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LDE readers share their lucid dreaming experiences

Editors’ Note: Regarding the DreamSpeak interview in the previous issue (LDE Vol 6, No 2), author Gardner Eeden states: “My book [Lucid: Awake in the World and the Dream] combines my own real dream experience, science, and fictional elements to create a possibility for conscious evolution.”

LDE Website
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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 lucyld@usa.net. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

Subscriptions
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Welcome to the LDE. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

I first learned about lucid dreaming from watching the movie, *Inception*, back in 2010. I was shocked and excited, thinking, “Wow! You can know you’re dreaming while dreaming? What a powerful state of mind, I must try it!”

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

It took me a while to have my first LD, but it finally happened after a few weeks of consistently trying multiple induction techniques. In the LD, I was being chased by zombies when I ran across Joseph Gordon-Levitt from *Inception*. Seeing him made me realize that something was askew, and I became lucid after noticing his strange-looking weapon. It was an S-shaped sickle with spikes and I thought, “No one would use this to fight zombies…this is a dream!” I was instantly captivated by this concept of being aware inside a dream and all the incredible detail, but my lucidity was quickly lost as the zombies came running around the corner.

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

Definitely, LDing is naturally full of surprises. In one LD, I received some unexpected advice when I was searching for information that would help me with chronic depression. Like many lucid dreamers, I went into an LD and picked up a book with the expectation to find an answer. When I opened it, there was a single word written on the page. It said, “patience.” This unexpected answer made me realize something new about my mental health: anxiety is a contributing factor to the chronic depression and I can ease the depression by easing my anxiety through the practice of patience. I tried it and it helped!

What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?

Everything! I fell in love with lucid dreaming the moment I learned about...
LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE

it, but the aspect that really captured my attention was the fact that it was learnable. Here was a whole new state of consciousness, a whole new way of being, that I didn’t even know existed, but I could gain access to it as long as I followed the proper training. And the potential applications of it seemed endless! Anything from creativity to stress relief to motor-skill development, lucid dreaming showed a wide variety of benefits. Eventually, I became enamored with the idea of using lucid dreams to increase one’s quality of life, especially through the avenue of health, and this will likely be the focus of my doctoral dissertation.

**What techniques were you using to have lucid dreams? Which did you find most helpful?**

When I first started, I found the Wake-Back-To-Bed (WBTB) technique with acetylcholine supplements to be the most successful for me. However, I stopped using the supplements regularly because of their potentially negative impact on my long-term mental health. Nowadays, I get consistent results when combining the WBTB and Mnemonic-Induced-Lucid-Dream (MILD) techniques. Since I’m a deep sleeper, I find the WBTB technique to be the most helpful, along with mindfulness meditation when I find the time/motivation to do it frequently. Also, I’ve found it incredibly beneficial to have a clear goal in mind for the LD, and the more emotionally-charged the better!

**At some point, lucid dreamers often begin to look at things in the lucid dream that happen without their influence or manipulation. Did you have any lucid dreams which caused you to consider this? What happened?**

I’m almost always influencing the lucid dream in one way or another because there’s generally a goal I want to accomplish, but it’s astounding to me how some other awareness fills in all the details. This co-creative process can lead to some intriguing encounters. One interesting LD I had involved seeking out my dream guide, Morpheus. It was a Wake-Initiated-Lucid-Dream (WILD), and it started in the same hotel room in which I fell asleep:

*I step into the bathroom and proceed to draw a circle on the round mirror. It became dark upon completion as if it were hollow and, with my right hand, I reach into it intending to pull Morpheus through. Instead, I feel a heavy spherical shape placed in my palm so I pull out my hand to examine what I have been given. It was an energy ball shrouded in a black, sparkling mist looking like it had been pulled from outer space.*

*The energy field it emitted was strong to the point that I couldn’t hold onto it for much longer, so I threw onto the ground. It broke when it hit the floor, making a faint sound of shattering glass and exploding into more of the dark, starry mist. The mist began to slowly morph into a human-like shape, starting with the feet and working its way up. Its edges were blurred by the mist, making it look more like a sparkling shadow than a detailed human figure. As it began to solidify and become more defined, I woke up instantaneously.*

The next day, I’m sitting in a seminar and trying to draw the outer-space energy ball from my dream when the man next to me leans over and says he has something to show me. He reaches into his bag and pulls out a glass orb that looks amazingly similar to the one from my dream! Then he said he bought it the previous day after feeling directed by his dream to go into a certain nearby shop. The synchronicity was uncanny.

**When you have these kinds of lucid dream experiences (the unexpected, the surprising), what does it imply? How do you resolve it in your mind or minds?**

These surprising LD experiences show us that there is an intelligent awareness beyond our awareness that is co-creating the lucid dream with us. What is this awareness and what does it have to offer? At the very least, it can offer us a unique (and enlightening) perspective on our own lives; I’ve received wise advice during lucid dreaming on more than one occasion. Perhaps this other awareness is what some people call the subconscious, or perhaps it is something else. There is so much about the mind that we don’t understand at this point. Psychology is just starting to scratch the surface and I look forward to figuring out how LDing can contribute to the conversation.

**As you read more about lucid dreaming and had your own experiences, did you begin to see how lucid dreaming might be useful in helping with emotional health and dealing with inner issues? Have**
you had any lucid dreams which suggested the potential to improve emotional health and resolve limiting beliefs, etc.?

Indeed! When compared to waking, dreaming is a more emotional state of mind, and if we suppress emotions during waking then they will come out while dreaming. Thus, I saw lucid dreaming as a way to help better understand these emotions by being able to communicate more directly with the subconscious and other suppressed aspects of the self. I’ve improved my emotional health on many occasions by looking for advice in lucid dreams and receiving some enlightening insights. Typically, this advice altered my perception by simply pointing out things that I had consciously missed. It’s funny how much of our emotions are based on faulty perceptions.

In lucid dreams we see that the mind and its contents get reflected into the lucid dream. For example, if we expect trouble with a particular dream figure, then suddenly it becomes troublesome! Does this make it difficult for a beginner to use lucid dreaming to resolve inner issues?

I agree with Tim Post that dream control is really about self-control, so it depends on the person and the level of self-control. Unfortunately, self-control is a rare commodity in this age of instant gratification. However, mental training can help greatly in this respect and that is why meditation is particularly useful for lucid dreaming. It is a co-creative process so by learning how to control our mind (i.e. expectations, intentions, etc.), we are essentially learning how to have more influence over the dream content. This idea is also supported by a recent study that found positive correlations between one’s length of meditation practice and one’s degree of control in lucid dreams.

Besides the possibility of improving emotional health through lucid dreaming, have you ever explored the idea of improving physical health in a lucid dream? Do you have an example (or recall one from your readings)?

I think physical healing is one of the most fascinating potential applications of lucid dreaming, but it needs more research. All we have at this point are some incredible anecdotal reports of success, so we need more empirical investigations. I remember reading a story of a woman who rid herself of some painful warts on her feet with the help of visualization during a lucid dream. After that, I tried to get rid of a wart on my hand through lucid dreaming but never succeeded.

This led me to ponder why some people experience healing with this method while others do not; there are obviously many factors at play. If we can figure out these factors of success, then perhaps lucid dreaming could be used as a low-cost intervention for some conditions. Science shows us that a mind-body connection exists as well as placebo/nocebo effects so, theoretically, I believe physical healing through lucid dreams is plausible. The power of the mind always astounds me. However, as a scientist I am still skeptical and would love to see more research into this specific area. In fact, this will likely be the topic of my doctoral dissertation.

What kind of experiments could you imagine that would provide evidence for physical healing through lucid dream actions?

There are many different ways someone could investigate this concept. One possibility is to study the effects of lucid dream actions on waking levels of chronic pain. Pain is an ideal candidate because it involves both psychological and physiological components; additionally, chronic conditions allow for the time needed to successfully teach lucid dream induction strategies. By measuring pain levels before and after a lucid dream, we can infer the effects of a person’s actions taken within the lucid dream. If we find a pattern of significant pain reduction after the lucid dream experience from a variety of people, then we can conclude that lucid dreaming might play a role in some elements of physical healing. Still, this is only one possible way to explore the issue and, whatever the results showed, it would only be a starting point for further investigations.

For some people, lucid dreaming suggests an inner opportunity for spiritual growth. Have you had any lucid dreams which might suggest this? What happened?

It depends on one’s definition of spiritual growth, but yes, I think this is a common side effect of lucid
dreaming. Spiritual growth is one of the oldest uses of lucid dreaming if we put Tibetan Buddhism into the spiritual category. Personally, just having my first lucid dream was an experience of spiritual growth because it led me to constantly question reality more and expand my sense of self. Having had this experience at the late age of 21, it showed me that if I keep an open mind then things can happen which I once thought were impossible (e.g. knowing I’m in a dream while dreaming).

One experience I had began with a non-lucid dream where a koala telepathically told me I could use trees as portals. This was strange because koalas were my favorite animal growing up, and they still are, but I never remember seeing one in my dreams. A synchronicity occurred a couple of days later as I read a book by an author who studied with shamans around the world and it said that many of them use trees as portals! My curiosity was sparked so I tried using a tree portal while lucid dreaming. It was a long experience, but I’ll share the highlights:

I ran towards the tree, jumping through it backwards. I instantaneously shot through the sky with great force...in front of me stood ~20 people in a sort of circle...I assumed that these were all shamans from various cultures and, when I looked closer, I realized they were each shooting different colors of light energy down through the clouds...they were all aiming to help heal others in some way...even though they seemed focused and concerned, all the shamans appeared to be genuinely happy...

Again, we were standing before the huge tree...again I jump backwards into it. This time I shoot downwards with great force and stop in a cavern-looking place...I see a variety of animals: humans, hybrids, and some creatures I’ve never seen before...their entire attention is focused on themselves and their happiness...I could tell that none of them were truly happy...

Basically, this lucid dream showed me that true happiness comes from serving others and selfishness only leads to dissatisfaction. It was a powerful one for me.

From your experience, does spiritual growth in lucid dreams involve working with what exists in your mind (beliefs, expectations, emotions, intents, etc.) or does spiritual growth involve working with unknown energies which exist outside the mind?

