

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Embracing the Shadow in Dreams

Dreaming the Same Dream — Lucidity,
Volition, and Resolution

Creating a Stable and Long Lucid Dream

Why Lucid Dreaming Is Harder Than it Should Be



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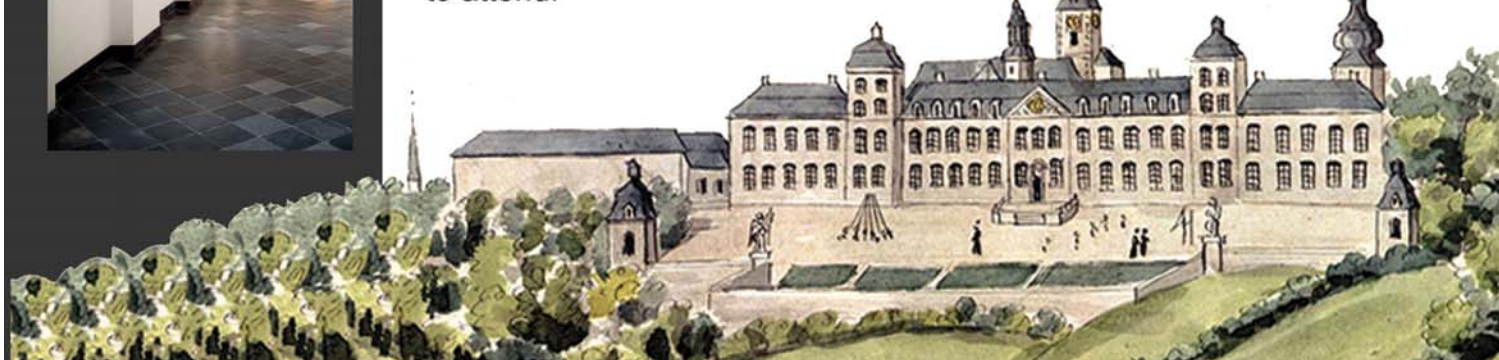
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Cover Art

"Dream Door #1" ©Joseph Kemeny

See Joseph's art at kemeny.pixels.com and products for lucid dreamers at cafepress.com/moondialart

Statement of Purpose

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

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Submissions

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

Subscriptions

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2019

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH LUIS M.

**A lucid dreamer
from Florida,
Luis M.
feels that
lucid dreaming
opens up an
infinity of
possibilities
for the
adventurous
explorer.
Welcome, Luis!**

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

Around the age of 10 in school, we were told that as we reached puberty we would have a wet dream. Fascinated by this, I would wake up every morning wondering why I did not have one.

One night I had a dream where a woman appeared to me and we had sex, which I had never experienced in the physical. But in the dream world I woke up [became lucid] and was in what I believed was the wet dream. Aware that I was dreaming, I changed the woman into someone else repeatedly, about 10 times, and made love to each.

In the end a man appeared, and I decided to change him into a woman because I did not have such feelings for men. When I woke up I was not only excited in having what I believed at the time to be a wet dream, but amazed that I could do anything that I wanted within the dream world.

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

In the beginning I did not induce lucidity within my dreams through techniques and such. I simply accepted the dream that was placed as a sign of what was to come in the future. Although I must admit that when I first started entering the lucid state, I told myself that I wanted to prepare for the next day within my dreams. I wanted to study everything possible that would prepare me for the following day. As a result, once a part of me knew of lucid dreaming's potential, I decided to use it for internal growth and physical progression without digging any deeper.

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

After years of growing deep within the dream state, I felt the urge to connect and examine the dream world lucidly. I began recording my dreams for the first time in a journal; doing so I was able to vividly recollect past and current dreams.

What surprised me the most about lucid dreaming was the fact that one can be conscious and aware at every level of the dream state. In addition, you could be within multiple dreams and have this feeling. I took note of this when I saw my self looking at my self within five different dreams, consciously aware of each and separate at the same time. This intrigued me and lead me to wonder if things go even deeper within the dream state.

What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?

The link between physical reality and the dream world is what I found the most fascinating. The fact that one can learn and develop things lucidly within themselves and see significant changes — not only within their own temples but in the actual physical reality that is around them. I recall in one dream knowing exactly what time it was in the physical world. When I woke physically, the time transcribed in the dream and seen in physical reality matched exactly.

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

At first, I would place a liter of water next to my bed and drink from it before going to sleep so that the sensation of going to the bathroom would wake me up during REM sleep. After doing this for the first time, I realized that as I woke to go to the bathroom, I remembered everything that happened within my dreams. Furthermore, I took note that as I lay back down, re-entering my dream was like diving into water (at least the sensation feels as such).

As for other techniques to induce lucid dreaming? Well, I found the water to be enough at first, and when this stopped working I tried doing Don Juan's techniques of looking at my hands. This resulted in a series of false awakenings and frustrated me.

In the end I realized that techniques were not needed to become lucid. Techniques were just tools used by the physical "representation" of ourselves to understand that they were always the master of dreams within. I reached this understanding while being in a lucid dream and acting upon pleasures that I learned to control and let go of. The energy in the dream felt as if it was not mine — the actions as well — even though it all seemed as a regular "lucid play."

In the waking world I said, "That is not me," and I closed my doors towards lucidity and asked my higher self to restore order within. I understand now that one viewing themselves as human within (without discipline) can easily lose themselves to the infinite temptations and curiosities that lay within.

Can you share some of those lucid dreams?

Here is one of the first lucid dreams I had when using the water technique:

The show is about to start and my band is preparing to get on stage. As the crowd shouts with anticipation, within my private room I'm being interviewed by a beautiful reporter with my hot manager by my side. As the interview progresses, I remember my fans and come to the realization that I am dreaming. The realization that in the physical world I am not a rock star hit me, and as it did, I saw both of the beautiful women smile. They were part of my subconscious. I grabbed the blond with passion and made love to both of the women, fulfilling one of my deepest fantasies.

I was completely lucid. Her hair, back, smell, passion was surreal and as I began to realize this, I saw my spirit pulling away and just wanting to watch. I immediately took note of this and forced myself to stay lucid. After making love to them I woke up from the couch I was sleeping on in Austria and used the restroom.

Amazed at what I experienced, I thanked God and saw myself entering the dream again. As I stared at the couch, I pictured myself diving back into my lucid dream as if diving into a body of water. I laid on the couch, drank some water, remembered my dream as I closed my eyes and dived back in.

Within my dreams I woke up lucidly aware and staring at an apartment building with over 30 floors, which is

similar to the penthouse my family had in the Dominican Republic. The urge to climb the building like Spiderman came over me and I began to jump from story to story. Pulling myself up with my hands to the next floor . . . and as I saw myself defy gravity, the sensation and urge to fly engulfed me and I wondered how I could do this as I held on to the building half way up.

I looked around with amazement at what I was doing and realized that I am master of my dreams and all I needed to do was think and manifest it. So I said to myself out loud, "There is no Gravity," and thought that gravity only exists in the physical and not here. Immediately I began to float up towards the heavens and happiness filled me for achieving this. As my body reached the clouds, the fear of floating into space came over me and I imagined God in the heavens holding me down with his hands. As I did this, I gained control of my body and was able to move as if in water . . . I could fly!

I looked down and marveled at the beauty of Santo Domingo, my birth land, from a bird's-eye view. Condos, houses, monuments, covered by pockets of tropical trees all around. Beauty! I flew away from the city and flew across towards a desert with many plateaus. When I stopped, I saw my old friend Benedict next to me and asked him if he ever made love to someone in the air. "I do it all the time bro," he responded with a smirk. "You should try it," he said as he flew off with his girlfriend. I called for my wife Nantja and we made love in the clouds in full lucidity.

The following is what I entered in my journal after learning the technique from Don Juan:

Since the age of 10 I have been teaching myself how to lucid dream with the help of an article I had read at the time which taught one how to find clues of the dream state while asleep. Before this, my Aunt Olga had taught me how to eliminate and prevent nightmares at the age of four.

For years my knowledge within the dream world has grown to the point of clairvoyance. In addition, the vividness of my dreams along with my recollection of them had grown. I've noticed that everything from my diet to the hobbies I carry out through the day have a significant effect on my dreams when they are not lucid. For the past 18 years of experimenting and growing within the dream state, I have never recorded my dreams as suggested by those that practice the art of lucid dreaming. I have always had the want in me to do so but never manifested the discipline until today, 4/9/2014. In effect I will begin by recording my dream last night and proceed by recording all of the dreams I remember throughout my life. In addition, I will jot down the teachings used for prolonging REM sleep, initiating lucid dreams, and interpretations of key dreams I've had throughout my life.

For the past few months I have lost control of my dreams and have let negative habits that I will speak of later control them. After realizing what was happening, I've begun to detox my body and filter the content that I exposed myself to. For the first time I've obtained a book to help me with my lucid dreaming titled, "Control Your Dreams." I have not dwelled far into it but decided to try one of the first steps it recommends taken from a passage within the book Journey to Ixtlan by Carlos Castañeda.

Briefly it states to look at your hands within the dream world and, once they change, to focus on another point, and then to look at one's hands again. I meditated on this before I went to sleep and placed a liter of water next to my bed as I usually do when I want to practice lucid dreaming or wake up during REM sleep. As I would reach the point of entering my dream, I would tell myself to look at my hands, I would then realize that I was still awake and in the physical world. This happened three times before falling asleep towards profound sleep.

When I awoke, I had the eerie notion that one of the moments that I looked at my hands and dismissed it for the real world, I was actually dreaming. I dreamt that I was attempting to lucid dream, and some force within me did not want me to be king of my dreams but wanted me to be its queen and watch. I recalled the struggle throughout the night and felt it as I tried to recall my dreams. As I dugged deeper into what had happened, the recollection of the dream I had last night returned. Apparently, I had a vivid dream after the struggle where I was in a medicinal marijuana shop, checking out the various exotic buds available. Within the dream I realized that I had been there, though I had never been there in the physical plane. I also remembered that the last time I was there I had stolen some weed from the shop before and wanted to do it again. As I thought

this, my moral self felt conflicted and I told myself that I do not steal in real life and wondered why I was doing it within the dream?

The notion that I had done it before returned to me and I decided to repeat the step I took the last time I was here. I took a handful of samples as the clerk looked away, and proceeded to the bathroom. There I placed the weed in my pockets and as I exited the bathroom took out 80% of the bud to put back on the shelf. As I did this the clerk came up to me and said that some merchandise was missing and asked if I knew anything about it? I immediately asked what was missing and she said, 'Coke.' I felt relieved because I had never done coke in my life and explained this to her. She then looked at my pockets and said, 'It's okay, I believe you.' As she said this I looked towards the cashier and saw a tall man arguing. I knew it was the coke thief and used the distraction to escape. I was then in a room looking at the different buds of weed within my bag, admiring them as if precious stones.

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

Yes, discipline of the mind, body, and soul is required to fully realize one's potential within a lucid dream. It seems to be the key factor not only in the dream state but also of physical reality to achieve and attain one's goals. If one does not have the discipline of self control to the point where they can identify where a desire or urge comes from then they could easily "fall" within.

[Note to LDE readers: Luis suggested this to me, "For the next set of questions, ask yourself what the topic should be before going to sleep tonight and surprise me with the questions tomorrow." So I fell asleep last night with the intent to naturally know the questions to ask when I awoke. My first dream had some surprising elements, which made me wonder if they connected with Luis. Then in my next dream, I became lucid, and initially flew around and had fun. At some point in a church hall, I recalled that I needed the questions for Luis, and asked a dream figure if it could help get those questions. The dream figure agreed. Later, that dream figure appeared and explained that he had placed the questions inside a letter, which he handed to me. There was some writing on the outside, and I recalled a look at it briefly and saw there is some word like 'Mercado' or 'Maceda' followed by another word, like 'Magrata' or something like that. — R.W.]

Because the setting of the lucid dream was a church hall, I will first ask about lucid dreaming and spiritual matters. Have you used lucid dreaming to explore spiritual topics? Can you give us an example of a lucid dream with a spiritual theme?

Well before I answer the question, I would like you to know that I am a trader (I analyze and trade the markets). So when you say 'mercado' which means *market* in Spanish, I am intrigued. I wish you would have read that letter! LOL!

