



Vol. 12, No. 1, June 2023

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

**Spiraling Through the Collective
Dreamed Into Existence**

**Exploring Neurotropic Supplements for Increasing
Lucid Dream Intensity and Recall**

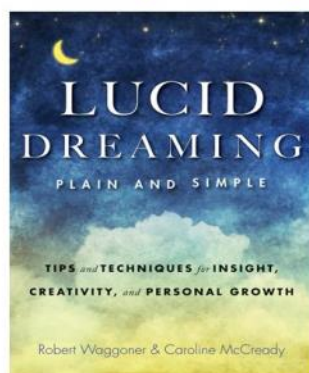
The Dreaming Therapy Center

Dream Figures That Seem Real

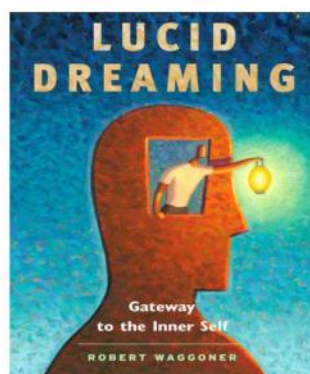


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Statement of Purpose

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 lucyldc@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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Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: August 15, 2023

We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming!

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2023

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH JOSE L. MATEO JR.

Lucid dreamer
and podcaster,
Jose L. Mateo Jr.,
reports an
amazing lucid
dream healing
and learns the
power of belief
and intent

Jose, 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?

The inherent mysticism of dreaming has always fascinated me. While not having the “AHA!” moment of realizing I was actually dreaming, I’ve had my share of accurate and detailed dreams. The most memorable one in my youth would be a dream where I was being wheeled down the hallway of a hospital, bound and unable to move.

There were about 6 people around me and they brought me into the operating room. They were talking amongst themselves about how to switch my legs, from the knees on down. They had an X-Ray of my legs and they were trying to figure out how to switch them in hopes of helping me stand better.

The next day I was playing baseball in the alley with my sister, a friend, and the neighborhood kids. My sister warned me to give my friend some distance, as I was standing too close to him and the bat he was holding. I switched sides thinking that that was the best decision. It was not. The ball was thrown, the bat hit the ball then met the side of my head, and I was rushed to the hospital.

I’ve named this dream *Hello From the Other Side*. Unfortunately, as many dreams as I’ve had that could’ve helped, I usually just chalked it up to the spirits sending me guidance. I never put much more thought into dreams.

So, 5 years ago I had gotten into an accident. An accident that left me with terminal brain damage and a year to live. I could touch one side of my head and feel it on the other and I could touch the other side and not feel anything. I had the sensation of a searing hot butter knife slowly cutting its way through the middle of my brain daily, as well as the sensation of crackling lightning that would shoot from one side of my brain to the other.

Things got worse as time went on and as a person who had no insurance and very little money, I had even fewer options. As I trudged through the months, hiding this news from everyone I knew, I all but

gave up. I spent time researching holistic methods of physical healing. I learned about Reiki healing, bi-neural beats, meditating and more.

All of these different paths were seemingly out of my wheelhouse when I thought about the time it would take to cultivate any of these skills. That's when I learned about lucid dreaming and more so, lucid dream healing.

I thought that maybe this could be my saving grace. I didn't think that becoming conscious within the dream state was bizarre or improbable. I actually thought it made sense.

I remember going online and purchasing several books on the subject, thinking to myself, "This is my last \$100.00. I really hope this works because I'd hate to be dead AND broke. I could really use a sign to help me understand if I'm on the right path or not."

I hit pay and the total was \$44.44. Looking at the amount of books I ordered, I knew this had to be my sign because the sum did not match up. I hit refresh and the total was adjusted to around \$80.00 I did some research on the number 4444 and it's supposed to signify a new journey, hard work, guidance, and rewards. I gave a 'thank you' to the spirits and awaited delivery.

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

It took a couple of weeks to understand the concept and the intent behind "becoming" lucid. Applying the MILD method and reciting, "Tonight in my dreams, I will recognize I am dreaming and I will become lucid" was a nightly event.

The first time I became lucid, it was in pure darkness. I remember questioning the darkness because it seemed to be clearly visible instead of the conventional pitch black darkness. I saw *into* nothing instead of being able to see nothing. That's when I knew I must be dreaming. I got so excited that I woke up and immediately shot out of bed. I knew it was a matter of time before I got it right.

My second lucid dream, I was in a pitch white space. There was nothing around me except for whiteness and that became my lucidity cue. I remained as calm as I could, placed my hands on their respective sides of my head and shouted, "Let the healing shine to cure my brain with power divine!"

Blue and white energy started swirling around my hands. In front of me, a purple mannequin-esque face appeared and spikes protruded all over its head. I recognized this as a representation of my head and the damage done to it. I channeled the energy into my dream body's head and the vibrations were so powerful I felt them in my waking body. I saw the spikes on the head in front of me slowly subside and continued channeling the energy until they went down.

I woke up immediately after, still feeling those vibrations from the dream I had. Since that night, I've had none of those pains of sensations happen again. The dreams that have followed have been mostly experiments.

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

Honestly, every time I'm lucid I'm blown away. I've met dream Oracles, I've had dreams of future events pan out, and have even reconciled with different archetypes of Self and Ego.

The first time it happened, 2020, I had just learned about the ability to work on waking life trauma in the dream state. That night, I set the intent that I would confront ALL of my childhood trauma in one entity. Talk about brazen, huh?

The dream was set up in a clear white space with a white house in front of me. In the front yard of the house, next to the steps, was a little boy who was playing with the dirt. I saw him and instantly became lucid and knew that boy represented me. He came up to me and was so happy to see me, but I was filled with an insane amount of anger towards the child and yelled at him. I called him names and lost my lucidity in the process. The child began to cry and ran inside of the house. Then, a woman dressed in black with a sort of veil on her face came outside and was yelling back at me.

I became lucid again and recognized this archetype as a representation of my mom. I held her and told her, "I accept you with unconditional love." She hugged me back, sobbing, and disappeared into a pink and white energy, becoming absorbed by my dream body. After I woke up, I thought about my past experiences with my mother. We had a hard knock life and I used to hold resentment towards her for it. But not anymore. Our relationship has been wonderful since that night.

On 9-24-22, I was dreaming I was in a big open room. The walls were light blue, it was sunny, and I had the feeling I was in a home of sorts. I became lucid when I started questioning why I was in the room. I saw an open doorway leading to the outside. As I walked closer, I noticed it led to what looked like the desert to me. When I got to the open doorway, my vision was drawn to a plaque just above it. This plaque was brasslike and had three scorpions in a triangle formation, poised as if they're protecting something.

I engrained the design in my mind and drew as much of the detail as I could. Something about this design struck me so profoundly I still can see it in my head clearly. A month later, my wife and I went to Mexico. One day we decided to go to the Tulum ruins. We arrived at a shopping bazaar down the road from the ruins. When we got there, we had only a couple of minutes to get any provisions we may need.

Something pulled me away from the group and my wife. I weaved in and out of the bazaar until I was stopped in my tracks. Hanging in front of me, in the exact same color scheme and design, I saw it. The item from my dreams was displayed right in front of me. When I realized what it was, I had a profound sensation wash all over me and I bought it. Every time I hold it I still have the same sensations.

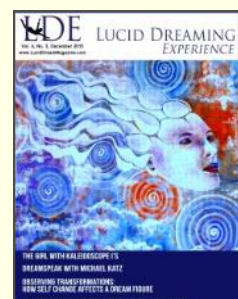
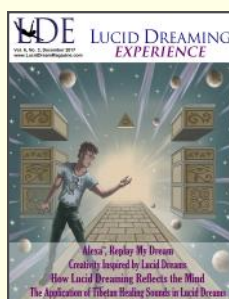
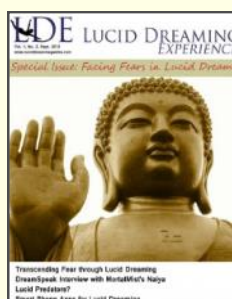
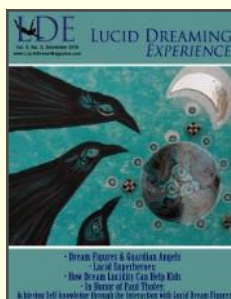
What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

With all my experiences, I'm baffled that lucid dreaming still seems to be a well-known secret. Half the time I introduce the concept to people, I feel as if I sound loony. Lucid dreaming solidifies the thought process that Humans are continuous streams of consciousness. We just bottleneck and constrict that stream when it comes to sleeping and dreaming. Correct me if I'm wrong, but if we, as a whole, were able to learn how to retain our consciousness from the two-thirds of our lives we spend awake into that one-third we spend "asleep," would this not be an act of evolution? How can we be on the cusp with such a loose grip?

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

I've used MILD, WILD, DILD, WBTB, and almost every other technique there is, including self-hypnosis. I've found that there are two types of dream entries. One is using techniques like MILD to essentially plant a conscious thought in the garden of the sub/unconsciousness. The other is to enter the dream state with the same awareness and consciousness, like when using DILD.

TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



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The most helpful method has been WBTB. You can couple this method with any of the others and the chances of you becoming lucid are far greater than when you initially went to sleep. The method I've coupled WBTB with the most would be a variation of DILD. While falling back asleep, I create my own landscape and keep visualizing it from a bird's-eye view, intending on getting on the surface for the first-person view.

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

Have you ever heard the old saying, "Whether you think you can or cannot, you're right?" That seems to be the only rule I've found applicable. Everything is powered from intent and belief. I would say that the randomness and chaos is attributed to the conscious and subconscious constructs people develop during the span of their lives. A seemingly endless amount of irrational and rational thoughts give birth to what the common dreamer sees as "just dreams." To be lucid is to be aware; in the eye of the storm.

So I want to circle back to your apparent lucid dream healing experience after your accident. It sounds like you were in serious pain, and the doctors gave you a year or less to live. Do you mind me asking about the accident?

The details are still sensitive for me.

After the lucid dream, were you 60% better? 80% better? 100% better? Or could you suddenly do things that the week before you were unable to accomplish?

During that year, this was the question that loomed over my head: Was it "just" a dream? Did I fully heal myself, if at all? I can tell you that the biggest concerns were eliminated that night. All those aches and pains haven't come back. I did take it upon myself to work on my Central Nervous System as well. And have gone through the healing process at least once a year, just to be certain.

How did your friends and family react, after you had the lucid dream healing experience?

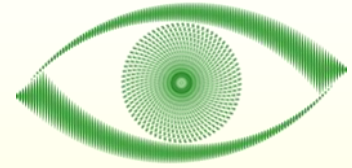
I have some spiritual friends who see my dream as a goal; they'd like to be able to do what I've done. There aren't many other friends I've shared my story with. Within my family, we've had a brain aneurysm claim a life. And two more members had almost passed the same way. So, when I finally decided to voice myself, I expected pushback. I would say that there are doubts that float around and many kinds of comments, but that's family. My mom and sister are the only two I could say that understand and can see the truth in my actions. Back when my sister and I were young, my mother used to take us and visit our Great Aunt, my mom's Aunt. Our Aunt, an illiterate yet sharp and humble Taino woman, is what we could call a Dream Worker. She was able to discern events and outcomes through dreaming and astral projecting and could advise people on their journey. My Aunt was integral to my mother's journey as a young woman and an adult. I wish she were still around... I'm sure even with all I've learned, she could still school me. RIP Titi.

Besides this amazing experience, how has lucid dreaming changed your view of life?