This again hinges on one’s definition of spiritual growth. It’s also hard to tell what’s inside the mind and what’s outside it, given that the nature of the mind is so elusive. Understanding the mind is easily one of the most complicated topics we have wrestled with as a species, so it would be naïve to think we know entirely how the mind works at this point. In my experience, it’s important to keep an attitude of humility in these matters as well as a continuous sense of inquiry.

Can people experience spiritual growth in lucid dreams through a change in their psychology? I believe so since I’ve had several experiences that could be categorized in this way. Can people experience spiritual growth in lucid dreams through interacting with unknown energies that exist outside the mind? Maybe, honestly, I don’t know. I’ve had a couple of experiences that might fall under this umbrella so I try to keep an open mind as I said before, but it’s hard to say. It’s a tough question, and it depends on how we define “mind”, too. Either way, I know that lucid dreaming has helped me grow positively in many ways and my goal is to assist others in attaining a better quality of life through lucid dreaming as well.

Where do you see the field of lucid dreaming going in the future? Thanks!

I see the field of lucid dreaming expanding into a variety of avenues. The potential applications of this state of mind are just beginning to be explored: creativity, problem-solving, motor-skill development, mental health, emotional health, physical health, etc. I envision that lucid dreaming will become more popular as science starts to hone in on all the benefits that this unique state of being has to offer. We’re already starting to see a resurgence of scientific interest in the topic so I’m excited for the future of the field and look forward to contributing as much research as I can throughout my lifetime.
“Emotionally challenging” best describes this past year. Beset by worries about the aftermath of my grandmother’s massive stroke and relationship problems concerning my child, I started to meditate to achieve consolation and joy by singing Tibetan healing sounds. As usual, after a while, I set up the intention to also incorporate these sessions of meditation practice in my lucid dreams to analyze the effect in both states of consciousness. The subsequent pair of dreams illustrates the results of my efforts:

‘Ah’ and ‘Om’
I carry out the SSILD (Senses Initiated Lucid Dream) technique and turn lucid within the dream. To confirm my lucidity, I briefly examine my right hand. Remembering my goal, I start walking on the cobbled pavement of an abandoned marketplace, forming the Granthita mudra to untie the knots (i.e. troubles or blockages) of my heart. While alternating between the syllables “Ah” and “Om,” I concentrate on the corresponding crown and throat chakras. Nothing happens except the prompt transformation of my voice, sounding manly and determined. I continue to sing until the dream scene dissolves, causing awakening.

‘Hung’
I re-enter a similar dream scene. The silent marketplace is now overcrowded with hurrying people. To proceed with my next experiment, I assume the pre-chosen Udana mudra, focus on my heart chakra and begin reciting “Hung.” Not only do I possess the same baritone voice this time, each time I pronounce the syllable, the dream figures in front of me are pushed upwards and then placed to the side, as being manipulated by an invisible hand playing chess. Walking straight through the marketplace, I watch the pavement being “swept free” for me without interruption, then wake in amazement.

Although I had not witnessed extraordinary changes within my dreaming self, the next day brought about unexpected understanding from my environment. As a result of this, my sorrow vanished by the end of the day, as if through magic, underlining the effect of the sound ‘Ah’ to ‘clear the mind and remove obscurities’. It felt incredible—had the lucid dream helped me to take the right decision to solve my problems? In any case, the possible connection of the Udana mudra as the ‘upward flying gesture’ with the literal effect on dream figures made sense to me!

The dream below shows my results of making the sound of the remaining seed syllables:

‘Ram’ and ‘Dza’
Hearing an intense beeping sound, I wake, swing myself out of bed and into a new dream scene. A glimpse of my hands convinces me of dreaming. Quickly I leave the common sleeping environment, wearing a peculiar floor-length white dressing gown. I marvel at the snow in July, feeling oddly unfrozen. When repeating my chanting technique with “Ram” and “Dza,” I discover once more an ‘energetic influence’ on the dream figures. As I sing “Ram” or “Dza,” directing my attention to either the navel or secret chakras, the strollers facing me with direct eye contact follow my rhythm by moving their heads or hips sideways, as in a traditional Indian folk dance.

Upon awakening, I assume that the purpose of the meditation in physical reality—striving to gain more feelings of joy while awake—transfers automatically in the dreaming state. The dream mirrored my aims by manifesting a dance, radiating happiness and leading to emotional healing.

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Swami Saradananda, 2015, Mudras for Modern Life: Boost your health, re-energize your life, enhance your yoga and deepen your meditation, Watkins Publishing.

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A mirror’s reflecting properties seem a valuable quality. Since ancient times, mirrors have allowed people to see themselves (or, one should say, their reflection) more truly. Every day, most of us look into a mirror dozens of times. But have you ever considered the mirror-like qualities of a lucid dream?

Lucid dreaming shows you how lucid dreams act as a mirror of your mind, thoughts and emotions. When you see a dream figure and expect trouble, then the dream figure becomes aggressive—but actually, it mirrors your mind’s fear. Or if you see a dream figure and expect them to act seductively, suddenly ‘that’ scenario becomes reflected as part of your experience. Lucid dreaming reflects your thinking in that moment.

In my first book, I wrote a chapter called, ‘Creating the Dream Reality.’ There I encouraged lucid dreamers to notice precisely ‘how’ the lucid dream reflects the mind: through the ‘reality creating principles’ of Belief, Expectation, Focus, Intent, and Will (along with ‘X’ or the inner awareness). By actively playing with ‘expectation’ in a lucid dream, you quickly discover how it invisibly over-lays the dream experience. You also see how your own expectations get reflected back to you!

In lucid dreams, you see the mind projected. The mind projected becomes the lucid dream experience.

But in the workshop, when I convince them to change their belief and expectation (because of the reflective aspect of lucid dreaming) and adopt a more constructive expectation and belief in stable, long-lasting lucid dreams, then suddenly it happens—their new belief and expectation gets reflected, and they have longer, more stable lucid dreams. The ‘mind’ co-creates the lucid dream experience. Out there becomes another way of saying, in here.

For experienced lucid dreamers, the problem with lucid dreaming as mental reflection occurs as they go deeper. What does it mean to go deeper? When you lucidly see a comely dream figure, which results in seductive thoughts, then you see how surface level mental energy can become expressed in a seductive figure, which you allow to become the complete focus of the lucid dream. But now imagine going deeper into lucid dreaming and meeting a dream figure expression of some unexamined belief. For example, let’s say you lucidly meet your 30-year feeling of self-pity (created as the inner result of all the difficult challenges that you have endured since age 10), and this self-pity exists as an energetic dream figure! What then? Have you met something real? Or a reflection that only seems real?

If an experienced lucid dreamer grasps the mental reflective nature of lucid dreaming, then he or she has a chance of constructively working...
through the energy of their self-pity. But if the lucid dreamer believes that the self-pity has a type of inherent reality, then the energy and the figure remains as a ‘construct’ of their inner and outer life. Or if the lucid dreamer ignores and denies it, then it becomes part of their personal shadow (which also robs them of creative energy and considerable growth). Only by seeing it as a mentally reflected creation, does the lucid dreamer have much chance of resolving it.

If an experienced lucid dreamer fails to see it as a mental reflection of their own energy, then he or she risks acting like a beginner. The reality creating principles exist across all levels of lucid dream ability. However, when you begin to abandon the idea of the reality creating principles, then where do you find yourself? In the quagmire of your belief system, and frequently fighting illusions (that you believe in strongly).

Lucid dreaming, through the power of thoughtful reflection, allows you a way to escape limiting belief systems and grow. But if you decide to use lucid dreaming to simply affirm your beliefs and make no changes, then you fail to escape and fail to grow. In that dichotomy, you can see the struggle—the struggle of the mind strongly connected to its own attachment and aversions, and the mind willingly and lucidly letting them go (because it understands what they will tend to project).

At night, when you realize the previously obvious experience seems ‘too dreamy’ and you lucidly realize your true situation, you move into lucid awareness. In that moment, you see how to pierce the obvious and easy acceptance of your experience by ‘reflecting’ on its dreamy nature. In this way of reflecting, the mind awakes.

Dreaming acts as a mirror of your mind, thoughts and emotions. Lucid dreaming asks all of us to look deeper . . . to question ‘the obvious’. . . to waken to greater clarity . . . to explore with fearlessness. Lucid wishes on your journey of awareness.

**How Lucid Dreaming Reflects the Mind**

**Theme for the Next Issue**

— March 2018 —

**Mirrors & Reflections**

*Dream mirrors can inspire self-reflection.* Have you ever seen yourself in a lucid dream mirror or other reflective surface, such as a window or a pool of water? What did you see? Did you look like yourself (as you do in physical waking reality) or was something different? Did you look like someone else? Did anything unusual or surprising happen? Did you ever ask the mirror a question and get a response? How did looking in a dream mirror reflect your beliefs and expectations? What have you learned from your mirror experiences?

*Please share your reflections with us for the next issue!* If you have never (yet!) had this experience, why not set the intention to let a dream mirror or reflective surface trigger lucidity that leads to deeper self-awareness . . . and report the results.

*Send submissions by February 15, 2018 via our website: [www.luciddreammagazine.com](http://www.luciddreammagazine.com)*

“Mirror, Mirror On the Wall . . .”
Lucid dreamers have been communicating with the outside since the 1970’s. They have used their eyes and hands in the dream to send a “Hello” to all of us in the “real” world. Some have even attempted Morse code as a way to send a more detailed message from their lucid dream. Yet mankind’s earliest communication tool, spoken language, has never been used to communicate, mostly because we cannot speak while dreaming—speech muscles are largely paralyzed during REM dreams, at least from what can be observed.

That may be about to change. In the near future, lucid dreamers may be able to provide a first-hand description of their dreams while in the dream.

Though we cannot observe someone speaking in a dream, technology can still detect nerve impulses sent to speech muscles and convert these impulses into sounds, words and sentences—at least theoretically. It is documented that dreamed speech elicits corresponding phasic muscle potential in facial, laryngeal and chin muscles (MacNeilage, 1971; Shimizu, 1986). Measurement of such musculature electrical activity is in the domain of electromyography (EMG). One researcher notes: “Approximately 4.5% of sleep time or approx. 20 minutes per night were accompanied by activity of speech muscles.”