Yes, in my dreams I searched for the relationship between the spiritual knowledge I had attained as a Christian and searched for the similarities shown in other religions and practices.

I awoke, full spirit, rejecting the flesh and all of its sins. I did not want to eat as before, I wanted to enjoy every texture and flavor that my tongue touched. I wanted to feel everything within my surroundings as a baby when born. But with the memories of old and the Knowledge and experience of all within my DNA . . . my ancestors. I felt the heart of all the souls around me, I felt their wants, their needs, their pain, and I cried for their love, without tears, but with my heart. I told them to accept me as love, for that is all I was.

The world heard my cries and felt my chi rise as they played and toiled with the profound belief of God within. I touched the Soul of the earth and embraced all who rule it. The Dreamer within awoke and absorbed the hearts of all that it touched — seeing through their riddles and shielding me inside. The love child that was blinded by the world when he first saw light. I cherish those days and have now grown. I analyzed them all and learned from every Spiritual master that touched my Soul, saying Jesus is my heart and I am the Holy Spirit that lives within us all. I rearranged my dreams and placed order in a Universe plagued with Chaos.

As you see it, how does lucid dreaming (or being aware deep within the unconscious) assist spiritual growth? Does the depth of lucid dreaming make spiritual matters easier to access?

I believe that recognizing one's dreams with any significance constitutes it as spiritual. I say this because since birth I have always been told by my parents that my dreams are God's domain and have always seen that aspect of life as spiritual.

As for progressing in spiritual knowledge once lucid, I believe it opens up our worlds "ten times fold." We immediately take note that there is something clearly beyond what is physical.

Lucidity within the dream state made me realize that our universe is indeed infinite both within and without, which has led me to see the reason the majority of religions set moral boundaries around their character. I say this because while in the physical we are limited in the capacity that we can exceed certain wants, "needs," or pleasures, but within our dreams if we do not have certain boundaries established in our self, we can easily get lost in all the wonders and curiosities that exist in the infinite.

This happened to me . . . I fell deep within the rabbit hole, saw myself infinite in personalities and noted that the only thing that was keeping me sane within the physical was the spiritual knowledge that I had learned within the physical and through lucid dreaming.

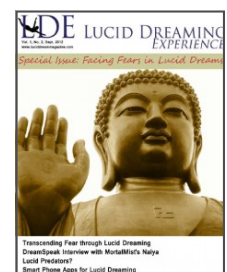
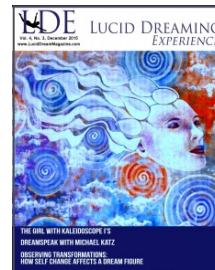
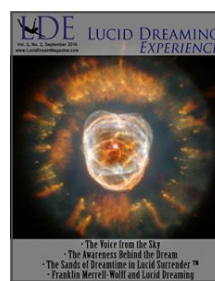
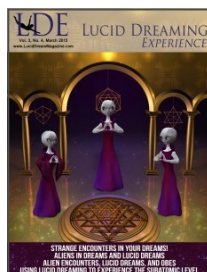
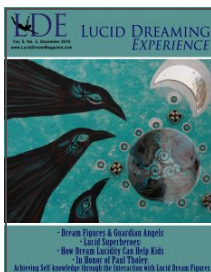
My higher self showed me how chaotic the universe within myself was and through many trials showed me how to discipline my spirit, my mind, my body, my soul . . . in all honesty, growing spiritually felt like the physical was the donkey and my soul "higher self" was the one riding me using the "carrot on a stick" technique to push me forward in my progression (the carrot being knowledge and spiritual growth). Because at first things are not instant . . . the journey was frustrating at first . . . but in the end the rider always "feeds the horse" (that kept me going).

As you have gone deeper into lucid dreaming, how has your view of dream figures changed? In my lucid dream, I asked a dream figure to help me, and later, it returned with a letter (which now I wished I had opened and read!).

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I no longer see dream figures. I see the reflection of those that I have touched, seen, smelled, heard, or connected with in various wavelengths. This is because after waking up as the dreamer within the physical and letting go of thoughts, I immediately began to understand that those that I see within my dreams are all guides that exist within this physical plane of existence but project themselves within our dreams. This is because of the fact that during my awakening I felt connected with all life forms and asked the infinite within to teach me from every “eyes” perspective. In essence, I truly believe that even you who reads this now has shared some knowledge to allow my spiritual growth.

Have you ever been surprised by a dream figure who seemed to know as much as you? Or maybe, even more than you?!

Yes, I'll answer this with a lucid dream I had:

We — Richard and I — were promised the world by the masters, but we returned from battle disappointed and I felt surprised the Gates towards the kingdom were closed. Out of the fifty men with us was a giant as tall as three men and with the strength of Samson. Within I knew the gate was shut with crazy glue and our giant would have no problem opening the gates for us. He rushed towards the gate and with the help of every man broke the doors. Light seeped into the cave, towards the planes of divinity we've returned.

I jumped from life to life, exploring realms within my dreams. An archbishop approached me within the Gardens of Divinity. He asked what troubled me. I responded, “I simply do not know when to think and when to know. I understand that there is a place for intellect and one for wisdom (Divinity) but I do not know how to use it at the same time.” I looked at the bishop's eyes as we approached our chairs within the garden and told him with my soul that I wished to speak as he did within both worlds at the same time. He smiled as he sat down. I sat next to him and pondered.

The fact that the bishop smiled as he sat down and stayed silent instead of answering me showed me that I already knew the answers to my troubles. The fact that it was a bishop that appeared showed me that I had been training with the divine within. The fact that I had jumped from life to life searching for my answers showed me that I was connected to all things but needed time to understand the truth that was within me. This tells me that it is the physical representation of oneself searching for the answers and not one's true form.

At the end of my lucid dream, a young petite woman came and sensually hugged me. In your first lucid dream, you mention that the dream figure and you had sex (which is something that you had not experienced in the physical realm by that time). Does there seem some natural connection between lucid dreaming and sexual feelings? Or do the waking thoughts during the day appear in our dreams and lucid dreams, and we respond to the ‘energy’ of those daytime feelings?

I dreamt as such because my teachers were systematically repeating to their students that such an occurrence would happen. As for the dream figure approaching you in such a way, I believe it is just what we expect from our instincts that triggered that scenario in your case. To clarify, we as humans tend to fall to our carnal desires easier than anything else — for is that not how men who tried to conquer the world fell? Through their carnal desires, like a woman that they craved, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan and others fell? In effect our most vulnerable feeling as men is sex. I believe she was just trying to see if the sensuality would make you fall from lucidity or stay focused.

Final thoughts to share with other lucid dreamers?

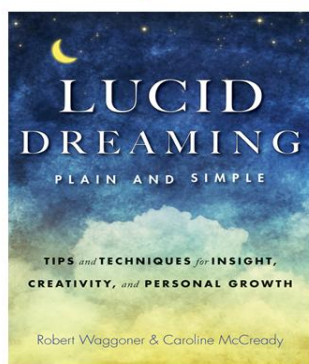
A quote from Mary Shelley (1797-1851), in the Introduction to *Frankenstein or, the Modern Prometheus* (1831):

***My dreams were all my own; I accounted for them to nobody;
They were my refuge when annoyed — My dearest pleasure when free. ▲***

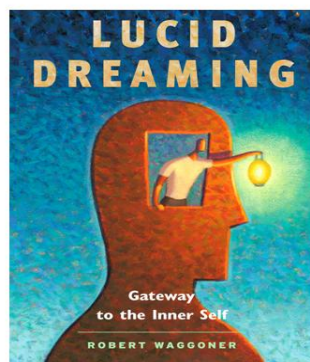


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AN EXPLORATION OF THE HEALING AND TRANSFORMATIVE POWERS OF LUCID DREAMING FOR OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

Are you someone who:

- has had healing or transformative lucid dreams?
- has ever been diagnosed with depression or prescribed anti-depressants?

If you answered yes to both of the above, please consider taking this short survey of 9 questions.

TO TAKE PART, SCAN THE QR CODE OR VISIT
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Hello everyone,

My name is Lana Sackwild and I am currently completing my MSc in consciousness, spirituality, and transpersonal psychology with the Alef Trust & Middlesex University. Recent data shows that use of prescription drugs to treat mental illnesses, such as depression, are at an all-time high. If we want to reduce the apparently ever increasing consumption of anti-depressants and depressed patients, clearly something more effective than drug treatment needs to take place.

The objective of my research is to analyse and distinguish the transformative healing effects taking place within a lucid dream that may enable an oneironaut to reconcile and possibly eradicate their depression. I will explore the positive, negative, physical, mental, spiritual, and transpersonal dynamics surrounding the relationship between lucid dreaming and overcoming depression. The short survey will be followed up with in-depth qualitative interviews with some of the respondents.

There is a need for more scientific research and data collection on this intriguing topic, and your participation will make an important contribution in advancing both lucid dream and mental health research.



THANK YOU!



Thank
You
for the
Changes
to my
Heart

By Jillian Calder
© 2019

Healing. I thought I knew what it meant. And I did, to a certain extent. What I've discovered though, is that it means so much more.

In Dream Town, the place where my dreams come alive, I quickly realized I was dreaming. Lately, when becoming lucid, I've gone deep — always looking for a dream character to give me wisdom. Last night I decided I just wanted to fly high. It's been so long since I went flying in a dream. I wanted to experience that again; I wasn't sure I'd remember how.

I started like a baby bird leaving the nest for the first time. I ran, jumped, and fluttered my wings (arms), and I gained a little height. I did this again and again until I stopped and reminded myself . . . I am dreaming. I can do anything I want. Tonight, I want to fly. And I did. I flew high and soared and explored. I landed on the roof outside of my little guy's window. He saw me and smiled because he knew I was having so much fun.

I flew around from branch to cloud to grass to window until I was hungry and ready to eat all the things. I flew into the kitchen of a house and saw my grandmother, Baba. Baba was a beautiful soul when she was here on this Earth; still is, I'm sure. So nurturing, so loving. I don't dream of her often, but on the rare occasion that I do, she presents herself as she did when she was dying, overcome with dementia. No words, little emotion, lethargic, lost. In Dream Town, she was VIBRANT. She wore her apron and babushka, cooking up fourteen dozen pyrohy (pierogi).

She smiled at me as she danced around with her massive mixing bowl, and sang a Ukrainian song. Her voice was so familiar, and the melody like a thousand songs I've heard before. But the words I did not know. I looked to her, and she knew I wanted to understand the lyrics. She looked at me, took my hands and said, "Thank you for the changes to my heart."

In my recent dreams, I've been healing. Healing myself, I thought. What I didn't realize is that I was healing her, too. Those we love, and who love us, that have passed away are always a part of us. I believed I didn't dream of her as her usual self before the dementia because she wasn't actually healed. But I never wanted to admit that to myself because it was heartbreaking. As I'm working to heal myself, I'm healing her. And that has made the changes to her heart that are necessary for her to move forward in her journey.

As I'm writing this, my little guy is ringing a bell that has been in my office for years, yet (before this) he has never once picked it up to ring it. You know what they say: "Every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings."

Enjoy your wings, Baba. Fly high. I love you so much.

As I give this its final proofread, the time is 5:15pm.

Her birthday is May 15.

There are no coincidences. ▲

Visit Jillian's website: underthecoversanddreaming.com/

Embracing the Shadow in Dreams

By Karim © 2019

Many years ago, an interesting recurring dream taught me the value of embracing shadow.

At the time, I would regularly see a dream where someone transforms into the Incredible Hulk and then proceeds to chase me. In those dreams I was not lucid, but was aware enough to start running and then fly away to escape from him. He was always faster than me and just before he would almost capture me, I would pull myself out of the dream and wake up. Usually I would find myself drenched in sweat, heart beating rapidly in anxiety, and feeling intense fear.

It started to bother me that I kept dreaming of the angry Hulk at least once a week. Sounds funny when I am typing about it now, but imagine the Hulk with the strength of a thousand men roaring at you, right in your face! I got my big boy pants on one day and thought to make a self-suggestion over the next few nights before going to sleep, "to become lucid when I see the Hulk." I was determined to work through this dream.