I've had spiritual/mystical experiences before but not something to this degree where I actually had full control. It's usually a feeling or an intuition I'll get here and there. After that night I've devoted myself to studying, applying, and understanding our dream state. I've had lucid daydreams, lucid naps, and I've even become lucid in my dream state during meditation a couple of times.

How do you feel lucid dreaming can help people see 'waking experience' in a new way? Were there any spiritual lucid dreams that gave you a message or a new way of relating to the world?

As I said earlier, lucid dreaming on a global scale is one of the next steps of evolution. On top of being



*To be
LUCID
is to be
AWARE,
in the
eye of
the
storm*

physically able to heal oneself, one of my hopes is that people can learn about lucid dream trauma therapy. I feel that we, as humans, register life's experiences on two levels: mental and energetic. At this stage in society, humans have learned how to voice trauma, but they don't know how to really release themselves from it. We can see a therapist for the mental side of things but we always still feel energetically tethered to a singular or multitude of experiences.

Addicts (for example) of all walks of life, unclean and clean, carry that torch of being an addict. It's embedded in everything they do. Imagine if someone of this nature could take a series of slumbers and wake up one day and actually not feel that yearning anymore? Fight or flight can only take us so far. We must thrive to survive.

Here is a memorable spiritual lucid dream I can share:

The Search for a Dakini (2-8-23 at 09:44)

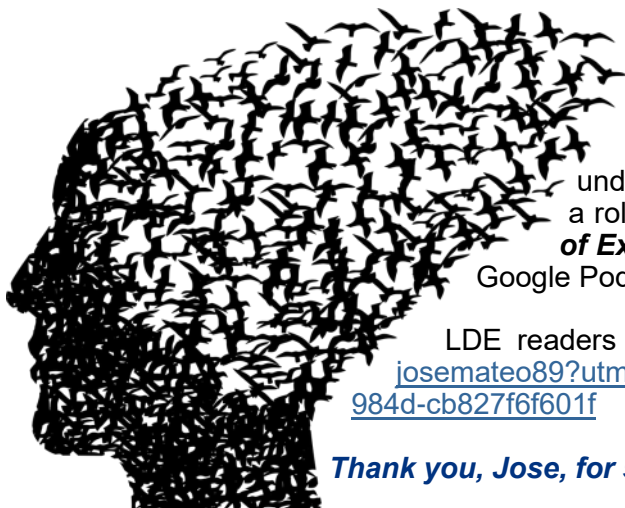
I was at a house party; it was packed. Everyone decided to take the party into the basement, and I was in the living room with a woman and a man. I became lucid while everyone was heading downstairs. I stuck my tongue to the roof of my mouth to power my dream body. I started calling out for a teacher, a Dakini, for my spiritual and dream development.

The woman and man were still in the room. At first, I was shouting out, "Dakina!" Which I realized was not the proper term. That's when I started to say it properly and the woman, who was brown with curly hair, kept trying to get me to quiet my voice. I asked her if she knew where the Dakinis were and she said, "Yes. I'll take you to them, but you have to stop asking so loud or others are going to hear you."

She was with the man, holding him... as if to calm him down. I looked at them and said, "I'm going to look for my teachers." I took my eyes off them and looked back and they were gone. I went upstairs and searched around, calling out the same name. I had entered a room that was simple. There was a small bed to my left and a bathroom to the right. As I walked out of the bathroom, calling the name, I was confronted by the same man that the woman had been holding. He seemed very confrontational and was floating in front of the mirror. I put a hand up and shouted, "You are banished!" and he disappeared.

I walked into another bedroom calling out the same name and that's when I walked by the mirror. I had noticed that my mouth was covered with what almost looked like a Covid mask. But it was sealed to my face. I went back downstairs and made my way into the basement. When I got down there, I stumbled upon what looked like a casino. Everyone was playing with each other. I still couldn't see the brown curly-haired woman anymore. I started calling out "Dakini!" again and again and my mouth was tightening and sealing every time I said it, as if to shut me up. Through the pain, I thought that maybe it was how I was sleeping. So, I intended on changing the side my waking body was sleeping on. Doing this woke me up.

I should've taken the advice of the dream woman and just kept my mouth shut. It seemed that the more I looked, the more I was exposing myself. And something was trying desperately to stop me; I feel that was for my own benefit. Since that day, though, I get these random inclinations. Random actions that just kind of take over my body and I'll just follow what I feel is needed and it's been working out splendidly. Including the inclination to message my dream to your magazine!



I understand you have some social media outlets for your thoughts about lucid dreaming and life. Would you care to share those URLs?

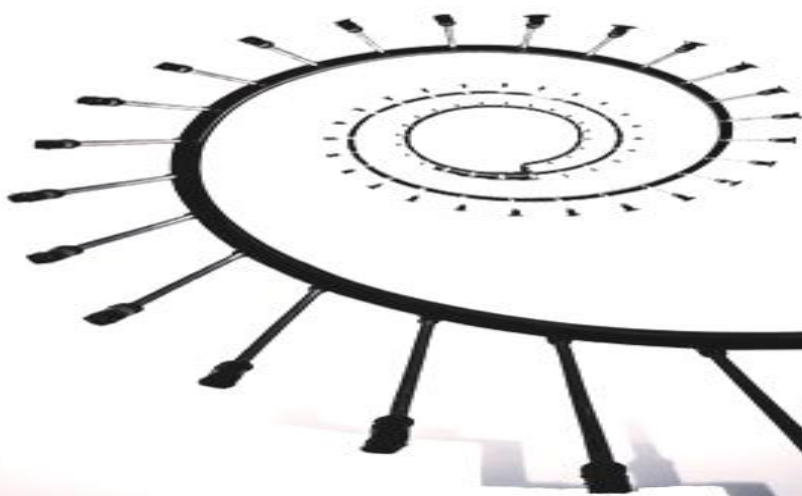
So glad you asked! Yes, I host a podcast dedicated to the understanding of lucid dreaming and how our waking actions play a role in our dream state. You can find my podcast, ***Mental Realm of Existence***, on most podcast platforms including iHeartradio, Google Podcast, Pandora, Stitcher, Spotify, and Amazon.

LDE readers can access the various podcast links here: https://linktr.ee/josemateo89?utm_source=linktree_profile_share&tsid=cd024fdc-ebaa-4ac8-984d-cb827f6f601f

Thank you, Jose, for sharing your lucid dream experiences with the LDE! ▲

Spiraling Through the Collective

By David L. Kahn © 2023



The spiral in psychology means that when you make a spiral you always come over the same point where you have been before, but never really the same, it is above or below, inside, outside, so it means growth. —Carl Jung

Spirals appear in dreams in as many forms as they are found in nature. Draining water, staircases, tornadoes, galaxies, and coiled serpents are examples of this archetypal symbol. Searching through my dream journal, I found they are quite common for me, as I imagine they are throughout humanity. Though they often appear subtly in my dreams, on occasion these spirals form a portal into deeper parts of my consciousness where what is “me” and what is a collective level of consciousness becomes less identifiable. The most profound of these dreams are nearly all lucid.

Recently, I had a lucid dream with multiple massive spirals. It was a lengthy dream that turned out to be one of the most intense that I can remember. Prior to becoming lucid, I was led by a man through an arched door that had a spiral staircase behind it. A large metal spinning device in the basement caused another scene to overlay the one I was in before I found myself immersed entirely in a different outdoor scene.

The next vortex appeared as an enormous tornado heading my way over an open field. I became lucid as I witnessed this large, imposing vortex heading towards me. I flew with the intent of going straight into the heart of the vortex, but it disappeared with the scene changing to another that led me over water, plunging deep into the ocean, and having a conversation with an ancient Native American man who had words of wisdom for me. I woke up with a feeling of having experienced something beyond myself, and yet deeply personal.

The dream characters that are on or near spiral staircases in my lucid dreams are almost always people I do not know in waking life, and who I feel a sense of wisdom or guidance from. In one example, while dreaming of being in a library I noticed an older woman walking down a spiral staircase. I did not know this woman, and yet I somehow knew her to be intelligent and more conscious than the other dream characters.

Arched doors and windows also commonly appear in these scenes, which I now see as a clue to look for archetypal symbolism. My sense is that these kinds of dreams aren’t much meant to provide me with answers to everyday issues and questions about my life, but to show me layers of dreams that are more about who we are, and where we are headed collectively.

My trajectory is often downward in these spiral staircase dreams, but on occasion the movement is upward. In 2007, I dreamed of being inside of a large wooden tower like a lighthouse, going up a series of spiraling ladders. As I reached the top, I saw Chinese military men who were there to execute me. They were oddly nice, but I still felt the fear of my impending demise. As I began to question if I might be dreaming, I saw a young woman nearby and asked her if I was dreaming. She nodded her head yes, and I jumped out of the tower. I landed on a city street as though the tower was like a modern skyscraper. In the distance, I saw a house on a hill with an arched window that had green light shining through it.



Though I did not always recognize them at the time, as I look back through my dream journal, I now see spirals regularly over many years. Some are subtle, like two black-and-white rotating barber shop poles spiraling up. At other times, the spiral is the main image calling my attention to it. In this last example, the spiral spoke to me.

I am outside at night and float into the air. There are some pine trees around me, and it feels like summer. I see a wisp of colorful light, a spiraling spectrum in the air above me. It speaks to me. The voice tells me that I have done the physical things to heal myself, but I need to make the emotional connection. To heal physically, I must heal the emotional wound. I don't need to understand the emotional wound, but I do need to attend to it. ▲

Where's Robert?

Upcoming Events with Robert Waggoner

August 2023 — Online Course

Rhine Education Center presents: "Lucid Dreaming and Psi"

A 4-week course with Robert Waggoner & Jeff Peck

Mondays in August, 2–4pm Eastern time

Watch for details at: [Professional Education in Parapsychology \(rhineedu.org\)](https://rhineedu.org)

Ongoing: Monthly Q&A Session

World of Lucid Dreaming's "Evening with Robert" Webinar

Robert answers lucid dreaming questions via live Zoom event

<https://www.facebook.com/worldofluciddreaming>

Jung Platform Online Course

"Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth"

A 4-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!

[Lucid Dreaming: A Path to Healing & Inner Growth | Jung Platform](https://jungplatform.com)

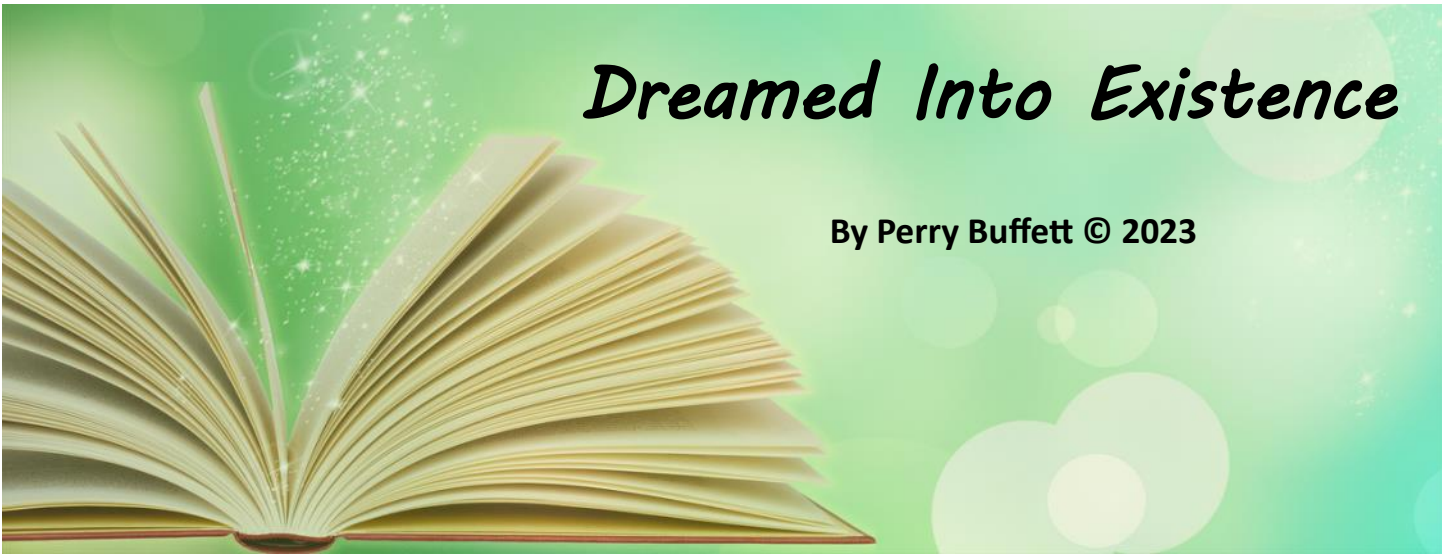
Hemi-Sync Online Course

"Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner"

A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!

