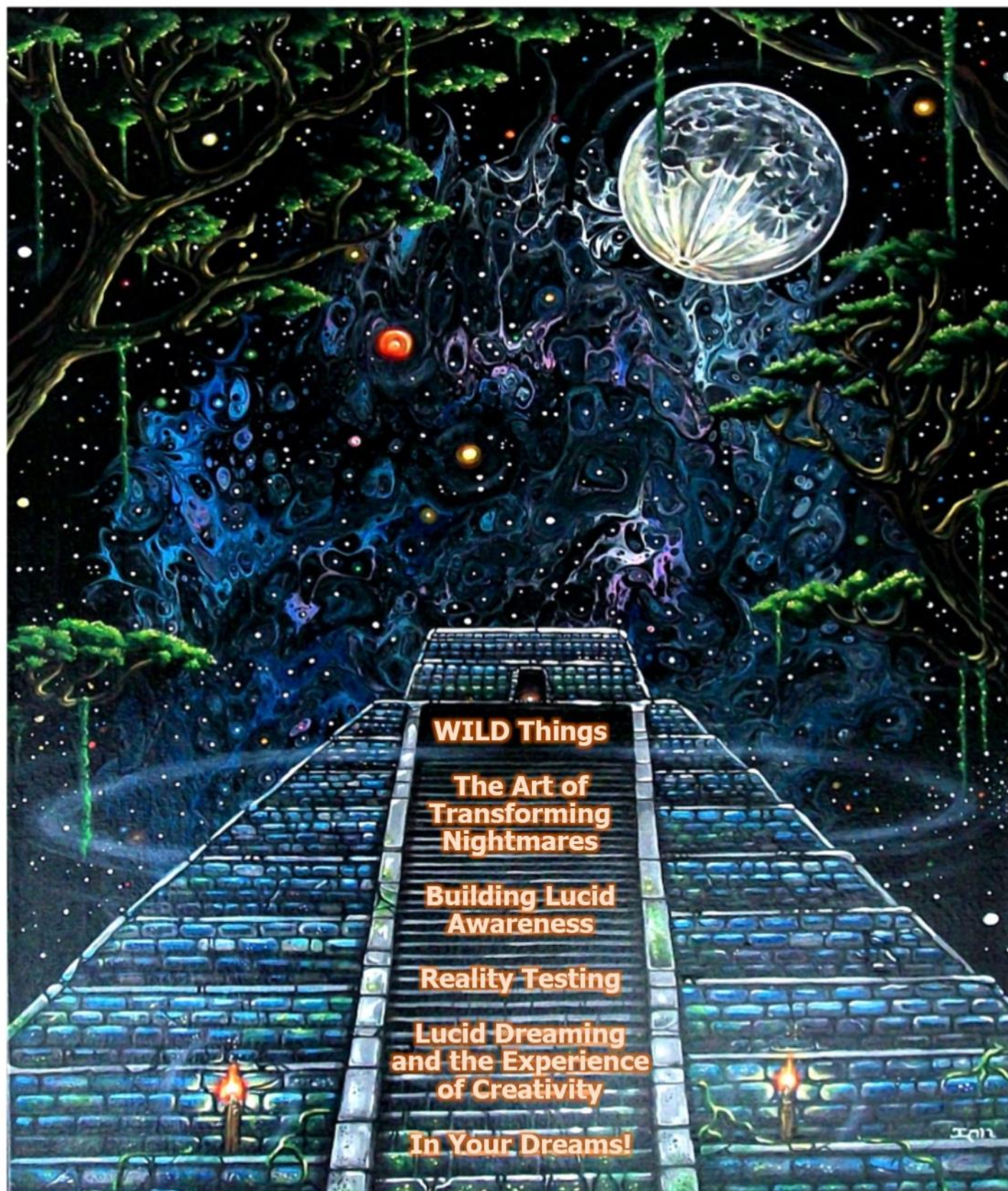




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[www.DreamingLucid.com](http://www.DreamingLucid.com)

# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*





# International Association for the Study of Dreams

## ★ IMPORTANT ★ ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE

2021 IASD ANNUAL  
INTERNATIONAL DREAM CONFERENCE

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

**June 13 - 17, 2021**

(Sunday - Thursday)

"A multidisciplinary conference for dream studies and dream work."

Host: Angel Morgan

Conference Director: Bob Hoss



## 38<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL **DREAM** CONFERENCE **NOW VIRTUAL**

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE FOLLOWING  
KEYNOTE AND INVITED PRESENTERS



Fanny Brewster, PhD



Eduardo Duran, PhD



Tore Nielsen, Professor



Keith Salmon



Michael Nadorff, PhD

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

- World renowned keynote speakers.
- More than 100 presenters from countries around the globe.
- An extravaganza of fascinating presentations and special events.
- The popular PSI Dreaming Contest - and the costume Dream Ball!
- Dream Art Exhibition including a virtual "meet and greet" the artists.
- A multidisciplinary program including the scientific, psychological, spiritual, artistic, healing, lucid and extraordinary, ethnic and cultural aspects of dreaming.
- This year's featured tracks include Dreams & Ethnicity and Dreams & The Arts.

For more information about the conference  
and for easy online registration

<https://iasdconferences.org/2021>

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## Statement of Purpose

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

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## Submissions

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

## Subscriptions

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## Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: May 15, 2021

Submit articles and lucid dreams on any theme related to lucid dreaming!

Publication Date: June 2021

## LDE Website

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

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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2021

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH CHRIS HAMMOND

Lucid dreamer,  
martial artist,  
and mindfulness  
practitioner  
Chris Hammond  
lucidly leads the  
popular website,  
[World of Lucid  
Dreaming.com](http://WorldofLucidDreaming.com)

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

I had spontaneous lucid dreams as a child. Some of my earliest memories (maybe age 3 or 4?) are of being inside a dream, hiding behind a brown couch from a giant sort of wolfman character. I had control and remembered knowing that I was in “another place”, but at the young age I didn’t know that this place was in fact a dream! I used to wonder what the place was and why I always ended up there. It was rather confusing, as far as I remember!

I remember having various spontaneous lucid dreams throughout my childhood, probably once every month or two. I just assumed everybody had them. Never really did much with them, other than flying, sex, etc.

I was about 12 when I first encountered the phrase “lucid dream” and realized that I was a lucid dreamer . . . I often used to ask people if they ever had “lucid dreams” as it was something that fascinated me, but I never really encountered anybody who knew anything about it. I did not realize that it was a learnable skill until much later in my life, when I was about 35. As soon as I realized, I jumped in the deep end and became involved with the World of Lucid Dreaming (WOLD) around 2016.

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

In terms of intentional lucid dream induction, I picked up the skill pretty easily — probably because I have always been into meditation and mindfulness, so the techniques and ideas were not so foreign. It probably took a couple of weeks or so before I induced my first intentional lucid dream.

The first one was actually from a WILD during a daytime nap and I recall it very clearly: I snapped into focus in my living room and was astounded at how clear the dream environment was. I remember testing my kicks (I am a martial artist) on my plasterboard wall and

feeling the sensation on my toes, etc., just as realistic as consensus reality. Then a giant rubber “weeble wobble” appeared covered in thousands of tiny rubber probosci. Go figure.

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

Yes. There was one particular dream that surprised me as it clearly had significance. This was one of the triggers that led to me researching Carl Jung and shadow work. Here is the entry from my dream journal:

*I stepped out of bed, it was almost a false awakening. My room was perfect, but there was a dreamlike quality to it — so I knew this was a lucid dream. I decided to open my bedroom door and explore the house. And there it was. As soon as I opened the door I saw it. A hideous goat staring up at me. Its wool was dirty and matted, its eyes black and shrivelled. It resonated evil and malignancy. I was paralyzed by fear. There was something so innately repugnant about this goat. I did not know why. I was so shocked, awed and utterly terrified by this hellish image that my very soul wanted to flee. I woke up immediately.*

It took me some time to figure out the significance of the goat. The image had been so powerful that it would keep coming back to me for months afterwards. In fact, I was afraid to lucid dream again for some time.

There were questions I had, like, ‘Why had I been so repulsed by the goat? What was it about this creature that was so terrifying?’ It had not been the sight of the animal itself that was terrifying, but its presence. I was scared merely to look at it.

Eventually I realized that I was afraid to confront the goat because the goat was the part of myself that I was afraid to confront. It was a part of my shadow. It represented toxic ego and narcissism that had been subconsciously driving my behaviors in life. It was literally the devil. Only later on did I come to realize that this was a classical Jungian archetype. I am now grateful for this nightmare because it helped me to understand that I had been heading down a bad pathway in life and that I needed to open my heart to love.

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

To me, lucid dreaming is interesting at two main levels: 1) for self improvement and self reflection, a “gateway to the inner self” to quote you, and 2) as a tool to help us consider the nature of reality. I have always been a philosophical sort. To me lucid dreaming is similar to psychedelics, which are tools applied for these same reasons,

***What techniques were you using to become lucid?***

Mostly WBTB and MILD. What I have found most helpful is not “forcing things” but waiting until those moments when you wake naturally during the night, when the hypnagogia is naturally ripe and lucid dreams are more easily plucked. While I have probably less lucid dreams than if I was to push a little more, this helps me to “balance” lucidity training and life.

***For a beginner, which technique to induce lucidity would you recommend?***

I now recommend a MILD technique to beginners for a number of reasons. First, it’s the most studied of all structured lucid dreaming induction techniques, and it’s the easiest for a beginner to replicate by following simple written instructions. Often with techniques for inducing lucidity, there are elements that are purely subjective. For example, with a WILD technique, most beginners don’t tend to ‘get it’ or take a long time to find the ‘knack’; part of this is the difficulty in translating various different people’s descriptions of the WILD process into your own personal experience of reality, depending on how ‘your mind works’. WILD can be a hit-or-miss process that takes practice to refine over time.

Whereas, a MILD technique — as documented by Stephen LaBerge, and its effectiveness and procedures scientifically confirmed and clearly documented by Dr. Denholm Aspy in a large population of lucid dreaming naive participants (2017, 2020) — can be followed more logically by a beginner and without the margin for error caused by interpretation. Rather than hinging on an underlying ability to meditate, like many lucid dreaming techniques, MILD hinges simply on prospective memory, something that all beginners have by default and can more easily be leveraged.

***Do you personally have a favorite technique to induce lucidity?***

My personal ‘favorite’ technique, if I have to pick one, is to take 8mg galantamine in the early hours of the morning, stay awake for a while, and then lay on my comfy sofa ‘drifting in and out of sleep’ for a few hours. I liken this to ‘surfing’ the waves of the dream world. As I lay on the sofa, I maintain a background level of awareness in my mind, but allow the tiredness to wash over me and send my body to sleep, as I feel myself physically descend into my particularly soft sofa (I don’t normally sleep on the sofa often). Often the galantamine will trigger memories from the past, and I allow myself to ‘surf’ these memories, exploring them as my unconscious dictates. I throw myself open to the whims of the dream world and allow the waves to carry me.

From time to time a new ‘wave’, i.e., new memory or dream scene, will burst upon me, which is particularly vivid — and if I have done my job well of maintaining that background awareness I mentioned earlier, then I know I am ready to step into this dream with my conscious mind. I look for my hands at this point — and if I see them manifest (without accidentally jolting myself awake, which I do about 50% of the time) then I just do my standard reality check of pushing my finger through my palm and then calling out to the dream, “Give me Clarity!” to cement the lucidity. I will then enjoy this lucid dream for as long as it lasts, until I either wake or transition into the next ‘wave’ of a potentially lucid or semi-lucid dream. Perhaps it is the sofa, but I find I wake often during these galantamine-inspired early morning sessions, dipping in and out of wakefulness, sleep, dreams as the surf dictates.

***Does lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or does it seem random and chaotic?***

Interesting question. I always say personally that there are no rules in the dream world . . . and I feel this to be the case. Besides, rules were made to be broken. ;-)

While there are themes that seem to be repeatable and consistent, to an extent, just when you think you have something figured out — the dream world will throw a curve ball.

***You mentioned, in your lucid dream of doing martial arts kicks, that you could feel your toes exactly like you would in consensus reality. Have you ever had any lucid dreams where you compared the lucid dream reality to waking reality? What happened?***

I’ve had a number of dreams in which I’ve done this. One springs to mind, in which I had firstly had a false awakening in my bedroom (a common starting scenario for me). I’d then decided to jump off my bedroom balcony as a kind of reality check. When I landed on the porch outside my front door, the dream scene was so incredibly lifelike, vibrant, and realistic I wasn’t totally 100% convinced that it was a lucid dream at all! (Even though I’d just jumped about 12 feet off my balcony and landed perfectly on the porch — go figure). In any case, I was examining the scene around me, comparing it to waking reality, looking for potential dream signs. Everything was so absolutely lifelike, I was somewhat confused and befuddled — until I looked over at my neighbor’s house and saw her looking across at me. Of course, she had the head of a cartoon pig!

***In your lucid dreams, have you explored the idea of ‘consensus reality’? Or does the incredibly detailed nature of lucid dreaming make you more suspicious of ‘consensus’ reality in the waking state?***

I’ve always been fascinated with the nature of our conscious experience — or what forms the fabric of ‘reality’ as we know it. One of the philosophical approaches that resonated with me most when I was younger was that of ‘consensus reality’, or in other words, the simple notion that we look to what others experience, to validate what does or doesn’t ‘exist’. As an example, if 99 out of 100 people camping in a forest see a large rock, we can be confident the rock exists and has a concrete ‘reality’ outside of our own human mind.