Then the dream revisited me:

I was a camera man on a film set (interesting symbolism about me being an observer). We were just finishing shooting a scene and Gary Oldman was the main lead role in that movie. Gary looked unwell and had a feverish sweat. Suddenly he transformed into the Incredible Hulk. The big green monster growled and then attacked everyone on the set. I stood there watching while he beat and killed everyone around him in a fit of rage. Then he turned around, looked at me, and came heading my way.

Obviously, just like before, I started running! As I was running, I remembered my suggestion and noticed that the Hulk doesn't really exist in waking reality. This sparked my lucidity.

As I became more lucid, the Hulk grew in size until he became a giant, King Kong-sized Hulk! The amount of fear grew inside me exponentially. At the time I did not have enough skills or knowledge to deal with this magnitude of shadow. I decided to do the most logical thing and kept running! So the chase began . . . again.



As I was flying, I looked back to see the Hulk destroying entire buildings, crushing cars and gaining speed, really determined to catch me. I started teleporting in a zigzag around the dream space as I was flying away but he was scary-fast. That made me stay ahead of him just by a little but still I could feel my impending doom.

I did a quick turn to the right and dived down, attempting to hide in a small alley, hoping the Hulk wouldn't find me.

Collecting my thoughts, I started forming a request in my mind for help from the awareness behind the dream when suddenly a beautiful red-haired woman appeared in front of me, wearing glasses and a purple dress. I immediately knew she was some sort of witch.

She instantly cast a spell that bound me with green energy ropes.

She then called to the Hulk, "Come here, I got him!" You can imagine how fear-stricken I was at that moment!

The Hulk appeared in the alleyway, let out a huge demonic roar, and grinned in satisfaction. This was the height of my fear. The woman telepathically suggested, “Why do you keep running away? He just wants to talk to you.”

This completely took me by surprise — a shadow character wants to talk!? This never occurred to me before. Little did I know that this dream would mark a big milestone for me in learning to speak to my shadow characters and not just run away from them.

I faced the Hulk with fear and trepidation and asked, “What do you want?”

Hulk answered in his thick, burly voice, “I can’t stand being in XX. Get me out of theeeeerrrrrrreeeee!”

This totally took me by surprise and I woke up immediately. It was between 4–5 a.m. I definitely couldn’t go back to sleep now.

XX (name withheld for privacy) was the company I was working for. I had a growing frustration for 4 years working there, especially that my boss had unfairly appraised me for a couple of years in a row so I did not get a pay rise. At that time, I was paying back my student loans. Besides helping with my loans, maintaining a job for 5 years in a row straight out of college would help me get exempted from my mandatory Military Service. Also, during the whole year in the Service, I wouldn’t be earning an income and paying back my loan installments. It would mean that I’d end up piling a good amount of interest with the bank. Something I really did not want. So, I held onto this job with hand, nail, and tooth despite being unhappy.

I guess living with the frustration for so long created the repressed anger — “the Hulk.” It was really nice to see a face to the anger and understand why it was there.

I knew it was no longer healthy for me to continue with this job. I promised the Hulk that morning when I woke up that I would rectify the situation and get ‘us’ out of there.

A few days later, I quit my job and prepared myself to finally face Military Service and the resulting increase in my debt. Thankfully, with that, the Hulk stopped appearing again in my dreams.

Just to complete the story: I had only a one-month grace period to find another job before Military. This was a very short time to find a job offer, go through any company’s recruitment cycle and get the necessary paperwork done, so I did not bother trying.

At the 11th hour before giving myself up to the Military, I got a call completely out of the blue. A company needed a project manager with my skills to start ‘immediately’ in another country! I accepted on the spot. The salary was double my previous salary and I had more space to make my own decisions. Since this involved travel, it was easy to arrange the paperwork for postponing Military Service and no extra interest would pile up on my loans! Facing my fears paid off quite well, it seems.

Since that incident, whenever I repress frustration or anger, the Hulk revisits me in my dreams so I immediately know what’s going on. When I rectify whatever is needed in waking life, then he lies dormant.

It was interesting that even when lucid, I was still running away from my shadow. It’s absolutely normal to want to escape from a scary figure that’s chasing you — no shame in that. I admire how effectively fear grabbed my attention in the dream state. It certainly helped my dream recall during all those weeks. The Hulk kept repeating his attempts to communicate with me until I finally decided to become lucid and find out what was wrong. Only when I asked him what he wanted (with help from the witch) did I actually find out what my subconscious was upset about.

I urge all dreamers: the next time you face a shadowy figure in a dream, summon the courage to face it and simply ask, “What do you want?” Then listen to what that figure has to say. There seems to be a great reward in acknowledging our fears in a lucid dream. It just might save us a lot of unnecessary grief in waking life. ▲

The Power of Metaphors

By Daryl 4D (formerly Daryl3d) © 2019



Dreams are wild. Dreams are wacky. It's a wonder that with so many aberrations, we often don't realize we are dreaming when we are dreaming. But then, they doubly confound us when we awaken in the morning, scratch our heads and say, "Wow, what was that all about?" as we confront the puzzles from our night.

What gives? Why aren't dreams just more straightforward? Why don't they just give us their meaning and their gifts?

This is what I explore in this article.

It's my belief and understanding, through my 40+ years as a lucid dreamer, that dreaming itself is very intricate and represents so much in the human experience. In clinical dream books, scientists usually start with the question, "What is dreaming or why do we dream?" It often ends with a few guesses and the admission that nobody really knows, and they leave it at that. I believe this is a cop-out; anyone who works with dreams, and specifically with lucid dreaming, over time will understand the benefits and through their experience, find the answer they seek. Dreams are multi-dimensional; they cover the full human experience from healing to future thinking to daily integration and on and on. They are not just one thing.

But why the strangeness? If they are trying to heal us or give us a message, why not be straightforward about it? Well, I believe dreams are actually quite straightforward. They are not meant to be confusing or to trick us. They are on our side. Part of the problem exists in us and our ego — and what I like to call the Dear Abby effect. I'm sure everyone here knows someone who is great at extolling advice to others while their own life is a mess. Or just think of a family member or friend who has a problem that everyone is completely aware of, and yet the person themselves is completely oblivious to — many times to the extent that you could walk up to them and tell them and still they would not see it and be in complete denial. You become too close to the problem itself and are blind to even obvious answers and start to see the world through that problem. (Like they fondly say, if you're a hammer, all you see around you are nails.)

I feel the same mechanism occurs in dreams. We seek answers but maybe we can't handle the truth directly. So a part of our self (our larger self) will bundle the answer in a metaphor. This way, when we wake up, rather than the answer flying over our heads we say, "Man, that was a strange dream, I wonder what that meant?" We begin by writing out our dream, and because of its strangeness we begin to think about it, the symbols, the drama that took place. We begin to unpack it and contemplate it. And over time the meaning emerges, often in fun and exciting ways.

A metaphor is a figure of speech in which a word or phrase is applied to an object or action to which it is not literally applicable. In other words, you're trying to describe something using an indirect example. So in this vein, dreams can be seen as living metaphors, full of indirect answers, just waiting to be unleashed.

This is very important to understand because if you say, "That dream was so strange, it could never apply to my life," you might find yourself leaving a lot of money on the table. Not that you won't get any benefit from these dreams even if you ignore them, but we do have free will and if we exercise it by glazing over confusing dreams, we may just miss their gems. And in this time in history, where everything is accelerating at such a

rapid pace, we can all use all the help we can get as we evolve ourselves and as dreams are more and more crossing over into the physical and into our daily lives. I'll give a recent example of how this process has occurred in my life with a dream I had last year but wrote about in the last issue of LDE.

In the "In Your Dreams!" section of the Dec 2018 issue of LDE I wrote about a dream I had, entitled "Adventure into Infinity." I won't recount the whole dream here — you can go back to the issue and read it yourself — but I will reprint part of the dream that to me represents the unfolding metaphor.

Adventure into Infinity

I find this unusual so I leave. I start thinking about Robert Monroe. He often talked about there being different levels to the phase when you shift out, so I start looking for a portal, and as I turn the corner one appears in the form of an open doorway. There are stairs leading downward so I head down. I decided to go down at least two levels.

I now enter a large room and start observing my surroundings. There are people standing in line so I join them and next to me is a slightly taller black woman. She tells me she wants to get married to me. I say, "Alright," and I'm trying to follow her line of thought as we walk together. Because she's slightly taller, I try to grow a bit to see her eye to eye. "I need to bring a man to will," she says. I'm sort of going along with it as we walk and talk, trying to understand what she's about.

After a while, we are joined by another black man. "Are you alive in the real? I mean, in the illusion?" I ask him, trying to figure out if either of them are asleep somewhere and dreaming this with me right now. I'm really marveling at how clear and stable everything feels. I've been here for quite awhile and it feels like I can be here for as long as I want. It also feels as though I had uncovered some "inner" city which was almost objective in nature.

I eventually get to the head of the line, which is a dead end. As I turn to go back, it seems like the people are trying to trap me. I want to leave but they're blocking me and I'm starting to struggle. Eventually I wake up."

Much of what occurred in that dream, even though it was lucid, was puzzling, but I did not discount it. I wrote about it, thought about it, and explored it, until eventually the meaning became clear. From my Journal:

In December 2018, I decide to fly to Eastern Europe from Canada to see a holy site I've always wanted to experience and to consider some changes I want to make in my life. On the return trip, I fly to Miami to pick up a hybrid car I bought through a dealer at a great price, which I intend to drive back to Canada. When I arrive in Miami, I just know I will be getting some resistance because of the nature and indirect trajectory of my flight. As I exit the plane, we are corralled into a number of lines that lead to the customs officials. As I slowly make my way to the glass partition, there she is, the black woman from my dream (or someone who looks incredibly identical to her). Our conversation starts off pleasant but the questions become unusual. I try to follow her line of reasoning as the questions become more personal and inquisitive in nature. Well, somehow my answers just don't cut it because she motions me to go to the 2nd level of screening, down a line and into another room, the one with the rubber gloves. As I come to the end of that line I am now front and center with the black guy from my dream. I'm not sure this is going to end well, and although I don't generally have panic attacks, I feel something coming on. But I take a deep breath and consciously decide to keep my cool, turn things around, and just have a friendly conversation with the guy. We talk and eventually we seem to have a moment; he begins to turn and to my delight, in a fairly short time, he motions me towards the exit with a smile. Okay, great, so this time I made it. And this time I did so without the struggle or the resistance.

The Infinity dream was not just about how to get through airport security more easily using your energy and reframing your focus. To me, the dream was multidimensional and brought together different aspects of my life and my life purpose, helping me understand my skills and how to apply them and where my future was heading. But most importantly, it finally brought my inner man to will.

Wishing everyone great dream experiences in 2019! ▲

Why Lucid Dreaming Is Harder Than it Should Be

By Jay Antony Thomas © 2019

We're told that the critical mind goes offline during sleep, which is why we don't immediately recognise dreams for what they are. I've never been very satisfied with this explanation, however, not least because it raises more questions than it answers. Has it always been this way, for example (part of our design), or were our distant ancestors natural lucid dreamers? Is this mechanism solely responsible for our lack of lucidity, or are other factors involved? Might we even be complicit in this seeming conspiracy, for various psychological and/or occult reasons?

I'm not implying that an outside force is in any way involved. It has always struck me as rather perverse, however, that in waking life we have clarity of thought, but no real power, whereas during sleep we have potentially unlimited power, but no clarity of thought. Instead of soaring through the sky on the back of a dragon, or commanding a starship into battle, as we could be, we are perhaps wandering barefoot around a supermarket wondering where our shoes have gone, or replaying some meaningless domestic drama from our past.

Sure, there are various ways and means of becoming lucid, for those who really want to. But if you've ever felt overwhelmed by the sheer number and variety of techniques that are currently available, or been frustrated by your lack of success at using even one of them consistently, then you're definitely not alone. On the face of it, recognising the often nonsensical nature of dreams shouldn't be that difficult. Yet, for most people, lucidity is an elusive state, and for many others it remains a seemingly impossible goal. Why is that?

I have been trying to answer this question for almost thirty years, since having my first spontaneous lucid dream as a teenager. What I discovered and realised during that time could probably fill several volumes. For the purposes of this article, however, I'll briefly touch upon some areas that others may find useful to contemplate. I'll also include a unique reality check at the end, which I have personally used with great success.