Yet is dream speech functionally equivalent to waking speech? Kilroe (2016) has demonstrated that dream speech is largely coherent and purposeful (though not always). Earlier research I had performed using EMG on the chin and arm during REM supports this idea: the data reveals gesturing accompanying speech behavior, suggesting the speaker was attempting to emphasize, similar to waking expression.

While never performed on a sleeping subject, speech recognition of waking subjects performing silent or subvocal speech production using EMG has been the subject of many research projects worldwide involving academic, military and commercial institutions. The physical methods have varied regarding the number and selection of speech muscles to be monitored and the sampling frequency of the sensors. Analysis and programming methods have varied regarding the granularity of the speech unit to be decoded and transcribed: phoneme sounds, sub-word, word or phrase. The granularity, in turn, affects the units employed in the training cycle for the software and the domain of the training set: there are 44 (+/-) phonemes in English, a large set of sub-word and word domains and an immense set of phrases.

Results have also varied, but generally scored in the 80-90% accuracy range of recognition of the speech unit targeted and the training set exemplars used. Phoneme sound recognition performs well due to the limited training domain, but turning sounds into recognizable syllables, words and sentences is complex, though Amazon’s Alexa™ and Apple’s Siri™ have shown us that this is quite possible. These companies even provide free tools for speech recognition and speech synthesis applications—like dream speech recognition. So, with the help of lucid dreamers and electromyography, it may not be long before we can say: “Alexa, replay my dream, please.”

Note: Lucid dreamers, speech experts and programmers who would like to be involved with dream speech decoding research, please contact the author at plainlabelbooks@gmail.com

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ONLINE & PRINT VERSIONS

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independent quarterly publication dedicated to educating and inspiring lucid dreamers everywhere.

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

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

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

Current and past issues may be viewed at our website: www.luciddreammagazine.com

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Biking up a two-mile-high mountain one beautiful summer’s day, I had nearly reached the peak when I noticed the path was growing dangerously narrow. To my right was a sheer drop. Seriously scared, I suddenly realised that I was dreaming. Determined to face my fear, I swung my handlebars to the right...and cycled off over the edge of the mountain. It was so exhilarating to bomb down it. This was the real thing—the wind in my face, my bike wheels defying gravity and skimming down the sheer edge, all the way to solid ground.

My lucid dream showed me I needed to stop climbing the endless mountain of two decades of lucidity research, stop writing my already huge book, and get it published! Following this dream, I found a literary agent, who quickly found the book an excellent publisher. Now this massive lucidity guide is finally out worldwide.

Apart from covering the essential ground of how to get and stay lucid and experiment with guiding dreams, Llewellyn’s Complete Book of Lucid Dreaming tackles sticky subjects such as the ethics of lucid dream violence and sexual behaviour. It explores the scientific and practical aspects of lucid dream healing. It offers a wide range of useful techniques for engaging with lucid dreams. It takes a scientific and personal look at out-of-body experiences. It asks what the lucid dream body is made of and introduces a new theory of dreams and reality. It faces death and dying head-on.

The book also explores the profound experiences that lucid dreaming can open up for us, such as travelling at incredible speeds in white light, dissolving into blissful oneness in the sparkling black void, and connecting with a baseline state of consciousness that may be the bedrock of reality and the universe. I call this super-creative baseline state “Lucid Light.”

In this exclusive excerpt from Llewellyn’s Complete Book of Lucid Dreaming, I share a few personal experiences with shapeshifting in lucid dreams.

**Transform the Lucid Dream Body**

One of the many wonderful things about the lucid dream body is its ability to shapeshift. Many lucid dreamers have experienced themselves as different animals, plants, or geographical features. It’s quite something to feel your human shape transform into something else, and it can be startlingly realistic on a sensory and kinaesthetic level; as a lucid dream eagle I’ve felt the weighty flap of my wings at take-off and my body balancing on the air currents. In a lucid dream where I transformed into a
dolphin, I experienced the powerful surge of my body underwater and the sun glinting on the tops of the waves as I leapt out of the sea.

I’ve lucid dreamed of being a bouncy ball, a point of light, an expanding star, and a floating eye, and I’ve had many entirely bodiless lucid dreams. Once while dreaming I recalled a friend of mine saying, “Freud says everyone has an inner tree.” Wondering what my inner tree looked like, I glanced down at my dream body and saw a vibrantly glowing green tree inside it! I breathed through that tree; it was a fully oxygenated, alive part of my body, inseparable from my cells and my blood. I was the tree and the tree was me. “Wow,” I thought. “Freud was right!”

On rare occasion, we can even find ourselves inhabiting two different dream bodies simultaneously. Once at university, I was working on an essay at my desk and felt so bored of it that I rested my head on my arms and began to fall asleep. After a bit, I forced myself to my feet and lay down on my bed instead, where I instantly fell asleep. But after minutes or hours, a curious feeling stole over me: I had two bodies! One was slumped at my desk, and the other was lying on the bed. I could feel the weight of my head on my arms and the coolness of the floor under my feet. Simultaneously, I could feel the length of the bed beneath my stretched-out body and the pillow under my head.

Had I really made it to my bed earlier, or had that been a dream—was I in fact asleep at my desk? For what seemed like many minutes, I experienced this dual-body awareness. I got flashes of imagery of my room, but from two different perspectives. Was I at my desk or on my bed? Intrigued, I experimented with tipping the balance and managed to become more my body at the desk for a moment, while the body on the bed lost reality slightly. Unable to decide where my physical body actually was, I dragged myself from this pleasant but perplexing state to find out. It was hard to wake myself up, as I was in sleep paralysis, but with a bit of concerted toe wriggling, I woke up to discover that I was … on my bed!

Who or What Am “I” When I Dream?

I’ve experimented with shutting off physical sensations in a lucid dream, moving from sense to sense and willing each to stop functioning so that first my vision went, then my hearing, and so on. Eventually my dream body vanished too, and I was a non-sensory, floating point of consciousness. I did this out of philosophical curiosity when asking myself, what is the dream “I”? Well, whatever the dream “I” may...
be, it’s definitely not the dream body. Just as in waking life we are more than our physical body, so it is in dreams, only in dreams this is much more easily verifiable.

In lucid dreams, we can change our body, our gender, our relatives, our age—such things are entirely fluid in the dream state. When my daughter was four, she reported a lucid dream of being “a 91-year-old in a wood with lots of trees.” Many adults dream of being a child again. Shapeshifting is not always experienced as a Kafkaesque transformation—we may simply dream we are in a different body, as in this lucid dream reported by Patricia Garfield:

*Instantly I know I am dreaming. Then I realize that I am no longer myself—I am an earthworm crawling across a thick deep-blue carpet… Looking out through earthworm eyes, I feel the fuzzy pile of the carpet tickle my body.*

What is the point of shapeshifting in lucid dreams, some may ask?

It expands our human experience, offers us new perspectives, and may inspire us to ask philosophical questions: Who or what am “I” when I dream? What can lucid dreaming teach me about the nature of reality? And also: What can it teach me about mental flexibility, the imagination, empathy, creative thinking, and the complexities of dreamed sensory perception?

Lucid dreaming can help us to expand our idea of who and what we are. It can dissolve the boundaries set up by rigid belief systems (“I am just a body and a brain; I cannot change; gravity exists as an absolute law even in the dream state; my thoughts have no effect on my reality”). Understanding that we don’t have to adhere to these beliefs is a step on the path to freedom—and a step towards becoming an experienced lucid dreamer.

*Exclusive excerpt from Llewellyn’s Complete Book of Lucid Dreaming by Clare R. Johnson, PhD. © 2017 by Clare R. Johnson, PhD. Used by permission from Llewellyn Worldwide, Ltd., www.Llewellyn.com.*

Clare R. Johnson, PhD is a lifelong lucid dreamer and the first person to do a PhD on lucid dreaming as a creative tool. Vice President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams, her nonfiction books include *Llewellyn’s Complete Book of Lucid Dreaming* and *Dream Therapy* (published as *Mindful Dreaming* in the US/Canada). Her lucid-dream-inspired novels are *Dreamrunner* and *Breathing in Colour*. She answers questions on lucid dreaming and nightmares on her website: [www.DeepLucidDreaming.com/books](http://www.DeepLucidDreaming.com/books)
LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE

Creativity Inspired by Lucid Dreams

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2017

Lucid dreams inspire all kinds of creative responses from me in waking life. I've been lucid dreaming for over seven years, and have had hundreds of lucid dreams. My lucid dreaming experiences have dramatically changed my beliefs and my life, all for the better. I wrote a non-fiction book, Lucid Dreams & the Holy Spirit, about a major transformation wrought in my soul by my lucid dreaming practice. But my favorite way of expressing myself has always been through fiction, and as I kept accumulating intensely fascinating dreams, the idea formed in the back of my mind that, one day, the best way to write about the different themes unfolding in my dream life would be through a series of novels. In many respects, the dreams themselves seemed designed to become scenes in an epic tale I would structure around them.

Years passed, I became a practicing Catholic, and having created a spreadsheet of my dreams with categories, themes, etc., one day, in May of 2017, I suddenly began writing. The first two books in my ongoing series Lucid Dreams & Spiritual Warfare have already been published: Book 1—The Spirit of Imhotep; and Book 2—Fifty Shades of Hell

The books in this series are based on real dreams and events. People and circumstances are fictionalized, but the experiences are all true to life. The dreams of Mary Fallon, from whose point of view the novels are written, are all actual dreams I have had. The novels also feature lucid dreams by a few of my friends who gladly contributed them for other characters in the story.

