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# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



Shazam on the Moon • Hidden Treasures of the Deep

DreamSpeak Interview with Karim • Guide Dogs

A Review of the Many Worlds of Lucid Dreaming Conference 2021



# 39<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL DREAM CONFERENCE

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## Statement of Purpose

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

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## Submissions

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

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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2021

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH KARIM

Lucid dreamer  
extraordinaire,  
Karim,  
explores the  
deeper  
nature of  
awareness

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

I used to recall dreams as early as 4 or 5 years old, but I did not know the term *lucid dreaming* then. I used to believe another world opened up at night, that I was becoming aware of. At age 5, I had a recurring nightmare series for several months, where the same monster would chase my brother and I around the house trying to put us in a giant blender to chop us into pieces. He would always catch my brother and put him in the running blender with blood spurting everywhere, but I would always wake up in a complete fright just before he caught me.

In fear and trepidation of anticipating this dream, I would try really hard to stay awake and not fall asleep daily. I think doing this repeatedly, night after night for weeks, acted as a form of incubation and probably resulted in my first lucid dream. One night, I recall seeing the monster enter my home and I instantly realized, 'Oh, I am in the other world now'. This was my first moment of lucidity. Being sick and tired of this monster terrorizing my night life, I felt really angry and just marched up to the dream character and yelled at it: "Get out of my house! Go away and never come back!" I kept yelling this over and over again until, surprisingly, the character just disappeared from the dream. Since then, that monster never returned and this nightmare series ceased. I learned a wonderful lesson that, over time, carried on to waking life: I can cause change in the dream state once I am lucid.

I had a friend in the late '90s that heard of the work of Stephen LaBerge on dreaming and that is when I first heard the term *lucid dreaming*. It was a big 'Aha' moment for me, getting a label on the experiences that I was having.

At the time I also got interested in OBEs and read several books on the subject. The first book I read on Astral Travel was by Lobsang Rampa that a friend handed to me in University once she heard I was into dreams. The book talked extensively about his OBE experiences and gave some tips on how to induce them. A few years later, I discovered your book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* that really put things in perspective and validated quite a number of my

experiences. At the time, I was reading it before going to sleep and it helped me induce a lot of dreams where I had several conversations with the voice/awareness behind the dream.

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

After my first lucid dream, I would become lucid spontaneously every once in a blue moon. My dream recall was quite good when I was a child, but I was never motivated to train to become more lucid. After meeting a friend in school that was describing his dream adventures and how he became aware he was dreaming while dreaming, I started to want to have my own dream adventures. This is when I started to seriously practice, around the age of 14/15. I would use the power of suggestion before going to sleep that, "I will become aware I am dreaming in the middle of the dream."

It was hard at the beginning. I had to try for months before the frequency of my lucid dreams started to increase. I recall in the beginning I would have a lucid dream once a month, at most. Every success motivated me to continue the self-suggestion exercise. I was not aware of any techniques at the time, as there were no courses on the subject where I lived.

In my early lucid dreams, I encountered a lot of resistance from my mind in letting go of waking life physics. I recall trying to jump from a building to fly, only to fall flat down on my face! Walking through walls or doors seemed impossible at first. While lucid, I would always try to tell myself that I was in a dream and it did not follow the rules of physical reality. With some practice, I was able to break the barrier of what my mind believed were rules in the dreamspace.

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

There were a number of pivotal moments in my lucid dreams that I consider life changing. One of the key dream events was meeting spiritual dream characters like spiritual teachers, angels, and deities. They would boost the vividness and lucidity of my dreams as a side effect when they were present, and always seemed to place me in an altered state of consciousness. Most of the time they would also impart teachings or put me through dream tests that were quite educational.

A notable dream was where I met the angel of death who took me into a simulation of the afterlife testing:

*Lucidly Meeting the Angel of Death*, published in the LDE June 2019, page 16, accessible at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/06/2019-JUNE-LDE-Web-Version.pdf> or <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/issues> .

Essentially, I was placed through a series of tests to help me let go of my worldly attachments and desires. I was told the result would be union with the divine and escaping Samsara (the cycle of birth and rebirth).

Another powerful dream I had that I shared in the MWLD 2020 conference is where I received a complete healing by a dream character, called Dr. Cosmic, that had a rainbow body. At the time I had chronic pain in my left knee and he healed it with energy from his hands. He advised me that the reason behind my weak knee is my stubbornness. When I asked what I was being stubborn about, he mentioned I was stubborn for not wanting to exercise! Touché! I took his advice and started exercising and the problem never came back.

This dream was quite key for me in teaching me that through our inner world we have access to a lot of knowledge and healing. Not only did I receive a dream healing but also a diagnosis of the problem and a prescription for maintaining the health of my knees. My belief in dream healing skyrocketed since.

This led me to approach dreams for the healing of my cat, Soltan, shared in another LDE article:

*A Miracle Second Chance with Soltan the Cat*, published in the LDE September 2020, page 16, at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/2020-SEPT-LDE-Final.pdf> or <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/issues> .

After Soltan became really ill and the vets could no longer do anything to help him, I resorted to dreams for support. I had several dreams where wild cats would come and breathe energy at him or lick him all over as a



form of cleansing. The last dream I had was me petitioning at a courthouse to the 'Grand Judge' for prolonging the life of Soltan. The petition was accepted and after this dream my cat started a rapid miraculous recovery on his own.

Another key aspect my dreams taught me is how we can embrace and integrate our shadow. I have had a series of dreams with the Incredible Hulk that would appear whenever my subconscious was angry about something I refused to acknowledge in waking life. Finally, with some help from a witch in a Hulk dream, I was able to face the Hulk and understand what he was angry about. Once I made the changes in waking life, the Hulk stopped appearing in my dreams. Many years later, the Hulk revisited me in dreams but this

time he was conscious and not smashing everything. We had the most interesting conversation. I realized I had integrated a lot of my unconscious anger and I had the Hulk's full support. Find this article here:

*Embracing the Shadow in Dreams*, published in the LDE March 2019, page 10, accessible at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/2020-SEPT-LDE-Final.pdf> or <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/issues>.

The last example I will share is about speaking to the awareness behind the dream. This is such an interesting phenomenon that I've been exploring for decades. This was the subject of my presentation at the recent MWLD 2021 conference, but I had previously shared some of my experiences in an old LDE article:

*The Voice from the Sky*, published in the LDE September 2016, page 9, accessible at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/05/2016-Autumn-LDE-final3.pdf> or <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/issues>.

Discovering that there is a loving, friendly awareness that exists inside me acting as my guardian and caretaker has brought tremendous benefits to my well-being in waking life.

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

There are two aspects of lucid dreaming that I found quite intriguing through my dream journey. First, lucid dreaming is one of the best tools one can use for self-discovery. It helps give us a direct experience with our unconscious and discover what lies beneath the surface of our waking consciousness. This self-discovery has led me to reach the essential self beyond the mind — the still, silent awareness that underlies all of reality and experiences. The Vedic tradition terms this as the Atman/Brahman. The awareness of Brahman has spilled over into waking life as a result. It's been the biggest blessing that lucid dreaming has brought me.

The second aspect is that lucid dreaming helps inform and educate us in various ways, but especially about our waking reality. Everything that we learn in a lucid dream — how we can affect changes, heal, the power of beliefs and expectations, the ability to manifest something, spiritual teachings, etc. — is something we can carry over into waking life. We can use the same skills to change our waking reality. I have to say, I am not in the "We (the waking consciousness) are masters of our own reality" camp, but rather believe we are co-creators with the larger awareness. I do agree though that through lucid dreaming I realized I have tremendous power to "highly influence" outcomes in dream and waking realities. But there are other variables, in my opinion, that shape the outcome of what happens. These variables include things like our archetypal makeup and our karmic footprint.

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

My favorite technique is a combination of two techniques. I use WBTB (Wake Back to Bed) along with WILD (Wake Induced Lucid Dreams). To ensure a high rate of success on the days I do this, I go to bed early, sometimes around 9:30 pm, but I ensure that I get rid of any sleep deficit beforehand.

I try to sleep early for a few nights in a row before trying WBTB. On a weekend I usually do this and wake up for 20 minutes, read something related to dreaming or perhaps some entries in my dream diary, and then try



to go to sleep again. I then stare behind my eyelids to attempt a WILD. With this technique I have a 90% chance of having a WILD. Whenever I have a dream goal to achieve, I try this out.

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

In the beginning, my dreams in general seemed quite chaotic and disorderly. I was plagued with nightmares in my early years with monsters, underworld creatures and creepy aliens. The sequence of dreams and dream scenes did not make much sense for years. They seemed as if they were there at random. Over time, as I practiced, it seemed my brain started to 'defrag' (if anyone is familiar with the old Windows 'file defrag' feature). It seemed as if my brain started to get its 'files' more organized and my dreams became much more orderly and started to make more sense. Of course, practicing dream work, interpretation, and being in a dream group has helped tremendously with this.

The point of rules is an interesting one. I used to think dreams operated within a specific set of rules. I viewed dreaming as a sort of Holodeck virtual reality program that the mind switches on once we go to sleep and get into the REM stage. However, I found over time that this dream program/Holodeck is dynamic and self-learning and not as rigid as I first thought. It is limited only by what we expect and believe, and also by our hopes and fears. The more relaxed these four elements are, the more I can 'break the rules' that I thought existed in dream reality. In a way, I am trying to say we are the ones that set the rules (mostly unconsciously).

***How did you come to understand that you could interact with a non-visible awareness in lucid dreams? What did you think?***

My first encounter with the phenomenon of speaking to something behind the dream happened when I was 13. I dreamt I was being abducted aboard a ship on the ocean, taken to be dissected in an alien lab on some island. I became lucid and asked out loud for help. Suddenly a wave came crashing on the ship that threw everyone onboard except me, and a voice from an invisible source spoke to me to ask me what I would like to do next? I asked to go home, and I woke up in my bed.

I was stunned at first that there is something that existed in the background of dreams that we can speak to and it can offer help. In the beginning, I thought God was speaking to me and helped me in the dream state.

***People often ask me about this non-visible awareness and normally want me to give it a 'name' (e.g., is it the "Self" or is it the Soul — or something else?). I often respond with a list of characteristics instead. Have you had lucid interactions which gave you a sense of those characteristics and the purpose of the non-visible awareness?***

Over time, I tested this voice on many dream adventures and it was always helpful, and more often than not, compliant with my requests. At one time I had an interesting conversation where I tried to understand the nature/identity of this voice. This is what happened:

"Who or what are you?"