The Time Is Always Now



Whenever we think, write, or talk about our dreams to others, we are invariably using the past tense, because — from the perspective of our waking minds — dreams are always something that happened. The only time when we consciously experience dreams in the present moment is when we're lucid. Even from the dream state itself most people will have shared an interesting dream experience that just occurred, without considering the possibility that they might still be dreaming. This is because we are so habituated to thinking about dreams as historical events.

In a similar way, we have been conditioned to believe that dreaming only occurs during sleep. Yet we never feel ourselves to be 'asleep' when we're in the dream state. As dreamers we actually feel very much awake and embodied, and so we don't tend to associate that experience with dreaming.

It gets worse, however, because our waking desire to become lucid in a dream is always thought of as a potential future event, once again bypassing the present moment (which is the only moment when lucidity is actually possible). I, for example, have had many discussions on how to lucid dream from within the dream

state itself, completely oblivious to the fact that I was dreaming.

Reality checks do help, of course, because they cause us to question the present moment. In trying to find a more powerful solution, however, I discovered Tibetan Dream Yoga, where the answer to the question, “Am I dreaming?” is always “Yes.” It seems that some people use this merely as a technique, but the implications are rather more profound.

A Convincing Illusion Is Better Than the Truth

When we're watching a good movie, nobody wants to see the cameraman in shot. And we certainly wouldn't appreciate actors breaking character in order to address the audience. Why not? Because it would spoil the illusion; illusions that we collectively spend billions of dollars on each and every year. Essentially, we employ people to deceive us, and the more effectively they can do that, the better. It's not hard to imagine a future in which people literally forget their everyday lives in order to inhabit some kind of virtual reality. Indeed, this possibility has been explored in science-fiction.

In the meantime, we are merely required to suspend disbelief, and something very interesting happens when we do: We become emotionally engaged and involved in what's going on. One might say that our level of belief in a film's narrative, along with the degree of our identification with the characters, is directly proportional to the meaning that we derive from it (and therefore the emotion that we experience whilst watching it). Taken to the extreme, total belief in a narrative would lead to chaos and violence in the movie theatre, just as it leads to chaos and violence in the world, when certain stories and ideologies are believed in.

When it comes to dreaming, our belief in the apparent reality of the narrative is precisely what prevents us from becoming lucid. What's required, by contrast, is a complete rejection of whatever we're experiencing. This about-turn would be almost impossible to perform during our waking lives, and so it's hardly surprising that we don't naturally perform it within our dreams.

“What we call reality is in fact nothing more than a culturally sanctioned and linguistically reinforced hallucination.” - Terence McKenna

As human beings we generally need a social context in which to exist (whether we are dreaming or awake) and human history is testament to the fact that almost any context will do. Through context we derive a [false] sense of identity and, for as long as we are willing to suspend disbelief, a feeling of belonging. In short, context gives structure and apparent meaning to our existence. It may not sound like a particularly good deal, to some, but it's what most people want.

Out of Context

The Truth, by contrast, is not only meaningless, in the sense of having no intellectual value or worldly application, but knowledge of it actually annihilates whatever meaning we have ascribed to something. Truth, by its very nature, will consume anything and everything in its path, including the perceiver of it, and leave nothing behind but an infinite void. On some level we all know this, which is why we invest so heavily in wholly improbable paradigms (and wholly improbable dreams). To put it bluntly, most people can't handle the Truth.

Even so, Truth is seen by many as the ultimate prize, one which requires the ultimate sacrifice. An infinite void may not seem like much of a prize, until you realise that it's actually the blank canvas of your awakened mind. Truth, however, is a jealous lover, and the penalty for straying (into belief) is the seeming reality of that belief. Needless to say, we have all strayed.

Ironically, many people consider lucid dreaming to be little more than an escape from the real world into some kind of fantasy land, when it's really the other way around. What could be more real, after all, than the absence of illusion (or, rather, the absence of belief in an illusion?)

“What one believes to be true IS true, or becomes true, within certain limits to be found experientially and experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended.” - John C. Lilly

Here's a little thought experiment for you: Most lucid dreams only last for a few minutes, at most. Suppose it were possible to induce one (and only one) that could last for as long as you specified beforehand, whilst only a few minutes would pass in the "real world." How long would you set the timer for: an hour, a day, a week, a month . . . ? Why not eternity? In other words, what is the attraction of returning to this world, when you can create any experience you desire within your own imagination? What is it that your lucid dream lacks that only this world can provide?

Now, after answering that question, consider whether it's truly this world that's providing what you seem to lack, or rather your own belief in it. Ask yourself whether you could exist without this belief, and what the implications of that would be.

The Paper Sun or 'Stargate' Technique

Sadly, we are not taught the value of lucid dreaming as children, let alone offered any techniques to help us to achieve it. Needless to say, this is a significant reason why becoming lucid is a lot harder than it should be. Even if we do investigate lucid dreaming for ourselves, we may struggle with some of the suggested techniques. For whilst the instructions may seem perfectly clear and rational, our dreaming minds are anything but clear and rational, or else we wouldn't need a technique in the first place.

Speaking personally, for example, I have often examined my hands from within a dream and found them to be normal. I have attempted to levitate, and failed. I have struck a hard object and concluded that I was in so-called physical reality. I have read whole passages of text that remained clear and stable. And I have, on several occasions, switched a light on and off, even though that's not supposed to be possible within a dream.

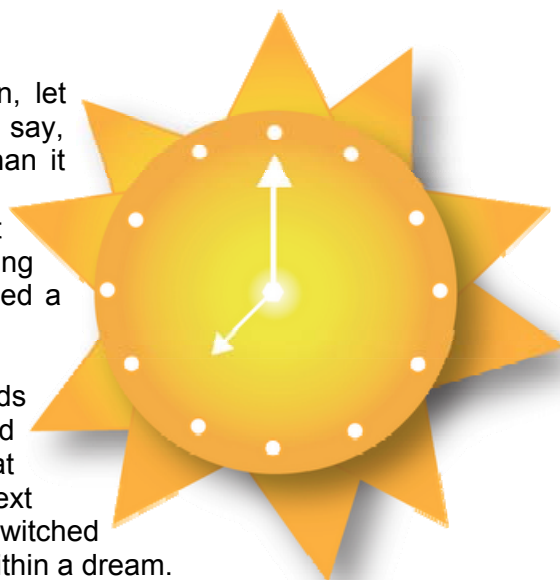
Such techniques fail, more often than not, because we are essentially asking an intoxicated state of consciousness to correctly evaluate and interpret an experience. It's hardly surprising that we are fooled, time and time again.

The only possible solution to this problem (at least in terms of MILD options) would be to use a reality check that doesn't rely on the dreamer's own discernment. In other words, it would have to be something that our dreaming minds couldn't possibly replicate, and thereby fool us with.

Whilst it's true that one can feel pain/discomfort within a dream (which is why pinching oneself doesn't work), it isn't possible, as far as I'm aware, to feel pain or discomfort from staring at a dream sun or other bright light source. As such, this reality check is uniquely effective. Of course, you'll have to glance at the real sun (or other bright light source) throughout the day in order to create a habit that will hopefully carry over into your dreams.

On the first night of using it, I actually became lucid on four separate occasions, each time finding the sun to be nothing more than a yellow disc in the sky. Then the dream fought back, the next night, by enshrouding me in a dense layer of fog. It began as a road trip, although I was eager to reach our destination so that I could get out and check the sun. By the time I did, however, the fog had descended. I actually found this rather amusing, as I was already semi-lucid at that point. "I'm calling it, anyway," I declared, "this is a dream!" I then leapt into the air and, sure enough, found myself floating. Interestingly, the other dream characters followed suit, which is fairly unusual in my experience. After a brief awakening, I went back to sleep and this time had no difficulty finding the sun, which I immediately recognised as being fake.

I hope this technique serves you as well as it has me. Good luck! ▲



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CREATING A STABLE AND LONG LUCID DREAM



By Robert Waggoner © 2019

When you suddenly realize, “Hey, this is a lucid dream!”, what happens next? How do you create a stable and long lucid dream?

For beginning lucid dreamers, your success may depend on how you respond in the first 30 seconds of your lucid dream. Because in those first exciting seconds, you need to know how to respond — and avoid the common errors which can make the lucid dream collapse.

Three important steps can set you on the path to an exciting and lengthy lucid dream. To make it easy to remember when you become lucid, let’s call them the **REM** steps: 1) **Reduce** your emotions, 2) **Enhance** your awareness, and 3) **Maintain** your focus. By recalling this advice when you first become lucid, you will amaze your friends with the length, depth, and stability of your lucid dreams.

1) REDUCE YOUR EMOTIONS

Often, when we become lucid, we also become very excited! This can be a big problem. Why? Because if you are too excited, then your excitement may cause you to wake from the lucid dream. And your lucid dream may not even last 30 seconds!

Thankfully, it is easy to overcome — if you can remember this advice.

When you begin feeling too excited when lucid, tell yourself to “Calm down,” before the emotions get too high. In lucid dreams, your mental commands will make an immediate decrease in the emotional level.

After telling yourself to calm down, then visually focus on something boring for a few seconds, like your hands or the floor. Any neutral visual stimuli will naturally reduce your emotions — especially if you became lucid after meeting a favorite movie star!

By not letting your emotional energy surge, you improve your chances of staying lucid.

2) ENHANCE YOUR AWARENESS

Once lucid, it can help to increase your awareness, especially if the lucid dream seems to look dim. For example, I shout out a suggestion to the dream, such as “Greater clarity now!” or “More lucid awareness!” Incredibly, this often makes the lighting in the dream get much brighter, and I feel more aware, too.

You can also increase your awareness by engaging in a

Creating a Stable and Long Lucid Dream

solidifying ritual, such as rubbing your hands together or touching something in the lucid dream. In a way, this 'grounds' you in the lucid dream and establishes the kinesthetic senses (feelings of touch) to help you feel solidly 'there.'

If you wish, you can perform a 'Reality Check' — which means that you can 'check' that you exist in the dream reality by doing these kind of things: jump and float, or tell yourself to levitate, or maybe even pull the index finger on your hand and watch it grow longer! These kinds of 'reality checks' confirm that 'This really is a lucid dream.'

By increasing your awareness, it makes the next goal of maintaining your focus much easier.

3) MAINTAIN YOUR FOCUS

Many lucid dreamers discover this important point: You must maintain your awareness of being lucid, while simultaneously exploring the lucid dream. That is, you must stay 'mindful' of being in the dream.

In other words, if you become too interested in dream events (and en-tranced by them) then you may forget that it is a dream — which means your lucid awareness will end. In these cases, you lose your lucidity and return to regular dreaming.

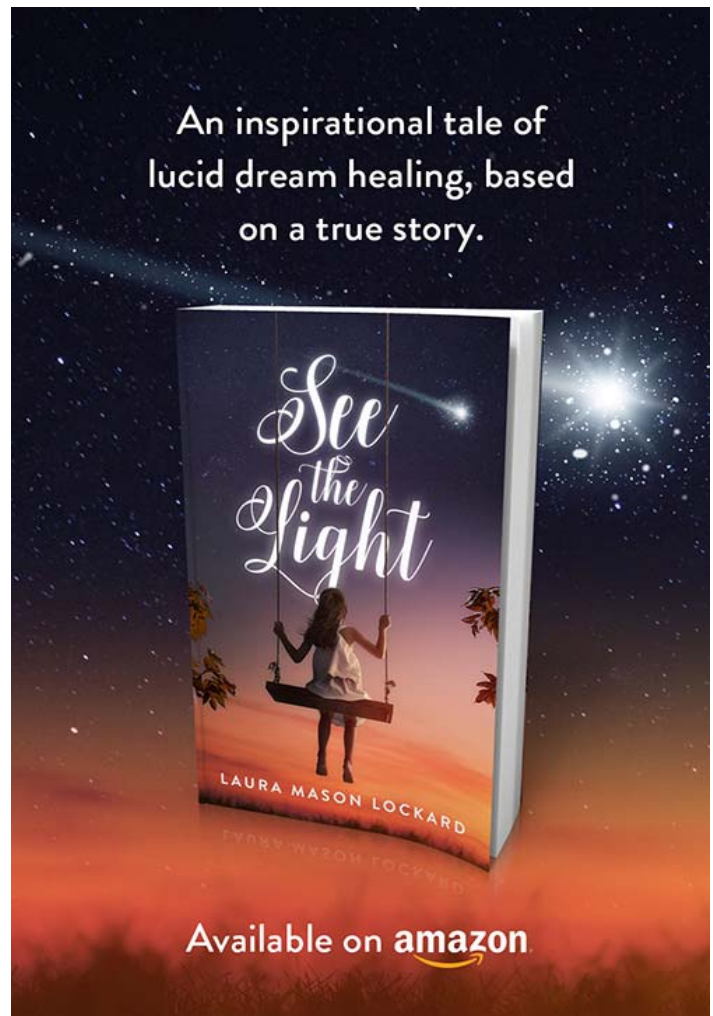
Maintaining your focus requires an 'active' realization of lucid dreaming. Some lucid dreamers perform repetitive actions to remind themselves that they are dreaming. They announce every 30 seconds, "This is a lucid dream." My friend, Lucy, sings a song to remind herself that she is dreaming.

