it would be over twenty years before another "no identity" event would occur.

From my journal:

Time Construction/Awkward Obelisk May 2012

When I got in from work this evening, I was so tired that I lay down for a nap — highly unusual for me, as I rarely nap. When I woke — or perhaps more accurately — as I woke, I had an odd experience. I say "I" but there was no "I." There was awareness, but without a sense of identity, or concept of self in usual terms. It's very difficult to describe. To give the experience context, I was in bed, on my right side, a wall at my head. There was no, "I" or "my" but I need these words to convey the experience in this text.

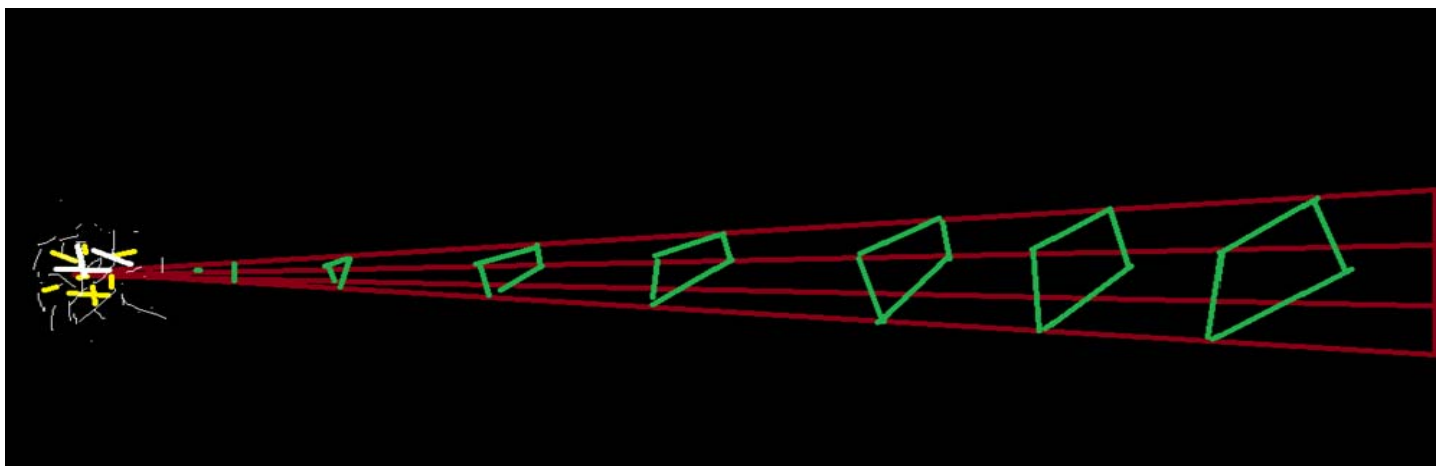
Though there was no sense of "I," there was a vague, unformed awareness of something called Time, but no concept of what time was. Without conscious direction or input, awareness that Time or perhaps some 'time-related sensory structure' was being constructed.

There was feeling, sensation, motion. Sensation of energy reaching from the back of my head to 'form' or 'construct' a past, my past, seemingly very far away from me, perhaps several kilometres away. It's so difficult to describe a non-physical event in physical terms, but this is as close as possible:

The energy extending from my head formed an extremely long 'triangle-like' structure which later felt more obelisk-shape as it 'filled out.' Its outline was red in black space, the sides if they existed were transparent. Next, awkward gridlines (yellow? green?) of energy were crossing the triangular form, but not symmetrically, the 'image' filling out like a segmented obelisk structure, in a way similar in appearance to an old-fashioned telescope, where each segment is smaller than the last.

With this image, the sense of high speed motion, awareness of construction; something — objects and events; something called "the past" — manifesting rapidly at the apex, and moving away into the far distance.

Slowly, as the flurry of activity receded away from awareness, (or did awareness turn away from the 'time-activity'??) something akin to awareness of self was dawning, though before there was concept of self, there was knowing to look at the figure (7:00) on the object (my clock) within sight. At first it was completely meaningless, there was no comprehension of what was being observed.



Then the thought, “7.” But no concept as to what “7” was. In a moment though, comprehension was dawning, and the image shaped like “7,” was then known to be ‘seven.’ But still, seven what? And then in a rush: 7:00 O’clock. A pause. Something was not complete; then, the thought, ‘morning or night?’ until I finally got that it was 7:00 in the evening. And when that clicked, so did the idea of “I . . . I was the one who was looking at a clock, I was the one who just had a weird energy experience, I was the one who felt that my past was being created at the apex of the energy-obelisk, and so on.

As I rose from the bed, and thought about the event, I was immediately reminded of the ‘Identity Cube’ I had experienced over 20 years earlier. But this triangle/obelisk event was a little different. In this recent episode, it would seem that before a sense of “I” or ego-me could exist or function, not only did a “past” have to be constructed, but it seemed the concept of Time had to be learned or ‘wired-in’ to my awareness as well.

Though it seemed that “I” did not emerge until a sense of time had been established, yet in constructing time, or constructing a past in time, implies an awareness attached to the past – for how could it exist without one who ‘lived’ it?

Again, given that I was still very much interested in sleep and dreams, I wasn’t concerned by the event, just very intrigued. And then, a little more than a year later, I had a lucid dream experience that may have some connection with the cube/obelisk events.



Removed From Physical Reality November 2013

(A lucid dream within a dream.) I’m in some dimly lit place, a square room, like a cube, though some areas of the room are darker than others. The room is bare, no furniture, or if there are any pieces, they are hidden in the darker corners. It feels like night time. But as the dream progresses, the room seems more like a spaceship, in that it is poised motionless in deep space, beautiful, colourful nebulae in an ocean of stars can be seen out the one window.