*"I am the guardian!"*

"Do you mean like a protector?"

*"My function is not limited to protection. It is more of that of a caretaker. Think like a guardian of a child."*

I couldn't believe that I was having a conversation with an aspect of my unconscious that helped me numerous times in dreams. "That's very interesting; so you are not really God?"

The voice answered *"No, I am not what you mean by the term God."*

This last response implied that it is aware of how I think and feel. I continued, "So why do you help me in my dreams every time I ask? And why do you manifest anything I ask for?"

*"One of my functions is to bring form to your desires . . . when it seems beneficial to you."*

"So you decide whether or not to fulfill what I ask? Would you ever deny me a request?"

*"It is not for me to deny, but I would try to discourage you from a few of them if you were not ready for it."*



Image: Stefan Keller, Kellepics / Pixabay

Cheekily I asked, “And what if I insist?”

It calmly said, *“Then I will comply and you will see the consequences of your choice.”*

“I see. So you function as a guide as well?”

*“Part of being a guardian is to guide.”*

***When I began to engage the non-visible awareness, I wondered about the depth and breadth of its knowledge. Have you ever asked the non-visible awareness to help you experience a ‘concept’? If so, what happened?***

I was also surprised to find out that it had incredible access to a wealth of knowledge, wisdom, and creativity. I believe one of the best ways to interact with the voice is to ask it to help you understand and experience concepts. I recall from your course that you recommend asking it things like experiencing unconditional love, but with a short time limit in case the experience gets overwhelming. I discovered something similar when I asked it to show me infinity.

I found that the awareness/voice can sometimes discourage me from a request like experiencing infinity, but if I reword the request properly and ask for something specific I can then get an experience that I can understand.

When I asked the awareness to “Show me Infinity!” it said: *“That would be too difficult for your mind to comprehend.”* Remembering that I should be specific when asking the awareness a request, I repeated, “Could you please show me Infinity in a way that my mind can understand it?” (I also found out politeness helps!)

Immediately, two massive mirrors fell from the sky. They were huge! We are talking two meters wide, at least, and six meters tall. One mirror fell in front of me and the other behind me. If you ever stand in between two mirrors, you will see the infinite optical effect the reflections make. I thought what a creative way to explain the concept of infinity!

Remembering *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, I thought, ‘What if I can walk into the world behind the mirror?’ I proceeded to walk towards the mirror and it was not solid. I walked right into it and crossed into another world. Another two mirrors stood there, one behind me and one in front of me with the same infinite reflection effect. I decided to have a look at the world inside this mirror. It was very similar to the one I was in,



except for some slight differences in the color of the sky and the colors in the landscape but mostly it was the same. I came back to the mirrors and went forward through them again. Yet another world similar to the one before but again with slight differences and variations. I kept exploring different parallel worlds until I woke up.

Here's another example of a conversation with the awareness on experiencing Oneness:

*Karim, the Alter Ego*, published in the LDE September 2019, page 9, accessible at <https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/2019-SEPT-LDE-Web-version.pdf> or <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/issues>.

***Do you feel that the non-visible awareness has access to information across SpaceTime? Or does it seem limited in the information it can access?***

That's a great question. I have had instances where the awareness would show me a future event or a precognitive vision that would come true later on in waking reality. Another thing I noticed is that it has access to information that I did not come across in waking life. The awareness has discussed with me several concepts in the Vedic tradition way before I read anything about it. It is the reason I got interested in Vedanta and non-duality. It also helped me to meet a dream teacher that was part of a dream yoga lineage that I never heard of in waking life until later.

I found that very interesting, and it made me think of the awareness as like an AI (Artificial Intelligence) dream digital assistant with access to a universal Google search engine of sorts.

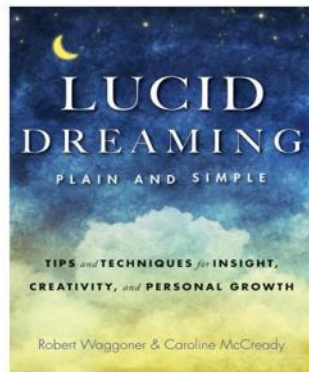
***In meditative experiences while awake, I have 'felt' and reached out to the awareness behind the dream — and received responses. Has this ever happened to you? If you would, let us know what occurred in your waking interaction.***

Yes, this happened a few times with me. I discussed an example in my presentation 'Speaking to the Dream'

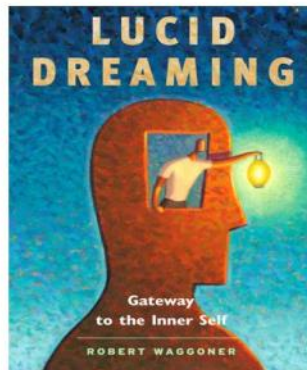


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in the recent MWLD 2021 conference. My aunt was suffering from tongue cancer a few months ago and needed support to get accepted in one of the best cancer centers in the region where she lives. However, that place was both expensive and required a lot of connections to get into. The family were disheartened and considered not even applying. One day I decided to try and ask the awareness for support for her situation while meditating, since at the time I was going through a dream recall drought. The voice spoke in my meditation saying that if the family applies for the approval of the operation and treatment coverage it will be accepted. I encouraged my cousins to do so immediately.

After a painstaking few days they were able to get the approval of the cancer center to take on her case, but not the insurance company to pay for the operation! I went and asked the awareness again and I got a message that things will work out and they will get accepted. I kept encouraging the family to try. At the end, the person that helped us secure the approval of the insurance company was none other than the coffee shop attendant of the hospital. It was a complete chance encounter that resulted in them getting all the papers signed. It seemed the guy had the 'right connection' within the hospital and insurance company. The family considers the level of synchronicity required to pull this off was nothing short of a miracle.

In this case, the voice gave me accurate information and was able to predict the outcome correctly. This strengthened my belief that we have incredible support in waking life by our 'Guardian' — just like we do in dreaming.

***Some lucid dreamers report having a hard time 'speaking' in a lucid dream, when they want to reach out to the larger awareness. What advice do you have for them?***

I would recommend to persevere and not to give up. A lot of dreamers that I spoke to that tried to speak to the voice behind our dreams gave up after one or two tries. We also are not required to be lucid to have this experience. I've had several non-lucid dreams where I spoke with the awareness. I also suggest to not only rely on the odd chance when we get lucid but set up ourselves in advance for success to have this dream conversation. Using dream incubations over several days (even weeks) while also reading about the subject can help in increasing the success factor in having a conversation with the awareness, even if it is in a non-lucid dream.

***Are there any dream-related projects that you are currently working on?***

In fact, I am working on a couple of projects. First is a book that I plan to call *The 7 Gates of Dreaming*. In it I explore 7 key milestones I faced in the evolution of my dream journey. The first gate being the 'Gate of Lucidity' which is a foundational gate for all the other 6. The last being the 'Gate of Surrender' where we reach a point of deep surrender and can let go of our egoic mind and the waking life idea of who we are to have an experience of union with the deep formless awareness. These gates do not follow the Toltec dream gates as described by Carlos Castaneda, but they do have in common the first gate (lucidity).

Another project that will take a lot more time to complete is a shadow dreaming course I will call "The Arabian Nights". I take some tales and characters from the famous 1001 Arabian Nights book (like Aladdin's Genie) and weave them into a shadow dream exploration of the 7 deadly sins (Pride, Wrath, Sloth, Envy, Greed, Gluttony, and Lust). I am designing 7 incubations with each lesson that can lead the dreamer to get in touch with one of the shadow passions and how to awaken its counterpart from the 7 virtues.

I've been considering another course to follow through *The 7 Gates of Dreaming* book, but time will tell which one comes out first.

***Any final thoughts/comments?***

Lucid dreaming is an incredible tool for self-exploration and is a core foundation to what is known as dream yoga. This is considered one of the paths of enlightenment according to certain Tibetan Buddhist traditions. For those of us that have good dream recall and are inclined towards exploring our dreams it is worthwhile to make a serious effort in becoming proficient in the practice of dreaming in general (both lucid and non-lucid). You cannot find a better tool that is free of cost available to have direct experience with the essential self. ▲



# Shazam on the Moon

by Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. ©2021

*“(Lucid) I fly from the Earth to the Moon, something I’ve meant to do in a lucid dream for years. I land on the Moon, feeling rather proud of myself for accomplishing this goal, and look back through the blackness of space to Earth. However, to my surprise, aside from a spectacular view of the Earth floating in space, I see my dog Shazam, flying through the void to join me! I feel a little worried as to how he’ll get back, but he nonchalantly lands on the moon next to me, looking quite pleased with himself. He holds up his mouth to show me he’d brought his yellow jingle ball with him, just in case I wanted to do something really important, like throw it for him. I find this very funny — of course, even on the Moon, what else would my dog want to do but have me play ball with him!”*

I kept Shazam’s toys in a large bowl on the top shelf of a cupboard. It had well over a dozen toys in it, at least a half dozen balls, including three rubber jingle balls in red, blue, and yellow, plus a variety of squeaky toys. When I took them down, he got to choose whichever toy he wanted. The next morning, as a sort of impromptu experiment, I felt curious as to which of the toys he would pick. Without hesitation, he picked out the yellow jingle ball.” (1)

During the seventeen years we spent together, not only did Shazam tag along when I flew to the moon, he joined me in many lucid dreams, including my most evidential [psychopompic dream](#) (see **Appendix B, #2**), as well as in lucid dreams in which I explored the pathways and Sefiroth of the [Tree of Life](#).

Now I knew that my lucid dreaming adventures over those years had significantly changed **me**, but it just recently struck me — considering how often Shazam accompanied me — that they would have significantly changed **him** as well. That explains a lot!

For example, since he died — now over twelve years ago! — I’ve had many psychopompic dreams in which I felt that I’d dreamed WITH Shazam, rather than OF him. As best I can tell, he shows up every now and then to touch home base and to check up on me. Also, he has not only shown up in my dreams, but reportedly in other people’s dreams as well! And in a new twist a few months ago, my body asleep but my mind awake in a pre-**OBE** state, I felt him jump up onto the bed, and then curl up and cuddle next to me.



Now I just wish I could figure out a way to see and play with him in waking life, though I expect if I did, he would ALSO want me to find a way to feed him, too! ▲

## References:

1. Excerpt from [“Tails of the Astral Plane,”](#) presented at IASD’s Eleventh PsiberDreaming Conference, September 23–October 7, 2012.