In my workshops, I encourage beginners to create a series of small goals to achieve when they become lucid. For example, they may want to fly to a nearby tree, examine the leaves on it, and touch the bark. Does it feel like it does in waking physical reality? By making little goals to achieve (one goal followed by another), it 'focuses' your mind on examining the lucid dream realm, and staying lucid as a result.

One caution about focus involves staring at objects in a lucid dream. For some reason, lucid dreamers find that staring fixedly at something for five seconds or more often causes the dream to feel shaky and then collapse.

Once you have done these three **REM** steps (**R**educe emotions, **E**nhance awareness, and **M**aintain your focus), then you have created a very stable lucid dream environment. At this point, you can explore the dream state, or if you wish, express your intent or goal (for example, announce, 'Hey dream, show me something important for me to see!').

By following these three REM steps, it builds a strong and stable foundation for lucid explorations and experiments! A final tip: Memorize them now, so you know what to do in your next lucid dream! ▲



Learn more at: www.amazon.com/See-Light



Dreaming the Same Dream - Lucidity, Volition, and Resolution

By Mike Fox © 2019

For years I had a recurring dream. From the start it was always vivid, with stark imagery and an almost visceral sense of my participation in the trajectory of events it contained, but it only became lucid through repetition. By that I mean that it took several years, and perhaps twenty versions of the same dream, before I began to experience a sense of conscious involvement, and latterly even the possibility of influencing the content of the dream.

The structure of the dream was very simple. It had two constant facets, but many variations. I was always crossing a river, and it was always night. But perhaps I should say there was a third constant, because I never got across. Or even a fourth, because the dream invariably ended as I was about to enter the water. At this point I often woke up.

When this happened there was usually a hypnopompic residue, most typically a lingering sense of terror or dread, and beyond that the taint of failure. The failure also seemed to have two components. It consisted of my perceived inability to overcome a specific fear (as a child, water darkened by a night sky seemed ominous and threatening to me), and the inability to contrive a practical solution, to muster whatever agency would allow me to complete the crossing. These elements of my reaction to the dream only became evident with time.

I did not want to be involved in this dream again and again, and began to search within myself for ways to resolve it. I tried using self-guided visualisation to imagine methods of crossing the water: I would grow wings and fly, I would pilot a magic boat, and so on. But nothing I could imagine seemed able to change the course of the dream. I even, in reality, swam across the Thames at Kew Bridge at full tide. But this appeared to have no effect either.

The only change I could notice was that, sometime thereafter, I started to become more self-aware as the narrative of the dream progressed. I became not quite participant and onlooker, but something more like a unified combination, so that I could take part in the events of the dream as they unfolded with a certain amount of detachment.

After this, lucidity within the dream slowly grew into a process in which I was able to connect separate dreams. The first aspect of this was the recognition of the theme and pattern of the dream while it was happening. I would know it had happened before, then begin to anticipate the denouement, although not what form it would take. A point came when I realised, within the dream, that whatever event led me towards the water, I would not enter it. This, I suppose, could be considered some sort of resolution in itself. Nevertheless, the dream continued, by now an integral part of my life.

Then one morning I woke after experiencing a prolonged and vivid dream which left me with a noticeably pleasant aftermath. As I began to remember the sequence of imagery, I suddenly realised that that it had involved crossing a river at night time. But rather than that being the central theme, the crossing had seemed

Dreaming the Same Dream — Lucidity, Volition, and Resolution

almost incidental, and entirely benign. After, and perhaps because of that, the original dream, with its template and variations, just went away.

I could speculate that there had been some incremental process of resolution, that simply being in some way conscious within the dream, and becoming familiar with its characteristics, had reduced and then eventually eliminated the terror it once held. I could also speculate that whatever transition, or internal or external challenge, the dream represented had somehow been overcome, although I have never been able to link this hypothesis to a specific event or psychological impasse.

Much later, just once, the dream came back. Another river, less threatening, and presumably another challenge, less severe. The structure was similar, but the atmosphere much diluted — the 'story' of the dream incidental and therefore the act of crossing surmountable.

Because this dream had seemed so significant, and played out over such a long period of time, I would have expected to have a clearer sense of its effect on my life. But I can't make that claim. Reflecting now, the only possible consequence I can think of is that increasingly, as it receded into the past, I became more confident that I would complete whatever I set out to do. Perhaps I'd learned to trust that the bridge would hold out, the boat not let in water. If this is the result, I'm truly grateful. But who knows? ▲

Mike Fox has co-authored a book and published many articles on the human repercussions of illness. Now writing fiction, his stories have appeared in a variety of journals in Britain, Ireland, America and Australia. Contact Mike at www.polyscribe.co.uk

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Lucid Dreaming Questions & Answers

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Dustin Asks Advice on Sleep Paralysis

Dear Robert,

I'm sure you have heard of sleep paralysis . . . I am dreaming and I wake up, but I can't move anything. I see the real world environment, but I hallucinate figures. If I force myself to get up, its like wrenching the soul out of the body, and eventually I teleport back into my sleeping position.

I have realized that I can choose to fall back asleep if I calm myself down and then I will know I am dreaming, but usually it fades away from lucidity. Or I might wiggle my toes and awaken for real. I don't sleep on my back out of fear of sleep paralysis. I have witnessed some terrifying figures.

Have you ever had experiences with sleep paralysis in your dream explorations? If so, how have you approached them?

Robert Responds:

Hi Dustin,

I have had sleep paralysis maybe 5 or 6 times. I learned that if I could focus on moving my finger or toe, then I could break the 'paralysis,' so that is what I normally did.

Then I learned a technique (to use sleep paralysis to become lucid) in Ryan Hurd's excellent book, Sleep Paralysis. He recommends that once you find yourself in sleep paralysis, just relax and 'imagine' yourself flying over a nearby lake or park — as you imagine flying over the lake or park, then suddenly you will realize that you are flying, and having a lucid dream!

In this way, you can use your imagination in sleep paralysis to 'construct' a pleasant environment, and then lucidly find yourself there. Sadly, many people do the exact opposite — they find themselves in sleep paralysis and then imagine someone is in the room, or worse, and these 'imagined' events begin to appear around them.

Now, it takes a bit of trust, especially the first time, but lots of people have done this and had fun. So if you can imagine that pleasant scene vividly, then you will find yourself there, lucidly aware. You can have an incredibly joyful experience of lucid freedom.

Stephen La Berge felt that sleep paralysis may occur when the mind awakes, but the body remains in normal sleep (and therefore seems paralyzed). I feel everyone should try and remain calm, and see the potential of this state to move into a lucid dream.

Luke Asks About Dream Vibrations

Dear Robert,

I had a lucid dream last night. Immediately after entering the dream, I looked up and said "show me something important" as advised in *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*. The dream started to vibrate at a low intensity, and climbed to a high intensity as the two-minute dream progressed. While the vibrations were going on, I explored the dream landscape, alternating my attention quickly between different objects in order to prolong the dream. I was also looking around in hope of finding the something important I requested. I never found anything and eventually the dream ended while still vibrating after about two minutes.

I had similar results when I asked the dream to "have a pure conscious experience" (my interpretation of the clear light mind taken from the book *The Mind Illuminated*).

What could the conscious unconscious be telling me by responding with vibrating? Thanks!

Robert Responds:

Hi Luke,

As I have mentioned in response to other questions, a lucid dreamer has to be aware of a few things (when making requests):

*1. The exact language that they use — I mention in my book, how a simple change in a preposition (looking **for** versus looking **at**) can dramatically influence the resulting outcome or experience,*

2. The lucid dreamer's own BEFIW, or own beliefs and mindset: For example, a person who asks but also (secretly) fears the response may have a strange situation of feeling stuck, or having lots of unexpressed tension or getting no response. This experience means that the person's issue (or beliefs or fears) are tainting the experience — and not allowing for a clear expression.

Because of this, if it is your first time trying to make a request, I suggest going to something even simpler: "Hey dream, show me something really funny!" — and see what happens.

Some people, when asking for "something important" actually fear learning anything at all or being shown some of their own issues.

Lucid wishes! ▲



In Your Dreams!

Marable • Thinker

As many of us find, it's difficult to express in words the experiences we have and the wonder they inspire. I had a lucid dream that turned in to an OBE, met some interesting alien species and a new guide I wasn't familiar with early this morning (2/24/19) when I had series of experiences that started around 3:45 (based on an estimate as to how many minutes passed before I fell back to sleep) and continued until 5:50. I used the clock beside to the bed to account for time:

It started innocently enough with a non-lucid dream that involved a newspaper. As I looked at the front page the date was May 2, no year, so this triggered lucidity. As any good lucid dream researcher would, I looked through the newspaper for additional clues as to what information was there for me. I scanned the headlines for things like disasters, current events, and since I am looking for winning lottery numbers, I was trying to see if a page might have that. It was a thick paper, like you might expect on Sundays (I will look to see when the next May 2nd falls on a Sunday). The lucid dream was quite stable. I saw a story that said it was continued on page 4. I went to page 4 and the rest of the story was there.

I slipped out of this dream in to an OBE, having done this for so many years, I can tell the difference in the content and feel. I was OBEing before I learned to lucid dream so I can go back and forth. The rest of the experiences were in an out-of-body state.

I am in the astral world. It has a dark sky and I am having trouble getting airborne so I know I am in a lower frequency place there. I change my thoughts and see a flight of stairs so I float up to the top. There is an open gate and as soon as I go through it, I am greeted by an alien being. (I am the alien in his world, I am sure.) He could be an AI (artificial intelligence). His head is egg shaped and eggplant colored with some white streaks in it. He is a little shorter than me. I ask him telepathically his name. He responds immediately with, "James Bond." I laughed, knowing he was trying to convey to me in terms I might be able to relate to as to what his function was.

He said we needed to get me to the ship or craft. Again, anytime I get in these experiences I try to gain as much information as possible. I asked him what powered his craft and he stated some terms I was not familiar with. I do remember the word 'drive' however. When we got there, it seemed to be a terminal of some sort. He asked me to wait at the opening of the gate and I looked around. The structure was a dark blue metal and there were beings walking past. A very tall one maybe 10 feet tall with spindly limbs and a maroon-red head passed, and I acknowledged it with a nod as if to say hello. Another one was passing so I put my hands together like in prayer and bowed slightly. The being stopped walking and looked confused by my actions. Another being explained in some way that I meant no disrespect. I was then back in my body.

I know from experience that I can immediately get out again, so I rolled out of my body and flew out the back left window in the bedroom. I wanted to return to that terminal so I fixed it in my mind. I took off at a rapid speed and broke the atmosphere in about 30 seconds, it seemed, and I was in starry space. I sensed something or someone was with me, so I said, "Hello?" There was no answer, so I repeated it. It said it was "expended" and attended to the dog and me. It then revealed itself; it was a guide I suspected. I asked what its purpose was. It said, "I am called a thinker, I don't speak very often but am with you (I sensed not just me) in the mornings. I will communicate more with music and things that may come to you in the shower."