[Lucid Dreaming for Beginners Online Course – HemiSync](https://hemisync.com)

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



Dreamed Into Existence

By Perry Buffett © 2023

It all started with a dream.

A little girl was standing behind a desk with a book in her hands. I floated over to her. She was radiant and smiling right at me. As I approached, she held up a kids' book with the title, *How To Become a Professional Lucid Dreamer*.

I was so excited to see this book. "Wow! I can lucid dream all the time?" I thought. But then the dreamer—the guiding spirit that helps one navigate the dreamscape—pulled me away. I didn't want to leave.

I was fully lucid in this dream, so I forced myself to spin around and get back to the little girl. In a rush, I asked, "Do you mean I can lucid dream as a job?" She nodded back at me with an encouraging smile.

I'll never forget the way she nodded with her gazing eyes wide open. It looked like she might start crying for joy. She was offering a miracle. It felt like a magical opportunity. I just wasn't sure how to pursue it. I already had a lucid dreaming practice, so I decided to ask my weekly dream circle of two years for help.

My dream circle loved hearing about the girl and the professional dreaming book. After hearing a few interpretations, my friend Heather suggested something new. "The little girl wants you to write a kids' book," she said, "*you* can teach children how to lucid dream."

I was shocked and a bit disappointed. I laughed nervously and explained, "I have no creative writing skills. No way am I going to write a children's story."

This rambling defense felt shaky, and I prayed that they would let me off the hook. During the pause, I secretly begged the universe to let the group move on to a new dream. But that was not going to happen. It turned out that of the 20 members in our dream circle, four were professional artists. Each had always wanted to illustrate a lucid dreaming book. I felt trapped. I didn't want to let them down. I politely asked the group to give me a moment as I weighed my options.

As I pretended to listen to the next dream, I was overtaken by panic. What was my dream asking me to do? My mind went blank, and a strange thought came to me. It said, "If I were to write a kids' book, what would happen in the story? Why would a child even want to learn about dreaming?"

In a flash, at least ten ideas emerged. I scrambled to get them on paper. The ideas were not necessarily all that great, but they all made me smile. I knew the main character would face obstacles and experience a personal transformation. I thought of many fun moments between a mom and her son. The vague outline of an adventure seemed like a gift from a higher power.

Was I going to commit to a big project involving four illustrators? At the end of the dream circle, I asked the illustrators for their contact information. I told them I would draft a short story. The illustrators seemed eager to help. They loved the idea of working together on a tangible project.

Surprisingly, the feedback I got from the dream circle illustrators after a full rough draft was not positive. Two decided that they were too busy. The other two didn't like the story. One even suggested that it was a bit misguided.

At first, this was welcomed news. Here was a golden opportunity to cancel the project. "I'm no writer and my kids are all grown," I rationalized to myself. "I can just quit now and avoid the headache."

That strategy worked for a few hours. It gave me a sense of relief. The only problem was that the story had already germinated in my mind. It was there in a raw form, and it refused to go away. The creative part of my mind wouldn't let go. I was stuck working on the story in isolation. It was like having a song from the eighties stuck in your head. It was on repeat, and nothing could stop it.

My biggest challenge was conveying the magic of lucid dreaming. It had changed my life. I was calmer and more joyful since starting the practice. It was exciting going to sleep every night. I wanted to share the practice with kids, who tend to get lucid with greater ease. But how could I show them what it was really like? My dream circle provided the original inspiration and encouragement. I now needed professional help—starting with an illustrator.

As I searched for an illustrator, it was hard finding anyone with a playful, positive style. I finally hired a guy in the Philippines who was funny, with an eye toward fantasy and anime. But how could we convey the splendor of lucid dreams that by comparison make everyday life look limited and plain? When texting with my illustrator, it was difficult communicating that lucid dreams were crisper, shinier, and more vivid than normal waking life. After a while, I just gave up. We decided to just make all the dream scenes wild, fun, and full of dynamic action.

The crazier the idea I suggested to my illustrator, the wilder the artwork became. Soon, the exemplary artwork was of such quality that it began to leave my words behind. I was embarrassed once again by not being a real writer. I didn't want to waste the illustrator's talent with a mediocre story.

I decided to hire editors who knew how to write creatively for children. It was a great decision. It turns out that formulas for writing fiction exist. I hired an editor in Canada who lucid dreamed as a child to overcome frequent nightmares. He suggested adding two more nightmares to the only one I already had in the story. He also helped me cut out distracting tangents from the protagonist's core adventure. I was amazed at how his sage advice improved the overall narrative.

I also learned of Joseph Campbell's twelve stages of a hero's journey. I quickly incorporated aspects of these to tighten up the plot and improve reader engagement. I remember wishing the little girl in my dream had provided a bit more advice on how to get this project done. It seemed like she was asking for a lot without understanding the magnitude of the project. I also remember becoming satisfied with the story for the first time. This feeling didn't last for long.



Book illustrations by Kyle Tristan Completo.

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Things took a strange turn when I hired an energy healer. At the time, I was desperate to cure a disease I struggled with for decades that doctors couldn't diagnose. I figured I had nothing to lose with an energy healer, who worked with prana or chi. As she healed me remotely, she mentioned the story I was working on. This was a shock, as I hadn't told her about the project.



The healer informed me that, “the story would bring children closer to their angels.” What should have been great news suddenly had me scared. I thought this project was just about teaching kids how to lucid dream. Now, the stakes were getting higher. I didn't know anything about angels or how they helped children. I seemed vastly unqualified to be in the angel connection business. I remember feeling like an imposter.

I continued to push forward. What else could I do? I had been charged with a mission, and I was determined to not let it go. Fortunately, the help that I had chosen on all fronts seemed to work together in a way I could never have planned. And the confidence boosts I received along the way from the healer and dream circle buoyed me toward completion.

Today, the story is complete thanks to the inspiration of my dream circle along with the many professionals who expertly refined the original concept. The story teaches kids the basics of lucid dreaming: creating a dream plan, looking for dream signs, and joining a dream circle. It even focuses on shadow and golden shadow work to help kids overcome their fears.

The best news I've received so far is from a young girl named Lily who became lucid shortly after reading the story. When she first became lucid, she joyfully cheered, “Mommy, I'm lucid! I did it! I'm lucid in my dreams!” She now knows how to reach lucidity using the tools presented in the story. That's what matters most.



After sixteen months on this project, I was grateful that it helped the first of, hopefully, many children experience the amazement that comes with a lucid dream. The story is now available in Spanish thanks to a very kind translator in Mexico with a strong lucid dreaming practice.

Regarding being an author, I still have imposter syndrome, but the little girl in my dream that pushed me onto this journey brings comfort. Yes, I still lack full confidence as a writer, but if that girl in my dream had hope—then maybe I should, too. ▲

Author Bio: Perry Buffett is 54 years old and lives in Chicago. After receiving nightly visions, he decided to take Charlie Morley's lucid dreaming course on Mindvalley. The course provided a weekly dream circle with an international mix of regular and lucid dreamers. Perry's book, available on Amazon in paperback or Kindle, is called *How Tony Overcame His Nightmares: A Boy's Lucid Dreaming Victory* [by Dream Circle].

Book illustrations by Kyle Tristan Completo. Copyright © Dream Circle 2022.



Dream Figures That Seem Real

By Robert Waggoner © 2023

*Robert Answers a
Lucid Dreamer's
Question*



I recently received this interesting question from a reader at my website, regarding a re-occurring figure in her lucid dreams. Check it out:

Juliet's Question:

Hi Robert,

I've been a lucid dreamer for a long time, and have always been fascinated by dream figures. In the past few years, I created a dream figure which I've always seen as a friend who lives within me, in my inner world, like my personal dream guide. He is highly detailed, both psychologically and physically. I have stories and realistic portraits of him.

Although I've had a couple of beautiful dreams in which I had a short but nice time with him (for example, he protected and saved me from some aggressive men, and also hugged me, in two different dreams), unfortunately, there are plenty of times in which he acts hostile, angry, harsh, bad, stern towards me; or he makes bad comments and insults me; or he assumes the physical and psychological traits of past negative people in my life, like ex-boyfriends or bullies who affected me badly. Why?

Today I met him twice, in two different lucid dreams. The first time, while I was talking to him, he slowly became my ex-boyfriend. When I became nervous, he said that he was a projection of the ex-boyfriend. The second time, when I called him while riding a horse, he appeared on another horse and said, in a stern way, "You have to wait."

Most of the time he doesn't even show up when I call him, but once, when I called, he became really angry, furious, from the sky, and broke the ground like a furious earthquake. I woke up immediately, feeling deeply sad, because my intention was that he would mean love, happiness, protection.... I created him to be a positive presence (something like a guardian angel). I created him from scratch, from my drawings, but I am having a really hard time communicating with him in a meaningful way.

I've also been obsessed with understanding his nature: Is he a projection of something inside me? Is he a part of my unconscious mind? What is his nature?

I fear that I did something wrong that ruined everything.

My inner world is very important to me, and this makes me sad. Any advice would be appreciated.

Thank you for your help,
Juliet

Robert's Reply:

Juliet,

In lucid dreams, we can apparently 'create' things and also 'create' dream figures. For example, if we actively expect, "When I open up that door, I will find an extremely glamorous and attractive partner", then when we open the door, there seems a high probability of finding a glamorous and attractive partner. We may note that even though we did not specify the clothing, hair color and other features, the new 'figure' managed to possess all of that (possibly from some subconscious or unconscious process, underlying our lucid dream expectation).

In your first paragraph, you mention that you 'created' this figure, knowingly and consciously, right? Now, as I see it, many dream figures exist as a 'projection' of mental and emotional energy from the lucid dreamer. In my books, I write about this in detail. Most lucid dreamers can see that when they send love and compassion to an angry dream figure, then it begins to change, grows smaller, less angry and becomes more neutral or positive (e.g., becomes a child who wants a hug).

*When you see this, then you can assume that the energetic basis for the dream figure exists within you—**because as you change your thinking about it, then it changes accordingly.***

In your case (assuming it was my set of lucid dreams), I would think that I had created something with a basically simple intent. However, as I interacted with it more, it elicited new thoughts, feelings, intents and beliefs—and these new mental energies have begun to get reflected and expressed within the figure's acting, speaking and behaving.

As a result, the figure now reflects back to me the complexity of my beliefs, feelings, thoughts and intents. Anyway, if it was my set of lucid dreams, then that would be my explanation of the 'new' activity.