## Editorial Note:

Here’s a close-up image of the adventurous Shazam with his yellow jingle ball. Special thanks to Ed Kellogg for allowing the LDE to use his illustration, also titled *Shazam on the Moon*, as the cover art for this issue.

# Guide Dogs

By David L. Kahn © 2021

Dogs have always been a big part of my life, so it is not surprising that they make appearances in my dreams somewhat regularly. Most often it is dogs that I have had at various times in my past, though sometimes it is my current dog, and every so often it is a dog or group of dogs with no connection to my waking life



The first lucid dream that I recall with a dog took place in one of my childhood homes. Our dog, Scuffy, was my best friend for my first 15 years and no doubt shaped my association with dogs to be that of a loving companion. In the dream, I was in the living room and my father was yelling from another room in the house, which caused me to be afraid. My father has always been a rather quiet man, so the anger in his tone was unsettling and intensified my fear. I then realized I was dreaming, and my father walked down the hallway into the living room. He was about 8 feet tall and looked angry. I somehow just knew to hug him, and as I did so he turned into my deceased dog, who was as gentle an animal as I've ever seen.

Many years after this first lucid dog dream, a similar theme appeared in another. As I found myself lucid, I flew to a large tree that had a thick and solid trunk, with large branches extending from it. Near the center of the tree, I noticed markings on it and took a closer look. The markings then looked like a face and the eyes of the tree opened. The tree spoke to me, though I don't recall the words. I then hugged the tree and it turned into a puppy. The puppy ran free and played. I felt that the tree needed love to experience freedom.

***Over time I have learned that dogs in my dreams often represent a combination of love and responsibility. They require a lot of time and care, but what I receive in return is worth it.***



In a lucid dream in 2020 I asked a random gentleman who appeared in my dream what it is that I most need. He simply answered, "A dog." I spun into another scene and ended up in a grassy field where I saw a large dog walking towards me. This dog looked like an animated character, with large floppy ears, and the energy of an older dog. I asked the dog what I need, and he responded saying that I need a dog. The scene shifted and I was then in a living room, this time surrounded by a group of dogs. I asked them, "What do I most need in order to heal myself?" Again, the answer remained that I needed a dog. I then had a sense of the responsibility that goes along with having a dog. I was aware of being at a point in my life when I was trying to simplify as much as possible and having a dog would make it more difficult to do so. I added to my question by saying something

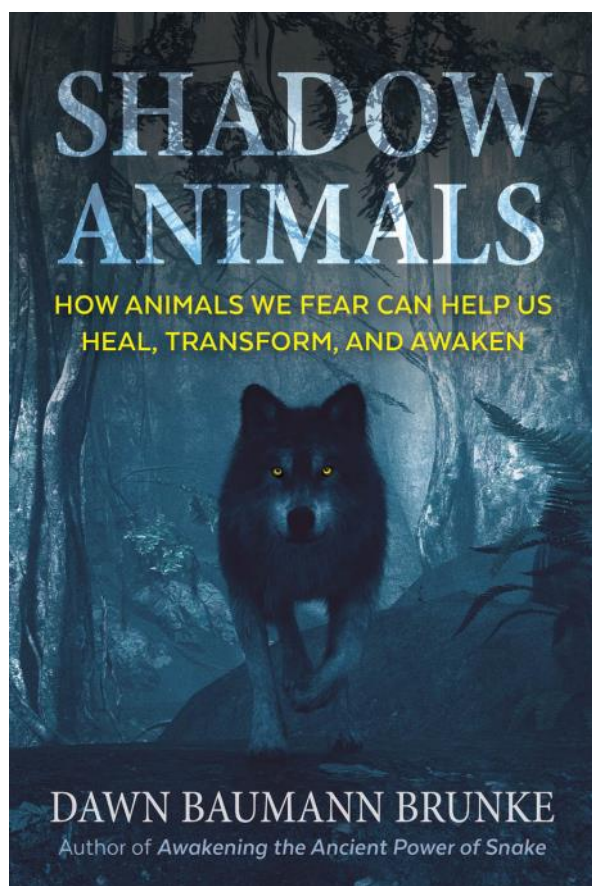
like, "Instead of time to chill?" One of the dopier-looking dogs nodded his head affirmatively.

As I look back over many dreams of dogs, they have often preceded new projects or changes in my life that have added responsibility, but where I have had an opportunity for creativity or contribution that is worth the effort. In my lucid dreams, the dogs often communicate back with me, and there seems more of a decision or resolution that I make. In a way, the dogs represent my call to adventure. Because of my loving association with dogs, I know that I can trust them to lead me. ▲



# HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE DEEP

By Dawn Baumann Brunke  
© 2021



Dawn Baumann Brunke is an animal communicator, dream enthusiast, and author of nine books, including *Dreaming with Polar Bears*, *Awakening the Ancient Power of Snake*, and the upcoming *Shadow Animals*. To learn more, visit [www.animalvoices.net](http://www.animalvoices.net).

Excerpt from the forthcoming book  
**SHADOW ANIMALS:  
HOW ANIMALS WE FEAR CAN HELP  
US HEAL, TRANSFORM, AND AWAKEN**  
to be published by Inner Traditions, October 2022.

I spent most of the 2020 pandemic writing a book about how the animals we fear or dislike can help us to recognize and investigate our shadow side: the hated, abandoned, judged, and denied aspects of ourselves.

While working on a chapter entitled *What Lurks Below*, I dreamed of sharks. I had intended to include sharks in this chapter for their intelligence, perceptiveness, ability to quickly assess a situation and engage well-honed instincts to act with authority. As such, they are excellent shadow teachers — animals that can guide us to reclaim inner strengths, abilities and wisdom that we have forgotten or disowned.

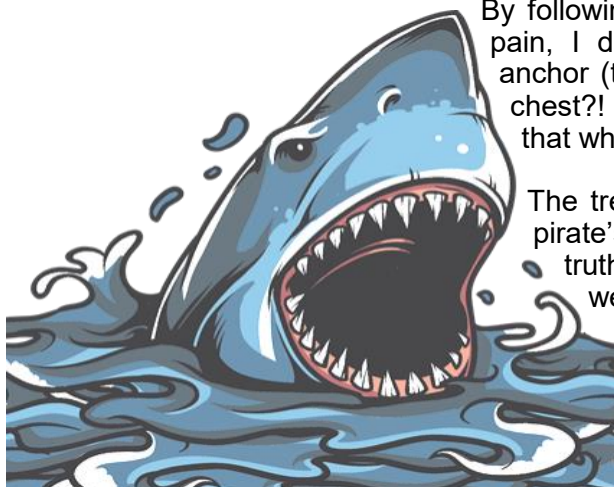
Early one morning I was awakened by an ache in my neck. Curious of the cause, I stretched and settled into my body, breathed deeply, and attuned to the pain. In just a few moments, I fell asleep and dreamed:

*I am in a small row boat. There is a rope around my neck that is attached to an anchor deep in the sea. I jump into the water and follow the rope down to the anchor, which sits beside an open treasure chest partially buried in the sand. Though it resembles an old-fashioned pirate chest, it doesn't hold jewels or gold, but mirrors!*

*There are many mirrors of many different sizes and shapes. I pick one that is round and just a bit larger than my hand. A scrap of white paper in the mirror reads "Different Perspectives". I wonder if the paper is inside the mirror. If not, then what can it be reflecting, for there is no paper around me. As if in answer to my wondering, the mirror bends outward and becomes a small globe. The glass cracks as the mirror changes shape, but all of the pieces stay on, and now it looks like a mosaic globe of reflections.*

*At this point I become lucid and am very excited because I know this globe of reflections indicates something important is happening. Just then, I sense a large shape coming near: a shark! It swims close to me and very gently nudges the mirrored globe in my hand. I say out loud "Different Perspectives" and the shark opens its mouth in a wide — and very toothy — grin.*

I awoke with great excitement and rushed to record the dream in my journal. It seemed an inspiring explosion of synchronicities, insights, and clues. I marveled at the creative segue between waking and dreaming: of how my neck pain (and my desire to find its cause) was imaged as a rope around my neck, tied to an anchor that sat at the bottom of the sea. The dream was reflecting one of my key Shadow themes: that in order to find surface cause, we must often dive deep and explore below.



By following the rope into the watery realm to locate the source of my pain, I descended into the subconscious. Isn't it intriguing that the anchor (the 'hold' of the rope around the neck) sits next to a treasure chest?! As if to make clear: as we begin to explore with serious intent that which holds us hostage, we may find our treasure is near!

The treasure is not gold or jewels or what we might expect from a pirate's booty, but rather mirrors: objects of reflection. Mirrors are truth-tellers, showing us what is — both what we want to see as well as what we don't want to see. (In some dreams, mirrors show us what we need to see.) Choosing the hand-sized mirror indicates the dreamer may be looking at a personal (hand-held) perspective. And here the dream is very specific with its message: *Different Perspectives!*

The dreamer ponders: is this message inside the mirror (inside myself?) or a reflection of something outside? As if in answer, the flat mirror cracks and rounds. Suddenly it is pregnant with possibilities, for there is no longer only one reflection, but many faceted reflections. Said another way, the hand-held, personal mirror becomes spherical and collective: a global mirror.

There is something powerful about a flat two-dimensional surface suddenly becoming round and three-dimensional, a 'mirror' perhaps of our evolutionary shift from believing the world was flat to the truth of knowing it as round. Also interesting is that when the mirror bends and fractures, the pieces hold together.

And then, with lucid awakening, comes the shark: a water creature of heightened awareness, discernment and ancient knowledge. As it approaches the dreamer, it gently nudges the reflective globe, further emphasizing the importance of this object. In response, the dreamer reads the words written in the mirror, transporting them into a new medium by speaking them aloud: *Different Perspectives*. And the shark smiles: a wide grin that is not at all threatening, but encouraging.

I have worked with Shark in many dreams and, for me, its appearance does not generally signal fear, but rather growth and evolution. However, every dreamer will have his or her unique experience with Shark or other animal teacher that appears in the dreamworld.

So, what does this mean? What answer does the dreamer receive in pondering the cause of her neck pain?

On personal levels, I felt the dream was prodding me to acknowledge that getting stuck in any one perspective (especially one's favorite perspective, the one we are convinced is "right") can compromise flexibility. On physical levels, getting stuck equals loss of movement, which may cause pain. On psychological levels, it may reflect stubbornness and a refusal to see other perspectives.