It’s an interesting thought experiment. You can take it in all sorts of directions. And naturally, the concept of dreaming is key to all of this — philosophically speaking. What would happen if 99 out of 100 lucid dreamers in a forest successfully incubated and induced a common dream about a totem pole in the forest? What if that totem pole didn’t have a physical manifestation outside of the dream? Yet, memories of the totem have now been carved into the lucid dreamers’ neuronal networks; it’s become a shared common experience, a massive talking point for years or even lifetimes to come, slowly becoming a part of the collective unconscious of that group. How far can you take this thought experiment?



What of the ancient civilizations, for that matter, and their gods? The Roman gods Jupiter and Saturn — and their influence on weather and agriculture, for example — were just as “real” to them as the images of Jupiter, Pluto, and Saturn that NASA beam to us online today are “real” to us. If you believe “you” go to Valhalla, perhaps that is where “you” go. Can you imagine a religion based on lucid dreaming? How about an entire civilization based 10,000 years in the future where dreams are revered more than the waking state itself? Can you imagine it? What would be “real” to these folks, thousands of years after all of us and the Internet are reduced to dust?



**“Does our  
sun have  
consciousness?  
How about  
our galaxies?”**

We’ve landed in a very logical and waking state-based zeitgeist in this century — and it’s not a bad thing, it’s enabled some great progress, but it also has its limitations. There’s a very shallow spirituality in our culture these days. We tend to only accept that for which we have direct waking visual “evidence” as “real”. But what of the Xhosa tribe of South Eastern Africa? Their entire culture is based on ancestral visions from the dream state; there is no doubt of how “real” their experiences are to them.

Of course, there are no answers to any of this! I’m not a dogmatic sort of person; I like to change my views and perspective as I stumble around exploring life. I like to hope that lucid dreaming is a tool that can help anybody and everybody be more open-minded.

***Do you think lucid dreaming helps a person ‘shape’ a new view of reality — or does it simply ‘shake’ their view of any reality?***

Personally, I think it shapes, shakes, and then vigorously stirs anybody’s view of reality. I’m not sure if it’s possible to be a practicing lucid dreamer without questioning our own fundamental spiritual beliefs about the nature of our experience on this planet.

***Have you had any lucid dreams which gave you insight into the nature of consciousness? What happened?***

I have had some lucid dreams where I experienced a degree of ‘ego dissolution’. I wouldn’t say it was technically absolute ego death, but I have had experiences where I certainly had no awareness of my physical body or awareness of the box of various mental constructs that make up my everyday ‘self’. In one such dream I was floating in black space, in a kind of peaceful ‘void’ absent of any experience. I did have a background level of awareness, not of who “I” was, per se (not that I consciously tried to invoke an “I” . . . perhaps I would have been able to, had I tried), but of that basic entrained mind habit of thinking in English semantic constructs. What happened? In this particular dream, I decided to call out for wisdom: “show me something I need to know”. Next thing, a series of shimmering, pixelated, purple letters began to assemble in front of my eyes, spelling out a cryptic message (don’t ask — I still haven’t figured it out).

It goes to show, we don’t necessarily have to mimic our everyday mode of consciousness in our dreams. That’s just something that has been ‘entrained’ in us since birth.

***Any suggestions for playing with the nature of consciousness in the lucid dream state?***

I have. Bear with me here. An organism is a collection of cells. An animal is a collection of organisms. A species is a collection of animals. I’m using language very broadly here, but try to follow my train of thought. All these things have consciousness to some degree; after all, they all experience and react to the Sun in some way or another, just as we do. Let’s try to divorce ourselves a little from the human condition here. The level of consciousness increases, the larger a conscious body gets. Humans are quite small, in the scheme of

***Finally, what is the best part of leading [World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com) ?***

The best part about running WOLD is being exposed to so many cool, opened-minded people and being on the cusp of breaking news about a subject that intersects across so many fascinating topics: ethnobotany, psychology, consciousness, spirituality, psychedelics, technology, and science — to name but a few. ▲

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# LUCID DREAMING

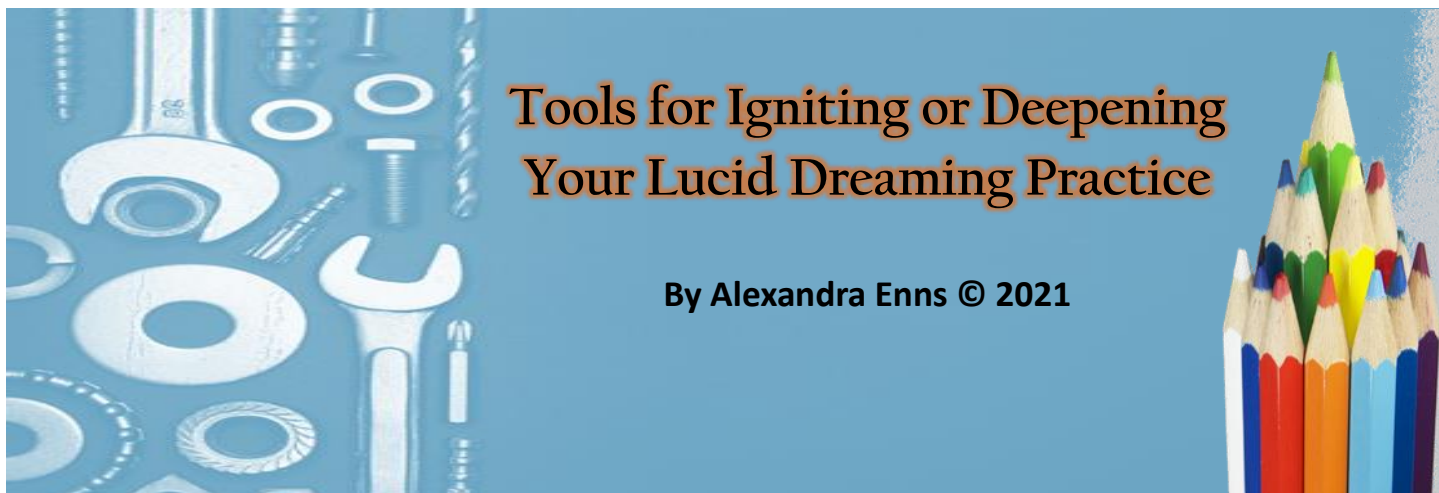
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The following suggestions are drawn from my personal 'lucid dreaming toolkit' I developed over the past years, according to the motto:

*Reflect on your development in the waking state so that your efforts seep into your dream world.*

From my experience, the tools described below are suitable for beginners, advanced practitioners and lucid dreamers-to-be. In addition, I encourage the readers to adapt them to their personal needs if applicable.

### **1. Get Inspired**

*It's where everyone starts from, right?*

Draw up a 'personal handbook' on lucid dreaming consisting of excerpts from your favorite books or dream reports by other lucid dreamers. Recite everything you find inspiring or valuable and state the source of your notes. I recommend you use an over-seeable form (e.g., a list) for ticking off whenever you tried something out or achieved a certain goal from these records. As a consequence, this handbook will grow into a treasure chest of ideas, sparing you of boredom on your lucid dreaming path.

### **2. Document Your Habits (or Establish Desired Ones)**

This method is recommended for any stage of your development as a consistent daily routine. The goal involves recording any of your attempts to attain lucidity in your dreams. I suggest you include the symptoms or signs you go through in dreaming reality or upon awakening indicating that you are about to reach a higher state of awareness (e.g., any sensations like vibrations or floating, sleep paralysis, hypnagogic imagery, or state of wonder in your dream content). This tool might turn out particularly helpful if you are trying to achieve your first lucid dream while struggling and doubting a successful outcome. By detecting the evidence of your (latent?) progress, you are likely to stay on track with a certain technique, affirmation, or attitude.

### **3. Keep a Lucid Dream Journal**

Consider writing down your lucid dream reports in a separate notebook for better traceability in the future. Try extending them with the following sections:

- Number of days passed since your last lucid dream,
- Lucidity triggers (including applied techniques and possible influences from the last day/evening),
- Degree of your lucidity,
- Need for improvement (i.e., resolutions for your next lucid dream),
- Reflection/brainstorming on dream events based on your waking reality, lessons learned, and personal milestones.

### **4. Use a Lucidity Tracker**

To keep your progress or lucid dream related activities easy to find at a glance, integrate characteristic symbols in a template of a calendar month marking the days when:

- You approached a lucid dream (i.e., nearly gained lucid awareness),
- You achieved a lucid dream (note the type — DILD/WILD, tag spontaneous lucid dreams and highlight chaining resulting from dream re-entering),

- You applied a certain lucid dreaming technique,
- You experienced a false awakening.

### 5. Prepare and Analyze Your Experiments

This method is helpful if you enjoy planning your actions in general. In this context, create a notebook with a list where you note down your intended experiments, leaving space for the date you carried them out and a few key phrases describing the results of your endeavors.

### 6. Create a Bulletin Board on Lucid Dreaming

This tool could come in useful if you wish to quickly recall your present 'arsenal of effective lucid dreaming hacks', including:

- Successful techniques for inducing or prolonging your lucid dreams,
- Favorite commands or experiments,
- Mistakes to avoid,
- Guidance notes you would like to memorize and implement in the future.

### 7. Draw 'Lucid Living Maps'

Since both dreaming and waking reality tend to overlap, it might turn out to be interesting and profound to uncover the corresponding intersections! Examine your maps (e.g., as a mind map with the major theme in the centre) on a regular basis, keeping the following questions in mind:

- Is a coherent story being revealed?
- Do I recognize any precognitive elements?

### 8. Have Fun and Be Proud of Yourself!

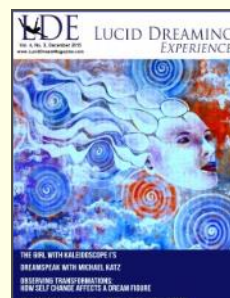
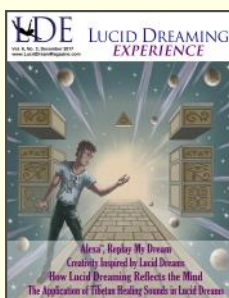
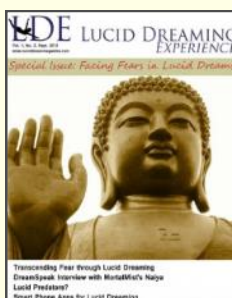
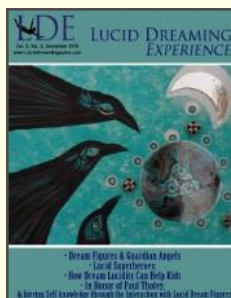
Browse through your records and bring to mind your advancement in the long run, especially during 'lucid dreaming droughts.' Create a vision board representing your aspirations, updating this tool periodically.

At this point, I would like to emphasize the importance of avoiding putting yourself under any kind of pressure. To stay motivated, don't compare yourself with other lucid dreamers. It's all about YOUR personal development at your own pace, so try to enjoy the process of becoming an advanced lucid dreamer. You don't have to prove anything to anyone. Based on my explorations and insights so far, you are probably dealing with a lifelong journey composed of never-ending lessons, highs and lows. ▲



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# My Beginner's Routine for Lucid Dreaming

By Troy Vrolyk © 2021

Image: Miguel A. Padriñán / Pixabay

I've been lucid dreaming for a year now and have had moderate success. Here is a brief summary of my full routine which, as a beginner myself, would probably be perfect for other beginners to utilize, though perhaps less desirable for advanced lucid dreamers that can WILD.

For now I've chosen to DILD as I have a tight sleep schedule and don't have much room for error during the night. I find DILD'ing to be the least disruptive for my sleep. For me, it provides an average of 13 lucid nights/month, in which most of those nights I have just one lucid dream but sometimes I have more.

## During the day:

- I wake up and do a state check (you never know if it's a False Awakening!).
- Throughout the day I continue to do state checks, either from encountering dream signs or when simply lost in thought.
- Record my dreams in my dream journal (expanding them from my nightly notes).
- Get out in nature for a walk if time allots.
- Do a meditation in the evening if time allots.

## Just before I fall asleep:

- Set up my dream journal; including goals.
- Tell myself: "Tonight I will have a lucid dream."

## Throughout the night:

- Upon each wakeup, I record each dream in my dream journal. At minimum I write a title, and if able to, I write more.
- After about 5-6 hours of sleep, I do a part of the MILD technique; telling myself that "The next time I'm dreaming, I want to remember I'm dreaming!"
- If I don't get lucid in the next dream, I say that same phrase . . . but incorporate more of MILD by thinking of the last dream and what should have triggered lucidity for me.

Although to me it's mainly just a portion of the MILD technique, it also combines the WBTB method in a way as when I record my dreams, it breaks up my sleep.

Also, in general I find it helpful to do a state check (normally by looking at my hands, or pushing my finger through my palm), and then throughout the dream rubbing my hands together.

There are some qualities I've discovered that make it easier for some to lucid dream more than others. One is to have strong intent, though to be relaxed about it. Another is to have the "element of play"; have a playful side and see lucid dreaming as fun! Another seemingly important measure is to make goals; I make daily and monthly goals. Some of my longest lucid dreams have involved trying to achieve up to five different goals in the one dream.

Lastly, and probably the most important, have good sleep hygiene. If we want our consciousness to become aware in a dream, we must get enough sleep. I find that, for the most part, I have to have about six hours of decent sleep first before it's even worth trying. Of course, that doesn't always stop me. My guides and Higher Self know my famous phrase of "I know it's early, but maybe one little technique won't hurt." ▲

# The Art of Transforming Nightmares

By Clare R. Johnson, PhD, © 2021

Exclusive Excerpt from *The Art of Transforming Nightmares* © 2021

When we encounter the shadow in a lucid dream, we are given an even bigger gift because we illuminate the shadow with full conscious awareness and have an opportunity to work with it directly in that dream—as long as we don't allow fear to get the better of us, which isn't always easy!