Then there are other people in the room, and suddenly I see a pinpoint of pink and black light wink into existence in the room among us. Excitedly, I shout, “We’re being watched!” and then I proceed to tell those present that throughout my life I have seen these pinpoints of light appear, but mostly they’ve been silver or blue. There is something special about this light, and I’m thrilled to think that something remarkable could happen. (Then there is a blur in my memory here — I’m not certain of what happened immediately next.)

I then see that everyone in the room but me is asleep on the floor. I am awake, and seeing their sleeping bodies on the floor (some bodies piled up on each other in a heap) triggers me to become lucidly aware that I am in a dream state. I also become aware that for some time now, perhaps even for hours, I’ve been in some sort of telepathic communication with unseen beings who do not know anything about physical life. Communication is not verbal, yet I know what they are saying/thinking, as I look out the window at the beautiful panorama of nebulae and stars.

Through this communication I learn that these beings have removed me and these other people from time and from physical reality so that they can study our thoughts and dreams, as they are curious and have no experience with physical reality at all. In exchange, they have taken me on a journey, showing me the most incredible things, allowing me to experience the most amazing things — most of which are not physical, or even translatable in physical terms.

(Again a blur in my waking memory, not sure of what exactly came next.)

The window is now a mirror, and looking into it, I see not only my reflection, but behind me two or three other people asleep on the floor. I also notice that I am wearing what looks like a white gymnast's outfit, and from this angle, my right thigh looks big. I think to myself, 'we'll be here (in this ship) for about a year, and by then my thigh will be slim again.'

(Another memory blur.) *At some point most of us are now awake, and I am telling them about my lucid dream (yet I don't realize I may be dreaming in this place, too), and am excitedly trying to describe my lucid adventure with these unseen beings. I explain to them that I was lucid, aware that I was not in physical reality, I was experiencing other dimensions, other planes of existence, through the dream state. The non-physical aspects are impossible to describe, but I can tell them that these beings also took me to the 'end' of our physical universe in time, and that what I saw there was beautiful. Everything I saw was so breathtakingly beautiful. I was euphoric as I described as best I could what I had experienced in my lucid dream, and told them over and over that we have no idea at all of the beauty of this (our) dimension of reality.*

There were a few other scenes, dealing with realizing that although some of the people in this square room or cube were asleep, at least one was in an unseen loft area, either dead or in some sort of stasis. Certainly not asleep, like the others, but in a much deeper state of non-conscious awareness. I soon woke with an incredible feeling of elation and euphoria that stayed with me for hours.

In trying to write the dream in my journal, I was confronted with the problem of trying to describe the scenes that were rapidly slipping away from my memory. I was aware that since I was writing from waking conscious memory, that most of what I was recalling was already a translation of a non-physical event into physical terms, was highly symbolic in meaning and that whatever I was 'shown' or 'told' could not be translated into physical terms and therefore not able to reside in conscious memory, not as a visual or audible concept.

However the *feeling* I woke with had to be some sort of carryover of the emotion of the event, and however distorted or diluted it was from the original experience, it was still a feeling of euphoria I won't soon forget.

Had I viewed the 'Removed From Time dream' in isolation, I would have chalked most of it up to a dream made up of elements of science fiction programmes, but because of the *feeling* of the event and the lingering euphoria, I felt this was something more. I began to play with the symbolism.

I thought the room/cube was a bit like the TARDIS, the time machine/spaceship belonging to science fiction Time Travel icon Dr. Who. I also recalled a Dr. Who episode I'd seen many years ago, in which he took his human companion to the end of the earth in time, but these thoughts had not been on my mind prior to sleep, so I didn't think the removal from time theme originated from day residue. But I did wonder if my dreaming mind fashioned a TARDIS-like experience in order to try to make conscious sense of the inner experience.

In other words, it may have been precisely *because* I had waking awareness of the classic TARDIS that my consciousness was able to use it. The TARDIS was perhaps the closest physical thought I could use to relate to my extra-dimensional experience, to serve as a sort of associative bridge to translate or transfer as much of the non-physical experience as possible, so that the waking ego consciousness would have some glimmering that a multidimensional event of this sort had occurred, rather than my waking with no memory of the event at all. And there is of course no coincidence that the word TARDIS comes from **Time And Relative Dimension In Space**.

But something else twiggged. The cube. It reminded me of the Identity Cube experience from all those years ago. And the 'Removal from Time.' That resonated with my more recent 'constructing time' experience. I found it interesting that simple geometric figures figured prominently in all three episodes, though mostly these figures were not visual, or tangible within the experiences, but were *felt or sensed* on an emotional level. In these cases, geometric form preceded awareness of self, perhaps geometric form lies at the threshold of physical 4-dimensional waking ego consciousness reality?

It was perhaps also no coincidence, that I would associate the elongated-triangle/awkward obelisk with a telescope. Several levels of symbolism are obvious: the telescope as what we've used as physical beings in or-

*"I have been visiting other planes lately.
I grow quite gymnastic." — Seth*

der to bring into focus and enlarge our experience; an instrument of exploration for sailors scanning the horizon seeking new lands, and astronomers scanning the heavens seeking new worlds. The term 'telescope' also seems an apt way to describe the feeling I had at the end of the Identity Cube dream — like my greater awareness had to telescope, to condense to a lesser field of awareness, like a collapsing telescope, each segment smaller than the last, fitting inside the last — perhaps as the ego is smaller than the larger multi-dimensional entity, yet couched within it.

I thought of the phrase 'removed from time' and instantly realized that in removing linear time from the equation, I could look at these three sleep/dream events from a broader perspective. Though I know I can never be totally sure, I believe that in removing the time factor, these three incidences can be seen as three aspects of one event — one multi-dimensional event, outside of time, outside of the time/space dimension, and outside of ego-I consciousness — but from a physical point of view, one event that impinged on my reality at three points in linear time over more than a 20 year time period.