The dream reflects a timely, collective vision of a world fragmented with divisiveness. '*Different Perspectives*' is an answer, a reminder, and a hopeful message — for the fragments of the mirror do not fall away, but rather are held together, united.

My interpretation is this: that by exploring our Shadow (both individually and collectively) we might rediscover the global treasure chest of mirrors. By reflecting upon this gift of 'different perspectives', we might learn from each other — and from all creatures on this planet — and begin to celebrate the remarkable richness of our diversity. Instead of being torn apart by superficial opinions and small-minded perspectives, we might invite discussion, listen to other points of view, welcome the messages from our dreams, and so begin to uncover truth.

So, too, I sense a feeling of reassurance from the Deep: the ancient Spirit of Shark smiling gently, reminding us that by facing our fears, we also find our treasure. ▲







## *A Review of the Many Worlds of Lucid Dreaming Conference 2021*

By Eleanor Cait © 2021

This was my second year attending the **Many Worlds of Lucid Dreaming (MWLD) online conference** on GlideWing with Robert Waggoner and Ed Kellogg as co-hosts. I'm extremely grateful to them and the other presenters (as well as Bob Felix of GlideWing), especially because I've not been able to attend other conferences from the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD).

Concurrently, I've been taking online (now-free) courses from longtime lucid dreamer Ian Wilson on his *Dreaming for Gamers* website. Ian was interviewed in the LDE in June 2010 (<https://www.dreaminglucid.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/06/LDE-55-Summer-June-2010.pdf>). I am just one of his fellow lucid dreamers who very much admire his work.

The MWLD 2021 conference began on October 30. Scott Sparrow was the keynote presentation, focusing on dream figure encounters within lucid dreams. Sparrow has been writing on lucid dreams since before the formal scientific evidence was published in 1981. His 1976 book *Lucid Dreaming: Dawning of the Clear Light* is on my ever-growing to-read list. Other presenters, both from this year and last year, have books and other works I intend on reading.

Many of the presentations this year focused on dreams, lucid dreams and healing, which (as presenter Kim Mascaro brought to light) conventional Western medicine negates or ignores. This is unfortunate, and is a reason Mascaro and others look to naturopathic doctors who see the benefit of patients' dreams in regard to their health conditions. In addition, Jordi Borràs García's presentation covered his use of dreamwork as a psychotherapist in Spain. Mental health and physical health go hand-in-hand, and our dreams may allude to conditions of any sort we may be struggling with, such as my own nightmares as a teen struggling with depression. I independently treated these nightmares by learning lucid dreaming techniques.

Another concept that is often ignored or dismissed by many folks in scientific and academic fields is the concept of *psi*, or psychic skills and abilities. In contrast, the MWLD presentations and forum discussions do not disappoint in fulfilling a need to learn more about dreams and psi. This is extremely helpful for someone like me, who was mostly ignorant of the world of psi before the pandemic — with the notable exception of *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* by Robert Waggoner. Integrating psi with dreamwork is a concept I personally plan to keep pursuing.

The discussion forums for MWLD 2021 were as active as last year, and I very much appreciated being able to converse with presenters and others involved in dreamwork for much longer and at deeper levels than I have so far. An example would be an attendee who began her involvement with dreamwork in the 1970s due to her many precognitive dreams. Unfortunately, she was discouraged from looking into lucid dreaming for decades due to Stephen LaBerge's then very skeptical view on precognitive dreams. Ed Kellogg reports that LaBerge appears to have privately changed his mind on psi in lucid dreams.

Like last year, the MWLD online format allowed for live Zoom presentations to be recorded and watched by attendees at any time from after the day they were live until two weeks after the conference ended. Naturally, this allowed the international part of IASD to shine, both for presenters and attendees. There was also a chat room available, which I didn't manage to use this year. I would love for future IASD in-person conferences to be at least partially hybrid, if possible.

The MWLD is a real treat for any readers of the LDE, including those who may not be familiar yet with IASD, or those unable to afford other GlideWing classes. This year's two-week event cost \$49 for students/low income, \$79 for IASD members, and \$89 for other attendees. ▲

# The Sailor of Dreams

By Callie Cameron © 2021

*Oneironaut', literally 'sailor of dreams',  
is another word for a lucid dreamer.*



Tell me a tale of the land of night,  
Tell me how you take to flight,  
Tell me how you swoop and soar,  
Tell me how you make a door  
That opens onto distant lands,  
How you hold creation in your hands,  
How you pass through stone like a shapeless spirit,  
How you change your form from minute to minute;  
Tell me, oh, that I might, too,  
Learn to sail my dreams like you.

## Where's Robert?

### Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner

**Starting in February 2022 — Online Workshop  
"Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly"**

**A 30-day Intensive Workshop taught by Robert Waggoner  
and other facilitators, hosted by IONS!**

**Details coming soon at: <https://noetic.org/experience/lucid-dreaming-living-lucidly/>**

Want to take a lucid  
dreaming class at your  
own pace? Check out  
Robert's online  
offerings!

#### **Jung Platform Online Course**

**"Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner  
Growth, by Robert Waggoner"**

**A 4-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!**  
[Lucid Dreaming: A Path to Healing & Inner Growth | Jung Platform](#)

#### **Hemi-Sync Online Course**

**"Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner"**

**A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!**  
[Lucid Dreaming for Beginners Online Course – HemiSync \(hemi-sync.com\)](#)





## On Becoming a Mosquito, a Tree, a Bird, and a Human

Banner design by Laura Atkinson

By Karim © 2021

One of the things I enjoy when lucid dreaming is the ability to explore any concept or any way of being. We get the opportunity to experience our consciousness as an animal, insect, a plant, or even a different human. Something that we cannot do in waking life seems possible in a lucid dream.

This particular lucid dream has all these elements in it.

In this dream, I became lucid while walking in a park. I wanted to explore the dream environment. I noticed a mosquito that buzzed by my ears. Strangely, I found the dream mosquito fascinating and was wondering, *"What would it be like to be a mosquito?"*

Before I could finish the thought, my consciousness was sucked into the mosquito. As a mosquito, I was flying through the air and my wings were moving back and forth really fast, creating the most pleasant hum! It was a very relaxing sound. This is very different than my experience of a mosquito as a human. I find the sound quite irritating when the mosquito passes close to my ears. I was quite surprised to discover the sound is quite nice from the mosquito's point of view.

As I approached a tree, I thought again, *"What would it be like to be a tree?"*

I got immediately sucked into this large tree. I literally became the tree. It was the size of a 2-story building. My limbs became the branches, my hair the leaves. I felt tall and still. I was strangely silent. I realized trees have no thoughts. I also became aware of insects crawling up my bark. The fungus growing on some of my branches. The bird nest taking shelter between my leaves. My roots that go deep in the earth and anchor and stabilize me. I felt the sun shining on me and the wind blowing through my leaves/hair. I was a whole ecosystem; sustaining life and giving shelter to living organisms. Though I was just standing or being there, I was serving my environment in silence with full acceptance of what I am and what is happening around me. Not complaining. Just being present.

The experience of a tree was so fascinating! I was enjoying the silence immensely. Then one of the birds nesting in my branches took flight and so with it my consciousness shifted.

The feeling of being a bird was one of the most fascinating feelings. I felt the sense of complete freedom of flying through the air. The way I was seeing as the dream bird was very different than the way I see as a human. The field of vision is quite wide. It is very hard to explain. Maybe the closest perspective would be if you saw a photograph made by a fish-eye lens.

The way the arms/wings are used for flight is something we cannot relate to as humans as well. It was very interesting to make turns and dives while flying.

In each of those instances, I found myself as an observer inside those creatures and not really trying to control the dream figures.

I then wondered about being human. My consciousness accompanied a few humans walking in the park. Being human was quite a contrast. The mosquito, tree, and bird are quite silent in comparison to humans. I could hear the minds of people having a constant dialogue, either complaining about something or other in their lives, criticizing themselves or others, thinking about the past, or planning the future.

The last human I experienced was a young lady that was riding a bicycle through the park. Her mind was silent just like the tree. It was quite refreshing to be a present, silent human. She/I cycled through the park enjoying nature and the act of cycling, nothing more.

As the lady made a bend in the road my consciousness exited her and I felt quite content and peaceful. I looked around and noticed I had no body. I was just an invisible consciousness without form. I looked around and I knew I could identify with any object, creature, or person around me and experience myself as them. But what was I? Who am I? At this point, I had lost my lucidity.

The question dawned on me and with it came a strange fear. I did not know who I was. It was like a moment of temporary amnesia. I lost my personality and my memories along the way. For some reason I knew I had a primary form that I was assigned to, but I did not know where or what. The “not knowing” became more disturbing so that the increasing fear woke me up and ended the dream.

Awake in bed, I was baffled. Was my true essence this invisible consciousness that can identify and experience itself as anything or anyone? The implications of this were huge. What was the difference between me, or anything/anyone else? Was there really any difference in our essence?

It was a very educational dream. ▲



## THEME FOR OUR MARCH 2022 ISSUE:

### LUCID DREAMS OF OUTER SPACE

*Have you ever experienced a lucid dream where you find yourself in outer space? On the moon? Visiting other planets? Traveling through the stars? Exploring galaxies? Or whooshing through wormholes in space-time? What did you see, experience, learn? How did it feel?*

Please send us your  
\* COSMIC / SPACE \*

LUCID DREAMS and ARTICLES:

[Submit-your-lucid-dreams](#)

by February 15, 2022

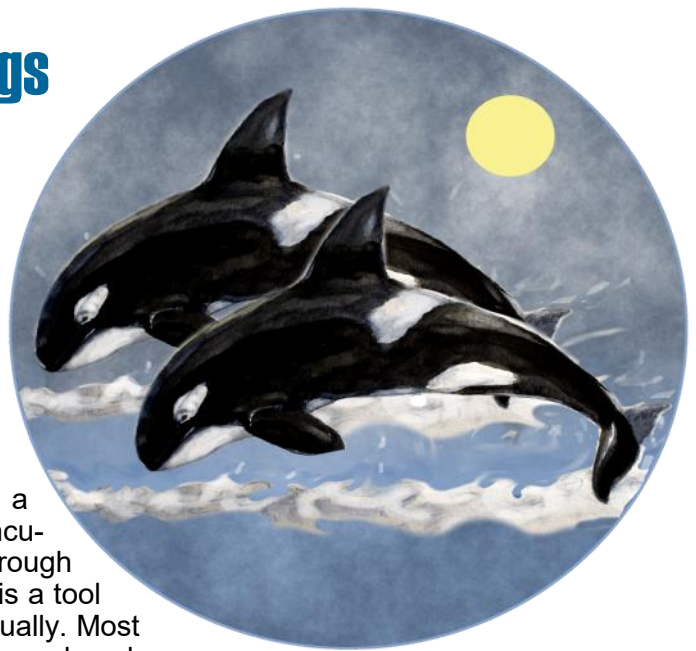
We also welcome **ARTWORK**  
inspired by lucid dreams!