The following excerpt is from Fifty Shades of Hell and contains no plot spoilers:

I'm sitting inside an evenly lit rectangular space. Through windows and a door to my right, I can see it's dark outside. Directly to my left is a low balcony that rises only a few feet above the first floor. A blonde man is seated there with his back to me. The moment I become aware of him, he turns his head and looks down at me. I quickly look away, so I'm rather surprised when he steps down and joins me on the first floor. Facing me, he leans casually against the wall, and pulls out a really big joint wrapped in sky-blue paper with a molded end like an old fashioned cigarette. His pale hair is neither short or long, and the expression on his perfectly proportioned face is strangely neutral, intently focused yet also relaxed. His long-sleeved shirt and pants are both white, but his clothes aren't a uniform, and I wonder if their actual colors are being washed out by the lighting. He's young, slender yet solidly built, and I sense his body is as tender as it is firm. He had simply been sitting in here, but I don't feel as if he was actively waiting—it was more like he was on duty, and the moment I turned toward him, he went into action.

When he extends the joint to me with his left hand, there is really no question of refusing to smoke with him. Accepting it, I take a quick hit, then pass it back to him. I don't remember whether or not he draws on it himself as I become aware of a group of teenagers like me standing near the door, a few yards to my right, watching us, and I distinctly sense their desire to be in my place. It makes me feel special to have been put in this position, while at the same time I don't feel I did anything at all to merit it.

The young man steps closer, so that he's standing directly over me as his right hand slowly and gently caresses the left side of my face. I feel his thumb stroking my brow, moving down my temple and around my eye to my cheek. His touch is intimate and soothing. Then, bending over me, he blows smoke directly from his mouth into mine. The experience is a bit overwhelming, and I clench my teeth because the smoke is so hot it almost hurts, but although I resist a little, I can't escape, because he's relentless. I'm
forced to accept as much as he wants to give me before he finally straightens up again. I didn't much enjoy the experience, but I like that it happened, that he got so close to me, and did something so intimate, which makes me feel very special. Then, his face close to mine again, his thumb very gently brushes my lips as he speaks to me, asking me a question, something about a virus, as I wake up.

“Why would an angel of God force me to smoke pot?” I demanded.
“Mary, not so loud, please.” Steve glanced around us at the other passengers sitting on the Egyptair flight to Aswan.
“Sorry!” I whispered. “In any case, doesn't everyone vape these days?”
He murmured, “I don't think that was an actual joint, Mary. You said it was sky-blue.”
“Yes...”
“It sounds to me like your Angel was filling you with the desire to be open to receiving the Holy Spirit, which is also sometimes called the Holy Ghost, which sounds a lot like smoke. Parts of you are still resisting.”
I stared out the little circular window I was sitting next to, and watched another plane take off into the clear blue sky before I said, “It was almost painful, and yet also intensely sensual.” I had no problem believing that dream figure was an Angel. My Angel? God, he was hot! I could hardly believe how real the experience had been, and still felt—the heat of the smoke, and the uncomfortable pressure I had also experienced as an immense honor, almost too much for my small mouth... my little soul...
“Fasten your seat belt, Mary, and I mean that in more ways than one.”
I looked at him, and saw that his eyes were serious.
“Mary, I feel blessed to know you.”
“And I feel blessed to know you, Steve.”
“Even if I didn't have feelings for you, to be the person you talk to about these dreams, so that my soul shares in their experience, would still be a gift.”
“Like I was saying, that's just how I feel about you, Steve.”
He kissed me, but only briefly, and on the cheek. In a Muslim country, it was polite to keep public displays of affection between a man and a woman to a minimum.
As the flight attendants prepared the cabin for takeoff, I sat watching other flights taking off. The Egyptair planes had blue and white falcon heads painted on their tails, and also in the front with the bird's beak facing the cockpit. Ghost, smoke. . . planes, saints. . . Dreams spoke to us. . . Dreams were a mystical kind of language Steve seemed able to understand as effortlessly as his boss read hieroglyphs. At first, the ancient Egyptian language had made no sense to scholars, who saw only little pictures of nature, animals, objects and people. Like all languages, dreams were a method of communication. Every night, whether I remembered or not, my mind hosted a magical party of living hieroglyphs. But there the comparison ended if that beautiful guy from last night was a real conscious entity Christians called Angels. Had he been helping to write the dream with my brain's electrical synapses the way Egyptian scribes had used their inks? Angels were said to be messengers, and from the beginning, I had felt my lucid dreams were special messages from God, the Author of everything.
Unlike some people, I didn't suffer from a fear of flying. On the contrary, I had always loved the thrill of takeoff when the plane—which seemed way too heavy to make it even an inch off the ground—began accelerating, going faster and faster until that impossible, barely noticeable instant when its front wheels rose off the ground, and it began moving gradually upward. But it was only an illusion that it was moving more slowly as it left the earth below. In reality, it was moving just as fast, and even faster, the invisible wind beneath its wings supporting it. Thinking how slowing down in these crucial moments might prove disastrous, I tightened my grip on Steve's hand.
Leaning over to gaze out the window with me, he said, “There!” and I saw them, the three pyramids of Giza sitting neatly on their plateau above the city, and swiftly shrinking to the size of toys as we left them behind us.

Note: Maria’s books are available at Amazon.com https://www.amazon.com/
For free review copies, please email Maria at mariaisabelmissa@hotmail.com
Where’s Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner in 2018

January 20, 2018 – Berkeley, CA
The Dream Institute / Sunday 1 to 4 pm
Robert will present on *Lucid Dreaming as a Path to Personal Transformation and Spiritual Growth*. Details at http://dream-institute.org/calendar-of-events/

Feb. 2 and 3, 2018 – Seattle, WA
East West Bookshop
Friday presentation 7:30 pm; Saturday workshop 10 am to 4 pm
Details for the Friday evening event:
Details for the Saturday workshop:

April 13 and 14, 2018 – Toronto, Canada
Robert will present a Friday evening talk and Saturday workshop.
Watch for details to come at www.LucidAdvice.com

May 2018 – Tel Aviv, Israel & Prague (pending)
Robert plans to present in Tel Aviv, Israel on May 23 and 24th . . . and possibly in Prague, Czech Republic (pending).
Watch for details to come at www.LucidAdvice.com

June 15, 2018 – Sausalito, CA
Academy of Intuition Medicine / Friday 7 pm
Robert will present on *Lucid Dreaming as a Path to Spiritual Growth, Personal Transformation and Healing*. Details at https://intuitionmedicine.org/events/

June 16-21, 2018 – Phoenix, Arizona
Robert will be speaking at the International Association for the Study of Dreams conference along with many other lucid dreamers, researchers and therapists.
Check out this amazing event at www.ASDreams.org

PLUS . . . Upcoming Online Workshops at GlideWing
Introduction to Lucid Dreaming: March 17 - April 1, 2018
Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly: May 5 - June 3, 2018
Details at www.GlideWing.com
Anna Racicot • *Praying for Forgiveness*

Steve (my husband) and I drive up to a crowded place similar to a house in our neighborhood where there is going to be a Buddhist event. A woman we have taken there tells us that people will be going naked to this event and, also, that people will have to write papers about a certain Tibetan lama. The woman leaves to go in. Steve and I take off our clothes and enter the building. On the way, we overhear someone talking to R. about the paper people have to write. Everyone is writing about the same lama because that is the only lama that some other lama likes. “How about writing about the Karmapa?” this person suggests to R. This is a great idea, and R. knows it. She will do this and be the only one writing about the Karmapa.

Steve and I go up the steps to the mobile home where the event will take place. Inside, we see people standing in a row getting ready to read their papers aloud. None of them are naked. Steve and I duck down the hall. I tell him I’m going back to the car to get my clothes and ask if he’d like me to get his. Yes, he would. I step out through a side door and head back toward the car. There are several people there, all clothed. I notice Steve has come with me. Then the area outside of the trailer gets more and more crowded. As we make a turn, I notice we are suddenly clothed. I point this out to Steve and say, “We must be dreaming.”

I see a couple of mildly threatening guys watching us walk by. They are younger and taller than I am. “You’re an idiot,” I tell one of these guys, “if you don’t know we are dreaming.” He looks at me blankly. I go over to him, rough up his clothing some, and launch him several feet into the other guy to prove my point. I say the same thing to his companion who, having seen what happened to his buddy, appears more congenial. I approach him, but since he isn’t offering me any resistance, I simply pick him up and push him up in the air. Then I find myself in the air, floating, and I say a prayer: “Miserere....” But I can’t remember more of this Latin prayer so I simply pray in English for forgiveness for my sins. As I float down, I know people have heard me and I’m a little embarrassed that this is what I did with my lucid dream.

**Ken Garcia • Bring This Picture Back**

One night I kept repeating, “I will remember my dreams.” Then I dreamed my friend Jarl and I wound up in another world. We were in someone else’s house. It looked normal but I knew we were on another planet or we had time traveled somehow. We looked around for people but couldn’t find anyone. There were hallways and stairs. We went into the living room to see how they lived, what kind of things they liked. There was no TV or stereo. When I saw a shelf in front of a closet door, I started to realize I was dreaming.
I wanted to move the shelf to see what was in the closet. The shelf had a bunch of papers on it. I walked back in the kitchen to look down the hallway again. The hallway was like the stairs in the back of a store; cement and cold. I saw two feet of a woman just going around the corner. I yelled, “HEY!” She started walking faster so I yelled again, “HEY!!!” I knew I had found someone in another world, finally.

She stopped. I had to crawl under a stair to get to her. She was standing in a doorway. It was sunny outside. I looked to my left and my daughter was smiling at me, hiding like a peek-a-boo game. I told the woman that my friend and I are from another world or time. I said, “We have found you through our dream.”

We went into the house; her husband was with her now. They were dressed like in the 1950s era. I told them and my friend not to forget we are dreaming. I told myself to become fully lucid and make the dream more clear. The center of my vision became blurry as I was trying so hard and realized I was losing control. I relaxed, and my dream became more clear.

The couple were staring at me, waiting for something. I smiled and floated to the ceiling. I floated around the living room. I pulled my legs up and was sitting like Yoda floating all around. I asked them, “Since we are all now lucid, what should we do?”

I thought, let’s write something on a piece of paper to take back with us. My friend grabbed some paper but every time handed it to me there was writing already there. I flipped through pages and every page had writing. He apologized and said he couldn’t control it. So I grabbed a different notepad and decided I would draw something to bring back in my pocket. I drew a red brick house with vines on the door and to the left of it. As I drew the vines, which were green and yellow, they began to grow and move around. Then I drew a window and red curtains, which blew in the wind as I drew them. A 1950s era cartoon character from Mickey Mouse came out of the window. He was running in the air across my page.

