• Lady Lucy Has Died
• The Magical Mystery Dream Tour
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DreamSpeak Interview with Blake Dyer

Blake Dyer, also known as Sun Dyer, is a musician, entrepreneur, lucid dreamer, World Awakening Activist, and YouTube comedian who enjoys exploring lucid dreams and the unconscious.

The LDE welcomes Blake!

When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? Can you recall your first lucid dream/s? What prompted your lucid dream awareness?

I first became aware of lucid dreaming after watching the film *Waking Life* where the main character has repeated false awakenings and has/observes several philosophical conversations regarding the perceptions of our reality and the implications of lucid dreaming.

I started lucid dreaming within days of seeing this film. I was in a living room with some friends when I realized that I was dreaming. I said, “Sooo, this is a dream. How about we all just get up and fly out of the window?” I flew up and almost immediately lost control and spiralled back towards the ground. I was lost back into the unaware dream shortly after. But the damage had been done—I was hooked.

Do you remember any of those pivotal early lucid dreams that inspired you? What happened?

One of my first lucid dreams:

I was sitting in the pizza place where I worked during high school, talking with one of my co-workers. I became lucid and said to him, “Wow, this is a dream; we’re dreaming! This is incredible!” He confirmed to me that we were dreaming and we had a whole conversation about it.

I was so excited when I woke up. I couldn’t wait to find him and talk about our experience. When I found him, he didn’t remember a thing. I was dumbfounded. The experience was so real. I knew that I had been speaking to him. So even though he had confirmed, within the dream, that we
were dreaming, he didn’t remember upon awaken-
ing. Was he conscious in the dream and then forgot
upon awakening? Was I speaking with his sub-
conscious? Or was he a subconscious aspect of
myself? It was so real, I couldn’t help believing that I
was speaking to some aspect of him, rather than my
own subconscious.

**What was it about those early lucid dreams that
propelled you deeper into lucid dreaming?**

The magic and creative beauty that I experienced. I
had always had fantastical dreams that left me in
awe and wonder of this seemingly limitless realm.
But having the ability to navigate and manipulate
that realm at will was just too much (in a good way).
I’ve always been a very visual and imaginative
person. It was like being able to step into my own
imagination, then taste, touch, smell, hear, and
experience it. Lucid dreaming took it to another level,
expanded my idea of reality and what was possible
in expanding the limits of this world.

In one lucid dream I found myself designing a
machine, a device to help people learn how to
juggle. If you can think of the space where someone
juggles, it’s an oval shape taller than your upper
body and about the width of your arms stretched out.
The machine was a technicolored belt continuously
circling around this space. Within the space the belt
circled, the machine slowed down time. So you
could experience throwing and catching the balls in
a slowed-down time reality while observing it in real
time. This helped improve muscle memorization
more quickly because you could actively watch
where the balls would fall and place your hands
there with less mistakes.

How cool is that!? I’m sure the implications of such
design might be more useful to society outside of
juggling, but it was like stepping into my own
imagination. Other than my learning to juggle for the
previous six months in waking life, I don’t know
where that idea came from. I doubt I would have
come up with such an idea outside the dream realm.

**At that time, what induction techniques did
you rely upon to become lucid?**

Some of the techniques that I learned through the
film *Waking Life*, including flipping light switches,
checking clocks, reading text, looking away then
trying to read it again, and counting fingers on my
hands. All techniques worked on and off but I like the
technique of my hands the best, because they’re
always there. And after so many times, it doesn’t
take much to realize that I’m dreaming.

**What real world lessons or life-altering
realizations have you experienced as the
result of lucid dreaming?**

I always used to say, “I am a bad teacher.” I’m not
sure where I picked up this belief but undoubtedly it
came from a poor self concept and the belief that I
was never good enough. Around five years ago,
whenever I became lucid I would begin teaching
other dream characters about how to wake up in the
dream. I would go through the list of techniques I
knew to tell whether you were dreaming or not. After
so many times of me telling this story in waking life
and saying, “I was teaching them,” I realized that I
was indeed a teacher. I realized how limiting a belief
saying “I’m not a good teacher” was, and that I was
missing out on sharing something that I loved to do
and even taking the next step to mastering a craft.

It also made me realize that everyone is a teacher
and saying that you are a bad teacher essentially is
saying that you aren’t good at anything. Which is
completely untrue for any living soul. Everyone is
good at something (or better than someone else at
something) and therefore a teacher.

Then, I had a life-altering dream: I was in a grocery
store when I woke within the dream. I gathered a
group of about three dreamers and began teaching
them about how to wake up and recognize they were
in a dream. Two women wearing owl masks were
listening in on the conversation from the outside. I
became suspicious of them listening in and said,
“Hi there. If you’re so interested, why don’t you join
us—or you can get the %^& out of here.” (This was
a time in my life where I was beginning to step more
into my own power).

One of the women said in a startled manner, “Woah,
and THIS is who you’ve decided to Wake Up!?”
Then the two women turned into owls and flew
through the back of a solid wall. I followed to see
where they went but upon coming to the solid wall I
turned back into the dream. I heard a deep voice
from seemingly everywhere state, “Look Deeper.”

Upon looking deeper, I saw there were some gaps
in the wall and, between those gaps, a couple of
handles. I grabbed the handles which opened a
square door into blackness. There were some
metallic pinchers receding into the blackness that
resembled the bottom of a millipede. I thought to
myself, “This is awesome! Should I go tell those
other dream characters?” The voice then returned
and said, “The fall is more graceful for some than it is for others.” I took that as a sign to go alone.

I let the metallic pinchers carry me into the blackness. I could feel them on my face and all over my body and it was surprisingly gentle. I was carried down to a platform that seemed to be floating in the middle of space. As I entered, I could see two large old men. It was just their heads, with large noses, on elongated necks, and they seemed to be made of gold. They were extremely grumpy.

I knew this was a test and I knew I had been there before. I said in a jovial tone, “You guys, great to see you again,” with a big smile on my face. In a surly manner, one of them said, “I wouldn’t be so happy to see the person that failed ME last time.”

Continuing in my jovial manner I replied, “Oh, the past, the past.” They proceeded to ask me a series of questions that related to the true value of the workshops we host in waking life. The answers came in the form of three keys, two large golden ones and a smaller key. I immediately knew the answer was how people are healed and had nothing to do with money.

I grabbed the smaller key almost before they were finished talking and opened a small doorway. I went through and found myself walking on a smaller version of our world. I was walking with a friend and holding an iron. I remembered at this moment having wanted to do something powerful in the dream world. I looked up at the moon and decided that I would turn it into a high-powered magnet.

Immediately all the metal on this little earth began to rise up towards the moon. Even my friend’s purse began to rise up off her shoulder. At this point I was taught how to manipulate water. I looked out over the ocean and created a massive whirlpool that started to swirl. It took out a large brick building that was in the ocean.

(Keep in mind, I had been lucid this entire time. It was definitely the longest lucid dream I’d ever had.)

At this point I came to yet another gate. This time, it was made of glass and there were stars all over it. My friend Teal and an older woman in spiritual clothing was on the other side. Again, I immediately knew the “code” to get through and pressed the stars that made a combination of two separate constellations.

Once I passed through this gate, I inherently knew that I was in a realm where everyone was lucid and awake in the dream. They showed me the test that I had been put through to get there. I observed where I had been confused and failed before. They showed me a map of humanity. There was a system of roots and fog and I could see people walking underneath, asleep in the dream. There was a whole section for Manhattan. Everyone was separated in cell-like rooms and everyone had glowing cell phones floating above their faces. This is where the dream dissolved.

Upon waking, I was literally high for four days. “I passed the Test!!” It was one of the most incredible things I’ve ever experienced. The following year I incorporated the manipulation of water into my “dream teachings.” After one year, I received a message over Facebook from a woman I had never met in person. She said, “Blake, you were in my dream last night. You were teaching me about Universal Truths and Water Properties.”

It was incredible. Although I don’t remember the specific dream with her, I knew I was doing that in dreams at that time. It made me remember one of my first lucid dreams where I was having a conversation with my friend about the dream and being so clear that I was speaking to him and not just a subconscious aspect of myself. To me, when she sent me that message, it proved to me that the dream world, at least part of the time, is a shared subconscious reality and not just a localized individual experience of exploring our own subconscious reality.

Glad to hear that you passed the Test! Do you have other examples of manipulating water in your lucid dreams? What happened in those lucid dreams?

In a lucid dream, I awoke in a house party. Several people were there from my life, including an old boss who had made me feel quite powerless during my time working with him. I did my usual routine of speaking to the people around me about how to
wake up. This time in the techniques of showing everyone, I turned on a faucet. I re-directed the water flow midstream to send the water to the side of the room. Manipulating water felt similar to the energy that I also used to fly. Several of the dream characters were very interested. But my old boss didn’t want anything to do with what I was saying. When I spoke about waking up, I could see the air between us shake—almost like his reality was starting to fall apart while looking at me. He didn’t like it and left aggravated.

This is when I learned that not every character in the dream appreciates being woken up, and can even turn aggressive when confronted with changing the existing reality. Writing this now, I don’t truly know how he would feel about dreaming and/or consciousness. Perhaps he also represented an aspect of myself that resists change, an aspect that is either satisfied with what exists or fearful of change for some reason or another.

In another lucid dream, I was manipulating a swimming pool. I could feel the water in the pool like it was part of me. I started to move it and the pool began to undulate. I lifted it and all the water in the center began to rise up as the sides sank, making a water drop shape. I doubted myself a bit, because of how much water it was, and therefore lost control of being able to lift the whole pool.

I remember a couple of other times manipulating water but not much of the events surrounding them. The profoundness that I had been taught to do this in one dream, then the recurrence of it in future dreams was what struck me. I suppose I felt like it was another tool in my belt to teach people to wake up and to realize that my reality was completely in my hands.