**NOTE:** Our “theme” suggestions are meant to inspire, but feel free to submit your lucid dreams on ANY topics at any time.

# The *Whale* Dream Figure Brings Awareness to my Strength and Wisdom

By Christine Heineman © 2021

*\* Article reprint from December 2016 \**



Resolving issues through lucid dreaming has become a constant practice in my life. It has become a habit to incubate my dreams with the intent to resolve conflicts. Through many years of keeping dream journals I firmly believe it is a tool in self growth mentally, emotionally, physically, and spiritually. Most often I seem to work on conflicts in my relationships with my loved ones. Currently the dream figure of a pod of killer whales has appeared in two separate dreams.

This sighting of killer whales in the Pacific Ocean became a part of my conscious reality during a vacation.... They are amazing, beautiful creatures. I was awestruck at the sight of two baby whales playfully diving up and down in the water near the cruise ship I was on. Along with that I saw at least a dozen adult whales off in the distance exhaling powerfully out of their blowholes. This breathtaking view made quite an impression on my consciousness. As I watched I embraced the thought of the baby whales and their new life, a new beginning. I was also amazed at the size and strength of the adult whales. At the time of this amazing vacation I was also in the process of figuring out how to remove myself from what I considered to be a toxic relationship. My emotions were all over the place. At the point I finally gained the strength to end this relationship I decided to do some work with lucid dreaming to carry me through this journey.

I set my intention with an affirmation to work through the anger, sadness, and uncertainty I was feeling from leaving this relationship. When I woke up and recalled that there were whales in my dream I grabbed my journal right away. I also immediately looked up the spirit totem of a whale. A brief description I found was: Emotional and physical healing, emotional rebirth, peaceful strength, communication, and wisdom holder (source: Spirit Animal website, by Elena Harris: <https://www.spiritanimal.info/whale-spirit-animal/>).

In my journal I wrote, "I am watching a large pod of killer whales swimming as I look on through glass windows of a room on the ship. There was a lot of whales." As I wrote, I wondered why I was looking through a glass to see them (I often dream of looking at something through windows). I determined that watching them through the windows meant I just wasn't fully seeing my own strength and wisdom yet. It meant I was just starting to see the healing that needed to happen.

This seemed to be just the beginning of killer whales in my dreams. The next time whales showed up in my dream I chose to fully understand the power of this dream figure. This time the whales were so close to the ship and making major splashes with their tail fins. The force of the water from the strength of the whales bashing their tail fins was so powerful that the water came up on the deck of the ship. I kept telling the people around me to watch the whales. I wanted them to keep splashing. As the dream progressed I had the courage to change something in the dream. This was about relationships, so there was a person representing characteristics of someone I didn't like. As these whales were splashing, I was shaking the hand of this disturbing man but then I turned and chose not to interact with him. To the other side of me appeared a man that represented all the characteristics that I love. He was friendly, had a pleasant smile, and was attempting to make me laugh. The first man I saw suddenly disappeared. However, I could still see the whales swimming in the water. The splashes became what I consider to be normal.

I had a good feeling from this dream when I woke up. The whales and the ability to change the male character in my dream made me realize I've had the strength all along to maneuver through my own healing. Now I can use whales as a symbol of strength and wisdom when I encounter challenges/fears in my dreams. I do feel a great amount of healing has occurred from my lucid dreaming experience of killer whales. ▲





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Published continuously since the 1990s, this free magazine has a subscriber base of over 3,500 readers plus a large online audience of dedicated lucid dream enthusiasts.

The LDE magazine is co-edited by Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner, with contributions from lucid dreamers around the globe.

The average size of each issue is 32-40 pages. The digital version is in full color, while the print version is in black and white.

An extensive archive of past issues is available for reading at our website: [www.luciddreamingmagazine.com](http://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com)

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### Wendy Lund — *Becoming a Blade of Grass*

This was the night after one of Andrew Holecek's dream yoga classes. I was a speck of consciousness in the sky. I could feel the sun's warmth and I rode a gentle breeze. With no human body, I realized I was dreaming and remembered Andrew's instruction to become a god or goddess.

I intended to become one with the sun and did so. It was very, very hot. So much turmoil and heat, I could not take it. I woke up but it was a false awakening. I had a body and spoke with the fellow near me and told him I became the sun — but it was too hot. He said, "Oh yes, don't become the Sun; it is too much."

I became lucid again. I was hyper lucid. I dropped to the earth where I became a blade of grass, or a chive. I was hollow, very brilliant green. I could hear cells being created as I grew. It sounded like a fire crackling, but much louder. I knew the sound was the production of additional cells. I felt so much energy throughout my chive body as well as a sense that I was in the onion family with a spicy flavor.



It was an ecstasy that cannot be expressed in words. Sensation, green, the sound of becoming life, the feeling of each cell becoming, exploding with life. Feeling and seeing the light of the sun penetrating to the hollow core. This is beyond anything in this dimension. Then someone cut the chive. I woke up. It was a false awakening but I remembered Andrew said go back into the dream.

So I became a blade of grass/chive again and the experience began again. So much, all of my senses were so extremely activated; it was not overwhelming but full of life. It was an experience of love. It lasted a long time.

When I woke, I had the thought that this is why we choose to materialize. This explosion of sensation is not available to the unincorporated soul. I believe all beings are gods and goddesses, especially after this experience. Every blade of grass is divine.

### Lana Sackwild — *Departed Guardians*

I find myself in a dark and eerie room. It is all wooden floorboards and there is a lot of stuff around the edges of the room but nothing in the middle. I have a flashlight, and I am looking around in there, but the general feeling is just an abyss of the unknown and I felt incredibly nervous and on edge.

I move my flashlight and it suddenly lights up two eyes in the darkness. I move the light around a little more and see that it's my cat (who passed). This gets me lucid immediately. I smile and feel so happy that she's there to guard and protect me (I try not to change bad dreams as much anymore so that I can learn). I slip under a blanket she's sitting on and I invite her to join me in the blanket. The cold hard wooden floor doesn't feel as bad with her purring next to me. I love the way she enters the blanket just like she used to and flops down by my side, perfectly fitting into it like a piece of my body puzzle that is always supposed to be there. She is so warm and her purr is vibrating through me. It's so loud and I snuggle up to her tightly.



Waking state reflection/analysis: Nowadays whenever I have a dream that leans more towards a bit of a nightmare, I'm reminded that I'm shifting through something. I just made a HUGE business investment in my waking life and it feels SCARY. There is a lot that I feel is unknown. It's uncomfortable to step into something that feels much bigger than me. The visitation from my cat reminded me that spirit is watching over me. I have my guardians by my side always. They wake me up, keep me conscious, lucid, and protected and I can call on them during any times of nervousness both whilst dreaming and awake.

### Joanna Kowalewska — *I Healed Gonzo*



I'm driving a car through a beautiful, colorful landscape. I watch houses, rivers, and other things passing by. I know that it's a dream and I just want to enjoy myself and see what my mind is going to show me. I feel happy, very happy.

I fall off the dream but get back to it quickly. I'm with my cat Gonzo, and I'm looking for ways to heal him. I'm in a building with many floors, and each of them has something else on it. The bottom floors are the basement, and at some point I go there (floor -2). I want to be nice and visit a guy that works there. No one really visits there. He is happy I came to say hello and tells me about himself. But then I start to feel like he doesn't have the best intentions and is telling me to enter a small room, bathroom perhaps, and I fear he wants to lock me there or even harm me. Very confident, I tell him I won't be going to this room, and he needs to leave me alone. I leave the basement. Then I go to floor number 0 which is the hospital. I'm looking for ways to help Gonzo, to heal him. I believe that if I can heal him in the dream, I can heal him in the waking life, too. I go from person to person asking for help and medicine.

At some point, I'm in a room with my sister, and she is misbehaving. I don't remember what she is doing exactly, but we have a conflict. Then I go again to where Gonzo is, and I see that the doctor prescribed him a vaccine. I give it to him and I believe that's what will heal him. I'm extremely happy.

I continue my journey through the building. There are many floors and I can reach each of them with a silver elevator. There are many elevators in this building, but not all of them go to the same floors. At some point, I'm about to take a wrong elevator that can't take me where I want to go, but then I realize I need to look for another one and I do so. I go up and see a lot of people; it somehow looks like a shopping mall. My work friend and I chat for a while...maybe about her travels in South America. We go to a food stand that has a tasting of green cheese. I don't feel like something is wrong with the cheese, regardless of its color. I find a piece of vegan cheese at the end and take it with a toothpick, but I don't remember eating it.

Then I hear rumors that many people are playing with Gonzo. I want to go and take him from the hospital as he is completely healed. I go to floor 0, and meet the nurse. She has bad intentions and is trying to tell me that Gonzo is not there, and he hasn't recovered. I know she is lying, and I have proof of something else she was doing wrong. I blackmail her and tell her that if she doesn't give me back Gonzo, I will use it against her. She gives up and gives me back Gonzo, and he is happy and healthy.

After that I find myself in Ecuador and I see a map of a river. A voice tells me that it's a route but he can't guarantee exactly what path the boat or kayaks will take, as it depends a lot on the river itself. I think it's not safe at all, and I'm not keen on doing such a trip. Then I think I'm in the water, watching a castle on the island.

This was the most unique lucid experience I've ever had. I had this dream the night my cat was dying. We had just come back from the vet and the prognosis was not good, but I really believed that we could save him. When I became lucid that night, I was absolutely convinced that if I managed to heal my cat Gonzo in the dream state, he would be healed in waking life as well. I really don't know from where this belief came, and unfortunately, even though I healed my beloved cat in the dream, he passed away in my arms a couple of hours after I woke up.