I realized at this point I can bring this picture back but it won’t be in my pocket. I said to myself, “Remember before you went to sleep you said: I will remember my dreams…I will remember my dreams.”

After I was awake and writing this, I realized I did bring the picture back with me and will draw it. This was the most controlled dream I’ve ever had. Time travel?? Not sure.

**Harald De Bondt ● Celestial Boxer and The Voids**

Something is making me afraid. There are people around me and I realise I don’t want to suffer anymore, which triggers my lucidity. My intention was to consecrate my dream to the consciousness. I go outside, because for some reason I feel closer to the dream when I am outside, and say to the dream, “I offer this dream without any expectations, karmic fruits or consequences.” Than I wait for the acceptance of my offer.

I ask the dream for a celestial entity. An old grey man appears, between 50 and 60, with grey clothes. He grabs a hold of me and puts me in the water, then pulls me out—and again, quite violently. I follow him to a sports place where he wants to spar with me, do some boxing. I hold a cushion for him, which he starts kicking and punching; he starts throwing very quick punches, but softly, like the batting of butterfly wings.

I get tired of it after a while. My vision becomes fuzzy and I remark to the old man. “I am losing lucidity here, I have to change my dream.” I try rubbing my hands but it doesn’t help; I have no patience.

Standing on top of an apartment in a deserted overgrown city, I use my favorite technique of drawing a portal.
on the ground: a narrow white bar on the ground, which I widen up. Head first, I go inside it.

At first everything is black. All kinds of huge abstract objects appear, transforming into buildings, floating around me. They are very colorful and full of ornaments which make distinct sounds when I throw stuff at them. These interactive sounds started because of me chanting the mantra “Ohm.” I am thinking this could be a cool game, while I am floating towards a building and throwing a banana. The game feels not really about the throwing, more the feeling of huge objects coming towards me, while I am gently falling down.

I keep throwing softly around me while I “fall,” creating a sequence of sounds forming a complete electronic song. The first window, portal, I created reappears and a voice starts talking to me. I see a white rectangle inside it and, after a few moments of reflection, decide to penetrate it.

I continue chanting in the space which is now completely white. The chanting really helps me to stay focused and grounded. I start meditating and the voice of a girl echoes, “Look at how we are always distracted.” I ignore it and keep sitting. I feel pleasant, without sensation, but my mind is not completely still.

I start chanting a different, secret, mantra from Laya yoga which is believed to resonate with supreme consciousness. I have trouble pronouncing it and realize it is not something I can work with. I stop chanting and fall back in my bed, start chanting again, and immediately sit back in meditation in the void.

Once I come out of the meditation, I am falling towards the ground and a huge robot is standing below me. The thought of a very dramatic entrance pops up. I want to cut it from head to toe, while falling, with a towel in one big swoop. It doesn't work.

I feel done with the dream; I want to wake up. Now standing on the ground, the robot is falling from above, trying to crush me with his feet. I make a gesture towards the robot and walk around the shadow of the approaching foot. The robot trips over, crumbles, and a bunch of people come out of it, elated. Other people surrounding me are less happy, almost sad.

Standing in a rib joint, they want to serve me some. But I don't eat them. They propose some “Harald stuff,” a wrap stuffed with leafy veggies and sweet stuff, which I grab and eat with satisfaction.

Megan Handel ● The Dream Portal

I would like to talk about two lucid dreams that are connected, involving the dream portal. The dream portal is where I draw a door with my fingers and walk through to another place.

My very first dream portal occurred last year while taking a nap on my couch. I entered this dream after finding myself in sleep paralysis. I used the FILD (Finger-Induced Lucid Dream) method, in which a person directs focus to the movement of the index and middle fingers (commonly used in the WBTB method). This allowed me to see my dream through a small hole, surrounded by a black void. When I saw my dream in this small hole, I drew myself toward it by focusing on that place through the void.

My dream scene became a beach. While walking along the beach, I turned around and saw mountains, with a town in the far distance. I looked to my right again to make sure the ocean was still behind me, and I was happy to find a place with both hills and ocean. I began walking toward the hills along a dirt road. I found a hillside, and decided to jump on this hillside to find out what was on the other side. To my surprise, there were more hills and more water in the middle.

I decided to fly a little, and enjoyed the different colors of grass in the sunset. I noticed a young blonde guy fishing near a dam. I then remembered that I wanted to make a dream portal, which had been my challenge
In Your Dreams!

for some time. So, I jumped on top of a wall, which I believe was the dam, and began drawing a doorway with my index finger. As I was drawing the door, my finger created a bluish lightning type of outline. Once I completed the outline, a white door appeared with a gold doorknob. I decided to open it and walk through; however, I found myself walking into a black void. I tried to imagine a place, any place, but it remained black. So, I found myself disappointed. I turned around to make sure the door was still there, so I could get back out of the blackness. I was surprised to still see the door halfway open. However, when I walked back through, I ended up on my couch, awake.

The second dream occurred last month, where I woke up from a dream. In this dream, I was in a singing class with one of my friends. After waking up, I decided to fall back to sleep. I found myself still consciously awake, while witnessing my body falling asleep and entering into REM (my heart began to race and my eyes began to flutter). At that moment, I decided to use the FiLD method again. My goal was to go back into my dream and tell my friend that he was in my lucid dream.

I ended up in an industrial building with hallways and doors. I walked into one of the rooms, looking for my friend, but another person told me that he already left. I decided to make another door, but this time it was through a brick wall. Again, the same lightning blue color appeared while drawing the outline of the door. This time, it was a gray double door. I pushed the doors open, and ended up in a hallway, with a bunch of lockers to my left. I realized I was in the “hallway between dreams.”

There was another single door at the end of the hallway, which I decided to walk through. However, the second door led to waking up in my apartment. My goal is to someday find out what is on the other side of the hallway or black void.

Torstein ● I Am an Eagle!

It was a heavy period of my life. My shamanic teacher had just died, and my family had fallen apart just two weeks before. Not living with my children was hard. I lived at a friend's place for one month, while looking for a new place to live. We were both students of the same shaman, the one who just recently died.

One night during this time, I dream that I am an eagle. I fly high in the sky, lots of power fueling the flight. Then I wake up, realizing it is a dream. But the dream continues. I notice that my private parts are in Full Stretch, a tremendous erection, lots of power and fuel flowing through me along with the exhilarating experience of flying HIGH in the sky.

After a little while, I arrive at my destination. It is like I touch ground, land shortly. There a big piece of glass jar, empty and perfectly clean, is put under one of my wings (similar to when we tuck a newspaper under the arm, for some reason it stays there, no problem). I fly back, still fully conscious.

Having journeyed just a little bit of the distance back, I notice I have become a seagull, not an eagle. Then I say, “I am not a seagull! I am an eagle!” And so it is. I am an eagle again, returning home, high in the air with an empty, shining glass jar under my wing (left or right, I can't recall).

I understood the symbolism upon waking, although I had to get help with the glass jar. A wise woman pointed out that a jar contains air/space and this can be seen to mean the heart. The seagull is (to me, in that dream anyway), a noisy “complaining” bird, and symbolizes the small self, in contrast to the eagle—a royal and powerful symbol of seeing, the real Self.

I just arrived back from a long journey overseas, having completed a healing semi-fast in the Amazon. My guide there was a genuine shaman, having three years of isolation in the jungle as his qualification. So, in this sense, the dream/vision was also possibly prophetic.
Leigh Hammond • Reunion

This lucid dream happened over 20 years ago, shortly after my father had passed away. During his dying moments, I had promised him that I would lucid dream visit him in my dreams. Sadly, he could not communicate with me due to the pain and seriousness of his illness. But I believe he heard me, since his hurried breathing momentarily changed. Several weeks later, after his funeral, I believe I was reunited with him in a spontaneous lucid dream:

I am lying on a road when I am propelled upwards, by some unseen force, into a beautiful sunlit blue sky. This causes me to become lucid. I remember to stay mentally calm and aware [as one of my LD goals] to see where this invisible force will take me. I pass over fields and trees, moving towards a circular bungalow house with a thatched roof.

The unseen force seems to slow and lower me into the bungalow. I pass straight through the roof, without any resistance, through the ceiling, into a large circular room full of people. To my amazement, I recognise the people in the room as my relatives; some who have passed and some that are still alive. Somehow, I can sense that the ones that are alive do not know they are dreaming.

Everyone seems to be queuing up to greet and welcome someone seated in a wheelchair in the middle of the room. To my utter astonishment and delight, I see the person sitting in the wheelchair is my dead father. The only way I can contain my excitement, and not lose my lucidity, is by repeatedly flying up towards the ceiling and back down to the ground again and then flying round the room a few times, as I am kindly told by one of my relatives that I will have to wait my turn, since I have just arrived. Strangely, no one in the room seems that concerned, or distracted, with my bungalow acrobatics.

It is now my time to greet my father and I am overjoyed with emotion to be reunited with him again. It is so overwhelming to see him again, in a lucid dream, to see that my death bed promise to him has been fulfilled. We embrace and start to talk. I try to keep my emotions from boiling over, so I do not lose lucidity. We discuss many things and he says he is proud of what I have achieved with my dreaming ability and being conscious during this reunion. I excitedly reply that I can contact him again through a medium, but he seems to not like this sort of contact and prefers that I do not.

Note: I didn't get to say goodbye as I lost my awareness, since I couldn't control my emotions any longer and woke up. Up until this lucid dream, I had an open my mind about the belief in life after death. I could accept metaphysical debates and theories, but deep down I had a small fear of death and exploring outside of lucid dreams into OBEs. etc. This lucid dream experience completely banished this fear. And even though I have never tried to contact him again, if I wish to, I know I can. Since his death, I have come across thought-forms of my father in lucid dreams and know instantly that it is not him, but a projection of my subconscious.