**In these lucid dreams, what have you learned about the properties of water? What is special, unique or different about water? What properties make water significant?**

After the swimming pool dream, I remembered the force of the bond between water molecules, how water is attracted to itself and tends to ‘stick’ together. So, if you move any amount of water, the rest of the water around it will tend to follow. And therefore, one action can create a chain reaction. I noticed in my dreams that the energy it took to fly was very similar to the energy I used to move water. In my early lucid dreams I would feel energy start to come out of my hands, and eventually from my whole body, in order to lift off the ground. In one recent lucid dream I was lifting a ball of water and suspending it in mid air. The movements I was making were like the Chinese martial art of Qi-Gong. I was using this technique to move the suspended water. You could almost say that water is the visual representation of the energy or chi within our own bodies, and that if I am directing a stream of water, it would look similar to directing a flow of energy from within my own body.

**For some dreamers, ‘water’ often symbolizes emotions. For example, a tidal wave may mean feeling emotionally overwhelmed, while ice and frozen water may refer to feeling emotionally cold or stuck, and so on. In your waking world, does the area of emotions have special meaning for you? Do you try to reach people emotionally, more than, say, intellectually?**

I would say this is quite true for me. I am always feeling into where people are on an emotional level. I love a good intellectual conversation about the meaning of the Universe, but emotions and feelings are what move us. They are what keep us stuck in fear, acting out in anger, recklessly pursuing love, or achieving greatness out of passion. I am also passionate about making music which could be argued to be the language of emotion. I’ve had several dreams with tsunamis, so if it’s true that water represents emotions, then I suppose you could call me an emotional person.

**Finally, what advice would you give for those going deeper into lucid dreaming?**

My biggest piece of advice to dreamers is to journal. I think you might agree, Robert, because you built a journal into your latest book. By journaling, you are training yourself to remember while you are in the dream, which is also a good trigger to becoming lucid. I would tell them to push the limits within the dream world. What is the most powerful thing you can do in a dream? Can you travel in time and visit historical figures? Can you travel to different worlds, to different dimensions? And also, to ask questions to dream characters and even inanimate objects. If do you this you can’t help but expand your sense of reality and release yourself from the bonds that keep us immobile in waking life.

**NOTE: You can learn more about Blake Dyer by checking out his website at www.SunDyer.com**
The Great Cauldron of the Otherworld has an archetypal role in many cultures. In Celtic myths it served as a source of creativity and of poetic and artistic inspiration. One of the four legendary treasures of Ireland, the Cauldron of Plenty magically provided an endless supply of tasty food and drink to the worthy. And it not only provided abundant food, but could also heal any wound, and even restore life to the dead.

Functionally, the Cauldron of the Otherworld and the “Healing Cauldron of Dreams” share many similarities, which leads me to believe that the first may serve as a symbolic representation of the second. If so, it makes a certain kind of sense that when I first began to experiment with the idea of using dreams as a source of guidance I intuitively chose to look to dreams as a potentially valuable source of information about diet and health. Over the years, this led to the development of what I call the “Dreamatarian Diet” and the “Dreamatarian Lifestyle.”

This project began back in graduate school after I’d read Elsie Sechrist’s *Dreams: Your Magic Mirror* (1), a book based on the Edgar Cayce readings, that even now I consider one of the most useful and practical introductions to dreamwork in print. As at the time I saw dream interpretation as a complex and tricky business, I decided to go with something simple and to pay attention to when and how foods showed up in my dreams, and to act on the information literally. If a food showed up in a positive context, I would eat that food the next day. If it showed up in a negative context, I would not. In most cases, foods did not play a major role in the dreams in which they appeared, but simply showed up as a background detail. For example, I had a long dream about going to an outdoor metaphysical camp, and at one point while sitting down to dinner, a Sufi master handed me a plate of green beans, something I would neither have paid attention to nor written down before beginning this experiment.

Over time, patterns began to emerge. I began to have dreams in which specific foods had leading, rather than incidental, roles. After ten years I’d collected hundreds of dreams, with enough dream data to categorize foods into five categories: “Super”, “Good”, “Fair”, “Poor”, and “Poisonous”. If a food consistently showed up in a positive context on many occasions, I would place it in the “Super Food” category. If it consistently showed up in a negative context, I would place it in the “Poisonous Food” category. I gave extra weight to vivid dreams with obvious and emphasized messages, e.g. “I make carrot juice in a solid gold juicer,” or “I see ice cream at the bottom of a dirty garbage can.” However, though my Dreamatarian Diet clearly showed consistent patterns over time, it did not remain static, but dynamically changeable, with the possibility of updates or revisions each night based on my body’s changing needs and life circumstances, providing both long-term and short-term feedback and guidance.

At first I assumed that my dream diet recommendations applied specifically to me, but by the year 2000 scientific research on the effect of diet on health and disease began to consistently validate many of my overall dream diet recommendations—research that took place years, even decades, after the dreams. For example, early on my dreams strongly recommended foods high in monounsaturated fats, now accepted as “heart healthy.” Foods such as avocados, almonds, and olive oil all ended up in my “super foods” category, even though at the time both science and the media promoted polyunsaturated fats, and the value of monounsaturates remained unknown.

Also, by 2004 research had identified and quantified naturally occurring toxic compounds called **AGEs** *(Advanced Glycoxidation End products)* found in almost all foods to varying degrees (2) but especially in foods cooked at high temperatures, that not only promoted disease, but which could markedly accel-
erate aging processes. In looking over my personal Dreamatarian Diet list, I found that almost all of the items listed in the “Poor” and “Poisonous” categories had very high levels of **AGEs**, whereas foods in the “Super” category had very low levels.

Similarly, research began to appear with respect to **STACs** (SIRT2 activators), compounds such as resveratrol (3) that could activate “longevity genes.” (4) In this case, I found that many foods in my super food category had an abundance of **STACs**, whereas dream foods in my poor and poisonous categories basically had none.

Coincidence? I think not, and at this point in time I very much wish that I’d adhered to my Dreamatarian Diet recommendations far more closely that I actually did. Despite my Ph.D. in biochemistry, and an ongoing effort to keep myself informed of the latest research, in retrospect it seems clear that for decades my dreaming self had a much better idea as to what constitutes an optimal diet than my waking self did—and no doubt still does.

Prescriptive food dreams belong to the more general category of prescriptive healing dreams, dreams that provide information as to what to do to heal a condition, or what not to do. These can range from dietary recommendations, to changes in lifestyle, to alternative therapies, to conventional medical therapies, and can also provide information about timing, the competence of practitioners, and probable outcomes. Aside from foods, herbs, vitamins, and even exercise routines have shown up in my dreams, in positive and negative contexts. Although it usually takes time for individuals to establish reliable dream feedback, anyone can develop their own individualized Dreamatarian Lifestyle, by making use of information gathered from both their lucid and non-lucid dreams. It also helps to intentionally incubate dreams featuring foods that belong in one's own optimal healing diet.

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**Incubating a Dreamatarian Diet**

Before going to sleep, request that tonight your dreams will present information on foods that would make up your optimal diet. Use an affirmation and a visualization to make the request. Should you wake up during the night, repeat the affirmation, but use your last dream to set up a “hot off the press” visualization. (For example, see yourself in the dream you just had, but imagine that someone you trust brings a covered plate to you, and then that you begin to take off the cover to see what they've brought.)

When you write down your dreams, pay special attention to any foods that show up. Remember to act on your dreams. If a food shows up in a positive context, for example an angel serves you food on a golden plate, make a point to eat that food that day. If this happens in other dreams, or in an emphatically positive way, begin eating that food regularly. Contrariwise, if a food shows up in a negative context, for example you find it in a dirty garbage can, do not eat that food for at least that day, etc. Act on your dreams—this creates a positive feedback loop that will improve their accuracy and usefulness as time goes on.

A positive example:

“I go to a wedding in a big room with a high ceiling, large gallery boxes filled with brightly and colorfully dressed people celebrating in a sort of medieval style . . . After the ceremony, they pass out large boxes of food—all vegetarian/vegan. A serving woman passes me a large container of yams.”

A negative example:

“I've thrown chocolate Hershey’s kisses into the toilet. When I return to the bathroom later, I find that I can’t use the toilet as it has become covered over and backed up — out of service. The Hershey’s kisses have clogged the system.”

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*Image of a plate of food and a garbage can:*
Lucid Dreaming Variation:

In a lucid dream (when you know that you dream while you dream), use the Lucid Dream Information Technique (5) to generate an answer to the following question: What foods can I eat to optimize my health? For example, when lucid first focus your intent on this question, and after waiting a bit, open a refrigerator or go into a grocery store, and see what foods show up. Pay attention to how they look, and whether they show up in positive or negative contexts. Record your experiences and/or the answers that you receive in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - make drawings to illustrate your dreams as appropriate. Also, look for optimal diet information in all of your dreams. Often, after rehearsing the LDIT as you go to sleep, answers will show up in other dreams whether you become lucid in them or not.

An example:

“While flying in a lucid dream, I remember that I wanted to ask which foods I should eat for optimal health. I intone aloud, “Let me now see, healthy food for me!” Below me the dreamscape changes. I now fly over plates of brown-green pasta, then lots—and lots—of bananas. I also see a few plates of pineapples, and what I can best identify as pinecones (with pine nuts).”

Why do a Dreamatarian Diet?

Dreams have served as a source of healing for thousands of years, perhaps even tens of thousands of years. Through the centuries and across cultures people have reported on the healing power of dreams. In ancient Greece, the sick visited the temples of Aesclepius, with the expectation that they would either receive information in a dream to aid healing, or that they would receive a direct healing from the divine in the dream itself. These healing modalities reportedly remain effective today, even for serious conditions like cancer. (6)

Of course, many might argue that given the rapid development of modern medicine, and the increased availability of new diagnostic methods and treatments, that dream healing modalities have become obsolete and irrelevant. Such a conclusion seems unwarranted (7), as the commercialization of the medical industry (8) and the corruption and falsification of medical research (9) has severely compromised the integrity and efficacy of both modern medical diagnostic techniques and therapeutics.