Because this was telepathically conveyed, I got more than the words; I got the feelings and purpose of what she and her kind do for us. She showed me her face. She was hooded in black with a young lovely face that looked to be in her twenties. I thanked her and asked her name but before she answered I came back to my body.

This time I felt the electrical vibration along my back that signaled the experience was over. I looked at the clock to get the time. I thanked her again in my mind and will now do so each morning as I usually have a song in my head in the mornings. Sometimes I will look up the lyrics as I intuitively know there is probably a message for me. Now I know who was sending it to me!

Thank you, I am sorry I didn't get your name. I will just call you "Thinker."

(Update: The song in my head this morning is Boston's *More Than a Feeling*.)

Fiona Reynolds • *Strangers on the Lake*

I am sitting on the shores of the lake. It is early morning; pinks and blues of the rising sun colours the mist, which shrouds the water.

The silence of the morning is suddenly broken by a soft noise of something falling from the sky into the lake. The splash is followed by more identical sounds further away. The mist refuses to give up its mystery.

I realise that this is a dream, although it feels so absolutely real. There are usually people about, but there is no-one here but me. I know that since it's a dream I can get in a canoe, even though I don't have one.

I fetch a beautiful wooden canoe and paddle out to find out what is falling onto the lake. As I weave in and out, I see perhaps thirty visitors. When they hit the water, they anchor and bob gently like buoys, on the surface of the lake.

They are people, strange people, men and women. Their bodies are plump and grey, they all look downwards, as if they are sleeping.

These people are so pale, they all have white blond hair. I paddle up close to one of the visitors and look upwards into their face. Their eyes flicker slightly open, revealing startling blue eyes. A small smile appears, then disappears.

They are not of this world.

All is silent. All is still.

I ask, "Who are you? Where are you from?"



Original artwork by Fiona Reynolds

They say, “It is not yet time to tell who we are and what we are doing. We have been instructed to remain silent. We are being put into place. Not integrating, but fully visible. In time you will understand why we are here.”

In the dream I understand that there is something immense taking place. I know that I am not ready to hear what is happening. There is a secret plan of action, too complicated for me to understand. I know that these people are kind and wise and preparing for something in the near future.

I wake up with a pleasant but spooky kind of feeling!

Marlise • *Transforming into a Man for 3 Minutes, and Other Illusions*



In the dream, I realized that I wouldn't be able to remember everything. After waking up, I couldn't recall how and why I became lucid, but I'm rather sure that it was a DILD. My lucidity level varied very much, like waves, from fully lucid (only short times) to lucid and semi-lucid and back. But that's the reason for its length and fun. I concluded that my larger awareness wanted me to have fun with the dream-illusions and didn't want me to wake up, just because I felt 'obligated.'

. . . I recall that I want to try to multiply parts of my body and am looking at my hands. As a matter of fact, I get more and more hands until I count seven! Then I let my arms multiply too. Cool! I have several bluish, entwined pairs!

. . . I recall to try to conjure something up: Soft, silky fabric squares appear in front of me in colorful patterns. I want them to change size and make them small enough that they fit onto my fingertips. First I have difficulties in placing them on each finger, but suddenly it works, and with an open side, I can slide them magically like thimbles over my fingertips. I can feel the delicate silk and am excited at how real it feels!

. . . I'm in a room with a large, old-fashioned mirror and realize, this is perfect; I can try to multiply my whole person. As I look into it, I can only see myself, but I'm not looking like I do in waking life. Nevertheless, I wish for a doubling of my mirror image. On the left side arises a woman in a red dress (I'm wearing a blue dress). As I want to take a closer look into her face, to see, if it resembles mine, her face topples down to her breast, and I can't see it.

That's when I recall my goal to transform into a man for 1 minute. I consider that 1 minute is rather short and 3 minutes would be better and shout: 'Let me become a man for 3 minutes!' in German, as I had intended (usually I use English to give it more 'Power'). Immediately I sense something beginning to grow between my legs . . . and then I also feel how the muscles in my shanks, thighs, and arms begin to grow and harden. Wow! I didn't imagine that it could feel so real!!! Cool. I decide to look in the mirror. I see an elegant young man with a stylish ringlet and a grin on his face, wearing high heels! What? I never even wear such shoes as a woman! As I look closer now, they transform into tap-dancing cowboy boots, and he begins to tap-dance, as well as I, myself. I have to laugh — it's fun!

. . . I notice that the lucid dream is already quite long and that it would be better to wake up. Otherwise, I might not be able to remember everything. But the dream figures around me don't let me wake up....(not sure what exactly happened) . . .

People, workmen are jostling me, walking past me and explaining that they have to install a hiking signpost. They don't know yet how to proceed and argue about how to install it. I tell them, as this is my dream, I can use magic and do it for them and wish that the signpost stands completely installed in front of me. Instantly a white, German-

looking signpost appears and behind it a topographic model of all pathways, each in another color. So cool, I think, but is this really what they wanted?

And again, I think, that it would be better to wake up now. I say goodbye to the workmen and want to leave the dream, but it doesn't work. I don't mind to stay in this funny dream and reflect what to do next.

Flying! I didn't fly in this lucid dream yet! Maybe I'll succeed to fly out of the dream state into WPR? I take off and enjoy flying without seeing anything until I'm in front of a huge post. I know that this is my dream and I can fly over it. On top sits our neighbor's cat. I ask him if he wants to join me. But he doesn't want to fly with me. Anyway, I wish it and want to force him to fly, using magic, but it doesn't work.

I lose the dream and am awake.



Anna Racicot • *Meeting A Part of Myself*

I am talking in the bathroom with R. and my husband, Steve, when I notice how short R. is. I expect him to be somewhat shorter than Steve, but he is really short, like a child. This causes me to realize that I am dreaming and I say to Steve, "Let's fly through the ceiling." I can't quite fly to the ceiling so I have Steve push me in several places so that my hands press into the material of the ceiling a little bit as I try to fly.

Then I go into our living room and I see a little, short, dwarfish person, a man with a black beard and long black hair. I don't think I like this guy particularly, but then I get down on his level and say to him, "What part of myself are you?" He doesn't answer, but I think I know. I say, "Are you the part of myself that needs a hug?" Or maybe I say to him, "Are you the part of myself that likes to hug?" He seems to agree with this and, when I reach out to hug him, he jumps into my lap, kind of getting himself in a nursing position.

At this point R. says he's going to go to his house because it's a perfect time to make some music, and he leaves.

Steve and I are getting ready to go into the bedroom and we're talking about a bowl of oriental food we got somewhere which has some raw sunflower seeds in it. The sunflower seeds look very new and fresh. We say we should take a few with us so that we can compare them to the ones that are supposedly raw in town to see if they really are raw. While we are talking like this the small, little, affectionate-craving person who now looks more like a small boy dumps some of the sunflower seeds and the Chinese food onto the couch. "Pick it up," I tell him. He refuses. "Pick it up," I tell him again, "or I'm going to throw you outside." I do wonder about being so harsh with a part of myself.

Note: This lucid dream affected my consciousness throughout the next day and evening. I felt extremely energized and on top of the world, partly because this was the first time in a lucid dream I had succeeded in interacting with a dream character, understanding the character was a part of myself.



Serene Martinez • *The Energy of Love*

In waking life, I wake up very early, probably about 5am. I am in bed with my 4 year old son. He is in my arms cuddled up like a teddy bear. His back is to me as I held him while we slept. I decide it's too early to wake up and I fall back asleep.

In my dream, I was driving in my car down the freeway during the day. I see my hands on the wheel of the car and wish I could fly. The freeway then starts to angle up a hill. I realize I am dreaming and think to myself, "If I pull back on the wheel, like an airplane, I will just keep going up. I just have to believe I can do it."

In past dreams I had many failed flying attempts before I realized I had to believe I could fly. I start to lift off the ground in the car. I decide I don't need the car and I continue to fly up into the sky. I love the sheer joy of flying through space so I decide to do so. I see the ground fall away as I fly in a standing position away from earth. I fly out into space with my arms outstretched to the sides. I see the planets as I fly by them. They are so vibrant and beautiful against the deep blackness of space. The stars shine more brilliantly than I see them in waking life. I am overwhelmed by the energetic feeling of love and joy. Flying through space is one of my favorite lucid dreams, so I fly for a while.

I feel the joy and love as a physical sensation in my chest and arms and body. I decide I want to share this feeling with the universe. I decide to spin and send out this love to everything. I start spinning. I can see the planets and stars spinning around me as the energy of love is being built up inside me. I feel the energy building so great I can't contain it anymore. The energy bursts from my chest in a wave of white light energy. In waking life, at the time the energy burst from my chest, I felt and heard my son make a noise like he makes when I try to wake him up and he doesn't want to get up. He moved his body like I had pushed him. I become fully awake.

This was the most powerful energy experience I have ever had. I woke up with a profound feeling of being connected to everything else in the universe.

Manon Boily • *Lost Message*

I was walking on a path. Suddenly I had the feeling that somebody was following me. I realized I was dreaming. I turned around and saw three men wearing dark orange clothes, like monks. One of them was just behind me and the two other ones were farther behind. I was afraid to lose my lucidity so I asked the man closest to me, "What do you represent for me?"

He answered something. I asked the same questions to the other men. They answered something too. But I was so rushed, I didn't take the time to listen to what they had to say. Because I felt like they were chasing me, I said a little rudely, "Now go away, leave!". . . and they disappeared.

I completely lost the main message.

Gillian Thetford • *Fluffy Clouds, Grocery Shelves, and Zombies!*

(MILD Technique after 2nd REM period.) The dream begins with sharp and clear lucidity, I am immediately filled with glee as I realize I am flying in the clouds! I do hand reality checks to stabilize the dream and then I continue to glide around in the fluffy clouds flying upside down and doing flips.

Amazed at how realistic the sensation is, I fly above a city and then appear inside a building on the top floor. I am rather startled at first as I am confronted with rows and rows of grocery shelves, not the typical desks and chairs one would expect to find in an office building. I run my hand along the shelves, closely examining the food labels. The texture and detail I observe sharpens my lucidity even more! I am amazed that what I am

seeing is not real.

Walking over to a nearby window, I see the vast city at night and my reflection staring back at me. I say aloud “Johnny Depp!” with the intention of manifesting him, and his reflection appears in front of me. I am pleasantly surprised, but he disappears the moment I glance away. The silence is abruptly broken behind me as I turn to see Neanderthals and zombies running around the place! They see me and begin to chase.

At first I am afraid, but then I remember that I can fly and they cannot and so I jump out the window and zoom away. It is the most exhilarating feeling. I land on top of a different building. It has a rather unusual landscape, full of sparkly black and purple junk and sand. There are some couches that I sit on as I pick up a picture laying in front of me. At first it is blank, but I keep flipping it over while intending to make something appear. On the third turn, it becomes a picture of a white alien. Suddenly a room appears around the couches and the alien manifests and comes to say hi to me. We begin to chat and then he turns into my cat. The dream fades at this point.



Eric Federici • *Exploring the Fabric of Dream Matter*

Often when I become lucid in a dream, I find myself being trapped in a closed environment, e.g. a small bedroom with the door and shutters fully closed or a very narrow, long corridor with brick walls on either side, which seems to have no ending.

In this kind of situation, some lucid dreamers are able to get through these walls, as a ghost would do and find themselves in a completely different dream scene once on the other side.

However, in my case, when I come close to these walls and touch them, they are very hard as if they were made of real bricks. I cannot pass through them, no matter how hard I try to persuade myself that they are only “dream walls” and that it should be possible to go through them if I wanted to.

If the room has a door, I must first open it, but it is sometimes impossible as the door is often locked and I haven’t the key. The situation is a little bit better when there is a window. In this case, I have to open it and then also the closed shutters, so that I can finally fly towards the “outside world” . . . at least if there are no bars preventing me from going further!

When I find myself in this situation, I now try to explore more thoroughly this closed environment. Bricks forming the walls seem indeed very hard at first touch. But if I lay my hand on them and gently push it, my hand penetrates this “dense” material and I can pull out big chunks of it, as I would do with a large cake. By doing this, I can clearly see that the walls are indeed very thick. This is a very striking experience as if I was able to explore the fabric of “dream matter.”