What if, in a nutshell, the whole event involved my leaving time and space, interacting with my greater non-physical awareness, then returning to the physical reality system — something that we, according to Seth, channeled by Jane Roberts, do on a regular basis, but do not recall — but in this case, I was able to recall bits and pieces of the event and translate them physically as best I could?

What if in the Identity Cube event, the Cube I sensed was the Square Room/Cube in which I had become lucid and interacted with unseen beings? What if the people in the room were aspects of myself, other parallel and/or past lives, other identities? What if the sleeping people, and the one in stasis represent different levels of awareness, or non-awareness? And perhaps the unseen beings represented non-physical aspects of my greater being that reside outside of time and space.

What if the time construction event was my point of re-entry into the physical dimension 'as seen from 2012' in which I needed to construct time (remember I had been *removed* from time in the room/cube) in order to construct or accommodate my physical identity, the ego-me? And, in order to have any memory of the event, my dreaming-self latched onto familiar physical symbols and concepts (like the TARDIS and time travel) that my waking "I" could relate to and carry forward through memory into my waking reality.

In the Cube episode, was that disappointing sense of identity, me (the me in the Square Room/Cube) returning from that euphoric experience with the unseen beings? Was the feeling of disappointment a result of the loss of the greater memory of that event?

I don't for one moment believe that I have fully interpreted the event(s), and who's to know that more of this event won't 'show up' in my future. But regardless of what the 'correct' interpretation may be, I believe that none of these events would even be remembered if it was not for the flexibility of consciousness that my lucid dreaming has fostered. In the 'Removed from Time' lucid dream within a dream, it is lucid awareness that is at the core of the experience, the awareness that I was not in waking physical reality. Had I not been so interested in sleep and dreams, spent over twenty years engaged in lucid dreaming, would I have even been able to recall not only the vague imagery associated with the Identity Cube or Constructing Time events, but the particular feeling that accompanied them? I doubt it.

Experiences like these are teasers in a way. They give us a glimmer of at least the possibilities, the potential, of what may lie beyond the physical, if we could only grasp the concepts. Though Seth says that we travel outside our dimension frequently, to other planes of existence, and that we can't recall the event, he also

says that consciousness is evolving. He asserts that any valid exploration of reality would be done with the mind, and that a first step was to become aware in our dreams. To become lucid dreamers.

We may not be able to grasp non-physical reality concepts now, but I believe that as lucid dreamers we certainly have the potential to get as close as we can to recalling our other-dimensional adventures. Through lucid awareness could we explore reality and being further and realize a more accurate view of the physical dimension and what may lie beyond it? If Seth is correct, and a new consciousness is emerging, I believe it is lucid dreamers who are pioneering the way, pushing the boundaries of 'known' consciousness as we venture forward on the leading edge of this new evolving consciousness.

As I was composing this article there was one other symbol that kept niggling at my mind. It was the image of myself in a gymnast's outfit in the mirror inside the cube. As a child I was very flexible, and loved acrobatics and gymnastics, but I never owned a gymnast's outfit. I believed the symbol was used to demonstrate flexibility of consciousness through lucid dreaming, but it felt like there was something more, something I was missing.

But as I was wrapping up this piece, I realized my dream-self had also used the symbol of 'gymnast in the mirror' very cleverly, and very playfully, as a *reflection* of one of my favourite Seth quotes from the *Early Sessions Book 1* in which Seth says jovially, '*I have been visiting other planes lately. I grow quite gymnastic.*'

And to me, that says it all. ▲

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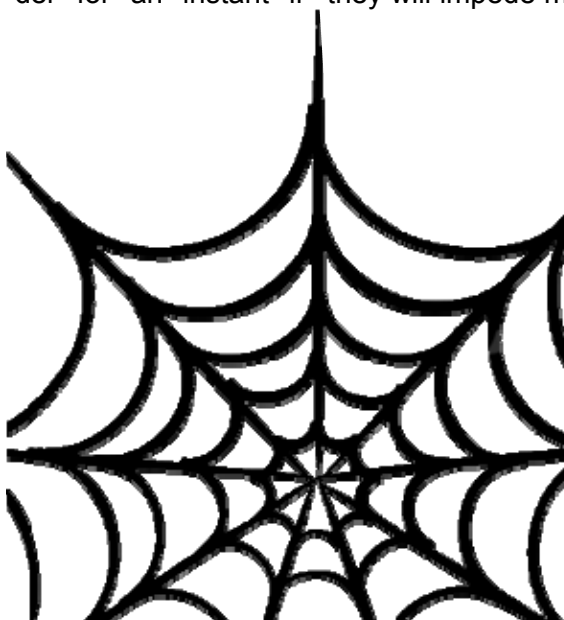
In Your Dreams!

James Sims • *Be Like Spiderman*

This lucid dream, my 53rd one of 2019, is an example of my lucid dreams that last longer than I can possibly recall. What I am left with, as a result, are comparably shorter yet profound fragments of advice from Spirit.

Lucid at the earliest point that I can remember, I go on an adventure during which I attain the ability to scale walls like Spiderman. Eager to test my newly acquired skill, I climb up a skyscraper, joyfully defying my fear of heights in waking life. As I do so, I can see and feel the sticky substance of the webs that automatically emanate from my hands. During the long ascension, I receive a gift of wisdom from the Consciousness beyond the dream, which tells me to be present in the eternal now: “Be like Spiderman. Don’t look far ahead.” In other words, in much the same way that I’m ascending step by step (rather than overwhelming myself by acknowledging the immensity of the climb that awaits me), so too should I live moment by moment. This is not only practical in the sense of mitigating the stresses that worries about the future may bring, but it is also the key to enlightenment. By enjoying each stage of our spiritual, psychological, and/or professional advancement, we are assuming responsibility while placing the future in the hands of Gods.

In the following scene, I will learn just how rewarding surrendering to the Divine can be. I have now completed my ascension and subsequently been awarded a pair of heavy boots. They are so heavy, in fact, that I wonder for an instant if they will impede my flight.