Danielle • The Happy Bus Man

About a year ago I had been practicing lucid dreaming and tried to have one every night. I only had a few, but there is one that will always stand out to me:

I walked onto a bus or subway car with a bunch of people; they looked like college students. There was a young, blonde man sitting inside the bus greeting everyone who came on. He wasn't in the driver's seat, he was in the middle of the aisle on a swivel chair. He was a very happy guy, and as I was entering the bus I realized I was dreaming.

I was incredibly excited. I looked at the blonde guy and said, “Tell me something important.” He smiled at me, and looked just as excited to tell me. He went on and on, smiling the whole time, and I stopped being lucid
after the conversation. When I woke I couldn't remember a single thing he had said. I guess I let my excitement get the best of me, and was too focused on the fact that I was finally able to talk to a dream figure. I learned to focus harder and keep myself grounded in the dream, to be more aware of what’s happening.

Something even more weird is when I told my boyfriend about it, he said he had a similar dream. In his he wasn't lucid, but he was entering a bus and a blonde man (he had a mustache this time) in a striped suit, also sitting in a chair in the middle of the aisle, was happily greeting everyone and excited to talk to them.

Kristin Lang ● “Freeze”

I had just read in Robert Waggoner’s book the section on addressing the awareness behind the dream. I went to bed that night and had the following dream:

I am in a boat on a waterway next to a little town. It is daytime and I can see some women sitting in an old cafe or diner on shore. I am suddenly inside and see them sitting at a booth talking. I then realize I am dreaming and become lucid. I approach them asking if they want to see something cool, which was going to be a way for me to show them that we were in a dream. They seem uninterested in what I am saying, however, so I decide I should just go ahead and show them, so they can also wake up in the dream.

I look outside and notice there are 2 boats going by on the water. One was a tug boat, the other one was smaller. In that moment, I remember I wanted to try to address the awareness behind the dream, so I raise my head, look up to the sky and shout, “FREEZE!” to see if the awareness was listening. Sure enough, when I look back out onto the water, the boats that were passing by came to a stop and everything in the dream was still. I thought to myself, perhaps that was a tricky request given the boats were on water and it took a few seconds for the freeze to fully take place. In any case, I am elated that it actually worked! After acknowledging that I have indeed made contact with the awareness behind the dream, I then look back up to the sky and shout, “GO!” and then the boats carry on and the dream continues.

Next, I am inside again and I see another woman now with my friend Jane. I ask them if they know we are dreaming. They seem not to be aware, so I try to show them by making a pig’s tail grow on myself. I am on my hands and knees trying to grow a tail and start laughing out loud thinking how silly this is. Then I wake up.

I have never had a dream like this before and it would have never occurred to me to approach the dream in this way had I not read Robert’s book. What I learned was that I have so much more potential to explore in my dream states then I even imagined! Thanks Robert!

Shawn Selders ● A Building Takes Off

This lucid dream was over an hour long and I was lucid from the start. Here is most of what I recall:

I'm outside at a college campus. There are many people around. I leave the ground and fly low and backwards to see the reactions of the people I fly past. I look for pretty girls. There are plenty. I approach one sitting on a bench. We flirt and fool around for a while. Later, I’m flying again. I fly down to another pretty girl. We walk together while we have a friendly conversation. Then I'm flying inside the vast college library, which has high ceilings and many rooms. I notice many small metal sculptures on various shelves. Most of them are abstract, but some are representational.

I fly into a room that has about six adults sitting around in comfy chairs. One is an old priest, who appears to be sleeping. I pick up a foot-tall sculpture and rework it with my fingers as I hover, pulling hunks of brass off of it, which would be completely impossible in reality. When I get it how I want it (a very abstract human figure with hair poking straight up) I hand it to the priest. He immediately bends the straight hair over, which I don't like, and I tell him this. I am a bit annoyed and surprised he could so easily manipulate it.
I walk through empty corridors a few times. Mostly there are people everywhere, though, and I enjoy interacting with them. I fly repeatedly at different heights and in different settings. When I get tired of one thing I am easily and casually able to change the dream to something else. My confidence is unusually strong.

Flying outside over a vast landscape I see tons of extremely dynamic abstractions below me. For example, I see an endless amount of interconnecting yet separate sculptures, some that are a little bit representational, but nothing quite recognizable or realistic. It is infinitely fascinating and I'm loving it all.

Inside a building I fly into a big, moving abstract painting. I actually go inside the painting! In another building I come to a wall, like a grid of big square windows spread out far and wide. If I go through it I will be very high up off the ground below. I hesitate for a few seconds, but then decide to go through and hover, looking down at the scene below, which includes a pool or small pond. Then I fly on some more.

At one point I am outside on the ground where I see a truly huge painting of the ocean. I spontaneously make it become the real ocean, maybe by saying aloud, “I want that to be real!” Then I run knee-deep from the rising sea water and the distant waves. Other people are doing the same.

Near the end of this long dream I am in a tall office building, talking to a small group of professional-looking men and women who are sitting in a big office. I tell them about my abstract adventure and lucid dreaming in general. The leader of the group, a man who looks to be about 30, asks me, “What is the most amazing thing you've experienced in a lucid dream?” I think they hope to use it in a movie they plan to make. I'm not sure what my reply is. Maybe something about the abstract sculptures, or the one I gave to the priest. They seem disappointed with my answer. So, I make the big, new building we are in suddenly lift off the ground and slowly fly upwards at an angle. I casually point out the windows. They all look out, utterly astonished.

Lana Sackwild • OBE Adventure

I was trying to stay awake to answer my boyfriend’s phone call. (He’s in Boulder, CO and I’m in London so he often calls around my 12/1 a.m.) I slipped into a lucid space in between dream and reality and was still in bed. I felt strange, so I checked my hands by flipping my palms to face me and face away from me. My hands were dramatically changing into different types of claws. I had never tried this technique before and it was so fun. When I closed my hands into fists, pieces of the earth were turning into void spaces in my hand. My brain couldn’t fill the spaces—it was very strange.

I decided to try an OBE. I was trying to jump out of my body but ended up jumping in my real physical body and woke up a little bit. I practiced meditation to get into that in-between world again and found myself again stuck in my dream body in bed. I wasn’t sure of another technique for how to get out of my body and my brain began to think of things that could go in and out of objects. I began to create the Sadako girl from the ring coming through a TV in my ceiling above my bed. Although terrified, I reached out to grab her hand and as she came lower and lower she started grabbing my hand back and pulling me out through my body. I felt myself leave my dream body and when I looked down I couldn’t see any remains of it.

I felt light and airy and much like a spirit. I could easily float all around my room. I sat to do a short meditation and this felt golden. I could feel a warm buzz all throughout my body. I was worried I would fall into regular
sleep so I got up and attempted to turn the light on in my room. I could turn it on (this practice check no longer works for me) but I kept checking my hands—still lucid. I looked out the window into the night sky and wanted to fly to the moon. Leaning out my window, I was slightly nervous that I would fall. Everything was very vivid and the wind outside was cold against my skin. I decided to stay inside.

I wasn’t sure what to do so I thought it best to find a good spot to meditate in. I went outside and changed the scenery to a park. It had lots of circular benches and I wanted to find one in direct sunlight. As I found the perfect spot and could feel the warmth of the sun on my back, two young boys about 4 years old kept running round my bench table trying to chase me or attack me. They were screaming. I wanted to make them disappear so I could meditate in peace. Each time I managed to make them disappear, more were coming. I could feel the regular dream trying to pull me back. I thought the only way to stop them would be to eliminate them from my dream world. I put them both on the floor and squashed their heads into the ground. This was so distracting and gruesome that I lost lucidity. Everything around me turned back into my bedroom where I was in some kind of TV game show to do with sushi.

Ileana Lartigue • The Lighthouse, An Inner Self Connection

I am travelling. I’m in a medieval city. The city is under some form of attack. People are seeking refuge, gathered under thresholds for protection. The danger passes. I need to get back to my hotel for my luggage but I can’t remember its name or location. I ask a woman standing next to me for help. She doesn’t understand how it’s possible that I don’t know the name or address of my hotel. I explain to her that this is quite natural as I’m in a dream and people aren’t usually aware of that sort of information in dreams. As I say this I realize I’m dreaming. I become lucid.

I ask the dream to take me back to my hotel. The dream complies, and a force starts to pull me through the narrow streets of the city taking me there. But then I think—wait a minute, I’m lucid…why bother with the luggage? Better to use the lucidity for something else. The dream comes to an abrupt halt, waiting for new directions, as I decide what to do next.

I ask to meet my inner self. I feel its familiar presence immediately. I ask it to teach me something. The dream starts to move again. My inner self flies me out of the town to a field of flowers that stretches out in every direction. I’ve been there before, twice at least; both times lucid. There are flowers of all kinds. A very large one that looks like a prehistoric sunflower stands out because of its beauty and detail. It’s incredible.

I’m airborne again and being taken to what feels like a higher dream level. I find myself on a beach, a vast ocean before me. Standing in the ocean, close to the shore, are all sorts of fantastic buildings, foundations under water but the rest of the construction visible. The one right in front of me has an Amsterdam feel to it, beside it a pyramid, behind it a cathedral and so on. They are all in motion, as if carried by the movement of the waves and their rhythm. I’m fully lucid and in wonder at the beauty of the vision. It’s so vivid, so alive, so full of intricate detail. Unbelievable. Is my psyche producing this? Or is this another reality I’m witnessing?

As I’m pondering all this, lost in my reflections on the dreamscape, I turn my sight upwards. In the above, standing on a cloud, half lost in mist, is a lighthouse, white and red spiral reaching up towards the heights. It’s simply magnificent. My heart skips a beat. My eyes fill with tears at the overwhelming beauty of the image. It’s breathtaking.

I realize my inner self is letting me see that it is in everything. It’s the force that is sustaining it all, giving it form, both in waking and in dream state. It’s the presence that is powering everything. It’s a significant moment for me. I’m totally aware that all
of these reflections are going on within me, fully conscious, fully lucid, as my body is sleeping. I wake up. I close my eyes again and let myself bask for a while in the intense sensations and magical imagery I’ve just lived through.

Mike S • Cave Scenes

In my dream I became aware that I was in a cave with a woman standing next to me. I felt myself to be about 23, and she seemed to be a couple of years older and felt more experienced with the cave. It was my third time there but it was the first time I had any awareness of what was inside.