Although conventional medicine seems very effective in keeping patients alive in emergency situations, for curing chronic conditions it has an abysmal record. For example, the official NNT’s (number needed to treat for one person to have significant benefit) for the ten highest grossing drugs in the United States drugs ranges from 4 (only 1 out of 4 benefits) to 25 (only one out of 25 benefits). (10) On the other hand, rigorous research in the last twenty years has abundantly demonstrated that changes in diet and lifestyle can not only prevent diseases—such as diabetes, heart disease, and cancer—but can reverse their progression and even cure them. (11)

Medical care now officially rates as the third leading cause of death—but this statistic only includes deaths resulting from a limited set of acknowledged medical mistakes. (7) If one included all deaths resulting from medical treatments, including conventionally accepted but in fact harmful treatments, I expect iatrogenic deaths would earn the number one spot by a wide margin. It does not help that for the medical industry financial gain, and not the health of patients, has clearly become the main motivating factor.

In the early days of computing, the phrase “garbage in, garbage out” (GIGO) became deservedly popular. Feed false information into a computer, no matter how advanced, and false conclusions will come out. Garbage in, garbage out applies not just to computers, but to humans. Intentional frauds routinely perpetrated by the pharmaceutical industry, from which the FDA has failed to protect us, (12) added to numerous other problems in scientific research (13) has undoubtedly and unfortunately filled the heads of today’s medical professionals with a great deal of garbage.

Dr. John Ioannidis, a professor at Stanford University, summed up the situation as follows: “There is increasing concern that in modern research, false findings may be the majority or even the vast majority of published research claims. However, this should not be surprising. It can be proven that most claimed research findings are false.” (13) Dr. Richard Horton, the current editor-in-chief of The Lancet, perhaps the most respected peer-reviewed medical journal in the world, agreed. He wrote: “The case against science is straightforward: much of the scientific literature, perhaps half, may simply be untrue. Afflicted by studies with small sample sizes, tiny effects, invalid exploratory analyses, and flagrant conflicts of interest, together with an obsession for pursuing fashionable trends of dubious importance,
We unfortunately now live in a post-truth world. Invalid but compelling misinformation has become increasingly abundant, and trustworthy information has become ever harder to find. Developing effective ways of enhancing our ability to discriminate between the two, through tuning into our own inner guidance, becomes increasingly important. Research into the effects of diet and lifestyle have made it clear that our bodies have the ability to heal almost anything, so long as we give them what they need to heal, and so long as we stop doing what makes them sick. Of course, in practice this can prove rather tricky, as many people don’t have a clue to what their bodies need to heal, and have become sadly out of touch with respect to what they’ve done that made them sick. In my experience dreams, especially lucid dreams, can serve as an effective means of bringing this kind of information to light. For those with an interest in optimizing their own health and healing, developing an individualized Dreamatarian Diet makes an interesting and useful place to begin.

References

Lucid Dream Droughts and How to End Them

By Robert Waggoner © 2017

In four decades of lucid dreaming, I have experienced lucid dream droughts, or periods where more than six weeks would pass without a single lucid dream. But like the rains, the lucid dreams always returned, and sometimes in great abundance.

So what happened? How did the lucid dream drought begin? And how does it come to an end? In these five points, I hope to show you how to return to lucid dreaming after a drought:

1. Re-build Your Focus on Lucid Dreaming.
   In talking to lucid dreamers around the world and seeing my own experience, I have noticed that lucid dream droughts occur when I begin to focus almost all my energy on waking life and its various duties, hassles or emotions. For example, a big project at work or an ongoing disagreement with someone shifts all your attention and energy to the waking world. In effect, you have simply stopped focusing on lucid dreaming (or you feel too wiped out at the end of the day to care).

   The solution? Move past the waking life issues and create a positive focus on lucid dreaming! For me, this would mean reading about lucid dreaming in high quality books, or re-reading past issues of the LDE. As I read about various lucid dreams, especially before sleep, my mind begins to focus on the possibilities and joy of lucid dreaming. The ideas refocus my mind on lucid dreaming.

2. Establish New Intents.
   After one lucid dream drought, I asked myself, “If I became lucid tonight, what would I want to do?” Nothing came to mind. Not a thing. Nada.

   In this moment, I realized that a lack of ‘intent’ seemed behind the drought. Without an intent or goal/purpose, lucid dreaming loses its priority status and motivating force. I needed a new intent so I could get excited about the next lucid dream, and achieving that intent! You know what? I found that when I searched within, and found a heartfelt intent or curiosity. Then, within a night or two, I would have a lucid dream. Simply having a deep intent seemed to call forth the lucid dream. My friend, Ed Kellogg, often said something like, “Seek an intent that makes your heart sing!” A powerful intent carries powerful energy.

3. Look at Lucid Dream Blockages or Fears.
   Awhile back, I gave a workshop and had a delightful crowd of lucid dreamers. One person mentioned that they had not had a lucid dream in six months, and asked me the simple question, ‘Why?’ I told the person that it may involve something that happened about six months ago. For example, the person may have had a troubling lucid dream, or read something scary about lucid dreams on the internet. The person nodded, as if to say, ‘I’ll think about it.’

   The next day, the person came up and told me, “I thought about your comment, and then the answer hit me. Six months ago, I felt so excited about lucid dreaming, I talked to my dad about it. Then I asked him to watch the movie, Waking Life, with me. At the end of the movie, he made a comment that really hurt me. He said lucid dreaming seemed stupid and a waste of time. Since that day, I have not had a lucid dream.”

   Each case seems different. For one person, the lucid dream drought may connect to a fear, such as, ‘What if I met my deceased mother in a lucid dream?’ or ‘What if I _____ (fill in the blank)?’ Fears constrain us. They keep us in the small world of our comfort zone. In my experience, you have to resolve your fears in order to grow, as a person and as a lucid dreamer! Look within, and see if your lucid
dream drought connects to a fear or concern or something (e.g., my dad thinks it seems stupid).

4. Examine and Expand Your Lucid Dream Beliefs.
As I went deeper into lucid dreams, I had to face many unusual situations. Anyone who has read my first book can see the deep, deep journey. However, I realized some lucid dream droughts occurred when I had to ‘expand’ my beliefs about lucid dreaming. I had to let go of small beliefs, old beliefs, and accept new and larger beliefs.

For example, it seemed difficult to accept that in lucid dreams, you can engage a non-visible awareness behind the dream. I had to expand my belief system to allow for such a thing! Also, I see the fear or hesitancy in the lucid dream reports of others, the first time they reach out to this larger awareness— their question gets stuck in their throat, or they cannot speak at all.

During a drought, you may want to look at your last lucid dreams and see if they strive to get you to expand your limiting beliefs. You may find that you need to ‘surrender’ to the experience and allow for new possible beliefs.

5. Be Easy on Yourself!
Years ago, I received a note from a young man who had a long lucid drought. He said that he decided to re-read my first book and get his ‘head’ back into lucid dreaming. As he read it, he came across the chapter on the ‘reality creating’ principles of belief, expectation, focus, intent, etc. Then he did something amazing.

Instead of beating up on himself about the lucid dream drought, he began to energize his positive beliefs about his lucid dreaming ability! Every time he doubted himself, he stopped, mentally tossed out that belief, and inserted his new belief in his natural ability to lucid dream!

The result? He told me that within a week of starting this belief regimen, he had eight lucid dreams in one week! He said he had more lucid dreams in that week than the past eight months—all because he altered his waking life belief and stopped the negative, defeating inner chatter.

I hope one of these ideas will help bring the cooling and healing rains of lucid dreaming into your next lucid dream drought, and allow your mind to flourish with growth, creativity and inner beauty.
A Trustworthy Companion
By Ave © 2017

Dreaming is a trustworthy companion
deserving of time and energy.

My dream life can vary considerably from almost zero dream recall to complex and lucid dreams with perfect recall. If I had to generalize the conditions which are associated with dream ‘drought’ or active lucid dreaming, the condition and energy of my physical body seems to be of primary importance.

For example, a period of intense physical strain results in fatigue and I sleep more deeply than usual. My dream recall drops almost to zero, I feel no energy or interest to try any lucid dream induction technique and seldom gain lucidity. Some sleep deprivation for at least a few nights for whatever reason also steal my lucid dreaming energy as well as any ailment, inconvenience or imbalance puts my lucid dreaming skills under risk. Missing my dreams for a couple of nights already feels worrisome, as if I had lost my companion.

In contrast, on the nights of great lucid dreams I feel highly energized and filled with positive emotions such as excitement, thankfulness, happiness, satisfaction. In such cases I feel my physical and energy bodies perfect balanced, meaning I am really fully connected to the life in my body. On such nights I am easily developing hypnagogic or hypnompomic images or shapes, a foretelling indication of high energy so I can sink further into a lucid dream. As I am deeply enjoying these explorations on the border of sleep and awake, the only question is how to keep the ‘battery charged’ to have more frequent and lasting wonderland trips.

I have always striven to preserve my optimal energy balance: I sleep regularly and feel good going early to bed. Being in touch with nature, passing several hours a day in a forest or in the garden, performing some breathing exercises, and enjoying arts and beauty help me collect positive vibrant energy. I don’t hesitate to stop or give up any activity, work, or stressful situation which I find overloading and disturbing my dreaming track. The more I gain experience in dreaming and lucid dreaming, the more I get proof of how vitally important it is to stay connected to this inner larger awareness communicating to me through the dreams.

It is like saving time, energy, and attention for communicating with a trustworthy companion.
I’ve been a dream journaller for almost thirty years and a member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) since 2001. These facts are my credentials in the world of ‘normal’ dreaming. As for lucid dreaming, I’ve had both spontaneous and induced experiences, but in 2014 they ceased and have only just returned.

I don’t know what caused this drought. Lucid dreaming is a very personal experience; an induction method that works for one person will not necessarily work for another, and sometimes none of them seem to work. But what broke my drought may turn out to be the main ingredient for successful lucid dreaming.