## The Shadow of Pretending to Be Someone We're Not

Jan's account below shows that when we manage to turn things around while lucid in a shadow dream, this can result in an epiphany of sorts.

*In my dream I'm in a large crowd of people and acting rather bizarrely, but no one is really paying much attention to me.*

*Then I become lucid and I'm standing outside of the crowd watching myself acting in a way I think is inappropriate and very embarrassing in front of all these people. I scream out loud to myself, "Stop it! Don't you care how others are looking at you and what they're thinking about you acting so crazy?"*

*Myself in the crowd yells back to me, "No, I don't care at all anymore what people think. I'm going to be me and I just don't care. I'm just so tired."*

*I then woke up and sat up in bed and felt this rush of lightness and ease wash over me.*

Jan explains:

"I actually could feel what it would be like if I was no longer overly concerned about how I portrayed my image to other people. It felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off my shoulders. Something inside of me had shifted. It was an epiphany of sorts. I have spent my entire life concerned about how I appear to others, worrying whether I was going to be accepted or liked. I have been a chameleon, changing my appearance to whatever would fit in with my current surroundings, never really feeling like myself.

I realised that I had been taking myself much too seriously, that other people had their own stuff to think about, that I could be myself and still be part of the crowd. I am now sixty-six years old. This has been many years of work and introspection.

I was raised by an alcoholic mother who was never there, and if she was, she was always yelling at me about how stupid and crazy I was. Having had my career in law enforcement as a deputy sheriff, I never let my insecurities show, always putting on a tough persona. I've spent my life looking for the "real" Jan, and who would have thought I would discover this courageous part of myself in my dream; but now for some reason I feel like I can do this!"

The split between the shadow aspect of Jan and the rest of her is clearly represented by two Jans having a shouting match: the censorious one and the defiantly free one. Jan managed to change the dream story: instead of feeling ashamed and acquiescing to the part of her that wanted to inhibit her self-expression, she did whatever she liked for once! This is so beautiful and courageous, because Jan managed to liberate herself from damaging beliefs about "acting crazy" that were rooted in her mother's verbal abuse, and the effects in







You have heard over and over again 'You create your own reality.' Most of us are dazzled and inspired by this idea. But how do you really know this is true? How can you become so certain it is true that you can really enjoy the freedom it is meant to bring you?

The inner self is constantly trying to show you that your experience flows from within you, as your consciousness descends through your desire, your imagination and your beliefs into physical form.

# Lucid Dreaming and the Experience of Creativity

Lucid dreaming is a very dramatic way for the inner self to show you that you indeed create your own reality. In lucid dreams you are awake and fully conscious while you are still dreaming. Without the limitations of time and space, your thoughts are instantly manifested. These dreams are opportunities for the undeniable experience of your power, and can teach you much about your multidimensional nature, defying all ideas about the limitations you have deeply believed about who and what you are.

Because of their potential for teaching us so much about our real abilities, lucid dreaming is not only sought after by those on a spiritual path, but also by scientists who want to study this phenomenon.

I'm going to describe my own initial experience with lucid dreaming. I hope it will inspire you, and give you greater confidence in your own creative freedom, and the value of dream exploration.

First of all, I tried for several weeks to have a lucid dream before I was finally successful. I went to bed each night telling the Inner Self to "Bring my waking consciousness into my dreams." And day after day I woke up with no recollection of having any dreams, lucid or otherwise.

**By Kathleen Quinlan © 2021**

Finally, one night, when I was really beginning to think I lacked the power to do it, I intensified my resolve to be successful.

And that night I woke up, literally, within the dream state. I knew I was dreaming and I was fully conscious. I felt a dramatically heightened sense of perception. My body and everything around me had a luminous quality, as if my perceptions were infused with a brilliance I had never known before.

In this state our feelings are heightened and we still carry our overall beliefs. At that time in my life, I was feeling deep remorse over the death of a child who was killed on my watch as a child protection supervisor. Because the pain of the child's death and the aftermath were not yet healed, my dream was one of terror. In the midst of experiencing this fear, I evoked an ardent desire to change what was going on and a remarkable thing happened. I felt myself endowed with — rather, I *became* the idea that filled my head: **YOU CREATE YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE. YOU CAN ALTER IT AT ANY TIME.** Each time I thought this, my dream experience instantly changed.

In the final scene of this dream I found myself moving through a series

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of dark, primitive rooms filled with grotesquely deformed people. It seemed to be some kind of medieval dungeon or prison. I moved quickly from room to room feeling oppressed and suffocated. Finally, I stumbled into a larger room in which there were several women who appeared to be expecting me. They were not deformed but were dirty and disheveled; clearly they too were being held against their will.

One woman approached me. She was carrying a sheaf of dog-eared papers. "You must write this for us," she insisted. "You agreed. It is your responsibility!" I shrank back as she came closer until her face was inches from mine. Frightened, I turned and stumbled out of the room and fell down a short stairway into a pile of straw. As I lifted my head I saw the pelvis and legs that had been severed from a person. As I looked in horror, the legs jerked. An indescribable loathing and fear overwhelmed me.

Again I became the idea. YOU CAN CHANGE YOU EXPERIENCE AT ANY TIME, but this time I held on to it. At that moment I consciously understood that it was I who was consciously creating the experience and, therefore, it was I who could change it.

I shouted excitedly, "I want to go home to my own bed!" Instantly I was in a room with a series of beds like mine, all made up invitingly. I dove into the most appealing, and turned over on my back. Immediately what seemed to be a wall of darkness appeared before me, and the foot of the bed lifted to plunge me headlong into this black void. My dream body vanished and, fully conscious now, I moved from the dream state into physical reality.

The transition between dimensions occurred with incredible speed and force. Because of the density of this dimension in contrast to the speed and light of the dream state, I experienced the movement into my physical body somewhat like running through a brick wall. At the instant of direct transition between dimensions, I felt a diffuse sensation of nausea as my dream body became what appeared to be millions of tiny particles that coalesced into my physical body, which slipped into my own bed.

To an observer, the process my dream body went through would have looked like a scene from "Star Trek" following the captain's oft-used command, "Beam me down, Scotty."

As I sat up, I was still reeling and feeling a bit nauseous. Was my body the same as when I went to sleep? It was. Then the magnitude of my experience struck me. "I've done it!" I thought, excitedly. "That was a lucid dream!" Not only had I experienced a lucid dream that was clearly designed to show me my thoughts create my reality, but I was also given the unforgettable gift of proving this to myself in the physical world, by consciously experiencing the recreation of my physical body from its energetic cellular structure through to its full physical form. ▲



### JUNE 2021 issue — Any Topic!

Send us your **LUCID DREAMS** and **ARTICLES** on any topic related to lucid dreaming. We also welcome **ARTWORK** inspired by lucid dreams! Please send your submissions by **May 15, 2021** via our website: [www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com)



My preferred technique for lucid dreaming involves going WILD (using “Wake Initiated Lucid Dream” techniques). Generally WILDing involves remaining conscious while entering the dream state, therefore maintaining lucidity. And often it involves the WBTB process (Wake Back To Bed). It’s generally a very straightforward procedure. But over the years my ideas behind WILDing and the processes that support it have evolved dramatically. For example, in the past I’ve used WBTB to help induce WILDs in the morning but I’ve become more flexible and have begun WILDing at other times as well, specifically at the onset of bedtime, by having a better understanding of what role consciousness plays in the WBTB process.

The original idea behind WBTB is that a person’s REM period increases throughout the night, becoming longer by morning and that if one was to wake up a bit early, regain some sort of awareness and then return to bed, he (or she) may be more fortunate to catch one of these longer REM periods and become lucid. But this line of thought is somewhat flawed.

For me, WBTB is about two things. One, it is now more about sleep disruption and its effects on the subconscious mind. In fact, it was suggested over 46 years ago by Seth (material channeled by Jane Roberts) in the book, *The Nature of Personal Reality*. Seth suggested that we split our sleep periods into two 4-hour segments rather than one longer 8-hour stint. By doing so, the barrier between the conscious and subconscious mind would grow thinner, allowing us to not only better remember our dreams but become more conscious within them. And although it’s not practical for most people to sleep 4 hours at night and 4 hours in the afternoon, we can still simulate this by waking up throughout the night and having small gaps between our sleep time, and also having occasional afternoon naps. (By the way, before the industrial revolution, for thousands of years broken sleep patterns were more the norm, so it’s not necessarily unnatural to practice this, although I wouldn’t recommend it if a person is really young like in their pre-teens or younger.)

The other flawed thing about WBTB is the idea that it is the best way to re-enter a dream JUST because our REM cycles become longer as the night progresses. There is some truth to this as this REM lengthening occurs automatically . . . it’s an autopilot function of the mind/brain (and it may be more beneficial for inducing DILDs — Dream Induced Lucid Dreams). The thing is though, the act of WILDing is the opposite of being on autopilot; it is an act of “self-determination”. You see, the brain is predominantly in a Theta frequency when one is in REM sleep, but we don’t need 4-6 hours of sleep to put ourselves in an extended Theta state. For example, I’ve experimented with biofeedback over the years and with a little practice I can easily generate theta waves anytime I want, day or night, and the length of these sessions are always under my control. So really, WBTB is maybe more about having the body in a relaxed state after so many hours of sleep which may be more conducive to entering a theta state (and dreaming). But this type of relaxation can be duplicated anytime so following this idea, there really isn’t any limit as to when WILDs can be practiced. By the way, for experienced WILDers, it isn’t actually conclusive that we are in theta when we are lucid dreaming. The Monroe Institute found that many OBE practitioners (which is similar to WILDing) were in a delta brainwave state during their experiences. The point I’m making here is that “whatever” brainwave state is needed to experience a WILD can be induced on demand, regardless of prior sleep, with a little practice.

Combining these two ideas, that occasionally breaking up our sleep patterns will reduce the barrier between the conscious/subconscious AND that with self determination we can create the proper (theta or whatever) state for lucid dreaming anytime day or night, has really made me more flexible in my practice.

Changing these beliefs is more important than actual techniques. Without understanding these ideas, one might not even try to practice WILDing at different times. And because these ideas initially go against the



grain of what is generally taught, they need to be nurtured and encouraged. I would also like to thank Brian Aherne for his encouragement to practice the WILD process at the onset of bedtime rather than relying on WBTB, he is an incredibly talented lucid dreamer and having someone spur me on has produced some incredible breakthroughs.

The following example from my journal shows some actual WILD techniques and how I deal with some of the challenges I face:

### **February 2, 2021, WILD, 8:13am — “The Double”**

*After a night of unsuccessful attempts, I spend some time to work out my thoughts while laying still on my bed. It takes a good 20 minutes to work thru this turmoil, which is an inner debate on the advantages between WILDs and DILDs, of all things. After exhausting my line of thinking, even though I favor WILDs, I decide that both have value and I now feel at peace. With that I put on an eye-mask to give myself the message I am ready, and I begin my search for images under my closed eyes by gazing straight ahead.*

*I am first met with a familiar mix of energetic swirls that I recognize as hypnagogia . . . and after further relaxing and letting go for a few minutes (but remaining conscious), a clear large image of a guy in a car appears in front of me. I decide to try a technique recommended by Brian, to focus in on the details of the image to see if it will draw me into a dream, and I am able to do so without the image disappearing as it sometimes does. I marvel at how stable it is, how I’m able to focus in on the features of his face, hair, etc., but after a few minutes of this, nothing happens. The image vanishes. I decide on another idea. Soon, another slightly more vague image appears. I just imagine myself flowing into that image, getting into the “feel” of the movement.*

*After a moment I find myself in a storefront room with large glass windows facing the street. I’m on top of a climbing wall. Next to me is “J” (a close relation who has been appearing in many of my dreams during this past year). I’m obviously in a dream but actually don’t realize it yet and continue to perform my WILD techniques. Soon there is a knock on the front door and I decide I have to hurry and focus more intently with my WILD technique of searching for images, which propels me into full lucidity in another dream space. (This time I seem to have entered a dream within the dream, a DILD using a WILD technique.)*

*In this new space I’m flying over an expansive landscape, enjoying the view when I recall my plan which is to explore the VOID. As I focus on this goal, my flight stops and I am immediately surrounded by darkness. I’ve been to the VOID before, but this time I want to explore it deeper. As I look around I can sense this space is not empty but in fact filled with dark energy. I also feel an energy “being” holding me on my backside and guiding me as I look about. I intuit this to be my “double” (which could be my resolved Shadow or possibly the Larger Awareness); it feels friendly nonetheless, non-threatening and helpful, so I feel safe. As I study the 3D darkness, I also see occasional swirls and wisps of light, similar to what I see when viewing hypnagogia and this makes me wonder. I also want to focus on the idea of being in three places at the same time (another idea Brian shared with me). As I stand in this void, I can immediately feel (but not see) my physical body in the distance, as an image in a bubble floats by me (which I know to be a “dream” I can enter if I wish) . . . well, void, physical body, and potential dream, not exactly three places at the same time but close enough. I guess I just need more practice.*

*The thought then comes to me that I am co-creating these experiences with my double and the energy of the VOID and that this is a prerequisite to creating any dream I want. And with that, three overhead doors (left, right, and center) simultaneously begin to open up in front of me . . . and as light pours in, I find myself immediately standing in a beachside restaurant overlooking an exotic Mediterranean ocean view. The restaurant is on a bluff facing the beach. We are surrounded by other mountainous islands and the ocean water is so crystal clear, the incoming tide so rhythmic and soothing. The whole scene is so incredibly beautiful. I walk to the front of the restaurant and then down the stone steps leading to the beach filled with dream characters. I want to check out the water . . . maybe I’ll go for a swim or surf . . . but as I look at the nearby shore, I notice the water is filled with crocodiles and snakes. I’m puzzled by this and I’m not ready to confront it, so I decide to go back up to the restaurant. As I walk towards the steps, a snake jumps out of the water and grabs “J” but I react and grab it and throw it back into the water. Undaunted, we return to the café. Two dream characters want us to have something to eat with them. But I feel it’s time for me to go so I make the “shift” and find myself back on my bed, back in the physical. ▲*



# Psychological and Emotional Healing Enabled by Lucid Dreams



By Maria Isabel Pita  
& Two Anonymous Contributors

Image: kmican / Pixabay

*Two close male friends have both urged me to publish these experiences in which my dream enabled each of them to move forward psychologically and emotionally. They also both requested to remain anonymous, so I will call them John and Mark, respectively.*

## My Lucid Dream of October 21, 2016 — Phone Call to John from God

*Written as an email to John:*

From between 1:30 a.m.– 4:15 a.m. I was with you in a long dream.