There were three areas of the side of the cave wall that were carved out roughly in a spherical shape, each about five feet in diameter, and in each of them there was a focus of energy in a large sphere that contained scenes and characters. They were like three dimensional movies. I wondered what I was seeing in them, and it came to my thoughts, from the woman standing next to me, that the left one showed scenes from my past, both in this incarnation and in applicable previous ones, that had caused me to make the challenges in this life necessary. The middle one showed my present life situation and my concerns and desires. And the right one showed all of my possible futures, which I could work towards based upon my choices, actions and desires in my life now. I had the feeling that I could gain all of the insight I needed to come to a full understanding of anything I saw by merging my awareness with the scene I was curious about, that it would somehow be like I was a participant in the scene so I could feel it and understand it.

I became lucid when I saw what I just described, and got so excited I woke up! I’ve seen that cave a few times before, and even entered it, but never saw another person or anything other than a natural cave might appear. I will try to go back to this cave and continue on from where this dream stopped, it was the most fascinating dream I’ve ever had.

Jesse H • Intricate and Complex Geometry

I dreamed that I was at an old house with a few people that I didn’t know. There was a woman with me who had black hair and milky white skin. We were sitting on a recliner together having drinks. She was rubbing her face next to mine which felt so good I let go of my drink and it spilled all over myself in the recliner. She was upset so I tried cleaning it, then went to the bathroom down the hall to clean my pants. In the bathroom I took off my clothes but when I looked in the mirror my face and torso were so distorted that I immediately realized I was in a dream. My initial excitement caused my image to fade. As I felt the dream fading, I held up both of my hands and looking at them. I imagined energy being pulled from my physical body into my astral body, which I did and it worked.

The whole dream was now more vivid in clarity. I then remembered my intention to see the Lion in the Mirror. So I looked directly into my eyes and spoke out loud, “I want to see the Lion in the Mirror.” I watched my face morph into lion-esque features, but still humanlike, so again I said, “I want to see the Lion in the Mirror!” which caused my face to morph even more in the reflection; I saw a full mane with the lion’s cheeks and mouth but my own eyes. Again the dream began to fade, as though I had used up all my intention, so I quickly glanced at my hands which were distorted and drew in energy again, which again solidified the dream.

I got onto the counter and decided to go into the mirror, but now the rectangle mirror that I have in waking life and have spoken intention into was in front of the bathroom mirror. I stepped into it with my left foot first, then ducked under with my head and left arm. My right foot was the last thing in. Unlike before, it was pitch black
inside. I tried to yell, “Is anyone here?” but it was so heavy and thick I could not speak. I was still partially out with my right foot as I had nothing to grab onto to pull myself the rest of the way in. So, with my left hand I grabbed the inside bottom edge of the mirror which made a glistening streak in the darkness and “pushed”, which caused me to go all the way into the void.

I felt like I was tumbling in space, with no up or down, when I saw in the distance an orange mist of light, like a streak or spark, but with a cloud of orange way in the distance. I thought, “I want to go there!” Immediately I rushed towards it and into it and was inside a rectangular shaft that in proportion to my size was like a 4' x 4' square. It was entirely covered inside with geometric glowing colors that were shifting in and out of the spaces between the lines of the geometry. I remember seeing many shapes, all flying by as I moved through this shaft. I couldn't believe that my mind could create such intricate and complex geometry, all morphing with different colors inside each of the sections of the polygons.

The geometry did not morph, only the colors, which were a mix of turquoise blue, pastel orange, yellows, greens, but all glowing. Some of the shapes were five pointed stars and each space in the star had different colors but would shift from turquoise to orange to yellow, all so complex! The shapes were about the size of my hand all overlapping each other on flat walls in a rectangular shaft. As I flew through this shaft there were corners which bent at 90° angles, but I never saw an exit. The next thing I remember I was back in the room with the people all trying to clean the chair I spilled my drink on.

They were still upset but, knowing I was in a dream, I said, “Let me try something.” I put both hands on an old beat-up recliner and said, “Become a new recliner!” Nothing happened so I walked out the front door and flew off into the sky. The people came to the door and the girl yelled, “The laws of physics tell me you can't do that; come back!” I yelled back, “It was only a little stain and it was an accident; you should have accepted my apology!” Then I flew off and woke up from the dream.

Christine Hutchings • First Real Lucid Dream

I am in a house with another. The house is familiar in this dream but not in reality or any other dream I am aware of. I KNEW I was dreaming when the lights did not come on when I flipped the switches. I went to prove it by looking at my hand but it was a bit dark to really see my hand in detail. I started to get excited and controlled the impulse so I would stay dreaming. I went to go outside through a glass door without opening it. I knew I could do this but it was too easy. I went back in to repeat the process so I could feel what it was like.

Steve Racicot • The New Line School

In this dream, a deceased friend brings me an enigmatic message:

I see a good friend. I’m delighted to see her and remember she had died several years ago. This means that I am dreaming. I greet her warmly. She comes up close to me, her face only a few inches from mine, and says to me, “Remember the name New Line School.” She repeats this a couple more times. Then she tells me, “It’s important to remember.”

“Why?” I ask.

“Because that’s where the fire will come to,” she replies.

Somehow I know she is talking about a forest fire burning that far and then stopping. I see a picture map of a forest burning and the fire stopping at a road where the school is. On the map are roads and geographic markings, but I also can see, like a movie, the trees in flames. The name of the road may also be New Line Road.
I stop looking at the map and instead return my attention to my friend’s face which is still close to mine. She sees I am distracted by seeing her and knowing that she is dead. She covers my face with her hand so that I can no longer see her. She tells me again, “Remember the name New Line School. It’s important.” Then she uncovers my face and she is gone.

I look around for her, but she is no longer here. I see my wife, Anna, and tell her about my encounter with our mutual friend. I tell Anna we are dreaming and that is how I was able to see our deceased friend. My wife says, “Yes, I know that we are dreaming.”

“Wow, you know it too?” I ask.

Yes, I do,” she says. Then she suggests that we do something together. I tell Anna that I have to remember the name, New Line School, and I fear I will forget it if I stay in the dream too long. Then I make myself wake up so I can record the dream.

**Tom McMillan ● Dog Dream**

This dream begins with me and my late brother Andy washing a small white mop type of dog by a swimming pool in a suburban backyard. The dog gets away from me and begins running around the yard and is joined by another small dog, a Corgi or maybe a Jack Russell.

The first dog runs through a mud puddle and becomes very dirty. I begin to chase him, somewhat perturbed that we will have to re-wash him, as he runs into the neighboring yard. As I cross into the next door yard, a large Weimaraner runs by me and I realize the little dog may be in danger. I now see a group of dogs including the first three and more.

As I approach the group, a large German Shepherd pulls away and begins to growl and approach me menacingly. I feel my hair stand up and begin to back away, quite sure the dog will attack. I realize that I am dreaming; I think the very real sensation of fear caused my lucidity. I also begin to wake up involuntarily and as the dream fades, I become fully lucid. I lose the dream, but do not wake up fully, in fact, I remain very still and realize I can re-enter the dream and maintain lucidity, which I then do successfully.

Now the Shepherd has turned into a large mixed breed dog, but still threatening. I laugh and grab him and announce, “I can turn you into anything I want because this is a dream.” I then think to turn him into a porcupine. What? I immediately realize that is a bad idea and start laughing and turn him into a crayfish instead and toss the tiny creature into the yard. I feel so very free and exhilarated. I am fully lucid and realize I can do anything I want and take off flying, Superman style. My arms look amazingly real in front of me and I make a mental note of this as I rise very quickly to a height of maybe 500 feet. I say out loud, “This is amazing!”

I realize that I am in my waking life neighborhood in Navarre, FL as I can see Santa Rosa Island and, beyond that, the Gulf of Mexico. (I continue to rise, but begin to enter clouds which restrict my view. As I fly lower to see better, I wake up. I realize again that I could return, but instead force myself to wake up completely so I won’t forget.

Note: I don’t own any dogs, nor have I owned any of the breeds in the dream. While I have had more than 100 lucid dreams, I have never had the experience of semi-waking and returning lucidly. This is also the finest and most realistic flying I have ever experienced. Also of note, this was a wake back to sleep experience, which I practice frequently because of the reliable results.
Maynard Reich • God’s Love for You

I have had a variety of lucid dreams, and all seem spiritual to me. In one, I dreamed I was at a bar with a friend. I do drink but not in bars and something seemed unusual to me which triggered the realization that I was dreaming. I started trying to fly through the roof but was not succeeding, but finally I did succeed and was able to fly just a short ways away and land on a house roof.

Some normal-looking guy in blue jeans and a plaid shirt landed there too and we started talking and I realized that He was God. I asked Him if he thought it bad that I like to drink beer, and he just laughed and pulled out a small vial that looked like dark red blood and took just a drop and He said, “This is my Elixir.” He sort of slurred His words and He started joking and being really funny.

Then a man in a suit landed and shook my hand and God said, “Maynard, I would like to introduce you to Jesus.” Then God said, “Let’s go to Australia,” and as soon as He said it, He and I were there and looking at vast wide open spaces. Then He said, “Now let’s go to the Himalayas.” We were looking at some incredibly beautiful Mountains when a man in a White Robe appeared and God introduced me to Him, and said, “Maynard, I would like you to meet the Dalai Lama!” I was a little shocked and asked the Dalai Lama if He was the same person as Jesus, because they seemed the same to me, just dressed differently. He said, “We are just different aspects of the same energies representing God’s Love for you.”

Leigh Hammond • A Million Souls

My body is relaxed through the vibrations, apart from my physical little finger. As I move out of my body and float downwards, I can simultaneously feel the discomfort of my physical little finger. So I ignore the physical sensation and focus on my falling non-physical body.

I find myself in a dark outside environment, barely able to see since my visual perception does not seem to be very clear. So I will the scene to become brighter and can now see that I am standing in a street with a girl approaching me. I start to talk to the girl and she gives me her name. I lose lucidity and think I have awoken, when I bump into the same girl from the previous dream. We talk excitedly about the dreams we have both just had and realise that we have shared the same dream. I am so excited I can’t believe it, so I perform a reality check by attempting to levitate. I fly up above the girl and immediately realise I am in a dream.