First, let me talk about my success (or otherwise) of trying to induce a lucid dream. I first intentionally experimented in May 1997 when I followed the suggestions of the Lucidity Institute. I had two successful results very quickly, separated by a couple of days. Here are those dreams:

**Dream 1 (1¾ hours after going to bed):**
I entered a dream where I was asking someone about lucid dreaming. They gave me an audio tape, which I played. It was the voice of a woman telling me I was now going to go lucid, which I did. Her voice sounded strange and the dream quickly became unstable. I remembered what I’d read about spinning the dream body if you are losing lucidity and began to do this. It was hard at first but got easier and easier. Eventually I was spinning fast; it was an incredible experience, and I just kept saying to myself (as instructed) that the next thing I see will be another lucid dream. The lucid dream I got was quite sexual! [censored]

**Dream 2 (3½ hours after going to bed):**
I became aware I was dreaming as I was showing someone how to leave Extra Sensory Perception (ESP) messages by throwing them into a sort of ‘sea’ (for lack of a better description), an area where one could leave ESP messages. Everybody had their own ‘space’ in this ‘sea’. You had to throw the message into a particular area, otherwise it would dilute and disperse and be indecipherable. X (one of my lab technicians in ordinary waking reality) was with me and clearly had a natural ability. She said she was clairvoyant but I said it was nothing to do with clairvoyance, it was all about lucid dreaming.

Now you would think having had such great results I would have continued to experiment. But I didn’t. Experimenting with lucid dreaming takes patience, persistence, and (I thought) a lot of energy. Being a single mum of two boys and working part-time whilst also doing a PhD didn’t leave me with much spare energy. So I didn’t pursue it but I did relish my infrequent (about three times per year) spontaneous lucid dreams.

In 2008, with the sudden upsurge of interest in lucid dreaming (instigated I think by Robert Waggoner’s book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*), I decided to try and induce them again but had only limited success. What I needed was a lucid dreaming workshop. Sadly, Robert doesn’t often come to the UK but we do have a home grown teacher in the form of Charlie Morley, a practising Buddhist.

In May 2014, I attended Morley’s Lucid Dreaming Retreat on Holy Isle, located off the Ayrshire coast in the Western Isles of Scotland (an affiliated retreat centre of Samye Ling, a Tibetan Buddhist Monastery in Dumfries). With an ancient spiritual heritage stretching back to the 6th century, it was an ideal
place to focus on lucid dreaming.

I was there for five days, along with 20 other oneironauts. Each night, most of us slept in the Peace Hall where every 90 minutes Charlie would wake us. The idea is that if one is woken from REM sleep it is possible to enter a lucid dream from the hypnagogic state occurring just before falling back to sleep.

Did it work for me? Disappointingly, no. Even more disappointing, all my lucid dreams, spontaneous or otherwise, came to an end in October 2014, despite increasing my efforts to induce them.

Here I’d like to add an anecdote to explain how I chose the title for this article. On my journey back from Holy Isle, I’d stopped off in Douglas, a pretty little village in Lanarkshire, hoping to find some refreshment. Instead I found a 13th century chapel dedicated to St. Bride. An elderly gentleman doing maintenance in the graveyard offered to unlock the church (now mausoleum) to show me round. Inside were reposing marble statues of the affluent dead—one of which was Lady Lucy. Later I wondered if the Universe had been telling me that my lucid dreaming was dead, too, at least for the time being.

Without controlled scientific data it is impossible to say why this drought happened. Perhaps I was trying too hard. Perhaps the methods were too intense. In Charlie’s course, was I being woken at the wrong time for my sleep cycle? Was it that we dream less as we get older? Were my days were too full of distractions? Had I lost enthusiasm? Was it too much stress? It could have been all or none of these reasons; I only know that how I broke the drought wasn’t anything I did intentionally. My lucid dreams returned as a by-product of something else.

Shortly after attending Charlie’s course, my life fell into chaos for almost three years. Not only did my lucid dreams stop but I hardly remembered any dreams. This worried me because during every other stressful period of my life, the opposite had happened—my dreams had always increased in frequency and clarity. Why was this different?

I believe it was because I had lost my connection to what I call ‘spirit’ (but you can call it whatever you like: the conscious Universe; underlying reality; the awareness behind the dream, to quote Robert’s term; God; Allah; Buddha nature . . . ). I felt adrift and disconnected. So many things had gone wrong and I couldn’t make sense of any of it. Friends began to comment that I seemed to have become a magnet for bad luck.

But then, a little miracle happened. In quick succession, a series of synchronicities jumped up and slapped my face, forcing me to renew my commitment to Shamanic practice. And then, my dreams returned in profusion, including regular lucid dreams containing information and instruction.

This has left me with a new conviction about lucid dreaming: that believing in other levels of reality with our head doesn’t get results—we have to believe it in our heart. This conviction was reinforced while writing this article and browsing my photographs of St. Bride’s. As well as the life-size statues inside the mausoleum, there are two heart-shaped stone containers, holding the actual hearts of two of Lady Lucy’s ancestors. It seemed a neat synchronicity.

A belief in an underlying reality needn’t involve spirituality or religion or anything esoteric, but simply an acknowledgement that there is something unknowable and incomprehensible underpinning our existence. Perhaps a more universally acceptable concept is the idea of ‘quantum reality’. For if the fundamental ‘building block’ of the Universe is energy, then all things, even thought forms and mental constructs (including dreams), must be ‘real’ in the true sense of the word.

Perhaps once we’ve opened our hearts to this possibility, consciousness opens the door to some of its secrets.
Can Virtual Reality Technology Become the New Training Ground for Lucid Dreamers?

By Bill Murphy © 2017
Science Correspondent
Lucid Dreaming Experience Magazine

As an enthusiastic explorer of techniques that may increase my ability to become lucid while dreaming, I have tried different approaches with various degrees of success. While I am creative, with degrees in both art and television production, I always look for scientific explanations for the human experience including my own. With lucid dreaming, researchers have not reached a universal consensus on the best methods that could influence people to become aware they are in a dream. Even though I am fortunate to have many occasions where I recognize and can control my dreams, it has usually been a spontaneous event until I started writing for the Lucid Dreaming Experience (LDE) magazine. Authoring this column has led me to properly follow up on my own casual research and examine the published work of other lucid dreamers who document their experiences.

I’ve subjected my own dreams to self-analysis software provided by Falling Waters, a television series that aired on the USA Network about shared dreams. The website for the show had a survey that upon completion would create a graphical representation of the thoughts and feelings of the person who submitted answers to their questions. While this is a computer-generated artistic representation, it is analogous to a digital kaleidoscope that was created based on the answers I provided to a questionnaire the television producers posted. While this does nothing to help a person become lucid in a dream, perhaps thinking about the graphic before going to sleep could help a person set their intentions to enter a lucid state.

I’ve created soft head bands with embedded dry electrode electroencephalograms that would trigger an alarm when achieving brainwave frequencies that some researchers associate with lucidity. The goal of this project was to be awakened during a lucid dream and be able to recall the experience. This device worked well, and I attempted to launch this as a consumer product via a crowd funding website as a wearable accessory with mobile device software, so others who wanted to remember their dreams could possibly have a way of doing so. Unfortunately, the website was targeted by hackers who breached the security firewall nearly halfway into my campaign, which adversely affected our efforts. Although I decided not to

Graphic by Bill Murphy / Daydream View goggles by Google

Graphic generated by Bill Murphy using USA Network Falling Waters application
launch the campaign again, there are other similar headbands that may make it to the market that I hope will function as intended.

Being inclined to naturally become lucid, I also have used reality checks such as the token from Ryan Hurd called the Lucid Talisman. This is a high quality coin that works by the intended dreamer studying the fine details while awake, then setting an intention to look for the Talisman while dreaming. For me this was fairly effective, and it led to me making an effort to see how far I could push this approach to be able to comprehend details in other materials I encounter in my dreams, such as written documents. Text and numbers can be distorted in a dream but I was able to discern what seemed to be important information on at least one occasion, although I was unable to verify the accuracy of the document I viewed within the dream.

Practicing a physical task while both awake and in a lucid dream has shown to be beneficial for some individuals, and several professional athletes train for competition this way. For me, I try to achieve in a lucid dream what would normally be impossible while awake. Examples include transforming into other forms of matter such as mist or fire, or walking through walls. And of course there is the classic feat that many lucid dreamers go for, and that’s being able to fly. It remains a favorite goal for many people. I realized I could overcome gravity and soar over the treetops in my dreams before I was a teenager.

Since then I’ve traveled at what seems like faster than the speed of light to outside of our galaxy, all in the dream state.

All of these examples of various techniques to encourage lucidity can be found in past articles I have contributed to the LDE, but we’re now on the cusp of a new tool that may help those who are striving to gain control of their own dream state. Virtual Reality is accessible to the masses thanks to high performance computers and mobile phones that have all the processing power you need for an immersive experience. The goggles used for virtual reality that you slip your phone into are not something you can wear while sleeping, but as a tool to prepare for nocturnal adventures in slumber land, this may be useful.
Jayne Gackenbach, a psychologist at MacEwan University, has noted that subjects who regularly play video games will occasionally react to the stimulus in the real world in a manner that emulates game play. She refers to this as “game transfer phenomenon” and maintains it is not uncommon. According to a September 2016 article in *The Atlantic* magazine, Dr. Gackenbach shared that her research shows that this tendency to transfer an action performed in a game to the physical world also extends to the dreamscape. More specifically, it has been suggested that spending time in a controllable environment that is constructed in virtual reality could make a positive impact on controlling one’s dreams as well. Dr. Gackenbach surveyed virtual reality gamers who have reported they are able to enter a lucid dream state more often than those interviewed who do not engage in virtual reality simulations. The same article quoted Patrick McNamara, a neuropsychologist at Boston University who stated that “a virtual reality device is a simulation machine, just as the brain is.” Without the constraints the physical world imposes, these simulations are just what many people are hoping to achieve when entering a state of dream lucidity.