Indeed, the challenges of life can and will bombard us at times, leaving us questioning our ability to overcome them. However, it is helpful to remember that “to whom much is given, much is required.” What if some of the difficulties we faced were trials that only brave souls were willing to undergo, not out of self-punishment, but because deep down they knew themselves to be capable of transcending them and emerging even stronger than before? In congruency with this positive perspective, I take flight just as easily as usual in spite of wearing these heavy boots. Outgrowing our self-limiting beliefs is very liberating.

As I continue to elevate, I realize that, though I’m still lucid, I’m not fully in control of this flight. I’m being occasionally pushed back and forth by what appears to be an invisible force. Yet, instead of resisting being swayed in various directions, I thoroughly enjoy the ride. Like a child on a

roller coaster, I scream with joy as I'm directed through the sky. It can truly be much more fun to surrender than to try to be in control at all times. Spirit has given me this dream to remind me to let go of the illusion of control, and I am very grateful for Its message.

On a closing note, I would like to dedicate this lucid dream to all of the brave, advanced souls who have chosen to embark on paths that may not be the easiest, but that are very fruitful in opportunities for growth. I thank all of you for having the desire to awaken in the dreams you have at night, which simultaneously facilitates the awakening from the dream we call life. You are all playing such a huge role in increasing the universal vibration through your much-appreciated vigilance.



Greg L Osborne • *Be Brave and Go Lucid*

This is a dream sign twist. Usually I'll dream that I've forgot where I parked my car, which is a strong sign for me that I must be dreaming. In this dream I'm with a childhood friend who had a reputation of being physically strong and brave.

In the dream, my friend has lost his car. So, we look at each other and say, "This must be a dream." Then we try a reality check of pulling on a finger to see if it will elongate. Nothing happens as usual and I leave the dream.

What I see here is that some part of me wanting to fulfill my lucid dream goals is taking the focus off of me, maybe as a sort of protective measure, and putting it on my friend.

The brave friend is telling me to be brave and go lucid.

Cheryl Miranda • *A Hollywood Party In The Afterlife*

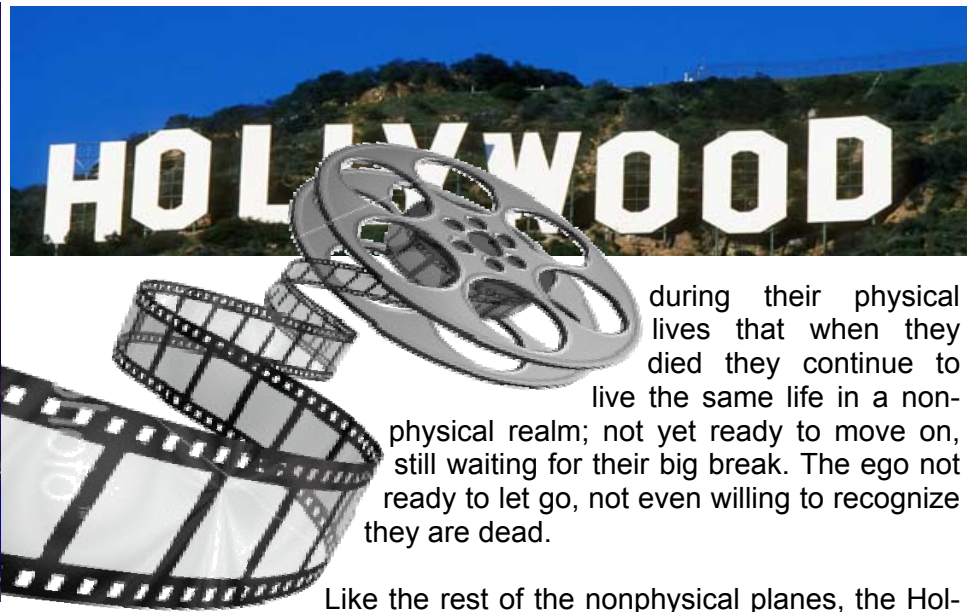
I am flying over the rooftops of houses. It is dusk and the sky has a beautiful glow to it. I realize I am dreaming and shoot up higher into the sky. Those first moments of recognition that I am more than a physical body are exhilarating beyond imagination. I experience a sense of freedom never felt in my physical life.

I remind myself, if I am lucid then I am out of body, and with this recognition I am spontaneously thrown into a somersault in midair. I have used this technique for years. I've never been sure who or what causes the somersault. Just like doing a somersault in a swimming pool, I feel discombobulated, my mind scrambled momentarily until the somersault motion stops.

Upon completion of the somersault, I am formless awareness. I am a point of consciousness like a fly on the wall in the living room of a large, luxurious home. There are crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and large gold framed paintings hung on the walls above elegant red velvet couches. It feels like the 1960s. No one appears to know I am here.

A vision of movie posters with pictures of actors and scenes from movies on them appear in my mind's eye. Although I can't see them, guides are helping me to understand where I am. I am at a Hollywood Party. The party guests are all actors that never had their big break. They are dressed in formal attire. They have cocktails in their hands and are talking and laughing as they move around the room, schmoozing and socializing with one another. I realize all these actors are dead and this is a Hollywood Belief System plane, a continuous never-ending Hollywood party!