For a long time, we sat side-by-side on a bed in a dark room, inside a dark house. You talked as I listened. There was a phone to our left that rang once, then twice, and both times you got up to answer it, but only briefly, before returning to sit on the bed with me. The third time it rang, you showed no inclination to answer it. But I knew the call was for you, and that you *had* to answer it, so I got up. At the same time, however, I knew I wouldn't be able to reach the phone simply because *you* had to answer it. "Answer the phone, John!" I begged.

You rose reluctantly, picked up the receiver, listened for a long moment, then hanging up came back to me again, only now we were on the floor sitting cross legged on some kind of threshold. The dark room was to our left, and some other open space to our right. I asked, "Who was it?" and you replied, "God." Having already sort of known and hoped that was the case, I asked you what He said, and you told me He had spoken just one word to you because you were too sensitive, and you didn't share it with me.

At this point — gazing across the threshold to something like daylight just barely visible beyond us — I became lucid as I explained, "You're no more sensitive than I am, I simply have not had an experience that you have had. You are a victim of child abuse." You began talking quickly then, with suppressed emotion, ending with, "And he was so strong, I couldn't fight him!" to which I replied, "Of course not; he was a man in his twenties, at the height of his strength, and you were just a little child."

It came to me then — as if this was what the dream phone call had communicated — what you had to do. "John, you need to see a hypnotherapist, not for a so-called past life regression, but so you can consciously remember those experiences of being abused. The trauma, fear, helplessness and pain are stored in your body, and now your grown man's consciousness must embrace them so your body might be freed of them."

I understood that, as you gradually approached the age your abuser was when he became an even worse hypochondriac (and then eventually had all his fears realized when he suddenly developed a fatal cancer and died) that the reality of old age, illness, and death are experienced by your body as the looming, terrifying, relentless, impossible-to-fight father who — struggling with sadness, anger, frustration, insecurity and despair himself — took it out on you, his disappointingly small and delicate son. He beat you, yelled at you, and locked you up alone in a small dark space where you were powerless and helpless. But it doesn't have to be that way. Your Divine Father wants to reach you, and be everything yours was not as you approach what *can* be the glorious time of your second childhood.

## John's Email Response, a few days later:

Maria, thank you for telling me of your dream with me, and please tell me more you have had with me if you



think they might be helpful, as I think many of them would be! I didn't even really have any sense until I read your dream that experience so early in life might have shaped me, and yesterday in therapy it really was like some light bulbs turning on when the therapist asked me a bunch of questions that showed me that, without realizing it, I was looking at myself and my possibilities in life through the lens of that formative experience. I thought that it was because it was so long ago I don't even remember it, that it couldn't possibly have anything to do with what I am going through now, that includes my assuming the role of the abuser to myself. But it was a formative time so it makes sense, and I feel like I really have to go back to that time, to look at how that lens has shaped the way I see, so I can see more clearly and be free.

Then the other night, I was with the beautiful woman I sometimes meet in my dreams, and she kissed me on the lips. I think you wrote somewhere that a kiss in a dream communicates or relays something, an energy that just talking doesn't. And I felt that, which was a tremendous sense of reassurance, heightened by thinking of her as an expression of my guardian angel.



**I replied:** The word *Angel* comes from the Greek *Angelus* which means *Messenger*. Angels are messengers of God. It's possible your Angel worked with mine to bring us together in that dream so that you could receive an important message from God.

*After sending this email to John, with his permission I wrote another one to my close friend Mark, an experienced lucid dreamer who is also virtually acquainted with John. For several years we have been experimenting with meeting consciously in a lucid dream, and have logged quite a few fascinating experiences.*

### **Email to Mark:**

I feel really good today because John called me this morning to tell me that, because of the dream I had with him — in which I knew he was getting a phone call from God and begged him to answer the phone in the dream, because I couldn't answer it for him — he suddenly realized, like a light bulb turned on in his head — that what the dream telepathically communicated to me, and which I told him, is true. It began when he reluctantly shared my dream with his therapist, who jumped on the information as a key to what is going on with him. They made huge progress in just one session, and the therapist was so impressed, he referred him to a psychiatrist, who is also finding herself able to get a handle on his issues because of my dream.

This morning he sounded like he hasn't in years as he also told me that, last night, he found himself in a dream for the first time in a long time, which was nice enough, but a beautiful woman was also sitting beside him, talking to him, then she kissed him! He woke up feeling renewed, and happy, and really wanting to get his dream life back. He actually had lucid dreams years before I ever did, when he was in his twenties, but then they stopped.

Let me know when you're up to trying to find a door into each other's dream space again. We're so close, it's making me a little crazy.

### **Mark's Response:**

That really is a wonderful story, and I agree you should totally publish it! It shows both the power of dreams and, more importantly, God speaking through dreams. It's like God wanted to be with John all this time, and you were able to show him this — that he only needed to 'pick up'. I think this is inspiring to all of us.

### **Mark's Courageous Email, approximately seven months later, on May 16, 2017:**

Hi Maria, I had another intense dream last night regarding my stepfather and my childhood, and while I was OK once I awoke, I started crying today when trying to tell my wife about it, but I don't really understand why, my memories are still sketchy, I do not really understand why I cannot accept these things. I think I need your help to get me through this. I know facing this thing with a friend in my dreams will hopefully make it easier. Or do you think I should face these things alone?

### **I replied:**

My dear Mark, of course you don't have to face this alone! Of course I will help you.

It takes a long time for our self to work out traumas. I know. It's perfectly natural for you not to be able to accept things overnight. Emotional injuries take time to heal just like physical ones. They need to be cleaned out completely before the bandaging and healing can begin, and it's the cleansing process that is so painful. But you have the healing solution needed now in your soul. The important thing is to remember what is happening to you is GOOD. And you are not alone, believe me.

Just tell me what you want me to do. I'm ready.

**Mark:**

Thank you Maria! In my dreams, my stepfather scares the hell out of me. If you could be there to help me face him that would be amazing.

### **My Lucid Dream of May 17, 2016 — Helping Protect Mark**

*Helping Mark now is my primary intent.*

I had some powerful dreams last night. It began with being in my dark house, with my husband occupied elsewhere. Suddenly, as I approached the glass doors, someone slipped a black hood over my head from behind, a man, and I knew he meant to take me outside, and that I would probably end up dead. So I fought him. From somewhere I procured a pair of fine, sharp, small, silver scissors, and a very realistic struggle ensued with me doing my best to stab him in the tender areas between his collar bones. He soon pulled out his own sharp weapon, but I managed to penetrate his skin and weaken him so he could not harm me, and finally I freed myself from him . . .

For a long time, I was holding a baby boy protectively in my arms. He was just old enough to stand on his own two feet, but he still preferred being held by me, and I was more than happy to oblige him. He was smart and sweet, no burden at all, and even though he was heavy, I didn't feel his weight. There were other adults around me, also holding young children in their arms. We were gathered there for a purpose. These children had been given to us to watch over and protect, until such time as they could safely return to their home, which was, for all of them, an immense mansion that rose over us on my left. It was sort of dusk or early dawn, and the children were either all unclothed or wearing identical transparent seamless garments.



*At this point in my dream report, I switched to the present tense:*

My awareness is observing a vivid scene of a man, and the child I was holding, lying beneath a vehicle. The man is clutching the boy and, it seems, using him to protect himself from the vicious tiger determined to thrust its paw beneath the car/truck, like a giant cat trying to root out mice it is intent on devouring. The claws come dangerously close to the child's head, but with my willpower, I shift the man's position so he is now the one in danger of being clawed to death. Then I somehow end the scene with the child coming to no harm . . .

I am observing, and then enter a woman who is holding the same male child. The room is almost empty, and resembles a cage more than a room, although I cannot see bars and the floor is white. The feeling is one of isolation and empty imprisonment. A man enters, he and the woman exchange words, and I realize he's the man I saw beneath the vehicle the tiger was attacking, and that the tiger knows this woman and child from before, and that it won't hurt them. It is the man the tiger is hunting . . .

My husband and I enter a truly immense building with white floors and walls, like a cross between a mall and a storage warehouse. We walk a ways, then he goes ahead of me while I stand in what is roughly the center of the immense open space located between other vast areas concealed behind doors. To my right, yards away, I see black glass doors leading out into the night. Behind me, I sense a massive space behind another door. I'm standing beside a rectangular metal column I know I can get my arms around, but it's incredibly tall, a major support beam. I can't explain why I get the urge, feel the need, to grab this beam, and send it slowly crashing down in the direction of the black doors leading outside. The beam falls in slow motion, and there is no doubt it's going to wreak major destruction on this place. And so it does, crashing through ceilings and glass walls, while in the process shifting the very structure of the whole place, which to me feels like a necessary thing, as if this support beam was making it impossible for the place to function properly; as if its pres-



ence was keeping the main important room behind me closed off and inaccessible.

Once all the crashing sounds end and all is still again, I turn and go through the white doors, entering another huge space, dark now, where I perceive row upon row of white balcony-like tiers. It's as if this space adjoins an immense white tower, and I sense the stirrings of great and mysterious things in here that can now awaken because I toppled that central beam. I become lucid then as I understand that, from the beginning, I treated this entire place like a dream, which is why I wasn't afraid to push down that beam, because I knew it was necessary, and that it wouldn't hurt me, or anything else. On the contrary.

Fully lucid now, I close the door on this space which, large as it was, also feels mysteriously private, and go rejoin my husband. We sit down on a couch facing a television, and watch the gold-orange light swirling on the screen forming a vortex-like portal. My eyes fixed on this portal, I think about Mark, and about the TV I saw him watching that night we met up in a dream in my old house. I ask my husband if he sees the TV and what's on the screen, and he replies, "Yes." Apparently, he sees exactly what I do.

### **Mark replied:**

That first dream with the tiger and child was pretty intense, I can't help but think it may have related to me (it describes exactly how I feel with my stepfather).

The visual sync you described at the end was interesting. I was so tired last night, I can't remember anything, but I have this vague impression the only fragment of a dream I can recall was with you, and we were facing my stepfather together, but I was not sure if this was just wishful thinking since I can't retrieve anything more.

### **I responded:**

Personally, I believe all my dreams last night related to you. A negative force attempted to stop me at the beginning of my dreaming. I defeated it. My silver scissors was the size of the white-gold cross I often wear.

The little boy I was holding and protecting could be the part of your self that is still terrified of your stepfather. You are not alone; I was waiting with you for help that was coming through dream work.

The killer tiger may symbolize the demons that plagued your stepfather, and made him the abusive person he was, which bred the fears tormenting you now. The woman with the boy I see as your mother, who was empty inside in many ways, and imprisoned in an abusive relationship, yet of her own free will.

The huge white building is less obvious, but I feel it relates to the structure of our self and personality and how it affects our soul and our access to its healing powers. That narrow support beam needed to come down because your stepfather failed to provide you with the support all children need to build their own fully healthy lives. The beam was isolated, surrounded by empty space. Perhaps in knocking it down, sending it crashing through other levels of the place, I initiated a process of damage repair which, in my dream, opened the door to a wondrous place full of mystery and promise, symbolized by the different levels of white balconies like in a great theater. Then focusing on the TV portal, I thought of you. I'm sure now we connected.

### **Mark:**

Oh damn Maria, my mind is blown!!

### **Maria:**

Okay, *this* is my favorite email I've ever received. That's what it's all about, blowing each other's minds for all eternity!

### **Mark:**

Yes. I read your response before going to bed last night, and then your dream again, and it was so blindingly obvious that I cannot believe I missed it.

This is pretty big I think, not just for me, but as a new form of real hands-on psychotherapy (you will have to

use this in a future book!:) )

Okay . . . so going through the dream once more, I would like to add my own thoughts to what you experienced, as I believe you were in MY head and it was a pretty big deal.

I think the negative force preventing you from going into the dream was the same as the walls you knocked down. You see, after I left home at seventeen, I never looked back. I stayed in a new home, a shared house with friends, it was a pit, but I had never felt more happy, more free. My friends helped me become who I am now, and then I met my wife and moved away. Part of me will always be with those friends I made back then, and this is why I often dream of them. In the first dream you had of me, I remember you saw so many young people around me, in my house. (Gosh, just thinking of this, writing it, made me tear up.) And so . . . when I moved away from my childhood home I forgot; I put everything inside a box and stored it away. Each time it surfaced, I reduced it more and more, reduced it to something of an exaggerated confused memory. It was not 'that' bad, I would keep telling myself.