Other researchers are publishing similar findings, and I have had a few memorable results of entering a lucid state while dreaming on the same evening I have used my virtual reality equipment. The success of having a lucid dream is only apparent if you remember it so there are still hurdles such as waking up in time to recall it, and then make notes or a recording about it before the dream details slip away from memory. In my home, my wife usually wakes up before me and will prompt me as soon as I open my eyes to provide details of my dreams if possible. This has been a great help and it allows our home to be an informal two-person lab, of sorts, that permits us to acknowledge our own experiences but lacks multiple test subjects and a control group for comparison of results.

Here’s what I can say, however: I have been having an increase in the frequency of vivid dreams, and enjoyed a wonderful lucid dream that lasted long enough for me to fly and then reconfigure the environment. I consider being able to control several aspects of my dreams to be very successful, and this comes within months of acquiring and using my virtual reality gear.

Interacting with dream figures is another important goal, and in virtual reality it can seem like the avatars created by real people equipped with their own VR gear conversing with you in online social meeting spaces are similar to dream figures. The technology allows for the person you are near (in the virtual space) to hear you speak and they can hear you. This is facilitated through your VR systems microphone and a pair of headphones. You can “walk” towards people and interact with them or attend a conference and watch and listen to someone on a stage. Lucid dreaming author Daniel Love uses this technology as a platform for hosting a monthly gathering to meet and discuss lucidity with other dreamers and to share ideas. I found this method to feel remarkably similar to what it is like to interact with dream figures. I have learned through Robert Waggoner that it can be enlightening to really connect with dream figures. While using VR won’t necessarily reveal the source behind the dream, it does make for a good simulation and Daniel’s forum allows one to exchange knowledge with other dream researchers.

Like all emerging technologies, there will be a shrinking of components, additional bio-sensors will be layered in, and the software will continue to be refined. I would venture to say that considering the data coming in from various researchers, VR is already becoming a training tool for industrial use, a therapeutic technique for therapists treating those with PTSD, and virtual practicing for athletes. Perhaps soon it may be embraced by lucid dreamers.
In the not-too-distant future, an expert lucid dreamer will lie down to sleep in a magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) scanner. Non-metallic electroencephalogram (EEG) electrodes and near-infrared scanners (NIRS) will be attached to her scalp. Electrooculography (EOG) sensors will be gelled near her eyes; electromyography (EMG) sensors will be pasted to her arms, legs, wrists, ankles, elbows, knees and hips. EMG electrodes will be distributed around her mouth, chin and larynx; and our lucid dreamer will be primed to offer the world the first Magical Mystery Dream Tour—if she can fall asleep in such a contraption.

From a technological perspective, recording or reconstructing rudimentary dreams is a contemporary possibility with histories that go back to 1971. Separately, scientists and researchers around the world have reconstructed simple dream imagery (Horikawa 2013), decoded sub-vocal (dream) speech (Jorgensen 2006) and animated dream bodily movement (Oldis 2017). What these researchers have not yet done is come together (neuroscientists, speech professionals, kinesiologists, and computer programmers) to record a complete (though brief and blurry) dream.

There are several obstacles for such a “big dream” project. Funding for complex, interdisciplinary projects is a challenge, especially for projects with little short-term commercial, governmental or medical applications. While scientists, therapists and a curious public would likely welcome the accomplishment of an actual reconstructed dream (a dream movie), the cost and inconvenience of current technologies limit democratization of the procedure until hardware and expertise catch up to hypothetical medical and consumer applications of recorded dreams.

However, even greater than funding challenges, the primary obstacle to recorded dreams streaming on Netflix next year is training: in order to decode dream imagery, speech and motor behavior, the software needs to collect examples of visual, vocal and muscular neural patterns of the dreamer awake: watching, saying and doing normal-life stuff. These patterns or features of these patterns then become the set of possible dreamed elements to be matched to the dream experience and decoded.

And there’s the rub. “Set of possible dreamed elements,” of both “normal-life stuff” and non-normal stuff that dreams can contain is a pretty big set (though published neural feature patterns—color, shape, speech, facial, muscle, etc.—can help). The training cycle under MRI, NIRS and EMG recording is extensive and expensive. Example sets for visual imagery, voice patterns and muscle movements are large. And dream variability may further distort any trained example.

So, enter our lucid dreamer (call her Lucy). Lucy, an experienced lucid dreamer, has the ability to make dream action choices: walk to the tree in the distance; search for a lake; fly to a mountain; enter a house of a friend. Lucy, as an advanced oneironaut, can also, at times, manifest a specific dream scene on demand: an ocean beach, or a cabin in a woods, or a mirror in an attic. Lucy has learned how to make specific body movements in her dreams (move a leg or arm, make a fist) and make specific speech productions: “hello world,” “I’m flying,” “I see a river.”
The advantages for dream recording of a lucid dreamer are obvious. The training set and training time are vastly reduced. The lucid dreamer can train with a limited set of scenarios: walk toward a house, open a door and exclaim, “I’m walking into a house”; or run to a lake, jump into the water and holler, “Water feels great.” A lucid dreamer can be cued, if needed, by the technology; and, when lucid, attempt to enact one or two (or more) of the trained scenarios. Ideally, a lucid dreamer as the research subject will take us on a brief, but magical, tour of a simple dream.

Our Lucy may indeed become history’s first guide to the mysterious underworld of the dream and the first “it girl” of dream video.

For further reading on this fascinating topic, see:


For a long time, one of my primary goals included learning to achieve detachment from my expectations, as they often resulted in disappointment and suffering if not fulfilled. When stumbling upon the term “finger yoga,” I made up my mind to meditate with a suitable mudra in the waking state: Kshepana, the gesture of letting go. Surprisingly, on the same night this lucid dream occurred:

“Reunion with my Shadow”
Lucid, I run along an empty street until I notice a black shape in the distance. When it approaches me, I am startled to recognize my shadow which I already met in a dream a few weeks ago. The black, large panther is wandering around aimlessly, his eyes closed. While I wonder if it is blind, which would be unusual, I start to feel sympathy for this creature. So I walk straight towards the panther and embrace its neck, listening to its faint heartbeat. Suddenly, the animal opens his eyes, giving me a jerk. It stays by my side until the dream ends as a faithful friend and companion.

Having noted the correlation between the mudra and the lucid dream that followed, I decided to practice Kshepana directly in the dream world. Consider the unexpected event it evoked in this account:

“Singing Mantras”
Strolling on a beach after a group of holiday-makers, I hear by chance a handsome man speaking, pretending to be a god. This statement astonishes me because it reminds me of a short, lucid dream I had the same night where I witnessed several statues of Greek gods coming to life in a giant fountain. Is this a sign? I thoughtfully look at my hands and become lucid. Then, I instinctively go for a swim in the turquoise blue sea.

Having recalled my intent, I find a stone to stand upon while forming the Kshepana mudra in front of my heart. Instantly, I see a huge pair of hands in the sky, holding the same mudra, which gives me a shiver as I recall this position also symbolizes the “Buddhist seal of enlightenment.”

Spontaneously, I say aloud the mantra of the Vedanta philosophy I’ve been practicing in physical reality: “So’ ham!” (“I am in God, and God is in me.”) Immediately, a soft, female voice booms from above: “Sing with me.”

A wonderfully harmonic chant in an unknown language fills the sky. While swimming back to the shore, I try to sing along by humming and singing the only word I understand, “Anahata.” On a pier in front of me, I note an elderly, Indian woman in an orange sari, apparently waiting for me. “Continue your journey,” she tells me gently in the English language, “continue Anahata.”

I wake up detached and in a lighthearted mood.

Intrigued by having received explicit guidance from the Indian woman, I make up my mind to integrate the Anahata mudra I have already been practicing while meditating in my next lucid dream:

“Losing Fear”
This dream turns out to be a nightmare from the beginning: I firstly get frightened and secondly lucid by two ugly faces pressing against the window pane.

Quickly, I leave the strange, sinister house, only to find myself in darkness again with many menacing dream figures. Oh no! On second thought, I just go to my knees, surprised at the success of performing the complicated Anahata mudra without distortion of my fingers. Not paying attention to the murmuring dream figures, now surrounding me, I slowly close my eyes and start to recite the accompanying mantra of the heart chakra, “Yam.”

Then, something strange happens: the sound of the eerie voices gets increasingly dimmed by an invisible cocoon, engulfing my bodiless presence. I no longer
feel bothered—instead, I start to feel calm and safe.

I stay meditating in this position until I wake up, recording in my dream journal: Apparently, the Anahata mudra with its Bija (i.e. seed) mantra has a direct effect on the heart chakra, cleansing from within and bringing about emotional balance.

I selected the following challenging two mudras along with their recommended mantras still in the context of compassion, yet putting them into practice according to their assumed degree of intensity.

The next lucid dreams occurred successively on the same night:

“Feeling Love”
Awake and with my eyes closed, I notice that I must be in the hypnagogic state, so I wait until the swirling colors around me stop existing, and a new dream environment emerges.

Walking along a beautiful landscape, I find myself in front of a well-tended pond. Out of the blue, a pushy, dissatisfied Buddhist monk appears, mourning about the imperfection of humanity. Nevertheless, I firmly concentrate on my task, form the Hridaya mudra, the compassionate heart gesture for experiencing unconditional love, and solemnly pronounce the Sanskrit mantra: “Lokah samasta sukhino bhavantu” (“May all beings everywhere be happy and free”).

Right after my last word has fallen, I watch the entire atmosphere as through pink glasses, my heart filling with love and compassion. While the monk is still mumbling something in the background, the dream scene gets blurred and collapses.