Here, if it was me, I would have two paths. Either I can use this 'reflection' as a means to explore and change my beliefs, expectations, and mindset about my waking world relationships. Or I can ignore all of that, and let go of this relationship I have created (knowing that a chance remains that the inner energy will cause it to reappear).

Does that make sense?

If me, I would begin to examine my beliefs and expectations regarding relationships. In the lucid dreams, I believe that if you pay attention, you will find yourself thinking, "Oh, and this is where I will be disappointed" or "Oh, and this is just like my previous relationship, and now he will also turn on me and criticize me" or something like that.

The figure often reflects our thinking. This means that to understand the dream figure's action requires a deep understanding of the dreamer's beliefs and expectations (which can even be somewhat contradictory—such as we all want love, but we do not want to be hurt, so there are natural contradictions). As the beliefs and expectations become improved, then the inner relationship will improve.

In fact you may wish to ask the dream figure, "How can our relationship be healed?" and so on. Have you done anything like that?

Finally, I want to thank you for being such a good lucid dreamer. You have done something which takes focus, energy, and creativity. If you allow it, then I think you will learn a great deal in working with this.

Robert

Later, I heard back from Juliet and learned more about the complex nature of this lucid dream creation. Have you ever experienced something like this reoccurring dream figure? If so, please submit your experience to the LDE at www.luciddreamingmagazine.com . ▲

Exploring Neurotropic Supplements for Increasing Lucid Dream Intensity and Recall

By Oliver Markley, PhD © 2023



Hearing that galantamine is sometimes recommended to enhance lucid dream intensity and recall, I looked it up online. After reading the following information from the National Library of Medicine (at <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/NBK574546/>), I ordered a [bottle](#).

Galantamine is a medication used in the management and treatment of Alzheimer disease. It is in the acetylcholinesterase inhibitor class of drugs. This activity reviews the indications, mechanism of action, contraindications, adverse event profile, and other key factors of galantamine therapy pertinent for healthcare team members in the care of patients with dementia, mainly Alzheimer disease and other conditions....

...Galantamine has recently been used as an oneirogen and is a lucid dream inducer. Galantamine increases the duration of REM sleep (also called dream sleep), increases lucid dreaming, and the recall of dreams on awakening. [fn:LaBerge S, LaMarca K, Baird B. Pre-sleep treatment with galantamine stimulates lucid dreaming: A double-blind, placebo-controlled, crossover study. PLoS One. 2018;13(8):e0201246.] The dose of galantamine for lucid dreaming is on the low side, 4 to 12 mg during sleep.

The following clips are from my dream log:

March 16, 2023 — Trying Galantamine for the First Time

Last night I had my first experience of galantamine. Wow!! When I got up to pee, I was blown away by detailed memories of a series of dreams. However, they were *so intense* that [within the dreams] I wasn't able to recognize any of the "dream signs" that, afterward, appeared obvious. Thus, I was not able to become lucid in them. My memory of these dreams was extraordinarily detailed, and after a few notations for later recall, I went back to bed.

Lying in bed, trying to go back to sleep, I found the side effects of the galantamine to be not unlike that of other neurotropic drugs that create effects that are creatively interesting, but prevent sleep. So, I began to meditatively quiet my mind by focusing on counting breaths, and soon drifted off and almost immediately began more intense dreaming.

I won't bother recounting any details of the final set of dreams, other than to say that, once again they were so intense that I was not able to attain the mental detachment needed to become lucid. Obviously, I have a whole new and most welcome set of lucid dreaming learning challenges to look forward to. Stay tuned....

March 17, 2023 — Lucid Dreamwork Indicative of Galantamine Backlash

On the next night after my initial exploration of galantamine, at 2:00 a.m., I wake up after having no dreams that I am aware of as such. But I have a strongly abiding image of a long table on which there is a fruit cocktail in a glass tulip sundae dish. Because it is absolutely unmoving and devoid of any sort of "energetic feeling tone," I feel very confused, and go through a long process of deduction (including the usual tests for awareness that somehow seem ambiguous); it leads me to conclude that the table must, in fact, be a dream image. So, I define myself as being dream lucid; and immediately ask, "What is the meaning of this strange dream?" When I do that, the energy of the space increases *significantly*, and with the increased energy, I am able to

intuit that its meaning was to signal to me that my bodily serotonin is significantly depleted (just as occurs after MDMA/ecstasy intoxication); and, that I should immediately get up and take some 5-HTP to replenish it. So, I get up and take a 100 mg. pill of 5-HTP Plus, intending to take a second one after breakfast.

At 3:00 I awake again, and recall that after downing the 5-HTP and going back to bed, I had assumed the same bodily posture that I had before getting up, so as to re-enter the previous state of dream lucidity; and in order to relax enough to go back to sleep, I had meditatively counted breaths. I soon drifted off and successfully re-entered the previous lucid dream state with its unmoving still-life image of a table. But now, *the image has shifted*: instead of the tulip sundae dish with mixed fruit, *there is now a very clear image of a 5-HTP bottle*. I laugh out loud at the obvious symbolism.

I next ask, “What is the meaning of *this* dream image?” It takes quite a while for the full answer to emerge as a lucid series of creative insights. Essentially, I intuited:

- That the use of galantamine had indeed depleted my bodily level of serotonin;
- That there is a specific neurochemistry always involved in both lucid dreaming and dream recall; and moreover,
- **That bodily production of the so-called “happiness hormones” (dopamine, serotonin, oxytocin, and endorphins) during dream lucidity, may well explain the puzzling fact that so many lucid dreamers report feeling quite joyful and energized when they awaken.** [I use the bold typeface here to highlight the felt importance that this creative hypothesis may ultimately prove to have for the lucid dreaming community.]

These creative intuitions *really* startle me; I make a mental note to learn more about this whole topic when feasible. After recording essential details in the small digital recorder I keep by my bed, I go back to sleep.

At about 4:00 and at 7:00, I awaken. At both times, looking inward, I sense lots of incoherent stuff, but no coherent dream material to recall.

I concluded at this time that a galantamine backlash has temporarily messed up normal dreaming and dream recall functionality for me—a definite caveat regarding possible further experimentation. I had feelings of great gratitude for the elegant ways in which my inner DreamSource has staged this series of awakenings for me.

March 18, 2023 — Trying Claridream for the first time

Due to high praise by various [online reviews](#), I decided to also try Claridream—a supplement frequently mentioned online for healthy enhancement of lucid dreaming and recall. Although it worked powerfully, it produced some lucid dreams that I have come to question the wisdom of, and choose not to describe publicly.

Thus, some days later, on April 3, 2023, I asked my inner Dream Source for guidance about these dreams. The resulting words I heard were quite clear: “You must never do the substances galantamine and Claridream again; they trigger subconsciously-based desires that are not in your best interest to fulfill.”

The Context of These Explorations

The above experiences occurred during an eight-week workshop on [Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly](#), produced by the [Institute of Noetic Sciences](#), and led by Robert Waggoner and Gillian Thetford. After I shared about my exploration of both galantamine and Claridream in the Discussion Forum of the workshop, both Waggoner and Thetford indicated that neither of them generally support the use of such supplements for dream enhancement and recall—preferring instead, the natural approaches which they teach.

Based on my experiences, as reported above, I agree. ▲

Author Bio: Oliver Markley, PhD, is a retired professor of social psychology and professional foresight, whose avocation is the exploration of promising practices for insight, foresight, and wise-choosing. For more, please see: www.futurepod.org/podcast/ep-125; www.olivermarkley.com; www.imaginalvisioning.com.

The Dreaming Therapy Center

By Gillian Thetford © 2023

From the beginning, my purpose for exploring lucid dreaming was to find ways it could heal my struggles with anxiety. At first, I only approached this by incubating specific lucid dream goals such as asking a dream figure why something in particular triggered me, or by creating a crowd and gently exposing myself to the environment until I felt comfortable. However, I decided to try something new and see what the unconscious would create for me, without setting out to achieve a particular task. I went to sleep with the affirmation: "Tonight in my lucid dream, show me what I need to heal my anxiety." I then had this dream:

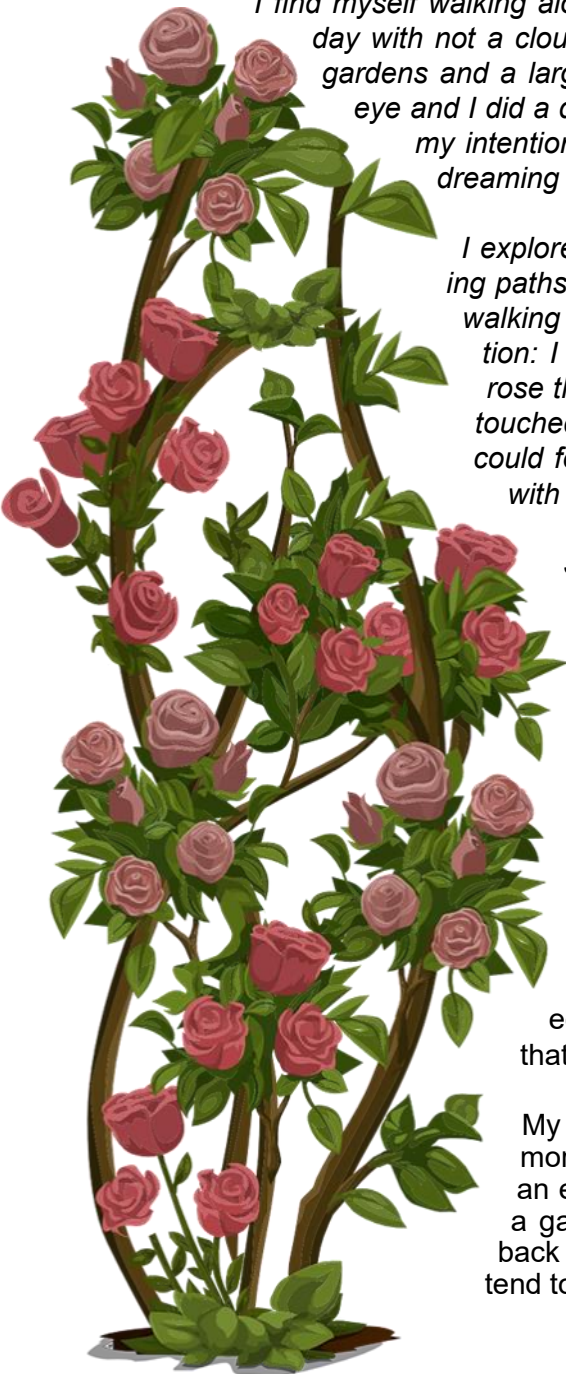
*I find myself walking along a sunny gravel road surrounded by trees; it is a warm sunny day with not a cloud in sight. Soon, a structure comes into view: a wood lodge with gardens and a large sign. I almost walked past the sign when its words caught my eye and I did a double take. It read: **Dreaming Therapy Center!** Wow! Immediately my intention came flooding back to me and I became lucid. How perfect; my dreaming mind had created a retreat center just for my personal healing!*

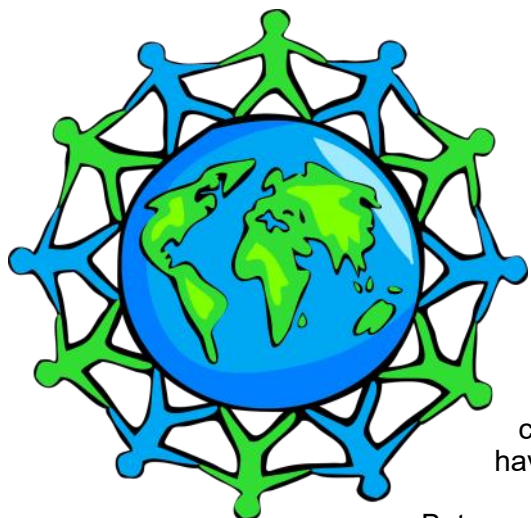
I explored the back garden first. It was filled with lovely roses along winding paths. I stabilized my lucidity by running my hands along the roses and walking barefoot on the gravel. I breathed in deeply and felt every sensation: I felt the tiny rocks digging into my feet; I felt the sharp prick of a rose thorn against my thumb; I smelled the sweet scent of the roses and touched their velvety petals. I could hear the trees rustling in the wind and could feel the warm breeze on my face. Everything felt so real and alive with a peaceful yet vibrant energy.