You see, my stepfather, if he was simply a twat (*British slang for stupid or annoying person*) this would have been easier to figure out. But the way you perceived him is exactly how he was, which is funny because I never told you this directly. He was a tiger, a monster, but also a human, a regular guy who used to take me to places and could be a nice guy. He had this split side to him, he'd flip out, he'd be controlling, he was horrid, but then sometimes he would reflect and I would feel bad for him. In my mind, I could never reconcile the two halves, understand how they were the same person, so I buried the horrid crazy side of him and tried only to remember the nice times.

YES! What you said about my mother was exactly it. She actually had an affair with him while with my real dad, it was a choice she had made. My real dad moved away to live with his parents miles and miles away, so we only got to see him on holidays (those were the happiest times in my childhood). One day, when my real father came to pick us up, my stepfather answered the door. My real father (a small man dwarfed by my stepfather) started shouting, "You stole my children!" over and over again at my stepfather, who just started beating him, bloodied his face all up. It was horrid. After that, he never went to our house directly, but picked us up at our Nan's house. My older sister told me (just the other day) that when we would be driving back home from being on holiday with my real father, me, her and my younger sister would just start crying, getting anxiety-type attacks. My real father had no idea what was going on. . . So my stepfather, the tiger, who was also a weak pathetic man, was pushing me toward the tiger. Yes, that makes sense Maria.

One day, when I was a little older, fifteen, my stepfather came back after splitting with my mum for a few months, but in this period I had time to grow, to become my own person. I felt stronger as a person but had so much rage. He had cheated on her, and my mum had been drinking a lot at the time (this was after the period of time she would try repeatedly to kill herself so my older sister would have to go around the house hiding the knives and pills) and she started shouting back at him, and I just leaped on him and starting beating on him, I didn't care anymore, I didn't care if he beat me or ripped me apart, I was just so freaking angry, so I punched and punched him, and my mum joined in, it was surreal. And then he cried out, pleaded for us to stop. At that point, I realized the tiger was just a man, a pathetic weakling of a man.

You going into my head, my dream space, seeing all of that, breaking those walls, those barriers, making it easier for me to confront these things, you did this for me, Maria.

Last night I was dreaming I was with my wife and her family, and they have always been loving toward me, but in the dream I felt alone. I lay on the floor and I felt so down, so depressed. Nobody could understand, there was no point trying to explain. It was dinner, and everybody put themselves around the table, and there was no space for me, just a stall perched between two chairs at the corner of the table. I excused myself and went to the toilet and stared into the mirror, and a realization came to me as I understood that this was not my bathroom, in fact, I had never seen this bathroom before. I flew out of the window. I at first wanted to find you, but then I just wanted to let go, just fly into the dream, just breathe. Blackness surrounded me, and then a street started to form. The street was of the place I grew up, my childhood home street, I knew what was happening: I would follow my street and be led to my house, my dream wanted me to be here, the path had been unlocked, my dream had NEVER done this before. But alas, the alarm went off and I was forced awake.

I was scared to face all this before, but you already faced this with me, Maria, and now the path lies open, and I have the confidence to go forward. I think this is the biggest shared dreaming experience we've had so



far. For me, at least, THIS is what shared dreaming is about, helping each other's souls. You wrote:

*Once all the crashing sounds end and all is still again, I turn and go through the white doors and enter another huge space, dark now, with row upon row of white balcony-like tiers. It's as if this space adjoins a great white tower, and I feel the stirrings of great and mysterious things in here that can now awaken because I toppled that metal beam.*

This is exciting. It was a beautiful dream, Maria. It rings so true with me, it feels so poetic and beautiful, it is my story, and you experienced it.

**Maria:**

Okay, *this* is my favorite email I've ever received. Seriously, God is great. The afternoon before I had these dreams, I prayed for help in helping you. I asked the Archangel Michael for protection, and Saint Peter for strength. I agree, this is what dream sharing is all about. And I don't think it matters that you woke up before reaching your childhood house. The path was open, your soul is well on its way to being healed. It's true this is a whole new form of psychotherapy that involves a mysterious collaboration of our souls with higher powers who want to help us, but we have to be open to them first, which is what lucid dreaming has the potential to do, and then we have to ask for help, even as we are also willing to help.

Have a wonderful day, and I hope I'll see you soon in the dream space!

**Mark:**

It's getting closer! Last night my dream started out about me being with a bunch of people, it was in a dark place, all piled into a corner of an alley that was barricaded up. We were being attacked by some dark creatures, they would come through the gutter system, come through the cracks of the wall. I could not see them but I felt them, they were evil. Someone in our group suggested we go out and fight them directly, that we stop hiding and fight. I agree we should not cower, although my voice is small, and as we set off, I follow the group not at the very back, but toward the end of the group. But then something inside me realizes that I have to stand up and fight. I push my way to the front and co-lead with another guy, pointing a pistol in front of me as I stride forward . . . At some point, I've become semi lucid, and I start to pray to God and Jesus, asking them to give me strength. I'm scared, but I feel safe somehow saying this out loud . . .

Then we wait, and as I wait my dreams fades and I go in and out between dreams. I know if I move around too much in this dream space I will wake, so I just wait, reading a book. The feeling of apprehension rises as I know these evil things are all around, and could come at any moment . . .

Then I find myself with my wife, and I walk upstairs again into the bathroom and do a reality check and realize I'm dreaming. I'm so tired for some reason, and only half sure I'm dreaming. I jump out the window to fly away, but then crash onto the floor because I feel so tired. Then I fly off again, and this time knowing where I need to go. I head toward my town of birth, this time arriving at a street which leads to my earlier house (where I was living when I was between three and nine years old) earlier memories. I am ready, prepared, not scared. But I wake up again. My mind is taking it slow but the gates are open:) Perhaps next time I will find you and take you with me?

**Maria:**

Awesome! This night of dreaming is profoundly great. Spiritual growth and spiritual warfare are interwoven. I was so thrilled when you prayed out loud to God and Jesus for strength. As I continue experiencing, that not only makes us feel safe, it actually truly *makes* us safe, and gives us strength.

Yes, the gates are open! I did a lot of demolition damage the other night with that metal pillar! I'll never forget standing there listening to glass shattering and walls tumbling down and feeling at once concerned and mysteriously gratified. ▲





## Performing Ceremonies – A Healing Dream

By M General © 2021

Image: Gerhard G. / Pixabay

*My lucid dream includes a fear-induced reality check that I've been using lately and have been asking others to test because it seems that the dreams of others are usually frightening. The reality check is: Intense fear = reality check. The lucid dream follows:*

I attended a massive conference in a city beside a large river. It was a multicultural meeting and different nations all gathered on an island in the river. In the centre of the island stood a massive tree. Everyone circled it. I noticed that the river water rose steadily. I informed the conference of the potential threat.

One group began drumming a deep, heartbeat-like thudding. Another began dancing and singing a ceremony. Then another group began. Then another. They all performed their respective earth-honoring ceremonies simultaneously. It was a chaotic and amazing experience. I was waved to join in but didn't have anything useful to offer to the gathering.

Instead, I went through the city warning of the impending flood. I found a child crying and alone. I took her hand and we walked through the city crying warning. Most already knew the city was sinking and fled. Many were the children and pets left behind. I gathered them to me and we continued on.

As water spilled into the streets I turned and looked at all the children in tow. "What am I doing? I can't take care of all of them . . . where do I even begin?" Some of the children began to cry. "Am I crazy?" I asked of them. Most answered, "No." I regained a shred of composure, "I know this is scary . . ." I said, to validate their (and my) feelings, ". . . but we'll find a way out."

Talking about fear made me think of how I recently told someone to reality check when feeling very afraid because we rarely feel so afraid in waking life. I was plenty afraid at that moment, afraid I'd let all the kids down, so I reality checked. "Of course, I'm dreaming!" the thought exploded in my mind.

I became worried because it seemed the ceremonies weren't stopping the flood. "Was this a message from my subconscious to myself?" I wondered. I wanted to decipher the message but then the thought came, "You don't have to figure it out now . . . later. Figure it out later. Save the kids."

"Hey!" I exclaimed, trying to seem excited and happy, "Would you believe that I know magic?" The kids nodded. "If you close your eyes and say HOCUS POCUS you will pop back home, all safe and sound with your family." The kids tried it and all of them, except one, popped back home. I asked the straggler girl, Eksa:ah, why she didn't hocus pocus. She told me her family was dead. I nodded and welcomed her to come with me. We ran into the tallest building and went to the top floor. The room we found was creepy with red leather walls and black dungeon-like looking furniture. "What the hell are you?" I asked the room. I waited for an answer, but none came. Eksa:ah and I went out onto the balcony. From our vantage point we could see the ceremony on the island and also see that the water was still rising.

Here, I wondered if I should just exit this messy dream and find a new one. I didn't actually have to fix this situation, did I? They are all only dream characters after all, they will be okay. To test my lucid control level, I levitated a couple of things and turned a TV inside out. Momentarily I wondered if it was possible to turn a dream character inside out. I squashed that thought and I repeated, "Peace, power, principals," until morbid thoughts fell away.

A thought came suddenly. I actually did know some ceremony songs. I taught them to Eksa:ah, who picked

them up instantly. “You sing those songs to tend the earth. I’ll tend the water,” I instructed. Eksa:ah belted out the first song as she sat cross legged in the corner of the balcony. I stood mid balcony and held my hands up in a butterfly-like position. I fluttered my hands as if it were a butterfly rising up high into the sky. I repeated this over and over as the little girl sang. The water in the streets began to foam and then the foam turned into an explosion of various colors of butterflies. They fluttered high into the sky and vanished.

We kept up our performance until the water level had receded to normal. “We’ve done it! We saved the earth!” I proclaimed, and helped Eksa:ah up off of the balcony floor. We did a happy dance and then went for the apartment door to leave. I ripped the door open and there stood a massive bulk of hairy man.

“What the hell are you doing in my house?” his voice boomed.

I answered honestly, “Performing ceremonies.”

“WHAT?” he yelled, as if we’d just said the most offensive thing ever in the history of offending people. I felt a confrontation was inevitable and prepared to fight. Suddenly I realized I’d forgotten this was a dream. I reality checked to be sure. Yes, still dreaming, and I said, “Everything is okay. Wehnihsri:yo wa’ne.”

I grabbed Eksa:ah’s hand and we ran to the balcony. Jump? Fly? Make the building shrink? Or, I could try something I read about a long time ago. I stared intently on the ceremony tree in the distance, willing myself to be there. And without a hitch, Eksa:ah and I were suddenly on ceremony island in the midst of hundreds of people all performing their ceremonies. It seemed frenzied at first but I realized all of it revolved around the grounding heartbeat-like pulse of the drums. Eksa:ah and I danced within the ceremony circle. At some point, the little girl merged into the ceremony and I didn’t see her again.

Out of the blue I realized that all of these people, all of the ones still performing ancient ceremonies, they were the consciousness of the planet. I kept dancing, very honored to be a part of the earth’s consciousness for a little while instead of being part of its disease.

*This was a very healing dream for me on so many levels and the world did feel renewed when I awoke from this experience. ▲*

## Where’s Robert?

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## An essential part of the emerging lucid dreamers' toolkit is reality testing.

Often called "reality checking," the term is meant literally — you are testing if your current setting is a dream state or not. This may seem silly to those unfamiliar with the notion of lucid dreaming, because as far as they know, if they have the mind-set to ask, they must be awake, right? Well, there'd be little point in this practice if that were the case.

The purpose of reality testing is to get the idea in your mind that you can't always assume you are in waking reality. By doing reality tests when you are likely awake, the habit of doing these tests will start to be something **you might do while in a dream environment and not lucid.** When you reality test in a non-lucid dream, the test may fail and you will become lucid (and ideally remain lucidly in your current dream, as opposed to having a real or false awakening).

Examples of various reality tests you can use:

- Counting your fingers (often when dreaming you will have more or fewer than five fingers per hand).
- Attempting to put your finger through a solid object, such as your other palm (if you can, the reality test failed).
- Rereading text (text is inconsistent in dreams and changes between glances at and away from the text). I did this in the following dream:

*I am reading an interesting newspaper article, but am irritated that the text gets blurry between paragraphs. I glance away and then back at the newspaper, and realize that I am in a dream when the article is now about an unrelated subject, and contains a black-and-white image that hadn't originally been in the article.*

- Checking the time on a digital clock (in my experience, digital clocks often display impossible times in dreams, such as 47:92. Analog clocks cannot do this — the clock must be digital). An example of this from my dream journal:

*I am in a classroom that resembles my middle school science classroom. It seems to be after school as I am alone in the room. I check the time on the large digital clock on the wall, which reads 36:75. This seems a bit weird, so I check it again and the time*

*has radically changed, to 94:68, before the numbers blur. This leads to the conclusion that I must be dreaming. (This is also an example of doing multiple reality tests sequentially, as mentioned later).*

- If you have a tattoo and/or scar on your body, look at your body to check whether the tattoo or scar is in the correct location.
- Turning a light switch on/off (the reality test has failed if the lighting only gets slightly dimmer or brighter, or doesn't change at all).

Reality tests must be done sincerely! If you do them half-heartedly when supposedly awake, you will do the same in your dreams! Never assume that the test will be successful. Lucid dreams take place in a thought-responsive environment, so if you assume the reality test will be successful, it will be, whether or not you are in a dream at the time. This is why some lucid dreamers do multiple reality tests sequentially, as I mentioned in my lucid dream example involving the science classroom.

When and how often should you do a reality test?