It is immediately "uploaded" to me that the Hollywood Belief System is only one example of the thousands of belief system territories available after we leave the physical body and world. The inhabitants on the Hollywood Belief System plane are so strongly identified with who they were as actors and the lifestyle they lived



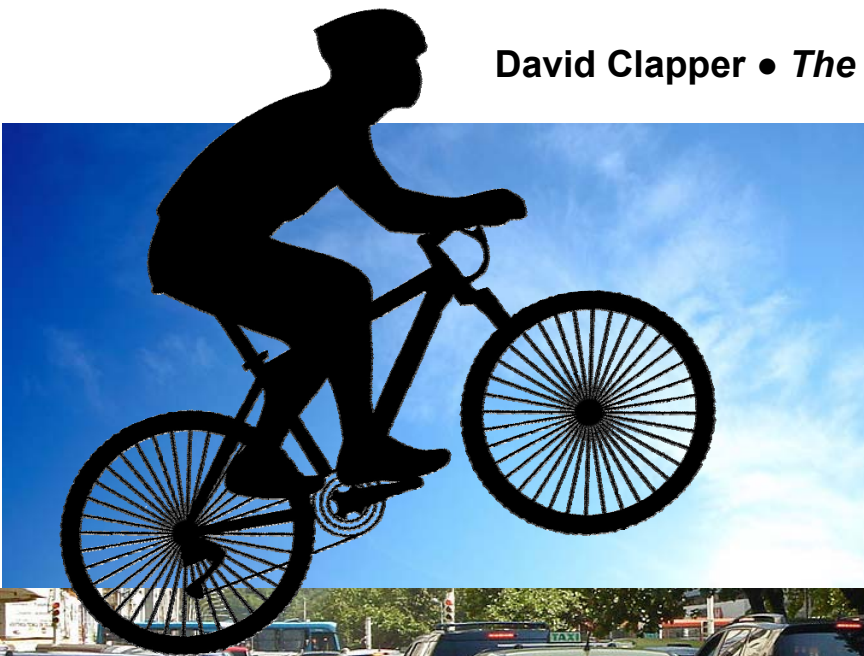
during their physical lives that when they died they continue to live the same life in a non-physical realm; not yet ready to move on, still waiting for their big break. The ego not ready to let go, not even willing to recognize they are dead.

Like the rest of the nonphysical planes, the Hollywood Belief System cannot actually be located in space or time. It is not a physical place, therefore, lacks any physical location. It is a state of consciousness. There are hundreds of different belief systems or realities created by shared desires and beliefs held while living a physical life. Many of which are religious belief system territories. The ego/mind survives physical death as our spiritual journey continues unfolding.

I wake up reflecting on the couple of times I was visited by my grandfather after he had passed, and I remember him wearing his full military uniform. I imagine with his strong identity as a World War II officer he is living in a consensus reality with fellow soldiers.

As all the “uploaded” information settles in, I chuckle to myself a little, recognizing that guides can be witty. They chose the Hollywood Belief System with its actors because of the double meaning that we too are actors in our world here. Consensus worlds are mind-created worlds not a lot different than our own world. Our thoughts and beliefs create our world “here” and “there.” We are merely actors.

David Clapper • *The Witnessing Consciousness*



I’m cycling on the cycle track running alongside a main road in Amsterdam. It is a route I often take. It occurs to me that I might be dreaming. For some reason I decide that the best way to test whether I’m dreaming would be to cycle head-on into the oncoming traffic. I think to myself, “Maybe I’m not dreaming, in which case that would be insane.” I decide to play it safe rather than be sorry, and carry on cycling. I come to a hump in the track — which is normally not there — and instead of staying on the



asphalt, I rise up into the air. I realise I am dreaming.

Why I'm submitting this otherwise innocuous lucid dream is that although I was fully aware of many safe critical state tests, the only one that popped into my head was a "dangerous" one. The dream led to philosophical speculations on free will. Even when I seem to be an autonomous agent in a (lucid) dream, is that really the case? Perhaps our thoughts are also an experience independent of us, and we are never anything more than "The Witnessing Consciousness."



Bhaskar • *The Light Shield*

I am at a gathering like an Edwardian ball with my date, an attractive Caucasian brunette in her late 30s. Everyone is wearing masks. A man comes after us in a threatening manner. We do our best to evade his advances until he opens a special door, a portal, that must never be opened. Through it, the demons flow in; thousands of them, big hulky fellas in armor, wielding a variety of weapons. My partner and I transform into sword-wielding Jedi warriors. After a long, strung out battle in the sands, standing back to back, in which we slaughter countless, we realize, it's impossible to go on like this. Unsustainable. We are outnumbered in the wake of these relentless hordes.

I can't take it anymore. Close my eyes. Come what may, I'm done fighting. I kneel and begin to focus intensely on my inner light, accepting my death and fate, generating a light shield to protect myself. But instead of dying I become lucid. The light shield covers both of us now, lifting us into the air and transporting us to safety in some faraway place. Also, now I am aware that she's my Soulmate. She has morphed into a beautiful young Indian woman. Holding hands, she guides me through this new place. Rooms within rooms, walking steadily and seamlessly on what seems like narrow wooden beams, the walls made of saffron colored saris. At some point I tug on her hand and say, "Wait, let's not go any further. I want to make love to you, right here, right now." She acquiesces; our lips and bodies come together, but as we begin I stop, apologize and tell her. "Look, now that I'm lucid, I must go and help Laura first." I'll be back; she understands. [Laura is a teacher friend of mine who's suffering from a chronic illness.]

I find myself in Laura's apartment with the intention of finding out what's ailing her. I call out to her. Where is she? No sign of her. Suddenly I am spinning around and around, surrounded by all these young children, staring up at me as if I were Mary Poppins! My body is heating up. I keep calling out to her, where is she? No sign of her, still spinning, body getting hotter. This is the problem, I realize, she's over-heating. I am in her body, can sense her consciousness nestled high up in the region of the crown chakra. The children, her students, see her, not me! But how to stop this spinning?



Then I spin out on to a curb. I find myself nestled between two couples, one woman on either side of me, waiting for the parade to arrive. They come, the sexy peacock feathered dancers, marching band, dressed Carnival style, wagging their hips, drums beating, horns blaring, the crowd excitedly egging them on. I want to join them, dance with them, but the two women wedge me in, tightly, getting me aroused. I am unable to escape their clench. "We've got you." They press in firmly with their flesh, oozing their femininity like a perfume, sandwiching and squeezing me until I explode...