I fly higher and try to visualise my waking life friend who I am meant to meet, or her house, but nothing happens. So I continue flying upwards, out of the dream scene into a dark void of spinning changing kaleidoscope images, while experiencing feelings of joy and ecstasy. I am having a wonderful time as the changing images appear to go on infinitely. But suddenly the kaleidoscope images and joyous feelings disappear, to be replaced by a scene of dark blueness with a large river of thousands of tiny white lights expanding endlessly into the distance. I now feel empty and alone in this huge expanse of blueness, now that the waves of ecstasy
and kaleidoscope images have disappeared.

However, feeling curious, I decide to fly towards the nearest white lights. As I get closer I see each of the white lights are actually animated people, suspended in the blue space. They all seem to be doing different things, so I float towards a well dressed middle-aged lady wearing a white summery hat. I get her attention by talking to her. As she responds and starts talking to me, I notice the features of a room materialise around her. I see the grain of the wooden floor boards and the brickwork of the walls. As the room forms around us, I suddenly realise that she was not suspended in space, but was standing in this room all the time. There are other people in the room seated at tables, who are ignoring my arrival as if nothing special has happened. The middle-aged lady tells me that she has recently died. To which I reply, ‘I am not dead’. She responds, ‘I know, I can tell,’ and points to and touches my chest. I have no idea what she can see in me, but I do not get distracted in case I lose my awareness.

She announces that she has to go and walks towards a staircase in the corner of the room. So, rather than following her, I decide it is a good time to wake up to write down all the details in my dream journal, while it is fresh in my mind and before I lose my awareness. I ask her name and where she lived when she was alive. She replies with her name and a town in London.

I will myself to wake up, but find myself standing in a near replica of my bedroom, with a lot of shouting coming from outside in the street. I walk to the window to investigate the commotion and see a young couple arguing on a street that does not resemble mine. With this realisation, I wake up and jot down my experiences.

Note: From the details the lady gave me, I seem to only be able to recall her surname—McSpencer. At first I thought my subconscious had made the name up, since I have never heard of a ‘Mc’ combined with a ‘Spencer’. But later in the day, when I searched on the internet, I was amazed to find that it is an actual surname, mostly found in the United States.

Shaun St. Clair • Werewolf Awareness 1

This was an absolutely excellent, very vivid and real dream in which I experience lucidity and several forms of simultaneous awareness, including simultaneously experiencing the whole of the dream both in the first person and as an onlooker:

I’m in an elevated house built on the slopes of a large forest, standing on the wooden veranda, expectantly looking out at the forest, at dusk. I have a human wife (Elizabeth) and I am a werewolf! I’m unsettled, because even though I feel very powerful and confident, I’m sure that the ‘pack-leader’ is now, or at least sometime soon will be, coming for me and at the very least will attempt to kill me. I have the feeling, a sixth sense, that he’s already set off in pursuit.

These senses and feelings are very innate: a pack-leader is part of the natural law; I accept it without thought—that is how it is. Somehow I have crossed the ‘werewolf law’ and I have the same innate awareness of its consequences: the pack-leader will be coming to punish me.

[Whilst I was fully aware in the dream of what I had done ‘wrong’, now I can’t remember exactly what it was but there are several possibilities milling round the edges of my memory: is it having a human wife...did I kill and eat another wolf, or a human that I shouldn’t have (I have vague images of something like this)...or maybe I am not a natural born werewolf and was turned by another and]
as such am by another and, as such, I am subject to additional laws?]

However, I have no intention of accepting any consequences willingly, and so I jump over the veranda balcony and run in to the forest. There is no time to tell Elizabeth I'm going but I know the pack-leader will not bother with her, he just wants me. I begin to run through the trees away from the house, it's completely dark now but I can see perfectly well. And I'm just in time because I see him, the pack-leader, a very large, strong and fast wolf running on two legs down the slope of the wooded hill past my house and directly at me. I continue to run, also on two legs, still confident in my own abilities but fully aware that he is a very big and strong wolf and is probably far too close now NOT to catch me.

With this thought in mind I, the sleeping/dreaming me (not me the werewolf and not me the onlooker), decide that 'I' would be much faster running on all four legs and in an instant 'I' am inside the werewolf—three awarenesses are present simultaneously, two of which are now inside the werewolf and one of which is the dreaming 'me'. Finding myself lucid at the instant I'm flung inside the body of the werewolf, I am fully conscious of the fact that I'm dreaming and I'm equally fully aware of what is now 'my' situation within the dream. I have just commandeered the body of a werewolf whose consciousness—the consciousness of one of my own dream characters—is still in there with me. I am aware of all of this, but the situation is so exciting and so exhilarating that I don't dwell on it, don't analyse it and don't even consider trying to change it.

I'm inside the body of a large and powerful wolf thundering through a forest and instantly finding itself unbalanced and in the process of falling forwards on to all four legs—an action that 'I' now have to orchestrate and manoeuvre in such a way as to not only prevent this huge body from cartwheeling into the nearest tree but also to transition as efficiently as possible so as not to lose any forward momentum and not to give my pursuer any advantage!

So, I fall forward and onto all four legs, but this happens only slowly and somewhat clumsily—because the sleeping/dreaming me hasn't actually run on four legs before, but I can manage it and I do, though not as efficiently as I would have hoped. I feel tremendously excited and liberated but, realising the enormity of what I have taken on, 'I' quickly relinquish control of the body back to the werewolf and the sleeping 'me' disappears [loses lucidity?].

The werewolf—which is still me but no longer contains the sleeping me as well—now plunges forwards on all four legs, through the forest and emerges into a clearing which turns out to be the tarmac surface of a motorway. The pack-leader finally catches up with me on the motorway and as I accept the inevitability of the situation, I release my frustration and anger—but also clear myself manoeuvring space for the coming battle—by wheeling round onto an oncoming car, more than happy to attack it. But the car swerves away from me and I clearly see the terrified driver inside the lighted cab. It's the middle of the night now and this driver was just unlucky - there are no other vehicles around.

In the same way that I knew and innately understood the position, expectations and behaviour of the pack-leader, I innately understand my own behaviour, position and expectations. There is no thought process drawing me to these conclusions or developing my feelings, they are just there. I just know that I didn't submit to the 'werewolf law'; it would have meant my death and that cannot happen, not least because I have a human wife. The pack-leader and I will dual until one of us is dead and the victor gains superiority over the pack; I just know this and I know that the pack-leader knows this. I know what the pack-leader feels because he feels the same as I do, he has the same innate knowledge [I'm explaining this very badly but in the dream this hierarchy and expectation was very innate, in the same way that a dog's behaviour within the pack is just known to it.]

I am more aware of my surroundings now, I see that there is some kind of service station or motorway café beside the
road, casting its dull yellow light over the proceedings. It is full of spectating werewolves. Elizabeth is amongst them and she pulls me towards her. She is different; I am not innately aware of her feelings as I am with the other werewolves (is this why I married her?).

But when I am beside her now, another awareness comes in to being, a third simultaneous awareness again, and this one provides me with the feelings and emotions being experienced by Elizabeth. As her emotions crescendo it shows me visions of her changing physiology (blood, pulsating pink mass, heart). I ‘know’ that she wants me to bite her, infect her and change her into a werewolf, because if I die now she will be on her own and she wants to be part of the pack or to have a part of me. But I never wanted to turn her, and I still don’t, and so she is deliberately riling me and making me angry in an attempt to provoke an attack. And even though I’m aware of her feelings and I know what she is thinking I eventually cannot control my anger and I bite her neck . . . at which point I wake up!

Shaun St. Clair ● Werewolf Awareness 2

I’m in some open woods, near a central clearing where the trees thin out somewhat, with my children: Betsy [one of our house rabbits] and four squirrels [in the dream I fully accept that these animals are my children and are representative of all of my real children - but there’s five of them not four?). The children are supposed to be in training, learning how to hunt and defend themselves, but they are just messing about—initially in a small patch of scrub to my right but then when I look at them again they’ve wandered right over to the opposite side of the clearing.

As I notice where they are, I get a sense of danger for them and at the exact same moment start to become aware of the dream itself—I become lucid. I begin to run over to them through the central clearing, but the ground is very soft and uneven, covered in leaf litter and broken branches and trunks and they’re actually quite some distance away from me. This installs a sense of urgency in me and with this, the lucid/sleeping me takes over the thought processes of my character in the dream. I thought/assumed I was a person/human (but was still quite happy in the dream to accept that I had animals for children) but the lucid me clearly recognizes that I am a wolf/werewolf and is very keen to get me running across the clearing as swiftly and efficiently as possible, and so I immediately begin to run on all four legs.

I remember the previous dream in which I was a wolf and the excitement I experienced through controlling such a powerful and agile body, and I revel in this second offering. By the time I get to the other side of the clearing I am fully lucid, thoroughly enjoying the exhilaration of being in this body and knowing that I am in complete control of the dream. I no longer have any concerns for my children; I will ask them who and why they are later, but first I will just do some big backflips along this great tree log! Too late . . . the backflips are so energetic that I become concerned that I am actually writhing about in reality and in bed and might actually injure Elizabeth. This wakes me up immediately—and of course, I wasn’t moving at all.

Did You Know?

You can read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:

http://www.dreaminglucid.com/past-issues/
Our Best Wishes for a Lucid and Happy New Year to all of the readers, supporters, and friends of the LDE!

Robert & Lucy
The Lucid Dreaming Experience
www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

Robert Waggoner’s Book Website
http://www.lucidadvice.com

Dr. Keith Hearne -
First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
http://www.keithhearn.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

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com and
http://www.drccpe.org.uk

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

Lucid Sage
www.lucidsage.com

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

Ryan Hurd
www.dreamstudies.org

Maria Isabel Pita
www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org

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

Christoph Gassmann - Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey.
http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams
http://sealifedreams.com/

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

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
www.saltcube.com

Janice’s Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites
http://www.hopkinsfan.net

Fariba Bogzaran
www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss
www.mossedreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

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

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