## Gregor — *Unconditional Love*

I am at home in our living room. I'm not sure why, but something seems off, and I become lucid. I look at my hand and it has six fingers, as usual. After some jumping around and having fun with gravity, I remember my dream plan. I yell out to the dream: "I want to experience unconditional love!" Nothing happens, so I try again: "I want to experience unconditional love!"

After a couple of seconds, a force starts pulling me up in the air and through space. I let myself go, curious of what the dream has to show me. Suddenly, our family dog appears at my side and starts licking my foot. I push her away, thinking: "Move aside, I'm trying to experience unconditional love here!" But she keeps licking my foot. I push her away, but she persists. "Hey, maybe her love for me is unconditional!" I think to myself as I am waking up.



## Janet Mast — *What Do You Represent?*

I find myself in a room with a small group of people present, maybe 5 or 6 people. Although I'm not sure what triggers lucidity, suddenly I realize I'm dreaming. Now lucid, I decide to ask all the dream figures what they represent. I go around the group asking each person one by one, "What do you represent?"

There's a dog here, too — a small- to medium-sized black-haired dog with a black-and-brown face. So I even question the dog: "What do you represent?" The dog replies: "Unconditional love!"

After waking, this experience reminded me of a previous dream where a dog breathed a slow, warm, deep breath onto the top of my hand and I was flooded with the awareness that the dog's breath was an expression of pure love. Throughout my life, I've always been more drawn to cats than dogs (and sometimes afraid of dogs) so I've been pleasantly surprised by these dream encounters with dogs representing love.

## John Carter Sr. — *Flying Through Power Lines*

I have had many dreams of flying or simply jumping high and far, even like flapping my arms in an up-down swimming motion to lift off the ground or like stepping on imaginary steps to get high up. I used to dream of flying very high into the air. Most of my early dreams of flying high always ended with me about to get tangled in power lines. My fear of touching them ended the dreams. And then I remembered that "facing your dragons" was a sure way to defeat them.

My mother actually told me this when I told her that I had dreams of being chased by a lion. She told me to turn around and challenge the lion because it was just a dream. I did just that, and the lion disappeared. One night while flying up high, I decided to touch the power lines. I reveled in the experience of not being electrocuted. And I haven't had that dream since. Since then, I dreamed of flying up and out into space. But then I thought I would freeze to death. And remembering that it was just a dream and anything is possible, I haven't even dreamt of flying into space since. It's like: been there, done that, so what?



My one very lucid dream was a full realization that I was lying in bed dreaming. I pushed my head against the pillow to confirm its presence, and stayed in the dream. I was sitting at a table with a piece of bread on a plate in front of me. Now's my chance, I thought. What would it be like to eat bread during a dream? I picked it up and took a bite. It was SO REAL! In complete fascination, I turned around to look at a woman who was busy in the corner of the kitchen. "This is a dream," I told her. She ignored me. Feeling full of power beyond measure, I decided to wander about. There's so much more to the dream. Lucid dreaming like that is a really empowering feeling.

### **Raymond — *My First Lucid Dream***

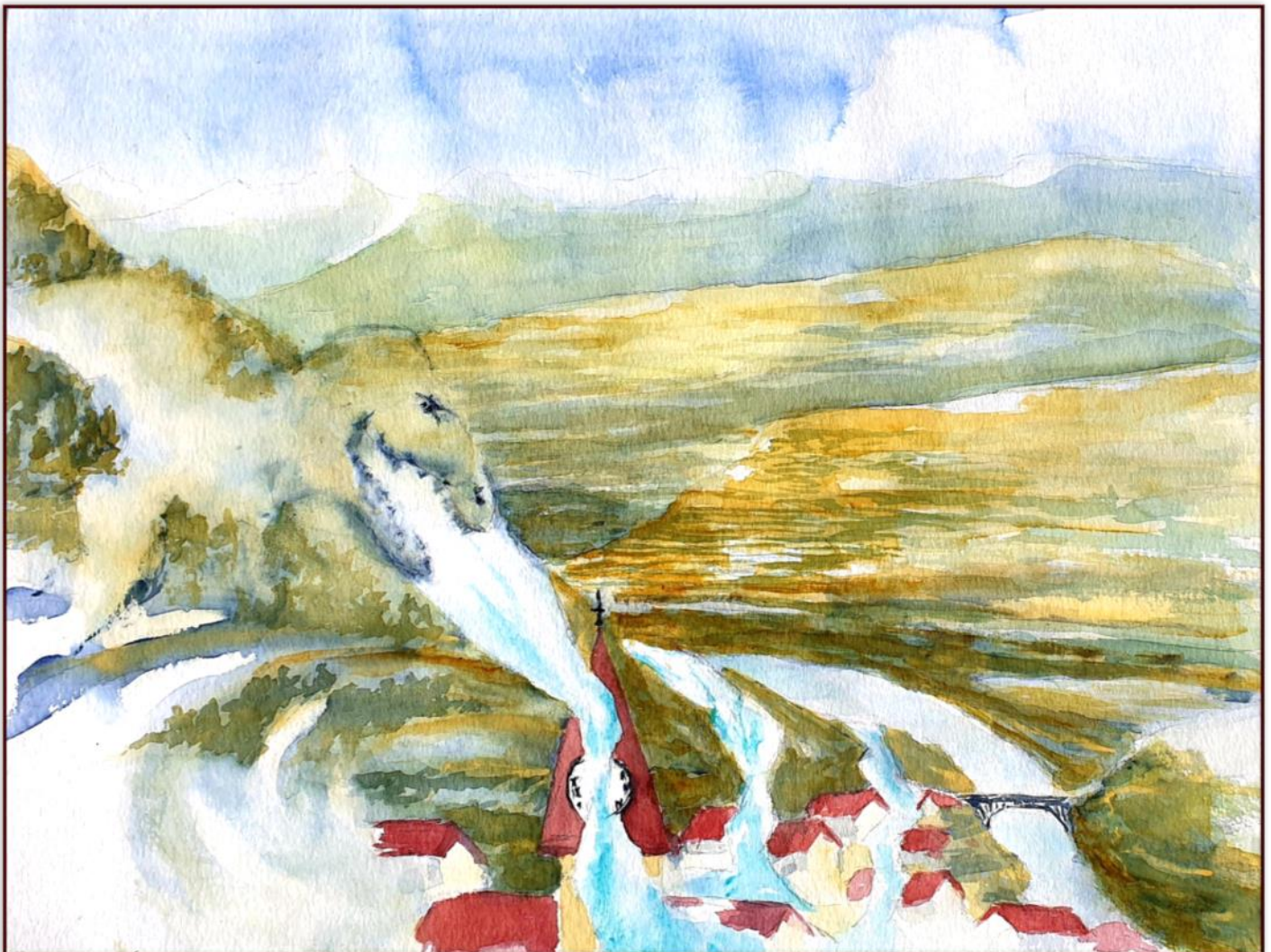
I had this dream when I was very young; it is the earliest lucid dream in my memory: I get out of a car and see that we are on a bridge. It is a complete traffic jam, and the entire road is filled with cars. In the distance, alien spaceships are attacking the people below. Suddenly I become lucid. I decide to leave by jumping off the bridge. But when I hit the water, everything goes black and white, like a video game. I then “respawn” back on the bridge. After this I wake up.

### **Marlise — *An Illusionary Dragon-Horse Head Forming Out of a Mountain Range***

In a non-lucid dream, I'm enjoying the view over a South American canyon range until a Dragon-Horse 'Monster' Head evolves out of the mountain rocks in front of me. First I'm a bit afraid, but then I realize that I must be dreaming. Therefore, now I can watch how it dissolves into the mountain scenery. Happy, I push off the mountainside like from a swimming pool wall and start flying above the valley. At first I can only move forward in slow motion. But when I notice this, I can glide faster and with ease. Now I fully enjoy my flight along the valley slopes.

A village appears underneath. As I look closer, I can see that the church tower and some houses have split rooftops. Inside of the buildings seem to be blue swimming pools, which feels a bit strange to me.

I recall my current Project Elijah Challenge, “Scrutinize skin cells on your hand.” I examine my dream hand. It looks pretty accurate with three lifelines. As I begin to zoom in for a closer look, there are black houses on the sides of the lines, like on a street map. I want to have a more microscopic look but begin to feel the back of my brain and wake up.



*Painting by Marlise*



### Michael Sproul — *Flood to Lucid to Lucid Loss*

I was reviewing dream themes and wishing all my reoccurring scary, run-for-your-life mega-tsunami dreams could trigger lucidity. Not only could the nightmares be converted, but I could get lucid weekly at minimum.

Then on a morning nap: I was in a large valley and suddenly massive avalanches of dirt and mud poured off the upper cliffs, threatening the entire valley! I quickly realized it was actually water tearing apart the dirt and rocks. But something happened when the fear of the massive water threat hit me. I remembered that it was one of the dream themes I had been watching out for. I checked my hands as usual. They looked strange, with more than five fingers to confirm it was a dream indeed.

I also remembered that I didn't want to just fly off. I had to face it. So the flood rolled in and it wasn't bad at all. Of course, I could breathe underwater and even found some interesting stones on the ground. Then the water dispersed, and I carried on with the lovely lucid dream. It was a low-level lucid dream, as I didn't fly around, and relatively soon I lost lucidity in a ridiculous way.

After walking around town, just happy to be back in a lucid dream, I found myself back home where my wife was whispering to my son that "Dad was acting strangely." I thought I was lucid since I could check my weird hands, and my digital watch had all the lucid tell-tale signs of flickering digital chaos. But the fact that I was trying to hide my lucidity as if I was intoxicated, trying to act normal and follow a routine at home, indicated that true lucidity was lost, and it had turned into a standard dream. I eventually awoke.

It's diabolical and sneaky how lucidity can be stripped from consciousness. I could have walked right out of my dream house and carried on with more lucid activities. Grrrr!



### Tasha — *My Soul*

I'm sitting on the floor with my Mom, my hubby, and my sister. My Mom is doing coin tricks. I had no idea she knew so many fun tricks with coins. She is making them appear and disappear and bouncing them into cups etc. Nathan (hubby) and I are amazed. I then look at my sister, and she is only partially visible. I think she is practising some sort of disappearing trick. Only half of her face is visible. I say, "Thank you! This is a great reminder to check and see if I'm dreaming!" I look at my hands, and sure enough, I only have three fingers on each hand. I show her my hands and say, "Look! We ARE dreaming!!!"