Yeng Lao • *Raising the Dead*

In my dream, I appeared standing in front of a farm field. It was night time. The stars were bright and twinkling. I was facing the farm field looking eastward. I noticed to my left, northward about a mile in the distance was a gas station. I flew toward the gas station and made a right turn. About two blocks away I noticed a car accident.

The driver was dead, lying on the sidewalk, and his friends were crying. I flew over to the dead body, and they asked me if I could help their friend. I thought about it; should I intervene, or should I continue on my way? I knew I was dreaming. Usually when something like this happened in my dream, I'd leave it alone.

However, this time, I decided to intervene. I put my left hand on the dead guy's chest and raised my right hand into the air. I created a bright beacon of light shining toward the direction of the dead guy and directed his consciousness back into his body. I raised him from the dead. I flew up about seven feet in front of him and told him to live his life fully during my dreaming state.

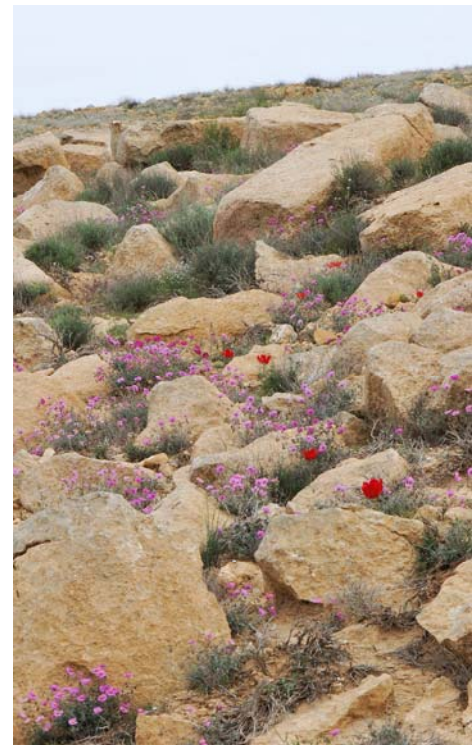
Then I woke up. It is the first time I was able to raise a dead person back to life in my lucid dream.

David Clapper • *Nabama*

I'm looking at a semi-arid landscape. I think to myself that it resembles the Negev, although the red, rocky outcrops are interspersed with luxuriant green shrubbery. This is what the desert looks like after it has just rained and is in bloom. Suddenly I know that this is a dream. I am lucid.

I feel calm. I decide to walk into the desert landscape in order engage with it when a gap of misty darkness appears at my feet, between me and the desert landscape. I fall into the gap. It's not what I wanted but I decide, since I don't seem to have much choice anyway, to make the most of what's happening to me. I call out, "I want to experience the Void!"

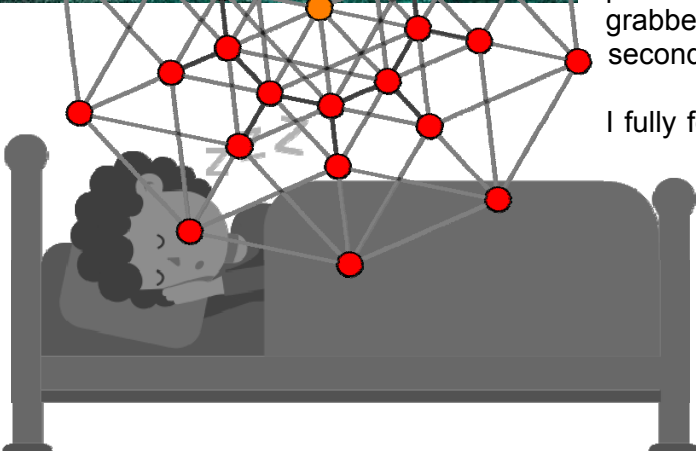
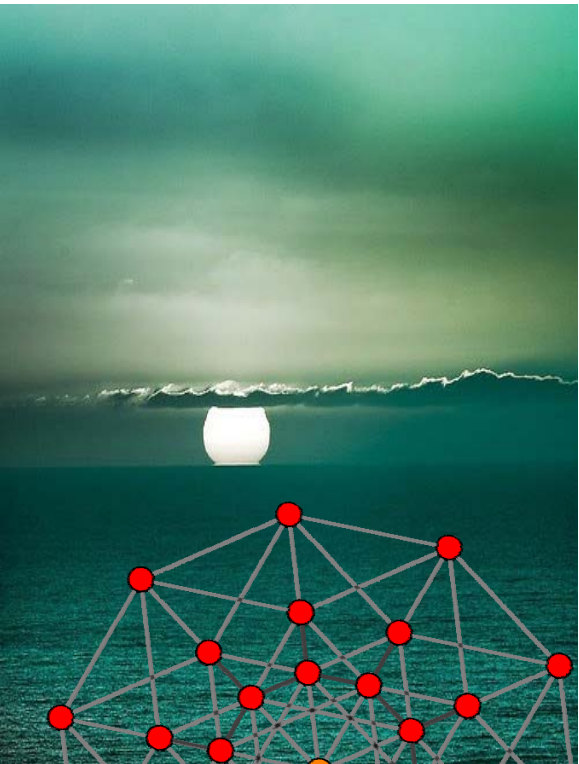
Now I'm falling through the darkness, which doesn't feel at all threatening. I am facing upwards. I am reminded of the scene in the documentary titled "Painting Doors" and the scene where Clare Johnson is falling through the Void. I notice what look like purple vapour trails extending from my hands and feet. I gain speed as I fall, and the vapour trails develop into long, thick, billowing, beautiful purple clouds. Now I'm falling incredibly fast. It feels like a thrilling fairground ride. I think aloud, "Wheeee!!!" and then think about how if this dream lasts much longer, I won't be able to remember any of it.