It confirms that in some dreams, the environment can be imposed on the dreamer with very few possibilities for him to change it. This is a powerful reminder of the fact that the “sailor does not control the sea!”

Laurance • *Meeting an Old Friend*

I had woken up in the middle of the night and couldn’t get back to sleep. I got up, read a little, and eventually decided to meditate. For some inexplicable reason, I fell into a trance-like altered state, which may have fostered one of those “special-feel” dreams after I went back to bed.

In this dream, I was wandering around an architecturally dramatic house by a rocky coastline. As I did, I entered a dome-like room in which a stairway led up to an ornate museum-like area gilded with gold. I thought

that in my dream state it was a metaphysical group house in which I had lived in many years ago, although actually there was little physical resemblance.

At some point as I walked around, I became aware that I was dreaming. Strangers were living in this house, talking, cooking meals, etc. Then, however, I saw a craggy 60ish man with reddish brown hair and a short beard. Unlike the others, we had eye contact, recognizing each other with great joy and happiness. To me such eye contact distinguishes the dream entity as something more special than the routine dream figure. His name was Sam, although after awakening I had no idea who Sam was.

Later in the dream, I'm walking around, exploring the surroundings, and see Sam again, now looking more diminished, kissing a woman. A chorus of voices started to shout out, "Sam is dead," but I am confused, replying that he can't be because I am looking at him. After waking, I concluded that perhaps Sam had moved on from the physical and now existed at another plane of existence, which I may have visited in my dream state.

BackToLucid • *Lucid Tarot Reading*

I'm in my house. There is someone at the door. I open it and see myself looking at me right in the eyes. At this point I know I'm dreaming and I count my fingers. My hand looks distorted and I become fully lucid.

I find myself in the first apartment I had 20 years ago. I am trying to float in the air but it feels like a skill that got rusty. I recount my fingers and feel my lucidity increase and am able to float effortlessly.

I think about my pre-set goals and remember that at the top of my list was to reveal the name of a product I'm working on. I ask the dream — but nothing happens. (I was surprised by my loud thunder-like voice.)

I decide to try a different approach and to leave that place and to go back to my office where I can find my "Book of Answers" (a notebook that is on my desk where, while I'm lucid, I can find the answers to all my questions). I've decided that my office will be behind a door I'm about to open, but it is not — and I become frustrated.

I am thinking, what else can I do? I decide to give myself a Tarot reading (that was at the bottom of my list because in the past giving myself a reading would always wake me up). I go to the room that used to be my bedroom. I find the deck on a shelf, pick it up, and notice the cards looked brand new! (I'm still using the same deck in the present.)

I shuffle them and the Ace of Swords jumps at me. I am surprised at the drawing because it is nothing like my actual deck. Here the sword is stuck in a rock like the Excalibur. I look at the back of the cards. I notice that in addition to my usual cards that have a blue back, there were a few more cards with a black back, as if two decks were mixed together.

I pull one more card from the unfamiliar deck. I can't make out the drawing — but the word STRIVE is printed on the top. I wake up.

My conclusion is that despite my pre-set goals — my subconscious decided that the first priority for me to remember — is that a great success will follow a great effort!



Steve Racicot • *Eagle Man*

I'm standing by a river where I watch a man emerge out of the water holding a golden eagle over his head. The man is naked to the waist. He doesn't actually grasp the eagle, but rather the man's fingertips are just touching the eagle's wing tips.

Then the man disappears and just the eagle is left suspended in the air over the river. The eagle is not flapping its wings. It is almost as though the eagle is posed in the air, wings curved downward. I stand looking at the water and the eagle. It's as though I have stepped into a picture. That is the feeling. The river water is so beautiful that it almost seems alive. Then I say, "Oh, I see, I am dreaming! This scene is a dream. I have stepped into a dream." I fly up into the air above the river. A rush of joy fills me as I fly higher. "I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming," I keep repeating as I soar about, high above the river. I am nearly overcome with joy.

In the distance I see some adobe buildings and swoop toward them. Now I am above these houses. I had intended to land near the houses and check them out, but now I get a new idea. Instead of landing on the ground, I will dive straight into the ground and see what that will be like. I turn in the air and dive straight down, but when I get to the earth, the ground keeps receding away in front of me until I am flying down a tunnel. This is not what I had in mind. What I wanted was to be flying through solid dirt and rock, underground. So now I turn to fly into the side of the tunnel, but when I hit the dirt, I stop. I hover there in the tunnel. "OK," I reason, "the dream doesn't want me to fly into the ground."

I turn and fly up out of the tunnel and high into the air above the ground. I fly back to the house where we were sleeping and fly inside. This house is not our house. It seems we are guests here. I want to write down this dream before too much time goes by and I forget parts of it.

Unfortunately, I can only find small scraps of paper to write on. Only a few words will fit on each scrap. Also, the other people in the house keep talking to me and I know I am forgetting details of my dream as time goes on. In fact, at this point I think I am now awake. I ask someone if there are any larger pieces of paper that I can have to write my dream on. Then I really awaken and record my dream. (2:15 a.m.)

Note: As I write this dream in my notebook, I keep having the strong feeling that I am in fact not remembering all of it.

Lucy Gillis • *A Rickman's Kiss*

I'm standing in what appears to be a very large but nearly empty old warehouse. To my left is a dark-haired woman, wearing a baggy top and jeans. She is standing at a large opening in the wall that is shaped like a garage door-sized entrance. I see her in profile in the sunshine; she is looking out at something beyond the immediate surroundings of grass and trees.

Then I'm no longer looking to my left, but directly ahead. British actor Alan Rickman is standing very close to me; we are literally face to face. We are discussing something when he purposely bumps his chin against mine. I'm briefly startled by this behaviour, but say nothing as he continues to talk to me. I begin to examine his features. On closer inspection, I see that he doesn't really look like the Alan Rickman I would recognize.

I then look past him, a bit to my right to the far side of the dark warehouse, and for no reason that I can fathom, I just know that this is a dream.

"I'm dreaming," I say, as I turn my face back to 'Alan,' "I'm—"

"—lucid!" he says, finishing my sentence with a bright smile. Then he quickly kisses me on the lips and walks off in the direction of the large entrance.

Instantly I begin to run, then jump up and fly toward the far wall. I call out, "I'm lucid! I'm *finally* lucid!" I want to penetrate through the solid wall and get outside. In the nanosecond before I reach the wall, I wonder if I will succeed in passing through the material. If not, will I feel embarrassed if 'Alan' sees me bounce or crash? But

In Your Dreams!

I toss that limiting thought from my mind and know I'll fly through easily.

I soar through the wall effortlessly, the material even becoming transparent as I pass through. It is nighttime on this side of the warehouse. I fly, enjoying my flight in the moonless sky as I swoop and circle over grassy hills and a small dark town — I note there are not many lights below me.

Within a moment or two I false awaken and try to write down this dream. As I reach for my pen, I feel so happy to have finally gotten lucid after about a six-week lucid dream drought. I'm also amused that a version of "Alan Rick man" seems in a way to have been helping me to achieve lucidity — the chin-bump being a little hint. But I have difficulty with a sticky substance like gum that is on my night stand, and also on the top of my pen. After a few tries at pulling it off, and thinking how odd it is, I realize I've false awakened and am still dreaming. With that realization though, I gently pop awake 'for real.'

Original artwork by Marlise



Marlise • *Congestion in Airspace*

Inside a hall of an amusement park, I'm trying to sit into a single chair of a roller coaster as others did in front of me, but I can't close it and need help. The attendant also has difficulties. Suddenly, I'm floating upwards in my seat along the roller coaster and through the roof out of the building.

I'm flying in my chair above a ski area that soon begins to look like the vineyard hill where I live nearby. I realize that I only wear socks, no shoes, and get a bit upset how to walk home through the snow after the ride. I'm now flying down the other side of the hill and see the base of a sky tram station. I wonder about this because I didn't know that there is one.

The dream scene changes and I'm inside the sky tram driving up to the top station. As I look outside, I note that we just passed the castle in the vineyard of my previous dream scene and I wonder how this can be possible: there is no sky tram and no sky area; I must be dreaming!

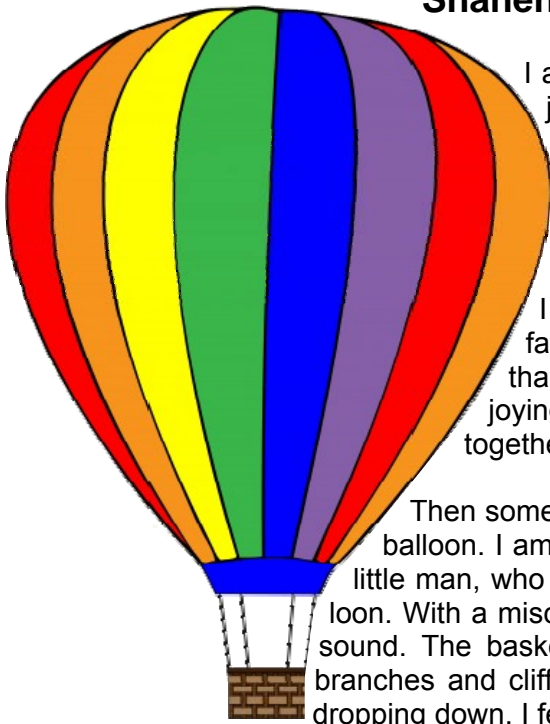
We are leaving the aerial tramway and I can see snowy mountain peaks in the valley beneath. It looks beautiful but is impossible and therefore I prolong my trigger finger to a long stick and finally to a thin colorful cord as proof that I'm dreaming. I show it to the people around me and put it around the head of the man in front of me. The cord changes into a hard bandage that I think is fun.

The sky is filled with beautiful sunset light, and I immediately want to fly over the mountains and enjoy the scenery. At the horizon, I spot other people already flying towards the sunset. It's easy to take off and enjoy the beauty of the dream scene. This is what I had intended for the duration of my holidays; not to worry about any lucid dream goals, just go with the flow.

Suddenly there is more air traffic around me. I have to be careful not to touch other people during my flight. A woman is heading straight towards me. She has enormously long legs, and I feel very small compared to her and wish to prolong my legs, too, which is a fun experience. We almost touch our feet. I just enjoy flying in this environment a bit longer before waking up.

Note: This dream occurred on the last night before I flew to my vacation destination and somehow put me into the right mood, I think.

Shanen • *Flight Practice and a New Perspective*



I am dreaming and all of a sudden I am reminded of something and jump into a different dream. I am flying, and I feel semi-lucid (I usually will myself to fly if I ever become lucid in a dream, so I think the flying triggered the lucidity this time). I am zipping through the sky thinking, "Oh, this is my favorite dream," even though upon waking I had no recollection of ever having dreamed it before.

I sense that I have no body and that someone is with me. It is my father, and we are zooming and whizzing around the clouds, faster than jets and more agile than birds. It is truly exhilarating. We are enjoying our "flight practice," something that we do (in this dream) often together.

Then something grabs my attention and I find myself in the basket of a hot air balloon. I am back in my "body" again and feel disappointed yet still lucid. This little man, who looks a bit like Gene Wilder as Willy Wonka, is operating the balloon. With a mischievous grin, he pulls a chain and the fire makes a loud CUHHH! sound. The basket is very wobbly and we are barely missing the tree tops and branches and cliffs as we bounce precariously by. The balloon is lurching up and dropping down. I feel out of control and don't like it.

I think to myself, "This is unnecessarily un-secure and I don't have to deal with it. I don't have to stay in this dream, I can be as big as the universe."

As soon as I think all of this, my size just grows enormous and I fly out into the universe. Space and stars and planets are all inside me. I think to myself, "See, there's no reason to be scared when you're this size!" I feel really good. I wonder where the earth is and note that our solar system is somewhere way down in my left knee.

The perspective was so liberating — all these little problems, close calls, and insecurities seem so insignificant when you are the size of galaxies.

Jill Lowy • *Breathing Underwater*

It was a beautiful sunny day with clear blue skies as I sailed on a small boat with friends. Sailing somewhere in the Mediterranean, the ocean was calm and placid. We were just enjoying the serene day when my friend wanted to go swimming. I thought it was a wonderful idea and we put our swimsuits on. He dived in first. Then I dove in.