Some lucid dreamers have alarms on their watch or smartphone to remind them to reality test every hour or half hour. The dream journal smartphone app I use (*Lucidity* for iPhone and Android) has an alarm function within it specifically for this purpose. More frequent reality tests may trigger your dreaming self to start reality testing sooner in your dreams. However, the emphasis should be on quality as well as quantity. As previously mentioned, quality of a reality test is essential to properly do reality testing in your dreams. I personally prefer not to use the alarm system because I have no records in my dream journal of having my smartphone in a dream state and very few records of even having particular common modern technology like an Internet browser available. Therefore, the reliable reminder I would have had in the waking state would be missing in the dream state and I would not remember to do a reality test without it. Making reality testing a frequent habit is more important than *how* you choose to make it a habit.

Use this text for a reality test right now. Did the text change when you looked back at it? If so, you've achieved lucidity! What to do when you get lucid is up to you, but it's highly recommended to have a goal in mind when you do a reality test in the case of your reality test failing. ▲

# Reality Testing

By Eleanor Cait ©2021

Image: Gordon Johnson / Pixabay

# Building Lucid Awareness

By Ian Jaydid © 2021

What I offer here is a “walking meditation” to be done during the day which will help prepare your awareness for Lucid Dreaming at night. It is absolutely not imperative that you actually walk when you do this if you are unable to. If you are coping with a disability or any other impairment that keeps you from going for a stroll around your neighborhood, I suggest you find a place where you can at least be outside or near a window if possible. It helps to remove yourself from your typical surroundings, as that alone can help keep you trapped within your habitual context. You can take the spirit behind my particular technique and adapt it in whatever way works for you and your situation.

Okay, so you’re going to go for a walk — by yourself. This will likely not work if you bring someone with you, this isn’t even a time to walk your dog. The walk doesn’t have to be fancy; just around your neighborhood should work just fine — as long as you can be out for at least 15 to 20 minutes uninterrupted. And I do mean *totally* uninterrupted. If you cannot manage to leave your phone behind for this, at the very least you should turn it off. Meditations are a time you set aside for increasing awareness. You have to make the agreement ahead of time that this is NOT the time to solve your relationship problems, calculate your finances, or ruminate on that work project. The mind will use a million and one excuses to persuade you NOT to rise above it.

As you walk, simply find a comfortable pace . . . and bring your full attention to your surroundings. We’re going to drop the layers of context and narrative we’re shrouded in one step at a time. First, I just want you to notice the houses, the trees, the sky. Simply walk and let your attention move around your environment at will. Don’t try to direct it as long as it’s focused on a real thing in the HERE and NOW. Pay attention to how much the mind will fight being *present*, in the moment. The mind will do everything it can to pull your focus to something in the past or the imagined future. When you catch your mind trying to sway your attention over to some upsetting conversation from days ago or to your plans for later, just be aware of what it is doing and you stay present to where you are. YOU are not this mental noise. YOU are what is *observing* the noise.

Now bring your attention to the subtle narratives that the mind overlays on everything you observe. Notice how the mind comments with “what it knows” about that house you’re looking at, or that tree, even how it maintains a quiet “map” of where you are walking. Be aware how the mind incessantly labels everything in its environment: “That’s an Oak Tree! And that’s a 2018 Honda sedan! And...”. Allow yourself to BE that experience of walking and nothing more. Try to forget all of the *context* your mind is wrapping around what you are seeing and hearing and simply observe your surroundings. That is, stop thinking, “my house is two blocks behind me and around this corner there’s a...” and ONLY observe what your eyes are literally seeing, what your ears are picking up. Stop labeling each stimuli and let it just BE.

This practice is so simple, the mind won’t know what to do with it. The mind only knows how to solve problems, how to deal with drama; *how to behave within a narrative*. When it’s asked to observe and not comment, it will fight. It will even threaten. It will feed you stories about how “stupid” or even dangerous this meditation is. When I first started doing this, I found thoughts swirling through my head like, “Oh, so you’re just going to turn yourself into a dead-brained zombie, eh?” When you feel the mind fighting you, you KNOW you’re on the right track!

Next, pay attention to your body. You don’t need to hold any kind of a special posture or walking technique and you don’t have to breathe in any fancy way for this to work. Just notice if your breathing feels shallow or constrained — most importantly, you should be breathing through your nose. I cannot stress this point enough. If you aren’t naturally breathing in through your nose, I highly suggest you start retraining yourself now to do so. If you want to educate yourself on the many benefits to mind and body from simply breathing



properly, I'll refer you to *Breath: The New Science of a Lost Art*, by James Nestor.

Allow your attention to rest on your gait, your muscles, and any aches — without the need to “fix” any of it. Notice any comments your mind may have about body; judgments, health concerns, etc. Again, this is not the time to “do” anything. . . . We aren't out here to solve our health and diet choices right now. Rather, we're diving into the core of where a truly healthy, sane lifestyle emerges from. Try to maintain your attention on where you are and let that experience be indivisible from your awareness of your body as it walks. At this point, observing your present environment and feeling your body should be one, unified sensation.

If you carry out this technique properly you'll find that you almost feel as if you are floating. You should notice that everything around you suddenly looks almost “new”, even if you've walked around this section of your neighborhood hundreds of times. You should even notice that nothing even quite looks familiar. When you drop all your many narratives about your experience, you see it from a far more energized perspective of NOW. The world around you will look “fresh” as if you're looking at it for the first time. And, in a way, you are! You'll simply be consciousness moving down the street; no other descriptions are necessary. The meditation is as simple as that, yet this practice can take years to master.

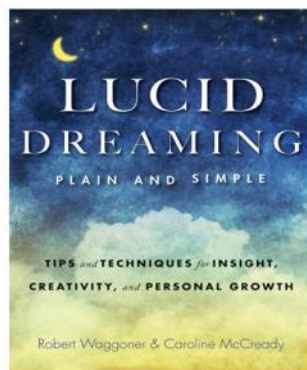
It is often only when we begin to move above the mind in this manner that we realize just how much our continuous stream of thought holds us within a context — a storyline not so different from what we see play out in our media. Or in our dream states! Yes, our dreams are really just another narrative that we follow without question. We've never trained ourselves to STOP and ask, “Wait, is the narrative I'm operating within even REAL?” And when we do manage to ask such a profound and powerful question, we often don't know what to do with the answer. What we are doing here is building our “Awareness Muscles” so that we aren't operating as a total slave to whatever the mind is spinning for us. We, as conscious beings, can operate perfectly well ABOVE the story that is being woven for us. When we understand that, we can begin to wake up not just in our dream states, but in our daily life as well. ▲

Excerpt from *MIGRATION: Maintaining Consciousness on the Journey from a Physical to a Digital Landscape*, by Ian Jaydid. To learn more about Ian's work and art, visit: <https://ianjaydid.com>

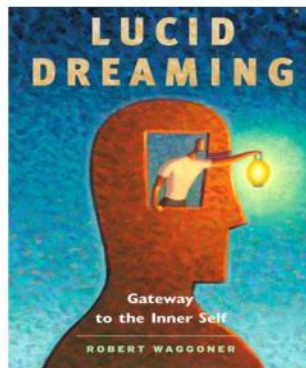


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### **Brenda Liv — *Release***

I'm in a van with my ex. He goes onto the freeway and I become lucid. I press a button on the van so it will drive itself and he can focus on me. I ask him why I was never good enough. His answer is nonsensical and he begins to fade.

I look at my hand and it looks super clear and stable — it's just him that is fading. Before he fades completely, I tell him, "I let you go!" and I feel release and I feel so happy. I get out of the van and I'm jumping and feeling really excited, like a weight was lifted.

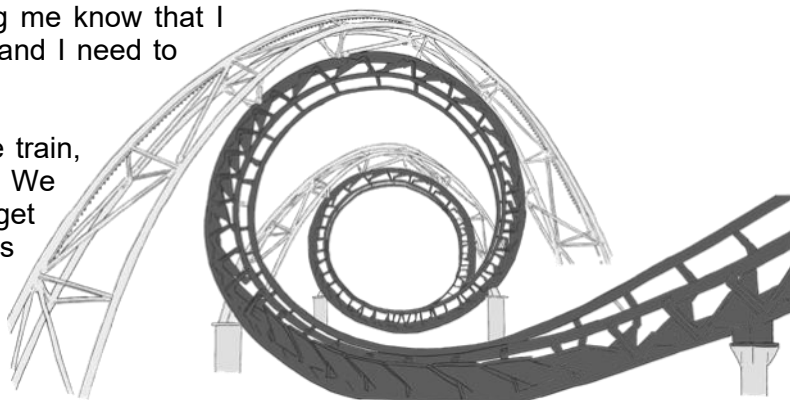
### **Jessie Torrey — *The Train Conductor and Minimum Wage***

Suddenly, in my dream I was sitting on a bench outdoors, somewhere I didn't recognize, but it was a pretty, nature park-like setting. It was nighttime but not terribly dark. I could see everything around me. I looked down at my hands (they wanted me to notice them) and they looked ethereal and misty. I got excited and said, "I'm dreaming!" So of course, the first thing I did was fly!

My body started to rise up into the air and I began flying over trees. Then I saw a building that looked kind of like the Biltmore Estate and I started jumping from rooftop to rooftop. I jumped down into some kind of elevated courtyard. Suddenly, Ella and Mia (my young daughters) were standing with me and I knew my flying time had ended.

There was a train track going through the air over the courtyard and in and out of the buildings, kind of like a roller coaster track. A small train was coming down the track and I could see the people in it because there was no roof on it — kind of like a train ride at a theme park might be. I asked if they had a message for me. A man standing in the train who looked like he may have been the conductor said, "You will have to start with minimum wage for that," and he laughed, and the people in the train chuckled, too. Not in a mean way, they all seemed kind and friendly. I didn't recognize any of them, but they seemed like they knew me or knew about me. I felt like they could sense my excitement, which was comical to them, and I interpreted "minimum wage" as the conductor letting me know that I am a total rookie in my spiritual dream journey and I need to start at the bottom and work my way up.

I wanted to bring the girls with me to get on the train, but Mia didn't want to go, so we had to leave. We found some steps and started walking down to get back to ground level. Then something else was said, that I can't remember, but I woke up saying, "January 8th." That day has no significance that I know of yet. I woke up filled with joy!



### **Robert — *Each Has Found a Home***

WBTB; took Galantamine and B-12, then stayed up for thirty-five minutes before returning to bed. While in bed did a meditation and called out to the Larger Awareness to aid me in recognizing that I was dreaming.

Suddenly I am dreaming. There are two very small children there, two boys, one younger than the other. THEY HAVE NO CLOTHES! They are just roaming around unattended. Where are the parents? Are the kids lost? I take charge looking after them. We are walking around the neighborhood; one of them seems to grow smaller and is getting lost between the rocks. I have to dig between the rocks to retrieve him. This one I have to keep my eye on!

The scene changes and they are fully clothed and have grown a little; they look like pre-teenagers. We are walking in a rundown residential area and I am losing sight of them. I go walking around the streets and through back yards trying to find them. We find each other and continue exploring. I call out to the Awareness behind the dream, "What is the meaning of this dream?" but I get no answer.

The scene changes again and we are in a rustic village-like area. The houses seem simple and cottage-like, like in a storybook, and it is getting dark. The scene changes once again and there are more children. They are teenagers now. I realize they are homeless. No one wanted them. I hold one of them in my arms and let him know I love him; I love all of them and am sorry for what they have had to go through.

The houses look more normal now, like in any residential neighborhood. Each of the teens walk up to a house, knock on the door. The owners, women, open the doors and take them in. Each has found a home. I begin to lose lucidity and finally awaken.

### **James — *Closer to the Source***

The imagery opens slowly, as I see and feel myself entering into consciousness of something entirely new. I am high up someplace in the mountains among the clouds and feel the breeze of fresh air of these highlands. It seems like a resort with a beautiful panorama. The sensation of suddenly realizing I am awake in a dream is exhilarating! There are many people on the grassy slopes engaged in all sorts of fun activities. By the tan skin color of most of these people, except for western tourists, it looked to me like it could be Tibet or Nepal.

Not far from me there is a young girl sitting on the grass and enjoying the scene just as I am. I decide to ask her the name of this country. She replies, "It's called CTS1 (= Closer to the Source). Pointing away to another mountaintop, I ask, "So then is the country next to this one called CTS2?" She says, "Yes." I thank her for the information and then walk away to explore the place a little more.

Next, I enter a lodge that's close by and recognize a friend that is in line at a buffet. His name is Steve, but I'm also aware that he is not really anybody I know outside this dream. I decide to see if I can get him to talk privately with me so I can tell him that I know all of this is just a dream, wonderful as it is. I am wondering if he too might be aware of it.

He sees me coming and motioning for him to come near. He steps out of line, asks me to follow him to a side



Image: Pexels / Pixabay

room that has a big screen and movies that we can watch while I tell him what's on my mind. As we enter the room, I ask him if he knows that all this is really a dream. When I say that, I instinctively want to open my eyes, which causes me to awaken from the dream.

I sit up on the bed and think Steve may get angry at me again for having disappeared on him in the middle of a dream conversation.

After a few minutes, I lay back down and doze off again. As I do, I find myself awake again in the same dream and feeling great in being able to return to this incredible inner world. This time I find myself on one of the grassy mountain slopes playing catch baseball with two other guys.

Then a crowd of people start to come my way, going someplace in a hurry. I'm curious to find out where they are going, so I drop my glove and start to follow. At this point, the dream starts to fade, and I again awaken.



### **Katie — *Hands and Aspects***

I had watched just a couple of Robert Waggoner's YouTube videos where he tells the story of how to look at your hands and tell yourself when you see them in a dream you will know that you are dreaming. I also heard his story about how sometimes the person behind you in a dream represents something unresolved.