Suddenly I start slowing down; my trip through the Void is coming to an end. I land safely and gently on the ground. As I do so, I hear a disembodied male voice announce that my union card has been printed. He calls out a series of letters and numbers (for some reason I know that these are capital letters, AT5C . . . or something) but decide to not try to memorise them.

I look around and I'm in a town that I don't recognise. To judge from the clothing everyone is wearing I decide I must be in 17th or 18th century Europe. I am standing near a bridge and I see what looks like a military band marching over the bridge. I decide to interact with them. I walk over to them — they are walking very fast — and I am somehow drawn to a young woman. The whole band is radiating joy, but she seems particularly joyous. I ask her who she is. She tells me that her name is "Nabama" and that in 200 years they will build a monument (or a museum?) in memory of her. I wake up.

Kauri Jakobson • *New Dimensions*



This is the most insane dream and first lucid dream I have had: I was spending time with my girlfriend, I believe somewhere in Australia. It was a dark day. Somehow we met a stranger whose face I can't remember and he/she asked us to come somewhere at a certain time and to lay down, close our eyes, and we will see a whole new world.

At some point we were there. I remember laying on a bed — my feet on the ground — and somebody came and stood on my knees with his/her knees and placed their hands on my hips and asked me to do as said before. As soon as I did that, we got sent away to a whole new place. The stars were golden yellow, the ocean was green. Totally different place. That's the point where I understood and become aware that I was in a double dream.

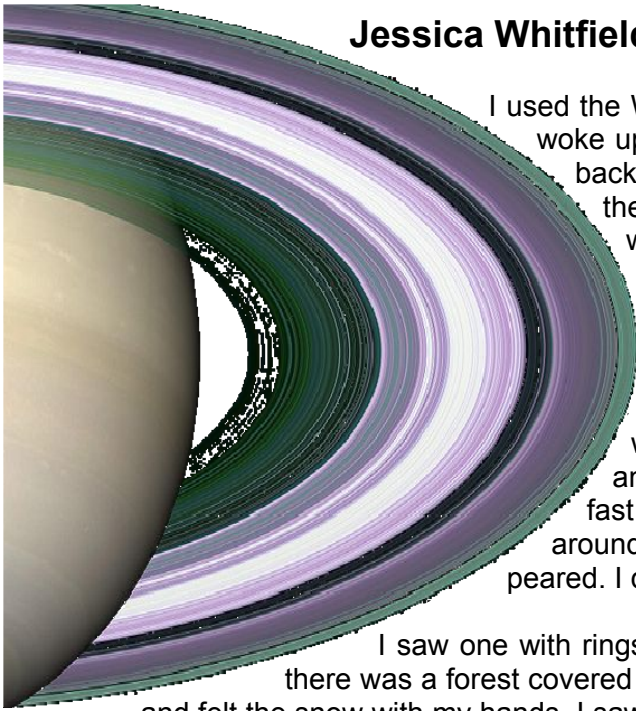
I tried to talk and explain what was happening to my girlfriend. I just remember looking around at other people; they too had just arrived there and everybody was amazed and happy. Again, I tried to explain and ask questions, but still I could not talk. It just was not possible. At that point I also become aware of my real body in bed.

We tripped around and discovered the new dimension but at some point I wanted out, though I could not get out right away. It felt like it took two hours trying to figure out what was going on, and then I tried to give some kind of sign to a mysterious person who was standing on me in a second dream. I kind of grabbed this person by the neck and had a kind of struggle in a second dream.

I fully felt all the sensations of touch in a second dream, walking around in a third new dimension and having a rough sleep in my bed. That's when I fell out of the third place into a whole different place. Then I thought, 'I'm awake now.' But no, I still could not talk and then I fell really hard into my real body.

I woke up and made sure I was able to talk., then had a quick shower and tried to understand where I was and what was the experience trying to tell me.

Jessica Whitfield • *My Trip to Saturn*



I used the Wake Back To Bed method to become lucid for this dream. I woke up after a full night's rest and got up for a few minutes. I went back to bed and dreamt I was inside a video game. The object of the game was that cavemen were trying to kill dinosaurs. I watched as a caveman tried to kill a T-Rex with a club. I became lucid almost immediately.

I thought it would be fun to ride on the back of a dinosaur. I looked around and saw a stegosaurus and didn't want to ride on his back. Then I thought the best dinosaur to ride would be a pterodactyl. One appeared and I got on his back and we flew straight up. Clouds and blue skies went by very fast. Soon we were in outer space and there was darkness all around. I wondered where the planets were and then they appeared. I decided we should land on one.

I saw one with rings that must have been Saturn. We landed on the planet and there was a forest covered in snow. Snow was falling all around. I got off the pterodactyl and felt the snow with my hands. I saw a squirrel run by. I saw a rocklike bush and walked up to it. I asked it what his name was. It had a face like an Easter Island head. He said his name was Bill. I asked Bill why he was here. He said that he had to warn me that the police of this planet were after me. I asked him why and he said that they were mad that I hadn't voted for them. I heard police sirens and I ran into the forest.

I saw a large square that was covered by heavy theatrical curtains. I pushed my way through the curtains until I found my way inside. There was a grand piano inside. I approached the piano and asked it to tell me a story. The piano started playing a song all by itself and it was a song that I was not familiar with.

I heard the sirens again, so I ran into the next room. Inside the room was an androgynous being sitting at a vanity wearing a hospital gown. The being was very tall and was pale skinned with long blonde hair. It didn't speak, but it was friendly. I brushed the being's hair and we held hands and became friends. I woke up shortly after meeting the androgynous creature.

Michael Fagan • *Tattoo*

While my daughter was in college in 2013, she texted me that she had gotten a tattoo. However, she would not tell me anything else about either the location or the content of her tattoo.

She had previously told me she was thinking of getting one. I had warned her that tattoos do not age well, and many people often regret getting them later. I advised her to be careful about the choice and the location. But we had never discussed any specifics. Needless to say, I was very concerned/curious as to its content and location.