As soon as I entered the cold water, I became aware that I was dreaming. I became very excited and I thought, "If this is a dream, I wonder if I can breathe underwater?" I opened my mouth to gently test this proposition and gingerly tried to breathe. And lo, and behold, I could breathe! It was like I could just take in air directly from the water. Also, the water no longer felt cold, but comfortably warm. I could swim through the water just by intent. Although, I was kind of moving my arms and feet, I could really just focus on a destination and I would kind of glide there.

Afterwards, I began to explore the underwater realm and became fascinated with the colorful plants and fish. Looking closely at the underwater flora, I forgot about my dream and lost lucidity, and later awoke.



Cheryl Miranda • *Visit With My Father*

I am standing in the doorway of a small house looking out to the street. I see a car pull up to the curb. My father is driving. I realize I am dreaming.

I gain lucidity and remember my dad passed away about a month ago. The car comes to a stop and my father opens the door and steps out. He is wearing his favorite tan ostrich cowboy boots; the ones he was buried in. As he walks the short distance down the sidewalk to the door, I realize he is coming here to talk to me.

My dad walks up the few steps to the porch and comes inside the house. We are standing together in a small sparsely decorated living room. The few pieces of furniture here are old and worn. I am immediately taken back by my father's appearance. He doesn't look good at all. He is pale and looks ill. I get a negative feeling from him; like he is of a lower energy. I am surprised because everyone else who has ever visited me after they have died has always appeared younger and healthier than when they were last alive. Some visitors have even appeared as evolved beings of light or energy.

My father and I stand a few feet apart facing each other. Neither of us speaks. When he was alive I always felt guarded and that I needed to protect myself whenever I was around him. I never knew when he would lash out at me verbally or physically. I feared him until I was in my mid twenties. After that I felt sorry for him.

But now, I feel a deep heart connection with him. I am filled with love for him. He appears beaten down and raw.

For the first time, I feel safe with him. I decide to speak first. I speak from a depth of vulnerability I have never spoken to him from before. I tell him I always loved him. I feel this from the depths of my heart and soul. As I say this, I remember being a little girl deeply wanting him to show me attention and tell me that he loved me, but he rarely reciprocated. Now standing in front of me he humbly and sweetly says he has always loved me too. We stand together in the silence. The love between us is palpable. We look at each other. There is a lot we could discuss, I have many questions, but we don't talk. The love we feel between us is more important. There is no reason to say anything more. We both know how things were. I accept what he has said to me. I have waited so long. I know it is true; he has always loved me. Nothing else he did or didn't do matters now.

My father shifts the dialog and goes on to tell me, "They have been working on me."

I ask him, "How?"

He chuckles and says, "They are helping me to grow up."

I take this as an acknowledgement and apology for his actions and inaction while he was alive. He abruptly tells me he has to go now and he won't be able to come back, and then he vanishes.

The visit was too short. I have the sense there were numerous guides needed to make this connection happen. I am moved by my father's visit; my heart is full and I wake up saying to myself, "Love is all that matters."



Kyle • Questions

I had a long dream prior to being in/out of lucidity but towards the end became fully lucid at my old high school, when the really interesting part happened. I saw a dream figure and decided to ask what he represents.

"What do you represent?"

"Carcinogens."

"What does that mean?"

"I made it up."

"No really, tell me what you represent," I said. He didn't really answer and just walked away. I followed him onto a bus as he walked away from me. "Come on, tell me what you represent? Is that not a true question?"

"It's true and not true."

"What's true about it?"

No real response. I went up to a lady on the bus. "Okay, what do you represent?"

"Popsicle sticks," she said, and laughed at me.

"Come on, really? So you people don't represent anything?" There were a bunch of people looking at me now. "You're my subconscious, we all are, help me out here." I was looking around at everyone on the bus,

basically giving a speech.

“Is something wrong with you?” she asked.

“No, but everyone can improve; tell me how I can improve.”

“Alaska, move there. Hawaii’s great but. . . .”

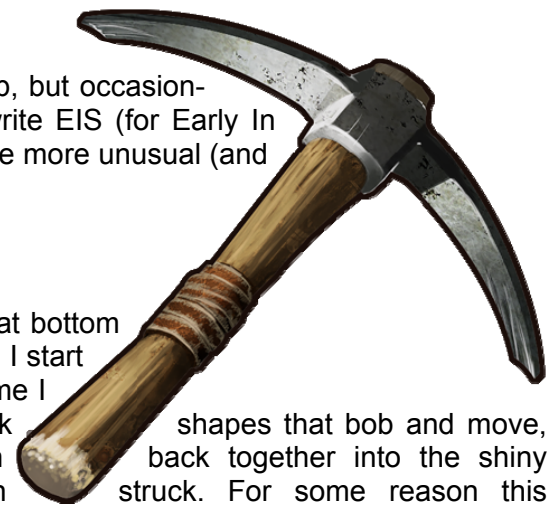
I forget what she said but she was messing with me. I am considering a move to Hawaii so she picked the polar opposite place to screw with me, it seemed like. Then the dream ended and I woke up. I have asked dream characters before what they represent and they’ve given real answers, or so at least I thought. It’s like my subconscious has to be in the right “mood” or something.

Shawn Selders • *Breaking Perfection*

Most of my lucid dreams take place in the last hour or two of sleep, but occasionally I have one much earlier in the night. When this happens I write EIS (for Early In Sleep) in my dream journal entry. These EIS lucid dreams tend to be more unusual (and harder to explain) than the ones I have later in my sleep cycle.

Here is a recent example of one such dream:

I’m looking at a unique and perfect enclosure that has a smooth flat bottom and four glass sides. The bottom is about seven feet by seven feet. I start to swing a pickaxe at the solid shiny black bottom surface. Each time I make contact it breaks apart into perfect black or dark blue brick almost like they are floating in water. The shapes quickly morph smooth blue or black bottom, as if the surface had never been



shapes that bob and move, back together into the shiny struck. For some reason this

frustrates me. I think to myself, “Why can I make no progress with this?”

I do it over and over, always with the same result. Finally, I go lucid and jump down into the thing. Now, when the bottom breaks apart (from the force of my own weight) I quickly grab pieces and toss them out, so it cannot morph back together again with pieces missing. At this point I notice people watching me passively, but with interest, from just outside the four window walls.

I think it was the frustration I felt that triggered my lucidity.

Marlise • *Meeting Myself and an Old Wise Woman*

I’m on a train together with my children. We have to change the coach (can’t recall why) and find another compartment. It’s quite full and people have to put their luggage away, giving space for us to sit down. My seat is very large, soft and dark red, not like usual train seats and I realize that I forgot to take my backpack with me. My kids have theirs with them. I tell them to wait until I’ve fetched it. They look at me, and their eyes say, ‘Mom, how could you!’

I’m going back into the other coach. Moving through the train feels very ‘dreamy’ to me. Forgetting my backpack, this is something that normally only happens in dreams to me. Could I be dreaming? I have to be careful and check if I will find my everyday backpack or just a dream version of it!

I’m opening the door of the coach, and a woman hands me a small, new, bright blue backpack. This isn’t mine; I must be dreaming! I’m looking at her and am shocked: she looks exactly like me! WOW — but she is wearing black diving goggles! Otherwise, she wears a blue bike shirt and black shorts, as I had aged around 35 years or so.



Original artwork by Marlise

I ask her why she is wearing these goggles. She answers that she doesn't know and takes them off. I can look into her immaculate, pure face. It seems to be 'ageless.'

Suddenly she becomes a baby, lying in my arms! I ask her, 'Why are you a baby?' Someone behind her answers, 'Because you are so innocent!' I want to know, 'Why am I innocent?' (can't recall if I got an answer).

From the other coach, an age-old woman, holding a child's hand, and other people that seem to be her entourage, approach me. She is wearing a long cape, and I intuitively think — WOW, at last, I encounter a wise old woman archetype in my dream!

I'm looking into her toothless, shriveled, tree-trunk-like face and ask her in English, 'Why are you in my dream?' I observe, how she moves her mouth, eyes, and nose, but I can't hear her answering. I recall that I must not focus on her too much, otherwise I could wake up.

'Please, let me know!' I wish. I hope very much to get an answer! But I know that it's difficult just to wait in a lucid dream. I'm fascinated by her face; her nose is more a tree branch hole now, her face made of bluish, red-brown fish scales with round black eyes.

Now she is holding me, or am I holding her too? (I'm not sure.) She is pulling me towards her body that feels

like the fur of a teddy bear or plumage of an owl mix. She is flying backward back into the other coach holding me firm. I'm getting afraid and know, I shouldn't! This is not okay! Don't be afraid; but I am! Everything turns black. I recall the lucid light experience that can be black, as I just read in Andrew Holocek's book. But the possibility to dissolve in No-thingness together with this woman frightens me too much, and I shout, 'Let me go! Let me wake up!' and I do.

Marable • *Photo Booth Pictures*

I like to read about people's most profound lucid dreams. Ones that years later they still recall because they were just so damn unforgettable. Here's mine; it is from Christmas Morning back in the early 1990s:

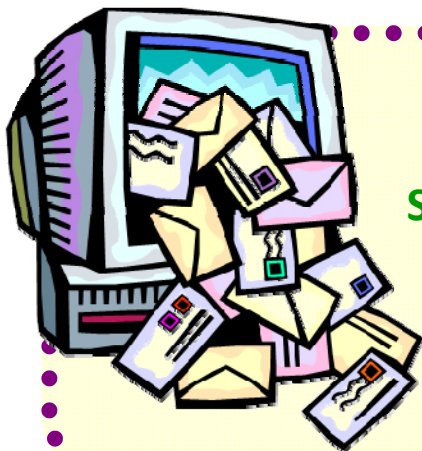
I am walking through a marketplace and I become fully lucid. It appears to be in India in the past, maybe the late 19th or early 20th Century based on the dress. The dirt in the marketplace has a reddish hue and others are milling about. A young girl who looks Indian is trying to sell me a beaded necklace; she is holding up a little brown card, maybe 8x4 with handwritten language. I tell her I don't understand. She pulls another one from behind it that say \$1.00. I laugh and reach in my pocket. Turns out I have a dollar.

I keep walking and over to my left I see a photo booth. I think that it might be interesting to take my picture in a dream, so I go over to the booth, open the curtain and sit down. There is a little coin slot so I reach again in my pocket and put a coin in. There is a slight noise, then a small red LED light on the panel with numbers counts backward, and when it reaches zero there is a ding sound. A group of 6 pictures comes out. I take them outside to look at but they aren't me. The pictures expand in my hand and keeps expanding until it's the size of a newspaper with what looks like 100 pictures, all of different people, mostly male.

A couple of things stood out. They were all in black and white and the people were from different times. They reminded me of those old pictures you see from the civil war or other points in time when people didn't smile and with dressed with facial hair that was the style of their time. Some of haircuts were really bad, as if it had been cut by a knife, and bad teeth in many of them. In the middle was a guy with long hair and a beard holding a long staff. He looked a little like Dumbledore from *Harry Potter*, as I remember.

I stared at as many as I could and tried to remember what I saw. It then dawned on me who these people were — they were me in different time periods! I was looking at past selves. I was certain then and remain so today that I was blessed to see my previous incarnations. It was vivid then and the memory is vivid over 20 years later.

Here's the kicker. I went to see the movie *Hereafter*, a psycho-spiritual movie directed by Clint Eastwood, when it came out. During the movie, an early scene has one of the main characters walking through a street market. She stops as a young girl tries to sell her a beaded necklace; she is holding what looks to be that same handheld sign with \$1.00 handwritten that the girl in my dream had. The girl and necklace also look similar as I remembered, but the small sign was a match for sure. ▲



JUNE 2019 issue — Any Topic!

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

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Lucid Dreaming Links

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www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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

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

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

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

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner. World of Lucid Dreaming
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.luciddreamalchemy.com

Dream Research Institute, London
<http://www.driccpe.org.uk>

Lucid Dreaming Links
<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

Lucid Sage
www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming
<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd
www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita
www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World
<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.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/>

Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid
<http://www.kidlucid.com>

Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny
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

Robert Moss
www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver - IASD Presentation
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

Awe of Awareness
www.albertlauer.com

Michael Lamberti
www.lucidscheming.com