That night I looked at my hands for 5 minutes before going to bed, telling myself I would see them in a dream and realize I am dreaming. As I woke up throughout the night, I would again look at my hands and repeat the phrase before going back to bed. Then I was dreaming that I was shoveling ice, and all of a sudden I thought, "Wait a minute; is this a dream?"

I got super excited, looked down at my hands, dropped the shovel and spun around and looked behind me. There was a young boy standing there. He looked about 10 years old. He had brown hair and brown eyes, and was wearing a striped T-shirt with brown, yellow, and orange stripes. I immediately asked him, "Who are you, and why are you here?"

He gave me no response. He just stared at me with an evil look in his eyes. I got extremely angry and began hitting him. I then pierced him through with a spear or javelin and said to him, "Now go and be light!" After that I continued dreaming but I completely lost lucidity.

When I woke, I thought that he must have represented some evil aspect of myself and that I was destroying it.

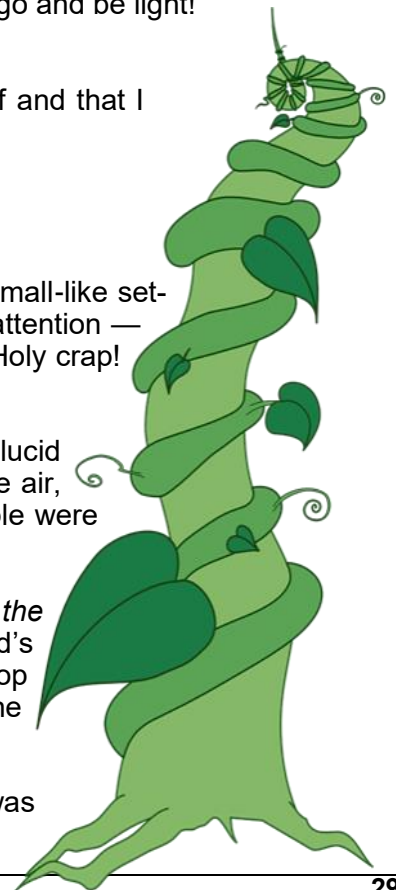
### **Jessie Torrey — *The Beanstalk/Totem Pole with Talking Creature Heads***

Towards the early morning end of my dreaming cycle, I was in a not very crowded mall-like setting. I suddenly felt an urge to look at my hands — like they were trying to get my attention — and saw that I had way more than 5 fingers on each hand. I said something like, "Holy crap! I'm dreaming!"

I felt kind of excited but rushed, and not as lucid or clearheaded as I was in my last lucid dream. This mall-like setting had no ceiling. I over-eagerly started levitating into the air, but had a hard time staying afloat. I quickly sank back to ground level again. People were passing by, but no one was looking at me.

Then, I saw a structure that resembled a giant green beanstalk (like in the *Jack and the Beanstalk* story). It was made of metal or the same type of material that McDonald's kids' play areas like 'Hamburger Tree' used to be made of in the '80s-'90s. At the top of the beanstalk structure there were all these different heads. One looked like the Grinch, one was a camel, and there were a few snakeheads. They all looked mean.

I started quickly climbing the beanstalk, and when I got to the top I over-eagerly (I was





annoyed by my eagerness in this dream!) asked the first head if he had a message for me. He grumpily said NO. Then I asked the next two heads and they both grumpily said NO.

Then I asked one of the snakeheads if he had a message for me. His voice sounded like a character from the movie *Labyrinth*... or maybe more like the Caterpillar from the animated *Alice in Wonderland*, and he said in an annoyed voice, "EVERY day EVERYone puts EVERYthing into YOU." He wasn't making eye contact with me and it sounded like lip service when he said it and I didn't believe him. So, I paused and repeated back to him: "EVERY day . . . EVERYone . . . puts EVERYthing into ME.. . . ?"

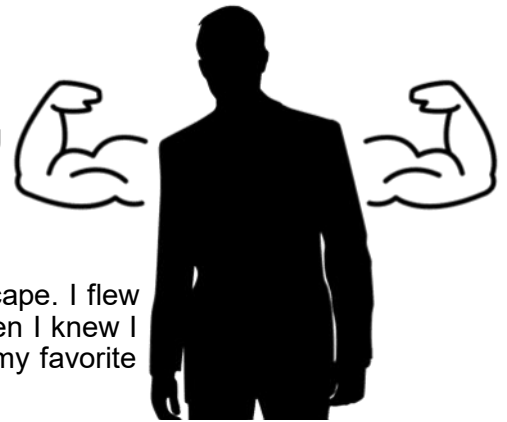
Then, in his kind of British, character-like voice he replied, "Yesssssss, so don't FUCK IT UP.. . ."

I felt when I was climbing down that what he said was not true. I was trying to figure out what it all meant, if anything at all. I rushed around trying to do something else fun before I woke up, but I didn't feel like myself. I felt shallow and unfamiliar to myself. Not the same vibe as my last lucid dream.

I woke up very shortly after that, not at all excited or happy, but not scared or sad either. I hadn't had much control over myself in this lucid dream either. I lacked focus and intention.

### Flying in Lucidity — *I was the Hero*

I was in a workplace where terrorists, with weapons drawn, were trying to take over the office. I knew I was in a dream and could manipulate the outcome to my favor. I was the hero. I made myself invisible and was able to win.



But more importantly, after all of that, I decided I wanted to fly and escape. I flew above the clouds and followed a train track in order not to get lost. Then I knew I wanted to ride some carnival rides and made that happen. I went on my favorite water slide, etc. It was fun!

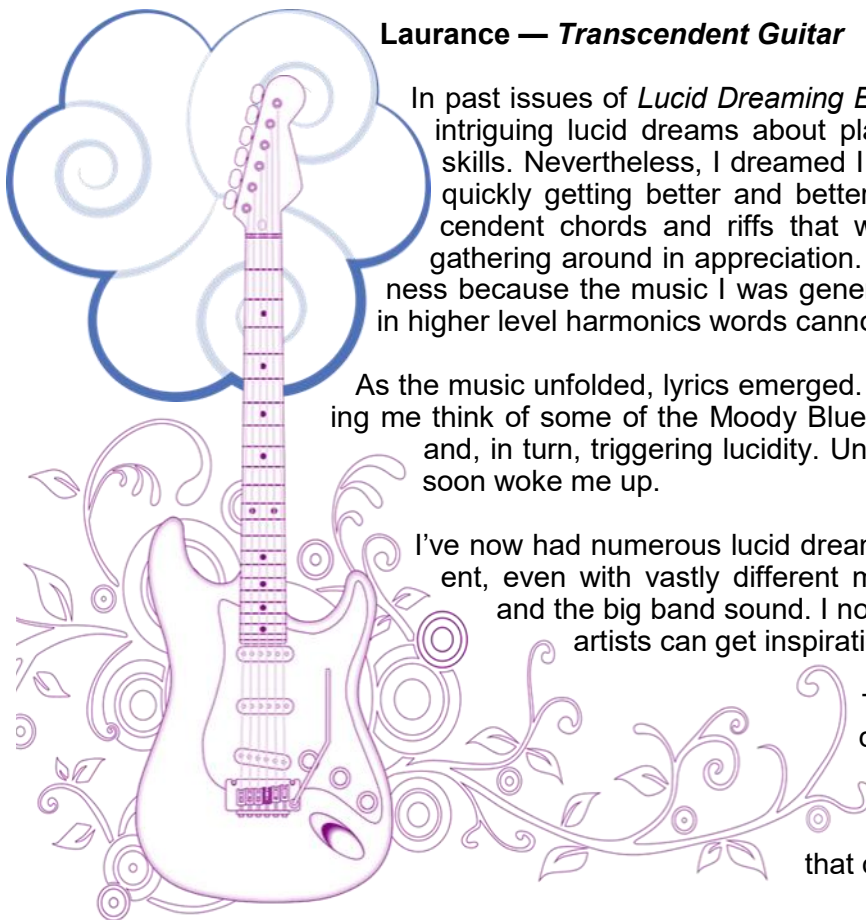
### Laurance — *Transcendent Guitar*

In past issues of *Lucid Dreaming Experience*, several musicians have described intriguing lucid dreams about playing music. In my case, I have no musical skills. Nevertheless, I dreamed I picked up a guitar, plucking away initially but quickly getting better and better. I was a natural, pretty soon playing transcendent chords and riffs that would make Jimmy Hendrix envious, people gathering around in appreciation. I was in a blissful, altered state of consciousness because the music I was generating seemed to channel the divine, bringing in higher level harmonics words cannot describe.

As the music unfolded, lyrics emerged. One of them mentioned lucid dreaming, making me think of some of the Moody Blues songs (e.g., *On the Threshold of a Dream*) and, in turn, triggering lucidity. Unfortunately, all the energy flowing through me soon woke me up.

I've now had numerous lucid dreams in which the music I heard was transcendent, even with vastly different music styles, including rock and roll, country, and the big band sound. I now better understand how musicians and other artists can get inspiration through higher levels of consciousness.

To me, what was extraordinary about the dream is that my consciousness molded this flow of heavenly energy. By so doing, I became, as stated in various spiritual traditions, a co-worker with the divine, a phrase that only had theoretical meaning until now.



## Robert C. Gragg — *I Want to Go to Level 9*

And it came to pass, that after a long drought of no lucid dreams, I succeeded in becoming lucid. I had tried the night before by awakening after four hours of sleep, getting up, and taking a tab of Galantamine along with a 2,500 mcg (2.5 mg) tab of Quick Dissolve Vitamin B-12. Then, after staying up for thirty minutes, I went back to bed. My dream time was intense but it never occurred to me that I was dreaming.

This time was different. I followed the same procedure, getting up after four hours, taking the Galantamine and B-12 and staying up for thirty minutes. Once in bed I proceeded to meditate, following my breath to the count of five, followed by the declaration that “I will recognize I am dreaming.” I also called out to the Larger Awareness to aid me in my endeavor. After twenty or more minutes of declaring my intention, I rolled over and went to sleep.

I am at home, and my mother (who has been dead for twenty-five years), is there with me as well. For some reason I imagine that I am not feeling well and lay down on the floor. I’m hoping to get her attention, but she ignores me. It never occurs to me that this is childish. I crawl into the bathroom and hover over the toilet, but she continues to ignore me. The scene changes and I find myself at a traveler’s hostel (AYH). I enter my room and find that my belongings are missing. I am irate and shout some four-letter words. I step out of my room and find myself in a large shopping mall. It does not yet occur to me that I am dreaming. I am still angry over the theft of my belongings. Mark Harmon from NCIS appears and I shout that some mother f@#ker has stolen my belongings. He looks at me disappointed and walks away.

The shopping mall is large. I begin to walk through it before stepping outside; it is raining out and nighttime. A young woman is out by herself walking and singing some kind of Christian song. I wonder why she is out alone in the middle of a rainy night. I walk in the other direction around the building with the idea of finding my parked car to see if it is still there. (In the past few dreams, my car had been stolen.) Nighttime turns to daylight and I am still walking the perimeter of the shopping center but it has changed. It’s now a large low-lying brick building and extends several blocks in both directions. I seem to be getting farther and farther away from my original location. I’m getting lost.

I enter an enclosed area where there are all kinds of material, some of it junk. There is a man there, older, in his sixties. I don’t like him; he’s in my face. I don’t remember the reason why, but I ended up hitting him hard in the stomach. He keels over and says, “Wow. That got the fire going,” and smiles. I go looking around trying to find my way out of the enclosure. I’m trapped. Another man appears dressed like a workman and helps me clear the debris away from the fence where there is a door that he struggles to open. I step outside and meet another workman and realize, I AM DREAMING! The workman is in his forties, tanned, and tall. I ask him about God. My intention while dreaming is to make inquiries about the nature of divinity and if there is a God. I ask him and he says, “No. There IS no God.” And I ask, “Is this reality all there is?” He affirms my question. I’m not satisfied with his answer and think his knowledge is limited. I also want to use the dream to find out about my possible past lives but forget to ask.

There is a scene change and I find myself in an area under construction. There are workmen and some construction vehicles around. I’m still lucid and lost in this area. I ask one of the workers if any of these vehicles will be leaving and can I hitch a ride. “Yes,” he says and points to one, but there is more than one where he points. “Which one?” I ask. He says something but I’m having trouble hearing what he is saying. I walk over to the one I think he was referring to and try to climb in but can’t quite make it. I am growing concerned that I will remain trapped in this locality. I notice some of the workmen walking away and decide to follow them.

We begin to climb a rugged hill with some difficulty. There are now a large number of us making the ascent. Some are wearing a helmet that resembles those of Greek or Roman times, but they remain dressed in ordinary workmen’s clothes. I’m still lucid when we all reach the top. I ask one of them what this is all about, but he declines to an-



Image: ArtCoreStudios / Pixabay

swer, other than to say, “I’m not a tattletale.” I ask another man, but I have a hard time hearing what he is saying. The responses are unintelligible. None of these workmen I pose questions to seem to know anything.

I’m still lost and nowhere near the shopping center. I see some young women a short distance away from the workmen; they are engaged in some kind of work activity. They seem to be washing clothes. They are all in their twenties or near it. They all seem to be dressed in some kind of scant pullover dress that ends at their knees. I tell one of them about my predicament. She responds by telling me there are different levels of reality — nine, to be exact. “Where will I find God?” I ask. “Level nine,” she says. She describes the first five levels and I already know I don’t want to be there. I’ve seen them already. I can’t remember her descriptions, but I know they are places I DON’T want to be stuck in. I want to skip to level nine. Again, I completely forgot to ask about my past life. A great sense of gratitude wells up inside me. I am so grateful for all her help; I try to give her a hug, but she fends it off by turning herself into something insubstantial, part spirit and part corporeal. I say again, “I want to go to level nine.” She directs me to an area where there is a barrier fence and says, “Wait here.” There is a chair there. I sit and wait.