The same night as her text about the tattoo, I went to sleep with the intention of observing my daughter's tattoo. I became lucid and immediately recognized my daughter without having to go look for her. She was in the form of a dog, which is her typical/usual dream form (she almost always dreams about being a dog, for some reason).

When she approached me in my dream she began to morph into her

Faith



human form. Before she had completed the full transition (she was still half/half dog/human), she reached with her paw/hand and pulled down her lower lip and revealed her tattoo. It was on the inside of her lower lip. It was the word “Faith” in a written, flowing font. This lucid dream had the “real” feel to it, and I was fairly confident this tattoo location/content would be verified in waking reality.

The next day I texted her that I knew where and what her tattoo was. She called me immediately. She thought I had somehow found out from one of her friends, outing her on social media, or I had located the tattoo parlor and convinced them to tell me, or some other waking reality explanation.

I told her about my dream, and how she had come to me in my dream and had happily showed me the tattoo without any “pressure” being applied by me. During the lucid dream. I had not asked her or even “willed” to see the tattoo.

My daughter is very aware of my lucid dreaming/OBE ability, but this dream really surprised her.

Sharon Pastore • *Building Blocks of Life*

This dream happened the night after my father died.

I’m in my grandmother Ida’s house on the phone with Gail (the mother of a friend, who was also fond of my father) sharing thoughts about my father’s death. I see about four or five phones lying face down — I do not actually have any phones to my ear. Instead they are lying face down next to one another on her wooden desk with glass top. Most phones are older cell phones or landline, all with black cases.

While on with Gail, Karim is calling. I don’t want to miss the call and am trying to find the right phone and how to answer it. Somehow, I start talking to him without actually picking up the phone. He wanted to extend his condolences to me. I become lucid.



He said he could better convey his thoughts and feelings through a dream. We talk for a while about dream stuff. Then all of a sudden, I see thousands of golden block capital letters cascading out of the sky. “Karim! Do you see that?” “Yes,” he says. “That’s life force energy,” he tells me.

I test to see if I can slow it down. I say, “Allow the letters to slow down!” in a commanding voice. After a second, they do! The letters begin to form words. I can read them, but I quickly forget them, and they don’t seem to be forming any sentences. Just random words.



The whole time, there is a feeling that the universe is trying to make me laugh (this happened once before in another dream). I feel like laughing! The lucid dream is very stable. I feel I’ve seen enough, and I want to remember this, so I decide to wake.

In a second brief dream, I saw my father laying on his stomach with his head turned to his side as if he were getting a massage. He was smiling at me.



Jessica Voss • *Bailey*

I had this lucid dream when I was about 10 weeks pregnant with my first child, but didn't know the gender yet.

I was at a public swimming pool and noticed a clothes rack full of little baby onesies. I picked out a little blue one.

There was a boy standing near me. He looked about 8 years old. I immediately knew this was my son. I grabbed him by the shoulders and gently shook him saying, "Quick, what do you want me to name you? I'm about to wake up!"

He replied, "I don't know . . . Winnie the Pooh?"

I woke up but decided not to call him Winnie the Pooh. I opted for Bailey instead.

Mary Ciuffreda • *I Meet My Grandmother*

After observing the blackness behind my closed eyes, I consciously enter the Void and know absolutely I am in the dream state.

I want to meet my grandmother who passed away in 2005, and soon, here she is! She's in front of me, sitting on a small chair, in the center of an empty white room. I run toward her and have a long, deep, physical hug.

I ask her how she is, and how she is doing there. I ask her to tell me the truth about the afterlife, but she said she didn't want to let me know about private things.

Marlise • *Swallowed by a Fish*



Original artwork by Marlise

I'm jogging on a dirt road near my childhood home. The environment around me feels somehow 'dreamy.' Just for fun, I bend down and pick a tussock with an odd, white-bluish flower in the middle. Holding it in my hand, it feels like it is made of modeling clay. I can easily change its form. Therefore, I'm sure that I must be dreaming!

I scrunch this flower, which reminds me of a sea anemone, and throw it away. I recall the current lucid dream challenge of my lucid dreaming forum: to fall backwards into a new dream level.

I'm standing with my arms crossed over my breast and let myself fall into a horizontal position, floating above the road. The sky darkens, and a huge cloud begins to transform into an enormous, dark blue, slightly pinkish fish. It swims with its mouth wide open towards my feet. I realize that it will swallow me and I let it happen without fear, but with curiosity.

As soon as I'm inside its gullet, the cloud-fish dissolves on both sides into nothing, and I am in a new dream scene.

Unfortunately, after waking up, I couldn't recall exactly what happened next. I feel I had a fascinating conversation with a dream figure until I recalled that I wanted to experience something more special, like the lucid light.

I try again to fall backward, but another dream figure appears. She offers me several sunglasses, from which I have to choose one. I'm frustrated about this distraction, but not lucid enough to ignore it. I'm afraid that I could wake up before having the opportunity to try falling backward again. The sunglasses look old-fashioned, but finally, I choose one that looks familiar to one I had in waking reality. When I take it in my hand, I wake up.

Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly

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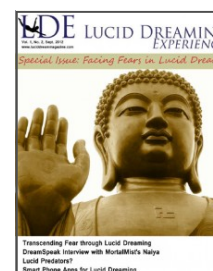
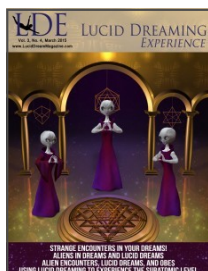
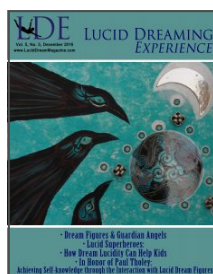


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www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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

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

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International Association for the Study of Dreams
www.asdreams.org

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The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale
<http://www.ld4all.com>

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

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www.mossdreams.com

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