Suddenly I heard voices around the corner; I followed them and discovered a taco truck! I ordered one and it was the most flavorful taco I had ever had...yet another vibrant sensation in this magical place. I then went inside the lodge, and discovered that they were holding a workshop on lucid dreaming for anxiety. I woke up at that moment.

Upon waking, I felt an overwhelming sense of joy and peace. The anxiety that I usually carried with me had evaporated and didn't return for about a week following the dream. I felt as though the dream had connected me with an inner calm that I was capable of creating all along, just had lost my way to, long ago. I could feel that since I had experienced that wonderful stillness, and grounded myself in the sensations of life energy, I could more easily bring that stillness back out into my experience of waking reality.

My unconscious had shown me that what I needed most was not more answers or techniques for anxiety; rather, that I simply needed an experience of "no mind." Most of all, the dream had created for me a garden of tranquility, so that I may walk its paths and find my way back to myself. It was a wonderful reminder of the value of stopping to tend to our own inner garden. ▲





Spreading Lucid Dreaming Techniques Around the World (With Your Help)

By the Lucid Dreaming Foundation ©2023

Imagine that you are someone who lives in a far-away country, and you have your very first lucid dream! You feel amazed, excited, and curious about this experience. What does it mean? Do other people have lucid dreams, too? What can you do as a lucid dreamer?

But as you search for answers to these questions, you discover that very little information exists in your language about lucid dreaming. And the information that does exist seems confusing, dis-jointed, and not very helpful.

This month, the 501c(3) non-profit **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** seeks to address this issue with the release to foreign language volunteer translators of a 3,500-word booklet on the basics of inducing and stabilizing lucid dreams. Already, we have some volunteers who have translated this booklet into their native language to make it easier for their country's current and future lucid dreamers.

For example, did you know that 265 million people speak Bengali? That's more than the number of Russian speakers in the world. But what resources do they have to learn lucid dreaming? Apparently, not much. This does not even mention other languages, such as Hindi (615 million), Telugu (96 million), Egyptian (64 million), Javanese (68 million), Swahili (98 million) and so many more.

At the Lucid Dreaming Foundation, we want to reach lucid dreamers from around the world and support them with clear and concise directions on lucid dreaming! Working with translators and others, the Lucid Dreaming Foundation hopes to have lucid dreaming techniques and insights easily accessible and free to potential lucid dreamers from around the world.

Imagine in a far-off village, a young person discovering that the simple lucid dream techniques actually work! Even better, they also received some key instructions on how to stabilize and prolong the lucid dream (which would have taken many years otherwise).

Making lucid dreaming more accessible around the globe is only one of the Lucid Dreaming Foundation's goals. We also have ideas to advance lucid dreaming for everyone—with exploring new techniques and approaches to becoming lucid...seeing how lucid dreaming can expand its potential for healing...and inspiring others to grow this field.

How can you help?

Do you have language translation skills? Lucid dreaming friends in far-away places? Ideas? Resources? Please write to us at LucidDreamingNonprofit@gmail.com to volunteer your language skills and other talents, bright ideas, and resources to support this mission. As a non-profit, the 501c(3) **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** needs your help to help others and make the world a better place.

Inspired? Curious? Empowered? Reach out to us at LucidDreamingNonprofit@gmail.com or check out our website at www.luciddreamingfoundation.org — and read more about the mission of the newly-formed non-profit Lucid Dreaming Foundation on pages 18-19 of this issue. ▲

*So far, we have successfully translated this free **How to Lucid Dream** booklet into French, German, Slovenian and have volunteers working on Hindi, Telugu, Norwegian, Greek and other languages. See the article's end to learn how you can assist with this project.*



ANNOUNCING

the Lucid Dreaming Foundation!

*Have you ever wished that someone would create
an easy way to become lucid in your dreams?*

*Have you ever wanted to help others understand the benefits of lucid dreaming
for emotional healing, physical healing, and exploring consciousness?*

*Have you ever had a lucid dreaming idea that you
wanted to share and wished someone would research?*

The mission of the 501(c)(3) non-profit *Lucid Dreaming Foundation* (with your help) is to energize and empower lucid dreamers worldwide by working to create and promote new advances in the practice, education, and science of lucid dreaming.

What does it mean to have a 501(c)(3) non-profit designation?

*The **Lucid Dreaming Foundation (LDF)** has received Federal approval as a 501(c)(3) non-profit public charity by the U.S. Department of the Treasury.*

*This means that donors can deduct contributions they make to **LDF** under Internal Revenue Code Section 170 and that **LDF** also qualifies to receive tax deductible bequests, devises, transfers or gifts under Section 2055, 2106, or 2522.*

*The **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** intends to use all donations to help support the advancement of lucid dreaming.*

Our goals:

- To increase the number of active lucid dreamers worldwide.
- To enhance the ease of inducing lucid dreams with new techniques.
- To expand the scope of lucid dreaming's potential benefits.

Simply stated, the **Lucid Dreaming Foundation** will work to empower the field of lucid dreaming to develop and grow!

Consider these examples of possible projects:

1. Funding programs to develop new, innovative, and affordable ways to become consciously aware in the dream state.
2. The translation of lucid dreaming training programs into numerous languages, to make this information freely available to people in all socioeconomic groups throughout the world.
3. Funding new research to see how lucid dreaming can assist psychological healing through resolving phobias, anxiety, recurring nightmares, and Obsessive Compulsive Disorders.
4. Funding new research into how lucid dreaming can impact and improve physical health.
5. Investigating the nature of the mind and the unconscious through targeted lucid dreaming exploration programs online.
6. And so many other areas, to be determined with your help!

As we look at the larger framework of lucid dreaming, we see a variety of common areas of **LDNs**, or **Lucid Dreaming Needs**. These include the following:

- Innovative induction techniques.
- Creative approaches to enhance lucid dream healing.
- Providing education in languages where quality lucid dreaming books have not been translated.



This helps to explain the need for a non-profit organization like the ***Lucid Dreaming Foundation***, focused on lucid dreaming, to keep the momentum going and to effect positive change worldwide.

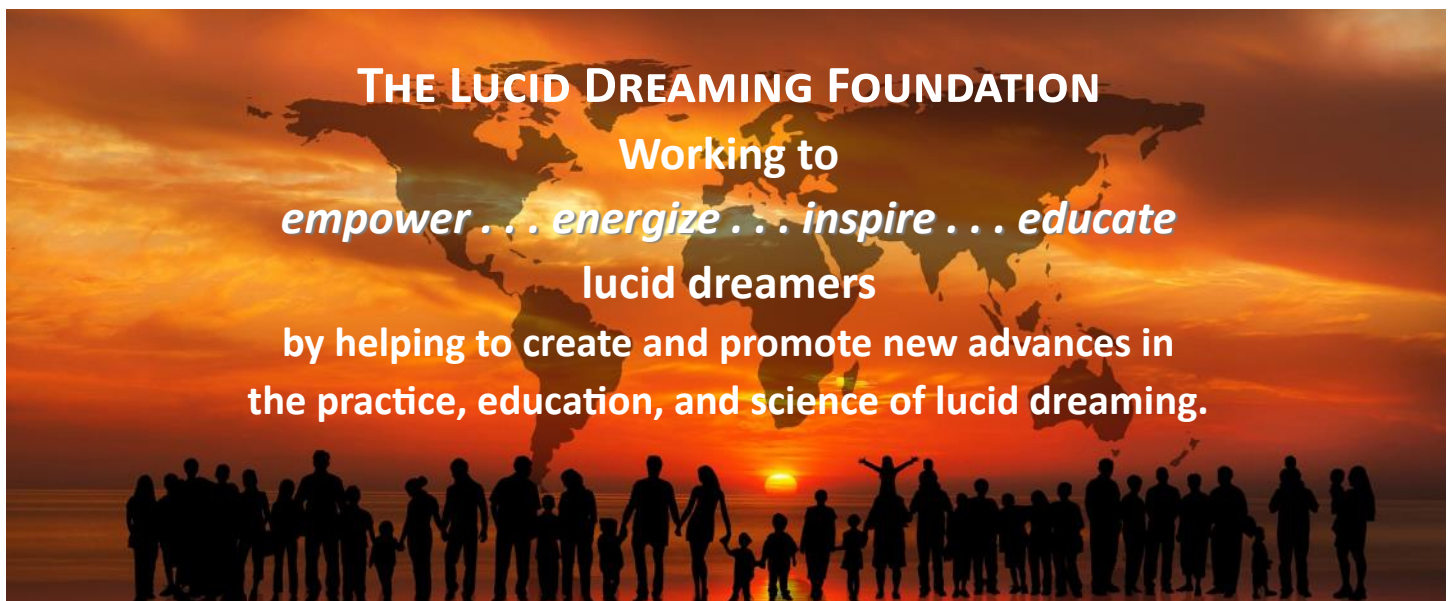
Around the globe, hundreds of millions of people have heard about the inspiring practice of lucid dreaming. However, in much of the world, the information on practices remains incomplete, mistranslated, or unhelpful.

At present, in underserved areas, many talented lucid dreamers know little or nothing of the documented benefits of lucid dreaming or may be uncertain if these benefits actually exist.

The ***Lucid Dreaming Foundation*** believes that education, new creative approaches, and a focus on natural advancement will make a difference! Providing lucid dreamers worldwide with helpful, understandable, and practical information to induce, stabilize, and explore the lucid dream state can open up new vistas for millions.

The founders of the ***Lucid Dreaming Foundation*** envision this as a community effort, involving the greater lucid dreaming community. We invite you to learn more and to join in and support the dream of expanding the ease, value, reach, and benefits of lucid dreaming. Your ideas, support, and tax-deductible donations can help us make a difference around the world! If you would like to volunteer your time and skills, share an idea, or assist in some way, please contact us through the website.

Please visit our [Lucid Dreaming Foundation](http://www.lucid dreaming foundation.org) website!





Explore our website:

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

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



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Landon — *Why You Must Believe*

I appeared on a set of steps. I was on the edge of an apartment building. Two people—a woman and a man—were arguing with each other. It occurred to me that they couldn't see me, as when I looked at my hands, I could see right through them. I realized I was dreaming. But instead of stabilizing the dream or fulfilling my intentions, I focused on the couple.

The man yelled disturbingly loud and stormed into the apartment. The women ran down the stairs with a girl I must have not noticed. I figured I had two choices: follow the man or follow the woman. I chose the woman as it seemed significantly more safe and less scary. As I ran after the woman, I realized I was no longer transparent and everyone could see me.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs it finally dawned on me how big of a world my mind has generated. I looked around slowly. I was standing in the middle of a Mexican-like town square. Off in the distance I could see giant clock towers and lanterns. I shook the thought off and went in the direction where I thought the women was.