“Nirvana”
I awake again, feeling myself floating slightly above my bed. At once, I try to leave the room by rolling to the side and landing on the floor. After having performed a reality test, I go straight into the hallway where a large window with the view of the night sky stands out. Fascinated, I open the window and enjoy this peaceful moment, looking at the sparkling blackness. Suddenly, I recall my task and get intimidated while forming the Nirvana mudra to awaken compassion in the yoga tradition. Still trembling with nervousness, I bow my head slightly and quickly announce this peace mantra towards the infinite sky:

“A-SATO MA, SAT GA-MA-YA
TA-MA-SO MA JYO-TIR GA-MA-YA
MRIT-YOR-MA A-MRI-TAM GA-MA-YA.”
(“Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.”)

And: “OM SHANTI SHANTI SHANTI OM.” (“Peace Peace Peace.”)

Instantly, I feel something is happening with the amount of light around me. When I look at the stars again, I am captivated by their greater graceful presence. Unexpectedly, they start approaching me and melt into a dazzling white light that encompasses me completely, leaving me standing in an entirely white, glowing area.

The description of the feeling I had upon waking goes beyond words. I lay awake for a few hours. The mysterious light which I had apparently called in the lucid dream, left a part of me feeling very clear and spacious. But another part of me felt disillusioned, as if my ego's knowledge of life seemed rather tiny. A feeling of guilt enveloped me while I thought about my veiled egocentric attitude, the sudden nothingness of my personality, relative to the real connectedness and equality of all things. Finally, I understood the true meaning of the expression “loving eyes,” generated in the symbolic imagery of the color pink that, together with green, is associated with Anahata, the heart chakra.

As far as I can see, the thorough combination of certain mudras and mantras while lucid dreaming seems to possess the potential to enable the dreamer to enter the realms of the unconscious in particularly profound ways. However, from my experience, while carrying out similar experiments, it is vital to regularly ground yourself emotionally in the waking state to keep in touch with the concerns of everyday life.

References

I’m outside at a cafe having a rich cup of coffee, enjoying a crisp morning. I’m not sure why I’m here or how I got here, but I ignore that for now and start thinking about my plans for the day. I can’t really think of anything I have to do today though. That’s strange. I reach for my cup of coffee and I notice a couple of extra fingers on my left hand. Am I going crazy? I give my hand a shake, and all of a sudden I count nine fingers on one hand! This is a dream, it has to be. It all makes sense: not knowing how I got here, not having any plans, extra fingers. I see everything around me so clearly, including the people and their faces.

I interrupt a couple sitting next to me, saying, “Sorry, this is going to sound strange, but are we in a dream right now?” They look at each other and then look back at me like I’m crazy, but they don’t say anything. How embarrassing; there’s nothing as humiliating as asking someone if we’re in the middle of a dream. So much for that theory. I guess I can’t come to this cafe anymore since people now think I’m a lunatic.

I casually grab a menu and hold it up to my face so I don’t have to make eye contact with the couple. I’m starting to feel very self-conscious mixed in with a lot of anxiety. But as I open up the menu, I notice something else that’s strange: I can’t read any of the menu items. The menu is written in English, but none of the words or letters make any sense to me, they’re all just kind of floating and wiggling on the pages. Again, this is very dream-like. This happens all the time in my dreams where I never seem to be able to read words.

All of a sudden, I feel a wave of confidence washing over me. This is a dream, I’m sure of it. My anxiety, worry, and doubt are completely gone. It’s the middle of the night, early Tuesday morning, and I’m fast asleep in my bed next to my wife. I should be ecstatic right now; I’m dreaming and I am completely aware that I’m dreaming! But I’m not ecstatic, I’m angry. I’m angry at the couple sitting next to me for making me doubt that I was dreaming. Why would they do that?

I put down the menu and go back to their table. I say “Fuck you! I knew I was dreaming beforehand, why did you have to look at me like that and make me doubt myself?” They both look at each other and smile. The woman looks at me and says, “Welcome, I’m glad you’re finally here.” It immediately dawns on me that this couple is not real, they’re projections that have been produced by my unconscious. Everything around me, in fact—the cars in the parking lot, the cafe, the trees, and the sky—are all projections from my own mind. This is my creation, and this couple

Getting Out of the Rut
By Nathan Garnett © 2017

I wanted a more active dream life but had been in a bit of a rut, so I decided to try something new. I decided to write out a fictional lucid dream in order to inspire real lucidity. As Robert Waggoner has mentioned, lucidity comes from motivation and expectation, so I thought what better way to motivate than write out a dream that would excite me and then read it before bed. As it turns out, it worked!

Here is the fictional dream I wrote that helped get me out of the rut:
represents a part of me, a part of my psyche.

This is a lot to process, but I’m excited. Still aware that I’m fast asleep, I sit down next to the couple, having to continually remind myself that they are me although they feel like strangers. I realize they represent a portal to my unconscious mind. They feel like best friends whom I’ve been avoiding my whole life. I have so many questions, but instead of asking one, I simply say, “I want to have a relationship with you, I want to listen to you more, and I want us to work together.” I’m aware of the ridiculousness of this, but I don’t care. After all, most of us go our entire lives ignoring our unconscious minds. But here I am with a direct line of communication with my unconscious, which stores an entire life of memories, emotions, wisdom, experiences and desires for my conscious mind to access. I say to the couple, “I can’t wait to chat your ears off and listen to all that you have to say. But not right now. We have a whole lifetime for that. Right now there’s something else I have to do.” They don’t say anything but they nod and smile and seem to understand.

Knowing full well this is all happening in my mind, where things like gravity can be ignored with enough focus, I start to float out of my chair and then hover a few feet above the roof of the cafe, looking down at the tops of the couple’s heads. I stay just like this for a minute, suspended in the air in total awe. It’s time, I tell myself, to fly.

My heart is pounding with excitement. My childhood dream of flying is literally coming true. I start off slow, soaring horizontally about 15 feet above the ground. I outstretch my arms like Superman. My speed increases, and I find the highway to fly above the cars. As I turn my head left, I fly left. I turn my head right, I fly right. I bob my head up and then down as I feel my body turn upward and then fall back toward the earth. I pull my head straight up as I shoot toward the sun, then let myself tumble back down and feel my stomach in my throat as I pull myself back up in the air right before I hit the ground.

This is euphoria. As I fly higher and higher above the trees and above the buildings, I realize this is just the beginning. I’m so happy I could cry. This is a whole new world happening inside of my mind that I can access every single night.

I think about all the places I could fly and about all the different ways to fly. I could fly fast, slow, I could hover, I could use a broom. I could find the tallest building, fly up to it, and just watch my dreams from there unfold like a movie to see what my mind is really capable of. I could shout out to the dream, my own unconscious, and ask questions. I could find people in the dream to talk to, I could even ask them what part of me they represent. I could have superpowers. I could practice activities for the waking world. I could explore the depths of my mind. I realize I’m only limited to my imagination, and then I realize this is the case in waking life too. The only reason any of us are limited is because of our minds. I’m starting to get overwhelmed about the potential of all of this. I feel the need to start making plans about what to do next in my dreams.

I look around, still fully conscious that I’m asleep and dreaming. This is amazing. My brain is amazing, how can it produce all of this? Look at how real everything looks and feels. What a wild adventure this has been. I’ve never felt more excited about just being present, both in the waking world and the dream world.

I realize that dreams aren’t just an escape or a weird thing that happens while we sleep. Our dreams are us trying to communicate with ourselves. They’re saying “Wake up! Look at this! Look at what you can do! Look at what I’m trying to tell you! Look at how amazing all of this is!” My mind is completely blown. I wake up feeling grateful, excited, and full of wonder and joy. This is how it must feel to be alive.
“He and I”

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2017

I believe this is a fine example of how it can sometimes take years for the significance of a lucid dream to reveal itself.

A few months ago, I came across a book entitled *He and I* by Gabrielle Bossis. I had never heard of this book or author—or so I thought. When I began reading, how Christ spoke to Gabrielle felt so right and true to me that I was compelled to find out more about the woman who had recorded the Lord’s intimate communications with her. Her name kept ringing a bell inside me. Eventually I remembered a lucid dream from years ago, the significance of which had remained a mystery. I had entitled that dream “Gabrielle 1873.”

Excerpt from my Lucid Dream, “Gabrielle 1873,” of March 8, 2013:

Almost on the ground now, I resign myself to finding a door to use the key on, hoping it will lead directly to the beach, where my lucid dreaming friend James and I are trying to meet. But I’m not happy with that. I do the usual thing of trying to find a way through the buildings by climbing through a window, and looking for an exit in the direction I want to go, but I have no patience for this anymore. Exasperated, I head back outside, sensing that gravity has become more realistic and that just flying away isn’t an option for some reason. I perch on the thick, braided, dark-green “rope” of a traffic signal and walk across it like a tightrope, holding on to James’ key, which transforms, shedding two smaller keys and becoming the correct shape and color but easily three times bigger than the actual waking reality key. This seems odd but somehow promising.

The traffic signal “tightrope” leads me into the thick white branches of a tree. The city feels different around me, more quaint and residential. The tree is a barrier to my desire to move on to my destination, yet its intricate and complexly curving ascending limbs provide an irresistible obstacle course. I make my way up it, and am intrigued when I perceive a white door looming just above me to the right. It’s gratifying when I feel the movement and hear the deep “click” indicating success.

I push open the door and look inside. Below me, as though I’m viewing it from an open upstairs foyer, I see two small gas lamps, delicate antiques, their glass tops gently beveled and a soft white, very distinct. They are part of a similarly elegant but subdued decor, clearly a woman’s house or apartment. The modest living area opens onto a kitchen, in which I can just make out a woman’s figure to the far left, apparently working over the stove. As she turns and walks into the living area, she says, “Come in, dear.”

She is an older woman with white hair, a little stout, wearing a long white dress simply cut, and she is really there, not a vague Dream Figure. She feels very nice and welcoming, and I sense something important is going on here. Seriously intrigued, I ask, “Who are you?” and she replies, “Gabrielle, 1873.”