I don't waste any time! I stand up and yell to the Universe, "I want to meet my soul!" At first, all is still, and then Smith (our cat), comes running out from around a corner, and then another Smith! Two orange cats, both Smith! I kneel down and pet him, saying, "Smith, are you my Soul?" Then a flood of cats show up, so many cats, and one of them is Peanut, my favourite cat of all time — we lost him 2 years ago to a cougar. I am so happy to see him. I pick him up and hug him tight.

Now there are dogs and cats all around me. I call out for Sinder (the first dog I ever had, spelt with an S because I was 12 when he was born on the foot of my bed). I feel a dog on my left side, and I wrap my arms around it. It is too small to be Sinder, so I realize it's Frisky (Sinder's mom). I feel another dog on my right; it's Sinder. Both dogs are hugging me, one from each side! I turn to Sinder and hug him tight. He looks so good; his fur is cut short, and his eyes are the same soft brown. I just keep looking at him, trying to remember every detail of his face. I don't have a single photograph of him, as I lost all of them in a house fire 7 years ago, so I just want to take him all in.... he has been gone almost 20 years now. I wish I had time to call in all of my other dogs that I have lost, but I'm pulled awake.

### Stephanie Rogers — *Reuniting with Tootsie*

My intention during this time was to visit my childhood dog "Tootsie." My parents had divorced not long after I moved away from home and I never was able to give her a proper goodbye before she was given to a new family. This has haunted me emotionally for years, as I have since learned how to be a more loving pet par-

ent, and feel a great amount of regret about not giving her the attention she deserved.

I become fully lucid as soon as I realize I'm in an all-black/empty space. Three people are with me and one of them told me he wanted to race his car so I agreed to make him a race track. I hold my arms out and make movements back and forth as if I'm stretching out a track and designing it to my liking. I yell out, "I want a beautiful sky, trees, mountains!!" Then I specify, "Japanese mountains!"

The scene doesn't quite build and is glitchy so I push the road a distance away from me and make it long for racing. As I touch the road to make sure it is right, it feels like some sort of aluminum wrapping paper. The guy races and enjoys himself, but I remind myself I'm dreaming and should focus on my intention.



I walk a few steps into the darkness and speak out loud, "When I turn around I want to see Tootsie, my childhood dog." After waiting about 15 seconds, I turn around and nothing is there, just hazy darkness. The other two people I was with are talking behind me very loudly, which is annoying me.

I know I need to focus, so I yell at them to be quiet. I begin to feel my lucidity slipping away so I state, "I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming!" and rub my hands together. Lucidity is back! The two people I'm with can sense my frustration and the woman says in a determined voice, "Turn around!" I walk through the darkness while mentally focusing on my intent and a bed appears. I state again to the dream as I crawl on the bed, "I want to see Tootsie, my childhood dog."

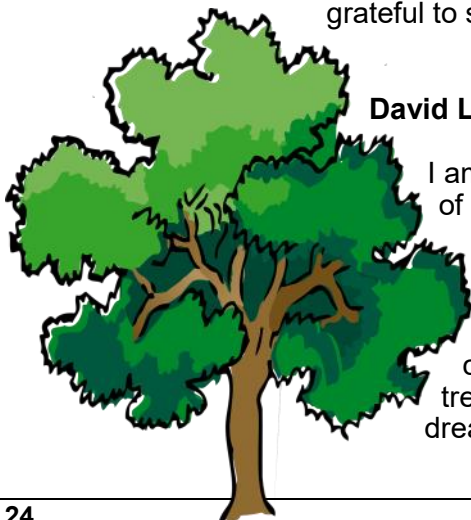
She appears on the bed belly up, wiggling around like she used to. I focus on her and pet her belly while feeling completely grateful and happy to be reunited. The rest of the dream is finished building or being designed and I'm in a fully furnished bedroom. After petting Tootsie awhile, I then crawl around on the ground looking at what's around me.

I see a trash can overflowing with ice pop wrappers and start to clean it up. (We used to give her ice pops in the summer as a little treat! I didn't even think about this here.) Shortly afterwards, I go back to Tootsie to focus on giving her some more loving pets, and I feel a sense of peace.

My mom walks into the room and hands me a letter that was sent to me. The letter is dirty and slightly ripped with elegant writing on it. I open the letter and begin to read it but realize I should focus on what the words are telling me. As I start to re-read it my dream slips away and I wake up in bed.

My next goal is to go back and read that letter. Since having this lucid experience I have felt grateful to see Tootsie again, and emotionally relieved since our lucid reunion.

### David L. Kahn — *Show Me the Image from the Dream Telepathy Contest*



I am on a lawn on the grounds of a school, and I see a pretty tree. The tree is full of green leaves and looks manicured, like trees I see in my townhome community. I have a sense of stress, but not because of anything happening right now. It feels like residual stress from something that has passed.

I look to the sky and the beautiful day helps me feel more relaxed. My mind clears and I become lucid. I say, "I'm dreaming!" and begin to fly up near the tree. I roll onto my back and outstretch my arms to surrender to where the dream will take me, and then I close my eyes to meditate. I feel myself continue



to float upwards as I meditate, seeing a greyish void through my closed eyes. I feel the air and the texture of the tree on my hands as I pass through it.

I then recall my intention prior to going to sleep and say, “Show me the image from the dream telepathy contest.” The greyish void fades and I believe that I wake up, but it is a false awakening. I “wake up” in my bed, which is in a room similar to one I was in prior to the tree scene. The room has a lot of blue in it. There are curtains to the left of my bed, which are mostly closed, but the center is open a few inches and allows light in. Through the small opening in the curtains, I see what looks like a train going by within a few feet of my window, which reminds me of being on a train platform during a dream earlier in the night.

I get up and look out the window. I see several pieces of large yellow/orange construction equipment, like bulldozers, and men working. It looks like the area outside is a construction site. Believing that I am awake, I get up to get dressed. I find some jeans and a shirt in dresser drawers and put them on. Some of my kids are in the house, younger than they are in waking life. As I get myself together, I think through the lucid dream with my intention to write it down.

This dream won a “Right/Wrong” award in the 2021 IASD Conference dream telepathy contest, meaning that I did not accurately dream of the target image but that I correctly described other things such as the room that the “sender” was in and the fact that she meditated on the image.

### **Howard — *Like a Painting***

A scene opened on the balcony of my childhood home in London, UK. After a few seconds, I became aware I was adult and having a dream. I saw intricate detail — gardens, long-forgotten, a splash of paint on a brick wall. I made a mental note to recall the shape of that when waking.

I turned to view a distant church spire — yes, it was there. The detail was not quite photo-real, but close, like a Vermeer canal-side painting. But I could feel left-brain analysis was driving the magic away, so I turned and went into the house. Full of long forgotten detail again. Noticed a “swimmy” quality to movement, so I tried jumping. Slow motion! Woke up!

Now, only rarely lucid (maybe because I’m 77?), I can use a jump to test if it is a dream. Usually I choose to dream on, of course, but it is useful for stopping a nightmare.



### **Urs — *The Invisible Dog***

I was high in the mountains with my large black-and-white Swiss mountain dog. I explained to him that I had to leave him here because I had to go on a business trip by plane and dogs are not allowed in planes. I attached him to a large rock but he pulled so hard that the rock split and he followed me. At the airport I willed him to become invisible. We registered and boarded without any problem.

### **Troy Vrolyk — *Dream-Guided Flying and the ‘Next-Level’ Amusement Park***

After apparently working on a farm for the summer, I found myself in the farmhouse with the son of the owner. He was a man of around 6'2" in height, and he came and put his arm around me. We stood together, looking through the window at my brother outside driving a large combine. Then the son asked what was I going to do for his mother all next week? I immediately sunk into low spirits, thinking, “God help me, I have to work another whole week?! Ugh.”

Then the son asked what is that in the nearby meadow by the trees...a large dog? I looked around the clearing and didn't see anything at first. There was a bit of dark berm in the far left but I couldn't be sure. Then I spotted an animal, extremely camouflaged in a bush to the left but closer...and the more I peered at it, the more I saw white spots appear on it. Oh, that must be a fawn...yep, it was a fawn, and quite a big one!

I said, “No, it's a deer!” It came out of the bush and walked a little towards us, then it transformed... “Oh wait,

it's a donkey!" I paused for a moment to see if it had changed any more...nope, still the same. "Yep, it's a donkey!"

I thought to myself, "That was a little weird." At that point the son decided to go pet and hug his newly-found pet donkey, and I just stayed at the open window/wall and stared. They looked so happy together, in complete bliss, the son with a big goofy smile on his face as if in a trance.



Then I saw pink penguins flying in a circle, high in the air above the son and his donkey. I thought to myself, "Now this looks very strange!" I contemplated the scenario, thinking, could this be a dream? Then I reassured myself that no, I'm really working on this farm...I wish I was dreaming so I wouldn't have to work here any longer, but it's true.

I continued to watch them. The more I stared at the circling pink penguins in the air though, the more I started to second-guess myself. "Hmm, that definitely is a strange sight; maybe I'll just double-check if I'm dreaming, just in case." I put my finger to my palm and tried to push it in and, to my surprise, it went through! Oh geez, I guess I am dreaming!

At that point I think my dream had heard my pre-thoughts before falling asleep, thinking of letting the dream guide me like Robert Waggoner suggests in his book, and asking the dream to fly me somewhere. For the dream automatically whisked me up in the air quickly, taking me flying, with a quite quick acceleration and then a speedy flight, probably the fastest I've ever had thus far!

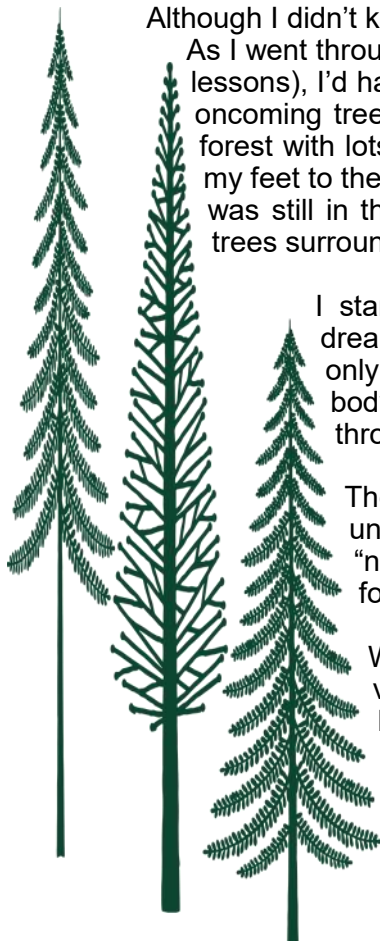
It was amazing; I was lying down on my back, feet in front of me, speeding through the air about 6 feet off the ground, both hands behind my head as if I was lounging. I looked to the left and saw a vast countryside, and beyond it were breathtaking mountains in the far distance, me flying past, like six of them. I could get used to this...letting the dream fly came with gorgeous scenery, and it was so relaxing, quick, and effortless!