A young woman appears on the other side and lets me enter. She, too, is scantily clad. As I follow, I walk by a table where there is another young girl putting out bakery goods on a table. I pick one up and ask if I can have it, but she says no, and I put it back.

I’m still lucid but I’m beginning to wake up. I have been sleeping on my side. I’m groggy and still in an altered state. I feel a pain in the left side of my chest. Still feeling connected, I call out to the Larger Awareness and ask the “imperfection” in my chest be healed. After repeating it a few times, the pain goes away. I lay there in bed a long time, savoring the intense feelings of peace before getting up and making coffee. Part of my intention in the lucid dream was to find out about my past life but I had completely forgotten to ask. Next time!

### **Angela Marcus — *Lucid Sleeping***

What I mention here is just part of an experience I had which remains one of the more profound “peak” experiences of my life. It is nearly impossible to put into words. That said, it begins with a brief, seemingly mundane dream:

I am alone inside a dark, unfamiliar house. I am quietly looking towards a window in anticipation of someone or something. A light is shining in from outside. It is nighttime. The next recollection is a dynamically choreographed, continuous flow of events.

Awareness of my self dissolves; there is only perception. First comes what sounds like rushing water, quickly turning into a strong, chaotic, pulsing “river” as it flows into the foreground of attention. The deluge intensifies, then subsides and slips into the background as another event of “sound” emerges into the foreground — a



Images: Gerhard G., Joseph Mucira / Pixabay



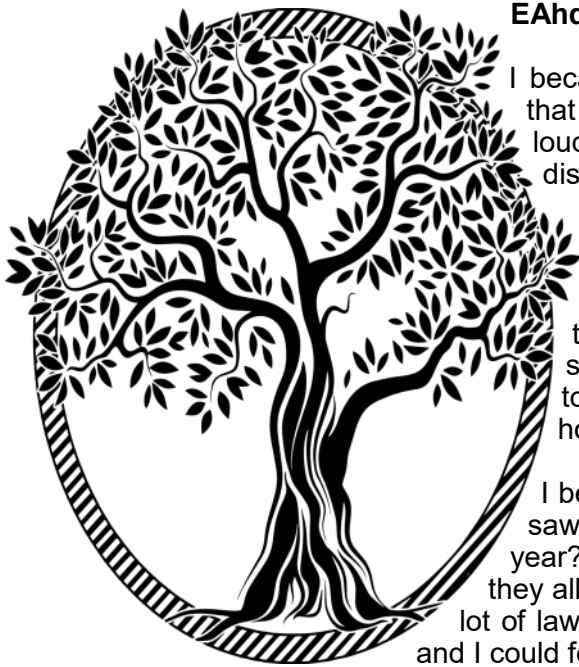
slow, rhythmic wind which instantly turns into an incredibly forceful, loud gale. The overwhelming windstorm then subsides and falls into the background.

I am not separate from this experience, I am it. As everything moves into the background, some aspect of the observer, the “I” emerges, but “I” am located at some minute point inside my body. I then transition from being to observing. With amazement I realize that what I was and am now observing is blood rushing, pulsing through my circulatory system and breath powerfully flowing through my windpipe and lungs.

I’m suddenly aware of what seems to be happening. In that instant, I realized that (my?) consciousness had seamlessly moved from a dream into some kind of non-differentiated state of consciousness, into my “I” identity, into a normal awake state. I had consciously experienced the transition from the “sleep” state into a fully “awake” state. I then understood in a deeply experiential (not intellectual) way, that the distinction between those two states — sleep and wakefulness — is an illusion. It is nothing more than a subtle shift of perspective.

In the moments that followed, I felt a profound sense of reverence and gratitude, but the experience continued with a series of “downloads” — information, a confirmation of a deeply familiar, yet forgotten sense of connectedness with everyone/everything, a fleeting sense of profound fearlessness, power, humanity . . . it goes on.

### EAhdel — *The Tree of Life*



I became lucid almost immediately upon falling asleep and remembered that the next time I got lucid I wanted to explore a past life. I called out loud, “Take me to a past life.” All of a sudden, the current dreamscape disappeared and a large tree came up through the ground in front of me. It felt like the Tree of Life.

I said to take me to a past life of mine. The tree vanished and I was in a village lined with black and white medieval/Tudor architecture that are prevalent in England and around Europe. I asked the first person I saw what the date was. They looked at me funny and told me not to ask that around here because I sound like I’m deranged. No matter how much I asked, he wouldn’t tell me.

I began walking down the street in this village. I asked the next couple I saw and they told me the date (don’t remember) and then I asked, what year? They said 1937. For confirmation, I asked some more town folk and they all said it was 1937. I could tell the village was divided and there were a lot of laws to follow or face execution. Everyone appeared to be living in fear and I could feel it.

### Janet Mast — *French Tableau on a Torso: 1894*

As I’m kissing a man, I open my eyes and he opens his eyes and I see his eyes are very blue — a light, clear blue. He is younger than me and has very short blondish hair. Next I am looking at his bare chiseled torso and see the lower half imprinted with images — tattoos, I think at first, but gradually realize they are more like a tableau, something that reminds me of French toile fabric with clusters of images flowing into other nearby clusters. The images might be in brown ink, like sepia, against a creamy off-white background and now, what at first was a man’s torso, seems more like a fabric or canvas.

An image cluster on the upper left catches my eye. It shows a noble woman in a long, elegant dress standing in front of a small chateau, a square stone structure with a round turret at each corner. Above this, there’s a date: “Jan 15 1894.” I glance away, then back, and on second glance read it as “Jun 15 1894” — and with this word change, I realize I’m dreaming. Now I’m lucid but, unfortunately, I’m starting to wake up.

I puzzle over whether the month of the date I read was January or June, but I keep repeating the “15” and

“1894” to myself so I won’t forget; I am sure of these details of the date, at least.

Suddenly I hear the voice of a child, a boy, nearby to my right calling out “Daddy!” and then “Mommy!” and I think in response, “My son!” . . . but I am quickly losing the dream, and feel confused and unsure over who the child is, what time/life I’m in, and what has happened to that man I was kissing earlier.

I wake feeling an intense mix of nostalgia, longing, and mystery.

### Lucy Gillis — *Me, My Invisible Self, and I?*

After looking in a mirror when I discover the reflection is not mine, I know I am dreaming. I’m then sitting on a fairly wide window ledge. There is a queen-size bed about a metre below me; “Sally” is sitting on the edge of the bed, not facing in my direction. There is no one else in the room. Since I know I’m dreaming, I decide to jump down onto the bed.

As I jump, I spontaneously get the idea to ask Sally, ‘how many of me’ can she see. Though I don’t see another me on the window ledge, I can sense that there is one there — I can “feel” her/me — but now I am in another body. Sally turns and looks up, says yes, she can see another me.

I extend my right arm, slightly bent at the elbow, while I sense the invisible me, now next to me, extend her left arm, against my right. I ask Sally if ‘both of me’ are wearing the same clothes. I expect her to say yes. I’m a little surprised when she says no.

I ask her what the other me is wearing. She says her top is darker — ‘more like that’ — and she points to someone else who is standing at the foot of the bed in a dark long-sleeved T-shirt. I stare at the other person — is that yet another me? She looks like me.

Unfortunately, the alarm goes off before I can determine for sure if the woman in the dark T-shirt is another me.

### Jace Quinn — *Dragon Shock*

This dream was about being in high school, only everyone in the school was a dragon of different colors. I already knew I was dreaming, so I figured I might as well go along with it. When I was in high school I always used to hang out in the back of class because didn’t want to seem like I knew everything. In the dream, I walked to the back of the class, but the dragons told me I didn’t sit back there, my seat was up front. I shrugged and walked back up front and picked a seat near a silver-colored dragon.

A few moments later, a huge dragon came in wearing some kind of glasses and started to teach. The lesson involved how everything is related to the elements and that they have an order to them. After the order and the proper names were explained, I felt ill and asked if I could go to the bathroom. The dragon teacher waved me away and I headed to the bathroom, feeling like I was going to be sick.



Image: Gerd Altmann / Pixabay

I went to the sink and splashed water on my face to help with the nausea and then I looked into the mirror. I saw myself as a dragon, and the shock of it woke me up!

### Debbie Johnstone — *Fog and Flying*

I need to preface my dream with sharing that I've been an avid lucid dreamer since I was a teenager. As an adult I've gone to many unknown surrealistic places, flying without trying in my dreams, as well as other dreams of lucidity. In the last few years, my lucid dreaming has been minimal. I've reflected on why and am opening myself to return to that incredible lucid state in dreams.

Recently I returned to this lucid state with enthusiasm, in a dream I call *Fog and Flying*:

I see in front of me a small airport on the edge of ocean water. A medium-sized private jet is ready to board not too far in the distance. Fog permeates the landscape but only in pockets. I see a lot of the landscape clearly and the pockets of fog just feel wonderfully mystical, even though they block my view.

All of a sudden my body get sucked backwards out into space. This is a familiar feeling. I used to have dreams of being sucked out into space so fast and seeing the earth getting smaller and smaller. I always enjoyed these dreams but would become lucid and realize I need to head back to earth, which I always did.

This dream was similar to a past pattern. I went quite a distance out in space with joy. I became lucid while flying out in space and remembering the joy of the experience. My dream lucidity made me realize I shouldn't go too far out. The joy of flying was incredible but I'm remembering how to do this, so my thoughts were clear to head back.

I arrive back at the same spot. But now I fly swiftly toward the plane a distance away. My flight starts at this point about as high as a 2-story building. I zoom toward the plane but my flying power isn't quite back yet so I swoop upward past the plane for just a bit. I sort of laugh at myself. I'm like a kid remembering how to do something I've been adept at yet a little rusty. But overall, I'm excited and exhilarated by being in my element again.

The fog starts to clear some. I see the mildly-rough ocean water in the distance and a small black, rocky island formation not too far from shore. I take off flying in that direction again. The fog is in front of the rock. I fly right toward it and stop while in the air just before running into it.

I wake up excited, enthusiastic, and appreciative to return to a skill I've loved so much.





## Katrina Martin — *An Object Induced Lucid Dream: Meeting My Inner Child*

After a few weeks of intense anxiety, I decided to schedule a night to perform wakeups to help induce a lucid dream with the plan to connect with my inner child. After the first wake up at 3:30am, I happened to look over at my chest of drawers, where Blossom the pony (a childhood toy) had been sitting since my mum found her a month prior. Instinctually I nipped out of bed and collected her, and snuggled back under the duvet with her held in one hand.

Focusing on my breathing and the sensations of Blossom in my hand, I eventually transitioned through the hypnagogic and into a lucid dream. It took a while but after calling out several times and resorting to my childhood nickname (Treenie-trops!) there she suddenly was, crying and alone and in desperate need of some love, reassurance, and connection. I walked over to her — she was so tiny, staring up at me and calling out for mum — hugged her tightly and told her I loved her. I felt much more at peace in the following days and it definitely helped shift some blocked energy.

I have since used this technique again, holding a rock of significance when I went to bed (without doing wakeups). In an unconscious dream I had, I was holding onto a rock and it fell out of my hand over a cliff. This resulted in me becoming lucid. When I woke up out of that dream into waking reality, I was no longer holding the rock, so I wonder if this translated within the dream.



## Paul Sauers — *Dream Frat Party*

I enter a room where there are maybe five young men in their early 20's, all dressed in black, having a party. I go over to talk to one of them who may be an old friend from high school. Suddenly they start dancing. I notice that the skinny butt on one of them is jiggling like Jell-O and I turn my eyes away to the right.

Then I'm amazed to see things like tubes of glowing light in yellow, red, and orange, that are alive and hanging in midair! I suspect I'm lucid because I ask it/ them what they are or what they represent, and they say, "Undines." I realize that they are water elementals or nymphs. There are three of them together, about 2 inches wide and maybe 2 feet long. The third one is snaking around the other two, like maybe they're copulating. They have a glowing, shimmering quality to them.

I watch them intently, flabbergasted by their quality, aliveness, and interactions. (I've long been interested in elementals as Builders of Form in our dimension. They are ordinarily microscopic intelligences or beings, and so small that millions of them would not take the space of more than a quarter of an inch. They help to create bodies of man, become Nature Divas who build mountains, rivers, lakes, etc.)

After waking, I re-enter the dream to inquire more about them and I get the message, "Energy." This makes me think of Jane Robert's Seth and his EE's (electromagnetic energy units), which are an interconnection of all CU's (consciousness units) outside of space and time, and are carriers of information that manage change within the physical manifestations. I ponder how I could be seeing them so large, and then understand it's as if they're appearing under a microscope. Perhaps it has something to do with my own tissue capsule and the ability to change/manipulate form. ▲

**Love One Another!**

Thank you to Ian Jaydid for the use of his painting, *El Castillo*, as our cover art.

Another of Ian's paintings is below, and his article on *Building Lucid Awareness* (an excerpt from his book, *MIGRATION*) can be found on pages 25-26 of this issue.

To learn about more about Ian's work and art, visit his website: <https://ianjaydid.com>



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# Lucid Dreaming

# Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

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

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

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

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

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

## **Lucidity Institute**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

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

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

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

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

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

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

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

## **Lucid Sage**

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

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

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Lucidity4All**

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

## **Ryan Hurd**

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

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

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

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

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

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

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

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

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

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

## **Robert Moss**

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

## **Electric Dreams**

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

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

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

## **Lucidipedia**

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

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

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

## **The Lucid Hive**

<https://m.facebook.com/TheLucidHive/>

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

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