I become aware of another woman in the room—all dressed entirely in white—when she comes to stand beside the older woman close to a black fireplace mantle, and they both smile up at me. I ask, “And who are you?” She doesn’t respond, so I address the white-haired woman again, “You did say 1873?” She confirms that she did, while in her hands gently turning a rectangular object that appears to be part of an antique clock. Looking at the younger woman again, I say, “And I assume you are also Gabrielle?” She simply smiles up at me again without replying, and I slowly wake.
I used a golden key to open the white door into Gabrielle’s apartment, located in a massive white tree that seemed to join heaven and earth, comparable to the proverbial Tree of Life but also the Living Vine spoken of by Jesus. At the time of this dream, I had no clue that lucid dreaming was leading me on a path in keeping with Christian mystical tradition. After I re-read my dream, I went online to learn more about Gabrielle Bossis. I came across some forums where other Christians were asking about her and her book, wondering if her personal revelations had been approved by the Church, and if it was “safe” to read *He and I*. I learned the Imprimatur for her book was given by his Excellency Jean-Marie Fortier, Archbishop, Sherbrooke, Quebec. From Wikipedia: “An imprimatur (from Latin, “let it be printed”) is an official declaration from the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church that a literary or similar work is free from error in matters of Roman Catholic doctrine, and hence acceptable reading for faithful Roman Catholics.” I was glad to hear it, but not surprised.

At first, nothing I read about Gabrielle seemed to relate to my dream except her name, until I found out she had been born in 1874, which meant she was likely conceived in 1873. This provided another tenuous link to my dream. But it was not until I saw a photograph of the inside of her home, and a photo of her as a very young woman, that I began to think my dream had, indeed, foretold my discovery of *He and I*, and how deeply it would resonate with me.

In the image of her home, I saw sitting on a table a clock nearly identical to the clock I had seen the Gabrielle of my dream holding in her hands as she stood beside a black fireplace mantle, which was also in the image. The feel, style, and decoration of her home matched the one from my dream. And another photo of Gabrielle as a very young woman dressed entirely in white also seems to have been glimpsed beforehand by my dreaming soul. Then I read the accompanying text:

“On very rare occasions in her early life, Gabrielle had been surprised by a Mysterious Voice, which she heard and felt with awe, and sometimes anxious questionings, which she perceived to be the Voice of Christ. It was only at the age of 62, however, that this touching dialogue with the ‘Inner Voice’ began in earnest, continuing (at least in her notes) until two weeks before her death on June 9, 1950.”
—From Mystics of the Catholic Church.

This seemed to explain why I had seen an old woman and a very young woman standing side-by-side in my dream, and had mysteriously known they were the same person. A few days later, I learned that Gabrielle had been born on February 26, 1874, which meant that she had, indeed, been conceived in 1873.

I cannot, and have no desire to, prove Gabrielle Bossis truly was the Gabrielle from my lucid dream. But having learned that certain dreams can indeed offer us glimpses of the future—as well as reveal and unfold for us the deepest secrets of our minds and hearts—I feel free to embrace the possibility that I was blessed with a dream that encourages me to trust Gabrielle’s book, which so greatly resonates with me personally. In another lucid dream I had a couple of years after this one, I applied for the position of “Secretary to the Lord” for which I was handed an application. Not long afterward, I began writing *Lucid Dreams and the Holy Spirit*.

Maria Isabel Pita
http://lucidlivingluciddreaming.org/
http://lucidfriendfinder.com/dreamshares/
http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/
In a series of three dreams, I journeyed to a wondrous city.

In the first dream, I found myself on an incredible journey. I knew that I was travelling somewhere far away from the waking reality. I did not think of it as a dream, it felt more like being in an older realm of magic. I felt as though I was being pulled towards somewhere that had immense power, as well as following a calling, almost like a song. In the dream, I was ecstatic and privileged to finally be travelling towards this place.

As the sun began to set, I found myself on the steps of a white marble hotel, set high on a cliff, overlooking the sea. The colours of the sunset seemed to permeate the walls of the hotel, creating gently coloured forms in the air all around me. Everything seemed to intermingle; everything had consciousness, and I was part of that consciousness.

I set off early on my path the next morning. I knew it was a long journey, and then the dream faded.

The second dream happened a few months later. I found myself on a beach and suddenly remembered my journey. I recalled the purpose of the journey and the destination. I felt incredibly physically strong in the dream and found a canoe. I started to paddle along the coastline, to find the inlets that led inland.

I then had an outer body experience, where I flew upwards for an overview of the destination. From the sky, I could see the coast and various canals and deep inside folds of green moss. I could make out a wondrous city. It was Venice in the dreaming.

Flying back into my body in the canoe, I felt an amazing rush of power and excitement. I knew I could find this city and experience everything that was there. As I paddled, the sea became turbulent. The stronger I paddled, the more the sea pushed me backwards along the coastline.

The power of the sea eventually overcame my physical strength, but I was left with a reassuring feeling that I knew this place existed and I knew how to get there.

About a year later, I had the third dream. In this dream, I travelled to the city from the mountains. I’d been walking for many months, surrounded by the flowing colours. I was so thrilled to arrive on the outskirts of Venice and found a hotel which overlooked one of the outer canals. I stepped out of the hotel, to wander and take in the evening air.

Outside the hotel, I was approached by a man of the cloth. He held his hands humbly in front of him and, bowing his head, greeted me with a gentle smile. He said, “We’re so glad you’ve arrived. We’ve been waiting for you.”

I excitedly exclaimed that it had taken me three dreams to get here and I couldn’t believe that I’d finally arrived. He smiled patiently and then asked, “Do you have a guidebook?” I told him that I did not, but I could probably buy one the next day or just wander about.

He told me that this was not possible and went on to explain, “You see, without a guidebook you will only see the veneer of Venice. You won’t be able to access anything behind the façade. This city is so full of wonderful things, immense things beyond your understanding. You really do need a guidebook.” Then he added, “And of course, you also won’t be able to visit the places that lie beneath
the canals, the subterranean world.” He then opened out his hands in a gesture of condolence and said, “Well, you made it! You know where it is and are always welcome back here, but you do need to bring a guidebook.” With a reassuring smile, he left.

It has been about three years since I dreamt of Venice in the dreaming and I’ve never been back. Part of me was slightly disappointed upon waking from the last dream, but I also had a sense that the experiences awaiting me there were something that I wasn’t quite ready for, that I needed more preparation.

Interestingly, I’ve also been to the real Venice three times and I find it utterly magical. I’ve experienced many ‘overlays’ whilst wandering the streets, where the aging, crumbling buildings will suddenly transform into perfect stonework and faint images of people from another time wander past me, chatting and laughing.

One day, I found myself in a tiny side street, which ended in a small quiet canal. As I stared at the mesmerising colour of the water, I had an outer-body experience. I was one of a group of four people. We were walking one behind the other, down a set of steps into the canal. As the steps ended, we found ourselves in a candlelit cavern beneath the streets. We all emerged from the water into the cavern one by one, perfectly dry. We were on our way to who knows where, but I knew it was going to be wonderful.

Perhaps I should try to focus on dreaming about bookshops. Maybe one night, I will find my elusive guidebook and then I’ll be on my way again.
Steve Racicot ● Dream Experience
Flows Into Waking

I know that I’m sleeping, but there are no dream images—only darkness. Since I am lucid, I create a door in the darkness in front of me, open it, and head down a long tunnel with the intention that I will get to the source from which my life comes. I feel a fire-like warmth burning on top of my head. I feel great speed. But wait, I think, why am I headed out? I get the feeling I should be headed IN—into my heart. Turning about, I hold that intention and head back within. Again I’m moving at great speed. “What is the source?” I keep asking aloud.

I awaken in bed holding my beloved Anna. I really have awakened, yet I seem to be in some kind of altered state of consciousness. I feel heat around our hearts. It is as though there is a sphere of heat with our hearts inside it. This sphere feels blue in colour. Then, even though I’m awake, I see this sphere and it is blue. I feel a flood of love for Anna. I hear my heart beating loudly in my ears. After a long time of lying there holding Anna, I finally get up and write this poem:

This I Know
God is here now
In the drumbeat of my heart
God is here now
In the embrace of my Beloved

Laurance ● Gratitude and Offerings

For me, it seemed like a lucid-dream drought. Normally having several such dreams a month, I hadn’t had one for some time. Then, for whatever reason, the lucid-dream tide came in for several nights before receding again. On one of the nights, I had my longest lucid dream ever, a powerful one with some thought-provoking insights in addition to the usual lucid-dream fun. Unfortunately, due to its length, I forgot many of the dream’s early plot elements, recalling just bits and pieces. For example, I remembered levitating another man to prove we were dreaming.

Later, as the dream began to fade and dim, I asked for increased clarity. Immediately everything became more bright, intense, and vivid, including my visual and taste perceptions. Taste-wise, knowing I was dreaming and, hence, could abuse my diet, I devoured a hedonistically delicious dessert, roughly resembling a rich raspberry, chocolate mousse.

Somewhat later, I decided to dive off the top of the building and fly around, hesitating briefly to make sure I was, indeed, dreaming. As I flew around, I gracefully did loops and other aerial maneuvers, and finally dove into a bed with a gorgeous blonde, a woman I seemingly knew well in the dream, but not in waking life. Managing to suppress my more libidinous instincts, I told her the special feelings and appreciation I had for her—indicating that because I was dreaming I didn’t need to hold back my true feelings (i.e., I was detached from the outcome in the dream state).
In Your Dreams!

The experience was cathartic and blissful. While still dreaming, I realized that opening up and expressing such feelings in dreams catalyzes a soul expansion more difficult to accomplish in waking life. For me, this understanding became a sort of “the-truth-will-set-you-free” transformative event that percolated into my waking consciousness and perceptions. Finally, in a powerful dream conclusion, a man advised me that if I wanted more lucid dreams, I should express gratitude and give offerings before and after every lucid dream, a statement I’ve been mulling over ever since.