Although I didn't know where I was going and didn't think I had any influence, I did have some control. As I went through multiple forests (which wouldn't have been my number one choice area for flying lessons), I'd have to maneuver by leaning a bit and pointing my feet when necessary to not hit the oncoming trees. In about the third forest I actually got bunged up in them quite badly. It was a forest with lots of skinny trees close together, and I had to look for gaps or holes and then point my feet to the clear space. In one really thick spot though, I seemed to actually be stuck; my body was still in the air trying to move, almost like a tooth wiggling, but was against several skinny trees surrounding me with no apparent way past.

I started losing the scene, then quickly rubbed my hands to hopefully stabilize the dream. It got dark but I kept rubbing, and the scene came back. At that point I saw the only tiny gap of space was straight up in the air, so I pointed my feet straight up to it, my body now upside-down, then managed to continue to let the dream fly me in and out through it and out of the thick forest. Whew, made it!

Then the dream suddenly landed me and I was walking with a young man on a sort of university/Hogwarts-type campus. He seemed to be a "gatekeeper," I sensed, to the "next lucid-dreaming level." I could hardly contain myself...this felt like sacred ground for supreme conscious explorers!

We were outside a massive building and he was leading me somewhere, seemingly very special, to be tested. I followed him as he expected, but I would occasionally hang back a little to steal glances up at the name of this campus, trying to figure out this secret location. But despite staring at the name for about a full 5 seconds to try engraving it in my brain, the writing seemed cryptic. Maybe '*lb baeker*' school? I tried so hard to read it but to no avail; this place would remain a mystery. No wonder the gatekeeper didn't seem to care in the least when he turned and saw me looking at the name as if I was trying to steal it for the waking life. It made zero



sense to me, and its secret would be safe, darn it!

He took me inside a small lobby of a building, similar to an indoor science centre or indoor amusement park that would have a gift-shop/lobby area. We went to a sort of kiosk counter with an old-style till. He pulled a small piece of curled paper out of the bottom of it, similar to a fortune in a fortune cookie but a little larger. It seemed to be this establishment's version of a 'ticket.' It was blank white paper on top where we could see, and the special writing was underneath, only to be read by the gatekeeper.

He motioned for me to pull out a ticket, too, which seemed to be the key to getting into the heart of the building, which was blocked by walls that for once I couldn't see through, but I could hear inside. It sounded busy and exciting, like where "next-step" or advanced lucid dreamers and dream explorers learned physics of the dream-verse...perhaps even containing a "dream amusement park" that I expected would defy every physics law or reality I knew, with amazing rides and experiences and teachings. I couldn't wait!

I pulled out a ticket and instantly handed it to him, hoping that whatever was printed on the underside was to his liking. He walked over to the other side of the kiosk counter; him inside it, me outside like a customer, waiting for his verdict. He put the ticket in his computer/scanner system and we awaited the result, as if it was consulting a higher intelligence. The employee/gatekeeper looked down at the result, then apologetically but resolutely said, "Sorry, I guess you're not ready." I thought, "Really? Doh!"

A little bummed that I was not ready to advance, I walked around the gift shop/lobby and my mouth was suddenly very dry. Then the lobby seemed to morph to inside someone's house and I tried to steal their water. There were a few water bottles on the table, the table looking like the family here just had dinner, and I tried seeing if any of the bottles weren't opened yet. Then I looked over and saw a Pepsi and grabbed it.

I heard the family coming down the hallway, and I wanted to get away quickly so they wouldn't see me steal their drink...they seemed to have feelings, unlike most dream characters I've encountered. For some reason it was hard to move. I tried walking, running, flying...thinking maybe I shouldn't have stolen from them. Then I thought, maybe that's not it...maybe I was losing lucidity or 'dream power' and the scene was on the verge of collapsing...then it almost did. I rubbed my hands like a maniac again and saved the scene.

I looked outside and saw a cute girl, wandering around the grass. I suddenly felt a little frisky and decided on seeing about getting some entertainment! At that moment a different woman from my left approached and took my hand. She smiled and seemed to want to go somewhere more private. She led me to a large wall, which I didn't understand at first...it looked like a dead end. Then I saw that against the wall, way below in the grass, were miniature houses, not even a foot tall. And one of them was hers.

It was so cool; we both transformed into tiny dot-humans, about the size of an ant, and were sort of transported by air down into her dwelling...must be some sort of fairy-like creatures! But before we reached the inside of her tiny house, the scene finally collapsed for good, and I woke up.



### Charles C. — *The Kiss*

This vivid lucid dream was disorienting. I went to sleep in a state of gratitude thinking about a young woman I had met in my Chiropractic practice many years ago.

I found myself hovering over a black-and-white world looking down at city streets with people and cars all over the place but standing still. I thought, why isn't there color? And, snap, in an instant there was color. I was observing from above in the God-view. As I looked around, the city reminded me of Honolulu. I floated down to street level. I thought, why is everyone not moving? And instantly, as I stood on the sidewalk, the city motion came alive.

Somehow, I knew I was supposed to meet someone and I was running late. So, I quickly walked a block and a half, and turned left into a garden plaza where I saw white cafe chairs arrayed at a Bistro. Seated with her back to me was a brown-haired young lady. As I walked close to her side she looked up with a lovely smile, tilted her head back, and pursed her lips as if to kiss. I bent down to return the kiss, realizing I knew her as the young lady I had met so many years ago. As I did so I thought, "This is amazing and I need to journal this now." I awoke.



Paul Sauers — *The Blue Dot*

Incubation: Tonight in my dreams, I would like to clearly experience a dream sign which will cause me to become lucidly aware.



I begin by listening to a 2012 lucid dream Hemi-Sync™ recording from the Monroe Institute. It guides me to focus 10, body asleep, mind awake. I fall into focus 10 and I see my dream sign — it's a blue dot. The dot enters a black void, a favorite place for starting my lucid journeys.

The dot leaves the void and travels to a distant star over a dark blue horizon. The scene reminds me of the movie *ET*. Everything is extremely still and quiet except for what seems like a dreamy white noise with soft background music from the tape and the voice of the dream guide. I get to a brilliant white star to discover it's an icy world, maybe a dwarf star. I'm sort of surprised at this finding but don't give it much thought. It has an icy cap that looks like it's wearing a bad white toupee which is falling off.

I remember to call to the Awareness behind the dream. My question is about a green frog from an earlier dream. I ask, "Who is this frog?" Awareness tells me it's me or an aspect of me. It tells me to contact the frog and interrogate it and ask it the 'six magic questions.' It wants to know how I 'feel' about the frog. I originally found the frog in a Walgreen's store dream and I made a 'mental note' to go back into the dream, grab a folding chair in the store, and ask the frog what messages it has for me.

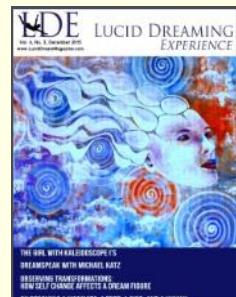
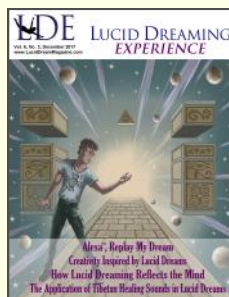
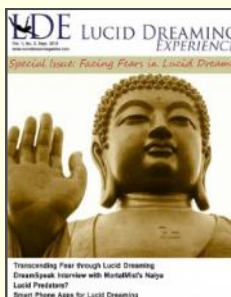
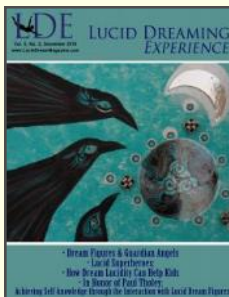
In the meantime, there are subliminal messages from the Monroe tape I can't make out. I remember Ileana talking about taking one's emotions into the dream and ask to experience light and joy. It seems like for half an hour (the Monroe Hemi-Sync™ tape is 150 minutes long) I experience my heart being filled with a wonderful 'pulsating joy' and I love being there just basking in the euphoria that I'm feeling.

I'm doing this exercise at 8 AM after having been up several times during the night thinking about the great exercise Rick gave us for healing at our last meeting. I want to explain how I've had great healing experiences for myself and others, both lucid and non-lucid by 'visualizing' a white ball of energy go to the area of my body in question/having problems and 'seeing' the issue resolved in 'my mind's eye' as if it were already done. I recall in *The Way Toward to Health*, Seth telling Jane to 'see' or 'visualize' herself out of bed in the hospital and walking around. I reflect that it has a lot to do with 'attitude and intent' and taking action.

After 90 minutes of listening to the tape I tell myself that I feel rested and that it's time to get up, which I do.

I intend to 'play' with the blue dot in future dreams and see where it leads me. I feel confident that when I see it, I'll become lucid. This is the second lucid dream using Ileana's suggestion and I think it's a good one. ▲

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## Have you seen our **\*NEW\* Website?**

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The new LDE website is up and running! Thanks to site designer Maks Bylica for his hard work. Please be patient with any glitches as we continue to make this transition in the coming months. We will also maintain our former website, at [www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com), for a while.

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

If YOU enjoy the LDE, please consider supporting us with your one-time or repeating donation via Paypal or Patreon. Big or small, every donation helps! Follow these links: [Donate via Paypal](#) or [Become a Patron](#). THANK YOU!



*To all the readers, supporters, and friends  
of the LDE...our very best wishes for a  
Lucid and Happy New Year! — Robert & Lucy*



# Lucid Dreaming Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

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

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

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

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

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

## **Lucidity Institute**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

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

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

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

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

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

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

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

## **Lucid Sage**

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

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

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Lucidity4All**

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

## **Ryan Hurd**

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

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

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

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

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

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

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

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

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

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

## **Robert Moss**

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

## **Electric Dreams**

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

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

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

## **Lucidipedia**

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

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

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

## **The Lucid Hive 2.0**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

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

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