On my way I remembered stories of people flying. I tried to fly, but quickly got scared of the idea and, so of course, fell on my face. A teenage girl helped me up. I then tried making her my consciousness. I couldn't tell if it worked or not, but I still had to find the woman and what I thought might be her daughter. I sprinted faster than I think a normal human could, but again, stopped.

I decided I didn't like the scenery and tried to change it. If I was thinking correctly, I would have used a portal, but instead I decided to close my eyes and imagine an entirely different location. This obviously didn't work because when I opened my eyes, nothing changed.... I still don't even know what they were arguing about.

Peter Maich — *Good and Bad*

Long messy lucid, WBTB.

Relaxing and drifting into sleep, I found myself in the dream, slightly aware and in a room with my partner. There were some men there and each time I left and came back, one was touching her, just a hand on her shoulder or leg. I told them to stop, and one told me, "No," so I picked his hand off her shoulder and snapped one of his fingers. This settled everyone down and they decided to



play cards. A man asked me to go into another room and I expected trouble. I went with him into the room and saw children there, one about seven and one about eleven years old.

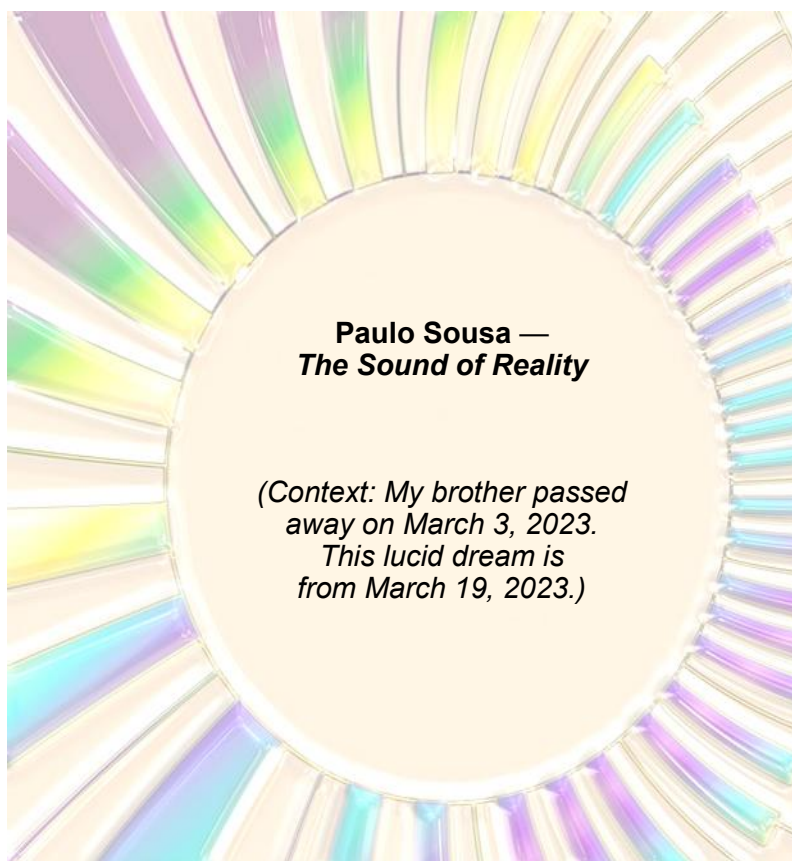
The older one told me about an OBE she had on one afternoon and they both wanted me to teach them how to dream. I explained a bit and they understood some of it. I took their hands and said I would show them, and that we were dreaming now. I lifted all of us off the ground and hovered in the room and then took us along some corridors and to a wall. They were trusting, yet a bit scared and excited at the same time. I stopped at a wall and then took us through the wall and into the night sky where I then said we were going to look for the dark Angel.

It was more a tease to them than a solid intent. We floated in the darkness, and nothing appeared so I said I would take them into the ground. They got closer to me and I could feel their bodies and warmth as they held onto me.

I descended into the ground, went down for a while and then stopped. I asked them to open their eyes. We were in a room. I left them there and again some very annoyed men were around me. I was not sure why they were angry. They surrounded me and took me to an open door. I looked into the room and a person in a Hannibal Lecter mask was in there with a heap of gruesome-looking instruments around him. I understood that they had smuggled and stolen a lot of gold bars and it was all gone or replaced with bricks, and this was all my fault, so they were really mad at me.

I told them I was not in the mood to be hurt or pushed around and went to leave. A man stuck a needle in me and injected some fluid into my arm. This annoyed me, so I pulled the needle out, crushed his head, and then walked away. They were angry and puzzled.

Now I was outside, and the children were there. The girl came to me, asked for my cell phone and put a number in it. She messaged me and said she wanted to stay in touch and that they both liked the lesson.



**Paulo Sousa —
The Sound of Reality**

*(Context: My brother passed away on March 3, 2023.
This lucid dream is from March 19, 2023.)*

I see my brother. Knowing that he has recently passed away, I ask him if there is a God. He is confused by my question, as if he hasn't realized that he is dead. I imply to him that he has died. In answer to my question, he replies, "I don't know (if there is a God), but I recall hearing a sound."

What is highly interesting about this lucid dream is that several weeks later, on March 30, 2023, while reading the Tibetan Book of the Dead, I came upon a concept called The Sound of Reality. This is described as a "pure, clear, and continuous sound that can be heard by the consciousness immediately after death and during deep states of meditation."

The Sound of Reality is also known as the Sound of Dharmata, which "is said to be a pure, continuous sound that is beyond words and concepts, and is present in all things. It is often described as a subtle, inner sound that can be heard during deep states of meditation or at the moment of death."



Bernard Welt — *Make it Snow*

This is my favorite lucid dream, I think, simple as it is:

I've been searching through a multiplex cinema and I'm very confused because I can't read the titles of any of the movies on the marquees. Time to give up and get out of here. On the street, I don't know whether I drove, used public transportation, or took a cab.

Suddenly this feels very weird: How could I not know that? Maybe this is a dream?

Then it begins to rain. Well, it can't be a dream, I guess, because I can feel the rain. Then an umbrella appears in my hand. I think: Okay, this is a dream, because I didn't have an umbrella before!

I can hear the rain on the umbrella and feel mist in the air; it's night and cars are going by with all those strange reflections of a rainy night.

Okay, if it's a dream, I can make this rain turn into snow. Almost immediately, it begins to snow. Yep, I guess that settles it, and I wake up very amused.

David L. Kahn — *Am*

I am naked except for a large blanket wrapped around me, and I am holding some sort of trinket in my hand. It is dark and I have a long walk home. It is still dark, with morning coming. I drop the trinket as though I am prioritizing what is most needed. I'm having trouble seeing, so in addition to being naked with only a blanket, I can barely see where I'm going.

I now feel like the key to get into the house was inside the trinket, so even when I get there, I'm not sure how I'll get in. I am starting to feel like this is hopeless. I'm about to give up, when I have a thought that I am going to keep on pushing through.

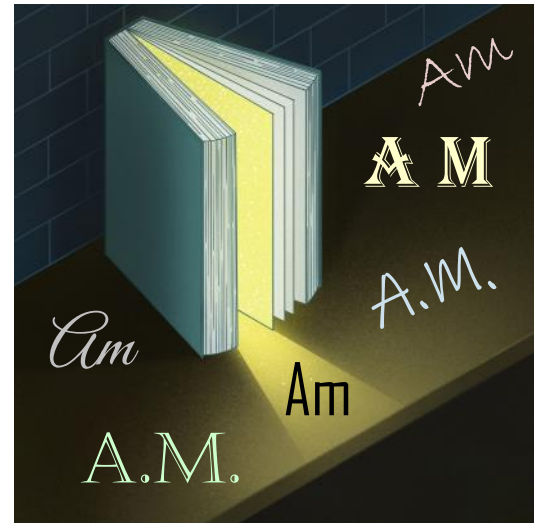
Suddenly, I realize that I can fly. It feels like a much better option. I feel much better as I take off and start flying. The feeling is exhilarating. I now become lucid and say, "I'm dreaming!" I now let the dream take me where it wants to go.

Now I am seated in the air as though reclined in a comfortable chair, with my hands in a prayer position and eyes closed. I think as though I'm being brought down through water again, but it doesn't feel like that. It feels like I am being placed gently down in comfortable foam and floating down softly through it. I hear a male voice speaking very clearly to me. As he continues to talk to me, I decide to open my eyes.

I am now inside of a basement bedroom, seated on a mattress on the floor. In front of me on the mattress facing me is a young man. He is the one speaking to me and he continues to do so. He says a lot and we are having a full-on conversation. He seems entirely real, not like a dream. He shows me things and explains about a method of reading faster by focusing on something. He uses the letter T as an example. I understand what he means as he has a hardcover book open, like if I focus on the T's, that somehow, I pick up the concept of the entire book.

The young man tells me that some animals only hear music that is their own harmony. I tell the young man how I got here and recall it quite specifically. I say that I was naked with a blanket, became lucid, and flew. He tells me something about him getting there, too. It was different than how I got there, but I cannot recall otherwise.

As I look at the book on the mattress that he was showing me, I notice that the words are in another language. Yet, I can read it as though in English. I ask him where he is from. He says, "Germany, mostly." I ask him his name. He replies, "Am." I repeat "Am" and then say, "A.M." to confirm the spelling. He replies, "Am." I then say, "Am, A.M., Am." I wake up with his name, Am, in my mind.



RickM — *Filled With The Holy Spirit*

This dream occurred around 1987 and it inspired a several year study of the Abrahamic faiths.

Sitting in our yard in the neighborhood where I grew up, a lady with a young girl (approximately 10 to 12 years old) appeared. She said, "My daughter would like to dance for you." The young girl started dancing provocatively until she was facing me lying on the ground. She then began to pull down her pants. With that I stood quickly and yelled, "STOP!" with my arm and hand outstretched. Glancing at my arm, it was now covered in a flowing translucent white robe through which I could see my regular clothes. Looking down, I had a white beard stretching to my waist, and my entire body was also flowing in white.

It was here I realized this must be a dream, since I had transformed into a holy man having no clue what to do. The women then yelled to her daughter, "Quick, it's a trap; let's go!" However, her daughter was frozen by my outstretched hand and she struggled to get free. As the girl wrestled, she started to rise from the ground when she suddenly transfigured into a baby. The child continued to squirm as she rose closer and closer to my hand. When the baby's head came in contact with my palm, I tried to say the following words: "In the name of Jesus Christ, peace be with you." I was saying the words but had no control of my vibrating tongue, and what came out sounded like nothing familiar. After the last word was spoken the baby exploded into a million vanishing vapor particles.

My wife woke me at this point, since I was talking loudly in my sleep. She told me she had never heard anything as strange as what I was trying to say.



Patrizia — *Blue Hair*

I had just read Robert Waggoner's book and wanted to try lucid dreaming, so I followed the steps before sleeping for a few days, with no success. However, after about 10 days, one night I dreamt that I was in a huge warehouse, and I was sitting at a desk surrounded by very high racks of industrial shelving.

A woman came up to the desk and stood opposite me. I didn't recognise her, and she said something (which I can't remember now), but after some conversation I looked at her and said, "This is not real; I'm dreaming, and I'm going to give you blue hair," and her hair changed to blue. I woke up.

I don't do the "prep" before sleeping anymore, but I do more often realise when I'm dreaming. Just last night I was having a very vivid unpleasant dream where I was frantically packing clothing into a shoulder bag and kept finding there were more items on the floor (and not mine) when suddenly it dawned on me that this was a dream. Immediately I heard myself breathing and I opened my eyes.



Ilich Solano — *Chants at the Warmouth*

For the first time I feel the vibrations people talk about before an astral projection. I wait for them to stop, and then roll out of my body.

For a second I think to go out the door, then downstairs, but I decide to jump out of the window instead. The blinds are stuck to my face on the way down, so I pull them off just with enough time to land.

It's raining (but in real life it's sunny with a clear sky). I feel the wet on my skin. I'm walking down Sumter and in the distance to my left I see a brown and green kid's castle about 5 stories high, each floor smaller than the last; kind of like a pyramid but the floors aren't the same.

I'm wearing football gloves and my red and black hoodie jacket with shorts. I fly there excited to see what it is. On the top floor, there are games for kids (and there are kids inside, playing). It's huge inside! I walk into the different rooms and see that there are different games to play in each one. I see two girls playing one-on-one soccer. I try to find out if one little girl is a person in real life or just a projection, but she doesn't want to talk.

I go outside and see some basketball courts. A guy runs by me and fails a dunk attempt. I think, "How do you miss a dunk in the astral?" I try to bring a ball to me using telekinesis but I fail. I go and try to get a ball but there's a coach there and he says, "We're using this court," so I think to go to another but I end up leaving. Before I leave, I ask a kid if he lives around here. He says 'yeah' but I can't get him to give me a name. He's black, looks about 16 years old, and maybe 6'2" tall.

Jumping over a fence, I go and see what's happening at the Warmouth. There's a lot of people there, and the inside looks mostly the same. At the door are two people I know, David and Rhett. There are two projected screens on the wall adjacent to the parking lot. I walk around and notice the door and window to the kitchen are blocked off.

I go outside and start chanting vowels. For some reason I think to chant: *Ahhh, ummmm*. I hear voices chanting with me, so I keep doing it and everyone starts chanting along. I go outside and Rhett and David follow. I

sit down in full lotus position and keep chanting. There's a guy sitting on the fence; he asks if I'm from Cali and Rhett responds, 'yeah.'

At one point a pirate is singing along to the chant because it's more of a song at this point. I decide to leave here and explore the astral—it's dark now. I walk up the street and the dream starts to fade.

Adam Ortiz — *Ancient Temple of Life and Treasure*

I slipped into the hypnagogic state before transitioning into sleep. As I lay there in bed, I heard the sound of rushing waters and what sounded like bells somewhere off in the distance. The next thing I knew I was standing on top of a mountain with another man. I did not know him in real life, but in the dream, we were a team of archeologists.

The mountain range was covered in the greenest of trees as far as the eye can see. The sky was a brilliant glowing blue that seemed almost crystal-like. The air was crisp with purity, and an overall feeling of heart-centered spirit permeated the atmosphere. It was hyper-realistic and lucid, in a way that felt otherworldly.

As the other dream person brushed away dirt from ancient figures carved into the rock at about ankle level, I walked down a wide, sloped walkway that led to the edge of the mountain. Once at the bottom of the slope, I looked out over the valley and mountains around me as I began to feel a tingling sensation buzz within and around me. In that moment, I saw a flash of an ancient temple filled with treasure and artifacts that I sensed came from a highly-evolved spiritual family of humans.

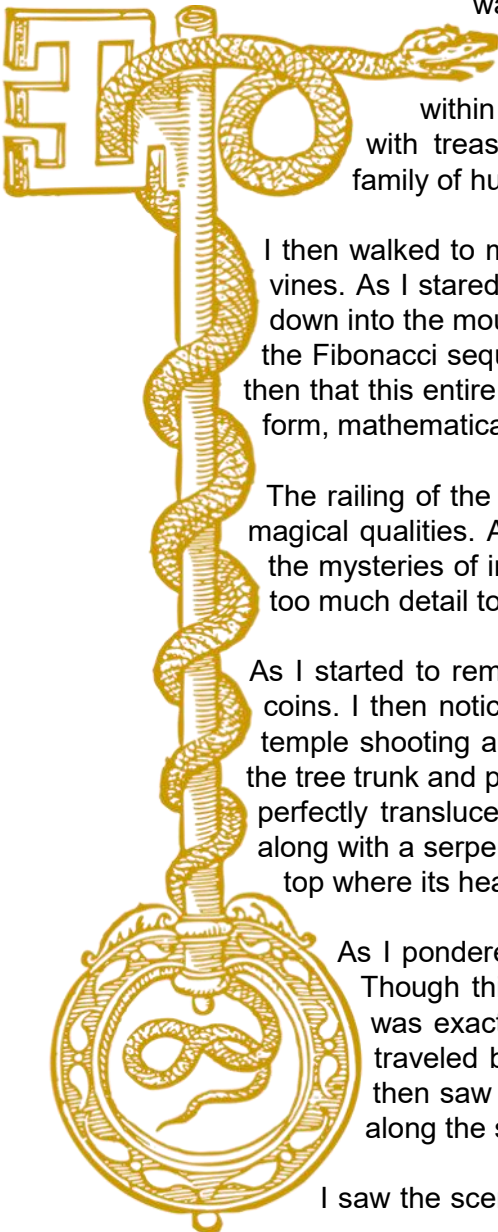
I then walked to my left towards the tree line, noticing an archway completely covered in vines. As I started to remove the vines, I discovered a spiral, solid gold staircase that led down into the mountain. The geometric ratio of this golden staircase was clearly based on the Fibonacci sequence, also known as the Golden Measure, among other things. I knew then that this entire temple was architecturally based on the divine proportion of the human form, mathematically.

The railing of the staircase had a perfectly carved ancient language that I perceived had magical qualities. As I gazed upon the characters of this language I began to "download" the mysteries of immortal life and the processes by which one attains such a state. (Way too much detail to get into here.) But I was absolutely humbled and grateful.

As I started to remove more vines, I began to find perfectly cut gems, crystals, and gold coins. I then noticed an object behind a tree trunk that started at the bottom floor of the temple shooting all the way up the back of the staircase. I reached my arm back around the tree trunk and pulled out something incredible. It was a small golden sceptre encased in perfectly translucent crystal. I was blown away. This sceptre had the same writing on it along with a serpent whose tail starting at the bottom winding its way up and around to the top where its head was. It was slightly bent at the top and bottom.

As I pondered what use this could have, I saw a flash of Osiris's staff in my mind. Though this sceptre was small, I knew it must be a version of the Osiris staff. It was exactly the length of an average spinal column. As I realised this, my mind traveled back in time to when this temple was active and alive with its people. I then saw the High Priests/Healers of this temple placing this sceptre on the back along the spine of people. It was clearly activating their kundalini energy.

I saw the scenario play out as if I was there even though I was simply looking at this



staff without the dream-scape itself changing. I then began to feel a tingling vibratory energy build up within me. I got so excited that, of course, the dream stability began to fade. As it did so, I centered my awareness in my heart to emit gratitude for such an experience.

That morning when I woke up, I was elated and blissed out. Not only was I blissed out, but my mind was still in the dream state even though I was awake. It's hard to describe but for the next four to five days it was as if I was in a blissed-out dreamlike altered state. It was incredible and felt magical. To this day, when I take a moment to myself and think of this dream, I am almost transported back there. I haven't gone back in the dream state yet, but I will when I feel like I am ready.

Dominic — *Eliza's Realization*

I had woken up and sat next to Eliza. This is an occasion—an occasion to celebrate, with smiles and cheer. We laugh at each other as if I had just awakened in mid conversation. This was not in any way odd to me; it felt normal, familiar, I knew her. We were like two teenage Love Birds, getting to spend the night with each other. It was so exciting getting to be intimate without interruption.

The rest of the house lights are very dim with a blue hue. We take a trip to the kitchen, which seems oddly far away, then in the usual apartment or house in hallway to stretch so far that I couldn't see the end of it. I pass the doorway to my right and see a man in a suit, his back facing me. He has a gray head of hair. Just a dark room empty of anything else besides the hospital bed that he's looking down at.



I start to question things, even saying to myself that this could be a dream, and what I would do if it were. Eliza is extremely tall, way taller than I am. She reminds me of an Amazonian deity. We go back to the bedroom. I bring up the topic of dreams, the same way I would do in waking life. We get so deep into it, discussing the contrast and comparison between dreams and death.

Waking up in the bed is very fuzzy. What happened? What happened before this? I look down at the palms of my hands. They're blurry, then they clear up. I bring them into a tight fist then I release. I say to myself, "I am dreaming."

The moment I say that was like a lightbulb flashed in Eliza's head. Now wide-eyed, staring directly into my eyes, she recalls being sick. She recalls the pain and wanting to go home. But where was home? She begins to sob, tears streaming down from her eyes in an unrealistic way—almost as though someone had turned on a water system within her eyes to release fluid like a faucet.

She died. All I could do was put my arm around her as we sat on the edge of the bed. It was very haunting, as though I felt what she was feeling, as though she was a part of me. Maybe a part of me that I needed to let go or release. I start to speculate that this could be a passing of realms. I go to kiss her forehead. I'm back in bed, awake now.

Peter Maich — Just Exploring

Drifted into the dream with full awareness, gentle, soft and pleasant.

In a room, on a mattress, sitting and talking to several people. One male, rough looking but with a kindly manner, was telling me he is a psychiatrist and talking about his career. I listened for a while and then he asked about me, so I said I was visiting this place and liked it because my body did not have the normal restraints

and I could use my body in new ways. I showed him by levitating off the mattress a few inches and by extending an arm out to touch a wall. He liked this and was not phased by it, seeming to accept these were my skills.

Getting up, I walked outside, rose off the ground and flew. Looking up and imagining small circular routes to a point, I went very fast, and then looking down, I slowed. I played with the sensations of speed for a while, enjoying the freedom of speed and flight and air on my dream body. I flew over a lake and landed on the ground on the other side.

I started walking and felt pressure on my shoulders, put my hands there and felt another pair of hands so I gently held them and put the person in front of me. There was no sensation of danger or malice, so I was happy to gently do this. A pretty girl was looking at me, a mix of gentleness, wisdom, and pleasure on her face. She said she had missed me and was happy that she had found me again. I gently held her. We walked towards a city, talking along the way. She said she had to go but would return as we were together again.

I saw a lot of older buildings, mainly concrete and block construction. I spent a lot of time putting my hands and arms in and out of the various materials, enjoying the feel of the materials and playing with a range of feelings. I was surprised there were not stinging tingles, and this was the first time I could recall a lack of these sensations. I moved my hand in and out and noticed they were stained a deep black. This was a first and I was intrigued by the colour of them.

Asking for a weapon, I allowed the dream space to create what it wanted for me. I was presented with an adze; about 18 inches long, deep black like the darkness of space and at the same time gleaming with energy. I cut patterns in the concrete walls near me, slicing and chopping neat lines without effort in the materials.

Then I hit the walls in the centre of the cuts, wanting the patterns to come out from the walls. I heard the ringing and felt the vibrations, but nothing happened. A few more good whacks and I looked around. My walls were all that was left of the city, as it had fallen. Big piles of rubble were laying where it used to be. The dream was playing games with me.

Thinking that there might be some annoyed people near, I coated myself in some nice shiny armour—a coat of gleaming silver energy that will keep people at bay.

I decided to wake and firm up these dreams, so wake myself.

Vernalisa — *The Mountainside Portal: Egypt Calling*

I was walking up the side of a mountain. There was no trail or tract for guidance. I was a participant in this dream and walked alone. It was very green. I thought to myself, “I do not even like hiking but here I am.” I became lucid when I realized I don’t even hike.





"Mountainside Portal"
Artwork by
Vernalisa
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*Digital collage
created with
stock images from
Microsoft Office
365 Creative
Content Library.*

The vegetation was lush but not crowded. It did not feel like a rainforest or the Alps but more like I was on a mountain in Hawaii. The day was bright and clear, and the sky seemed irrelevant as I walked toward the top. I felt happy and confident.

As I ascended, the topside was maybe a hundred yards away. I gazed over to my right to take in the view. I wondered how high the elevation was. As if I was peering through a portal into another world, I saw a camel waiting. A pyramid stood in the distance and a hot air balloon took off from the desert floor. I glimpsed a compass pointing up in the sky as it faded away. There was only green behind me and on the left side of me. Egypt calling.

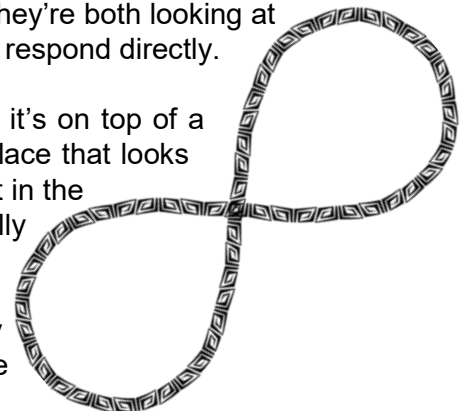
I was in awe of the scene and tried to figure out how I was able to see this so clearly. It seemed as if I could reach out and touch the pyramid. I wanted to go over there, but it seemed like a task to step from a mountainside into Egypt—I then woke up.

Ilich Solano — *Get to the Mountain*

I'm pulled out of my body gently and I go through the floor. I see there's someone on my couch, sleeping. I turn around and look back and there's another. Now they're getting up. They're both looking at their phones. I suspect that they're my guides so I ask them, but they don't respond directly.

One hands me a phone and points to a place on the map that looks like it's on top of a mountain. I go outside and think, I could just fly really high and find the place that looks like it. I do that outside of my front door on Sumter. I see the place way out in the distance, out in the mountains. I immediately start flying towards it, really fast. Once I get out of my neighborhood there's lush green scenery.

There's a point when I get on the ground and walk, and draw an infinity sign. Then I see a black tornado come towards me as well as black smoke



coming from a football field. But the dream fades and comes back in between.

After walking a bit, I fly some more and realize I have a phone. It's on the GPS app and I'm pretty close to the destination. I fly a bit more, then I'm at the place and it's amazing! It's on the side of a mountain; it looks kind of Mexican or Central American. There's a path going upwards, with stairs, and it feels warm.

Then I hear someone playing the guitar in the background and it's pretty good. I climb up and at the top is a factory of some kind. I always want to go to the highest place possible, so I go to the top of the factory but there's always something higher.

I see Rhett looking through a window but pay him no mind. I try to go higher still, and I get to the point where I see a modern building structure. I jump, fly, and hang on to the highest part I can then climb.

The dream fades soon after that. Then I'm walking in a school hallway when I ask to see my shadow. Three girls in front of me want to fight me and I say, "Noooo, why y'all wanna fight me?" In my mind I'm thinking, "I'm not gonna hit girls," so I think to just let them beat me up.

Then, somehow, they turn into guys which I think for a second to actually fight, but I say to them, "Why are we fighting? We are all one." They put their hands down and one smiles at me.



Paul Sauers — *Experiencing Oneness*

I listen to Hemi-sync Secret Island SAM doing WBTB.

I enter the window of a picture I painted of Van Gogh's *Starry Night* and I'm in a 14th or 15th century room which is small and filled with wooden furniture. No one else is there in this small space, but I marvel at its beauty.

I'm then on a beach and there are two seagulls on the beach and several flying birds to my left. I decide to fly with the birds and become one with the birds. I don't know whether I'm one of the birds or experiencing the consciousness of the three birds together. It's at this point I become lucid and call to the Awareness to have a mystical experience. I expect to see Christ, but I just feel his presence.

I'm flying over the ocean and listening to soft piano music. I'm heading into the sunset and there are beautiful pastel colors changing in front of me as I fly. The feelings are exhilarating and I feel my body tingling all over with energy.

I tell the Awareness I want to use all my inner sensors to become one with the music and the colors. This happens and I have a profound feeling of oneness. As I fly into the sunset there is a 'flock of stars' that pass before me in the distance.

At one point the music has an Indian quality and I wonder whether I'm flying over India. I look down but don't see anything and wonder whether I'm not on planet Earth or some other realm.

As I fly, it's like I'm cruising around the/a world immersed in swirling changing colors and sounds. I sense the presence of the Holy Spirit and have a flashback of a recent dream where it appeared to me as an angel. I ask him how I can experience more lucid dreams and he told me to review my previous dreams. The feeling is one of absolute peace.

As I'm flying, the clouds become grayer and then lighter again as if I'm experiencing different levels or layers of consciousness.

The music stops and I'm drifting with this glow in this magical space. After what seems like another 20



minutes, I begin to 'surface' back to waking reality. I open my eyes and just lay there basking in the glow of the experience.

Enrique Monzo Solves — *Flying with My Sister*

I am in the street with my sister, next to the door of my house. The street is wider than in waking reality. My sister is wearing a light blue summer dress with a long, wide skirt. I tell her that I had a kind of nightmare-type dream, where I became lucid and it did not last long. (In fact, I had dreamed that dream a few hours before this one.)

I explain to her that, in that earlier dream, I had looked at my hand and I realized my fingers were distorted; thus, I knew that I was dreaming. I want to show her how I do this reality check, so I look at my hand and...I see that I only have three fingers! I'm dreaming!

In that precise moment I feel like something very energetic enters my dream body...it also happens in other lucid dreams, and I have the feeling it is the entrance of my critical awareness.

I tell her to look at her hand and she's also missing two fingers! Since she has never had a lucid dream, I suggest that we fly to the country house (about 4 km away). I take her hand and we lift off the ground with sublime smoothness and control. We pass the height of the roofs, and we see the town from the heights. The view is extremely beautiful. We can see perfectly how the streets are structured, and how the color of the roofs gives a very warm reddish color to the scene. We move through the air with calm. I perfectly feel the wind on my face and body while flying. It is really amazing! I tell my sister to feel the wind on her face and her

body. She really likes it. I see that, above the rooftops and at a considerable distance away, there is a very long floating brick structure, on top of which there are thousands of vividly colored plants and flowers. It crosses the entire village. The view is beautiful.

My sister tries fly “swimming” like a frog, and I tell her that since we’re in a dream, we can fly like Superman. And we do so, albeit at a reasonable speed. We’re going straight towards a big building, and she tells me that we’re not going to be able to get around it. I feel she is right, but I calm her down and tell her that we can go through the walls of the building, because we are in a dream. And we do. Once we are close to the building, I make us both turn, and we cross it backwards. The sensation of passing the walls of a building so quickly is something unique! I see how we leave the building behind and continue moving forward, now faster.

We are going towards other high buildings that we are not going to avoid either. I also observe the sea behind those buildings. Once more, we turn and go through the building backwards, and we come out on the other side, into the sea. Even in the sea, we are traversing distances at high speed.

... Finally, we reach solid ground. We are standing on a street of Valencia city. We’re walking down the street and I ask her if she likes the dream, and she says yes, she’s delighted. We continue walking down the street and see some streetlights on the pavement. I tell her that, since we are in a dream, she can hit a streetlamp and check that it bends like light plastic. She hits one, and the streetlight bends like thin paper. I do the same and it’s fabulous! We go through another smaller street, where a small river runs along the side. There are large objects on the sidewalk, such as statues, beside the river. I want to think they are very light and I begin to push some of them towards the river. They fall into the water in a simple and graceful way. It is weird! It feels like physics is at our mercy!

Further on, I see a small bridge that crosses the river. The bridge is very narrow, has three large arches and one small one, and is made of large stones. I enter the water and begin to mold the bridge with my hands as if it was butter. I can mold it at my will. My sister tries but she can’t, and she tells me that she can’t because it is made of stone. I tell her to think the stone is butter and she gets shocked when she starts molding it with her hands. It’s amazing!



Gustavo Vieira — *My “Other Self” in the Mirror*

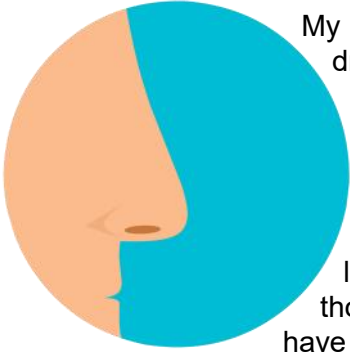
I discovered something interesting in my lucid dreams. A lot of my dreams start with me sleeping in my room (in a kind of a WILD/OBE experience). In the dream, when I get out of bed, I go to the washroom, look in the mirror and see my reflection (the “other self”). I notice that the movements are different from mine; like it’s someone else. I often try to talk to my reflection—which responds—but most of the time I can’t hear it or strange sounds come out.

I’ve also tried to get inside the mirror to go to “the other side” but, whenever I start to go through the mirror, the dream starts to get dark.

So, one day I thought: why not ask my “other self” to help me get to the “other side”? And it works! I notice that my “other self” is always happy and ready to help. When I ask him to pull me to his side of the mirror, he does it quickly and willingly. I stretch my arm against the mirror and he grabs my arm and pulls me towards him. I’m on the “other side”. Anything I ask him to do (take me to see my/our deceased father, show me landscapes, give me tips on something, try to cure some pain, etc.), he always does the task with a smile.

Very interesting. What does this mean? What part of me is that? I have to ask him one of these days.

Robinson — *My Very First Lucid Dream Experience*



My lucid dream started exactly where my previous dream had ended. My previous dream had ended with me waking up in my bed. The strange thing is that I was in my bed (like right now) and I knew I was only taking a morning nap. But I realised that I had not really woke up, it was a false awakening and I said in my head, “Wait! I am still dreaming.”

I immediately wanted to do a reality check because I have never been in a fully lucid dream before, so I said in my head, “GO DO A REALITY CHECK,” as if by the thought of it, the reality check would happen. But then I remembered that I actually have to physically do the reality check, so I pinched my nose and I was in fact still able to breathe through my nose—I could even hear my breathing through my nose even though it was pinched. It felt soooo damn cool!

I let go of my nose and breathed again through my nose, then I pinched it again to confirm I was in my dream. I was still able to perfectly breathe through my nose but this time I was a little scared to let go so I did not. I said in my head, “Wow! So THAT is how it feels to breathe through my nose while it is pinched.”

Then I wanted to get off my bed so I could get out of my bedroom because I could not see anything because it was so dark. Laying in my bed, I started to remove the blankets from on top of me. It worked but it also did not work. As I was removing the blankets, there were still blankets on me, so I kept removing blankets, but there were still blankets on me. So I said to myself, “What is going on?” I wanted to get off my bed so I let go of my nose (that I was still holding with my left hand) and I took my blankets with both my hands to remove them. But there were still blankets on me, so I sat up in my bed.

My eyes were still closed because in the waking world I use a sleep mask and I felt that it was still on my face. It also felt like I was wearing a hoody, so I removed the hood from my head but I still kept my eyes closed. I kept trying to get off my bed by taking the blankets off me, but I had blankets forever somehow. I got upset that I was unable to get off my damn bed and that emotion woke me up.

I was still wearing my sleep mask when I woke, though I was not wearing any hoody—but I was happy to have just lived my very first fully lucid dream experience! ▲



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

International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

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

www.dreams.ca

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Ed Kellogg

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

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer

<https://melindapowelldreams.com>

Dream Research Institute, London

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Sage

www.lucidsage.com

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Lucidity4All

www.lucidity4all.com

Ryan Hurd

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

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

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

The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming

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

Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC

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

DreamViews Forum

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