Lucy Gillis ● A Kind of Bliss

Towards the end of a long dream of being on a huge campus with two friends, I am now on my own, exploring the place. At some point I stop to watch all the people around me, bustling about, lots of activity. I notice that there seems to be no roof above us, and yet I am ‘inside’ a large building. I look up, and see that someone has thrown a white ball or a baseball into the air. Three seagulls follow it as it suddenly takes a strange curving path in the blue cloudless sky. Something feels wrong; I know the ball’s path is not physically possible, it should not move like that, but before I actually articulate that thought to myself, it is dawning on me that this is a dream.

I walk away, down a few stone steps, ducking under a low stone slab or lintel, into a small courtyard-like space. Ahead of me is a beautiful leafy tree. I can still make out the deep green of the leaves, in the now quiet dusky evening. I try to rise in the air, to further prove to myself that I’m dreaming, and do so easily, pausing to hover for a few moments, enjoying the pretty courtyard.

Then I begin to rise higher, as though my shoulders are directing me upwards, but on a slight angle, leaning back. I continue to rise, seeing city lights below me, getting smaller as I go higher and higher, until rising through a cool grey mist I can’t see them anymore.

Soon the mist gets thicker, darker, like storm clouds, and I wonder if I’m rising up through the atmosphere, on the way to outer space. Suddenly, I’m on my back, easily supported, still rising, in the dark skies, but not by my own conscious will. Almost without thinking I blurt out to the dream, “Take me to the highest!”

But then, I over-think what I’ve said, and say, “Inner Self, take me to the highest!” Still not satisfied with my own request, I then say, “God of Lucy, take me to the highest!” At the same time as I am ‘correcting’ myself, I feel a slight movement, as though my changing of phrases disrupts the easy, supportive rise through the skies.

Abruptly, I then find myself back on the campus, standing in the courtyard, inside yet outside, looking through a big stone window without panes—more like a large square hole carved out of a stone wall. I look up at Orion, its stars blazing brilliantly in the clear night sky. A part of me thinks I must not have flown up through the clouds, because the sky here is completely clear. Another part of me ‘corrects’ that assumption and gently suggests that I travelled through my own mental atmosphere, or atmosphere of my psyche.

But I’m not concerned as to the ‘answer.’ I am captivated by the night sky. In the still and silent courtyard, I stand in awe, gazing up at the magnificent starry sky, feeling a kind bliss.

Ron Grubman ● Hypnagogic or Lucid?

I recently restarted recording my dreams in order to have more frequent lucid dreams, a sometime practice of mine since 1982. One early morning I was awake but attempting to fall back asleep, hopefully directly into a lucid dream.

As usual, I was in the hypnagogic state with associated imagery. Then I noticed that the image had suddenly changed to a view of a rock-strewn mountainside that I was examining very closely and in beautiful detail, including a sparkling white knob protruding from a little indent in the rocks.

Immediately I recognized that this kind of detail was characteristic of my lucid dreams, and I said, “Okay, I am in a lucid dream.” Now comes the bad news: My next thought was, “No I am not dreaming yet, I am still hypnagogic.” I guess I believed that, despite the fact that in thousands of hypnagogic experiences I had never before seen this lucid-like view. Too bad, because I woke up and missed the opportunity to expand the lucid dream. There is a lesson in here somewhere.
Jim Feichtl • *Dinosaur Trigger*

It seems like the start of this dream is at the house where I grew up in Eastern PA. I’m at a golf course just down the street (where there is no golf course in waking reality), in a clubhouse with other people. I’m trying to find out where the first tee is but none of the dream figures will tell me anything. Finally I see a course map and figure out where to go. I start to go there carrying my golf bag (I never carry my bag in waking reality), which seems to have no weight.

As I start to walk on the path which should lead me to the first tee, a group of strange-looking creatures come running alongside of me (brightly colored, feathered dinosaurs, but only about three feet tall). One of them bumps into me. This jolts me into thinking this might be a dream. To check I try jumping up. On the first jump nothing happens. I try again and on the second jump I take off flying and I realize I am in a dream, but everything goes dark, like I closed my eyes.

I try to force myself to open my eyes and when I finally do I lose lucidity and dream that I wake up in the bottom bunk bed of my youth. I think that I should write down my lucid dream information in my journal (which I placed next to my waking reality bed). I look for the journal, but instead find lots of different kinds of greeting cards (birthday, Christmas) on the stand next to my bed. A radio is on, then my brother enters the room. I have the journal, but I can’t really write anything. Then I actually do wake up.

Ilucid305 • *Keep Going*

I become lucid and walk a bit, but the dream is always fading the last two times so I ask the dream to show me what I need to do.

A white lady with glasses has a book next to her. I read the titles of the book; it has words like ‘rise,’ ‘press up,’ and they keep changing. I start to walk forward. Off in the distance I see a mountain with the mouth of a tiger made out of rock. I think to myself I could just fly there but then think, ‘No.’ So I start to walk and it’s hard to move forward but I just force myself to do so. As I am walking, I’m touching and feeling all the plants on the way; it reminded me of Honduras for some reason. The plants and trees feel so real it’s unbelievable. I get to a part where the street ends, and then there’s a canal.

The dream starts to fade but I rub my arms furiously and it comes back. A couple of steps ahead of me there is a house. It’s in my path so I jump on top of it to see what’s behind it. When I get on top of that one, there’s a bigger house behind it. These houses look old and reddish-orange—I’m thinking a bit of an Asian theme, but not too obvious. They’re also connected to each other. Then I jump on the next one. In one of the windows I see a man wandering around inside. But I go on to the one after that; it is so big that I don’t think I could make the jump so I think about my strategy and while I’m thinking the dream fades.

Johnny Hanson • *After the Drought*

I had been frustrated with my lack of lucid dreaming for months. Then on the first night that I quit smoking I had the most elaborate lucid dream I’ve ever had. I had to wake up enough to remember it . . . but realized if I had continued sleeping I would have forgot. I think my lucid dream “drought” is more of not being conscious enough to recall my dream experiences. Withdrawals are not the best thing to seek. I find this to be one of many ways to improve dream recall. MILD technique has worked. Drinking coffee before a nap has worked. For some reason, eating sugary, fruity candies before bed have worked for me, too! Especially Starburst and Airheads. Here is my dream from that night:

I am in some sort of dark maze, kind of like a petting zoo as well. I remember seeing rats. I had my cat Scratch (who died years ago) with me, and my family was there. I interacted with my brother Brent.

At some point I am in a sort of two-story cabin interacting with my family. They are all getting ready for bed. I see my cat, but it appears to be Legion this time. She seems scared and upset, even scared of me. I try to get her, to hold her, but she keeps evading me. I eventually grab her, and she is freaking out. I pet her to calm her down, and she
won't calm down. I think if I put my face up to her face and rub heads that it'll be reassuring to her, but am afraid because of how upset she is. When I put my face up to her, she tries to bite me, so I drop her to the ground. I think, "Legion wouldn't do this, I must be dreaming."

I wake in the cabin and think about the dream, wondering about the meaning of it. Suddenly, I realize that I don't think I brought Scratch back from the maze thingy! I get excited at the thought that she may have communicated to me in the dream for help, since I left her there. I realize it's been two hours, so I scramble in the kitchen looking for cat food to bring outside to find her. I can't find it. I wake my Mom and she gets annoyed at me. I tell her what I'm doing. She eventually directs me to the food. I am panicking, but I begin to recall what happened and suddenly realize that even the maze thing was a dream—my cat is fine. After retracing my steps to the present moment, I realize I am currently dreaming.

I get excited, tell my family that I'm dreaming and walk outside. I start telling myself that I'm dreaming as my awareness arises and intensifies. I am walking down a street surrounded by tall trees, and the vividness and beauty of the surroundings intensify with my awareness. Instead of flying or controlling the dream, I surrender to the dream, opening up my arms, then looking to the sky, and yelling to the dream, or greater awareness and even "God," to show me what I need to see or know. I am more lucid then I ever remember being before, full of curiosity and suspense at what could happen as I remain open to what the dream wants. As I do this I can see the sky is dark bluish with the tops of trees in my vision.

Everything is beautiful and vivid and the trees begin to move as if breathing, and then begin to move in a spiral, until a full spiral forms in the center of my vision and symbols and shapes randomly appear and disappear as fractals. The sky behind it turns black and the fractal images disappear until I'm in nothing but blackness. I start to wonder if I'm still dreaming or if the intensity of what I just saw woke me up. I think I must just be laying down with my eyes closed. I try to be aware of my actual body asleep in bed, and open my eyes. I feel myself in a state of sleep paralysis, and remain calm until I feel string around my neck, choking me. I panic and start thrashing and pulling at the string. I awake to a bed with strings wrapped around my neck and arms, attached to some kind of medical spinal board next to me in the bed. I recognize I'm in the cabin again and yell repeatedly for help as I get myself free and out of bed. My Dad runs up and asks me what's wrong. I realize I'm still dreaming and immediately wake up (for real this time), while still yelling for help.

Dee • Cats

I'm not sure when I realized what was happening in my dreams was real. My first memory is from when I was 10, shortly after my cat, Sassy, was euthanized from old age. Each animal I have had since then has had the same beginning, middle and end. The only difference is the time in my life.

Sassy came to me in my dream, real, rubbing up against me. I sat with her, petted her and told her how much I love her and miss her. She showed up off and on for at least two more years. The dreams seemed to be the same: she would show up, and I would sit with her, pet her and tell her I loved her. The last time she showed up, I sat with her, petted her, and she looked at me. I told her I know that she has to go and I will miss her. I opened the door to the house in which we lived, walked with her outside to the backyard and there was her grave, unearthed. She turned to me, and I kissed her one last time and walked back into the house.

When I was 14, my cat Piojo, died in my house and we did not find her for two days. I dreamt that she was waiting for me. She came to me in my dreams and would run under the bed. I told my mom that she was still in our house. The dreams came more and more. I told my mom that she was visiting me in my dreams and she was still in our house. The last dream I have of her was when she appeared in my room and I sat and pet her. I told her she was a beautiful kitty and that I missed her and will miss her. I did my best to make peace with her that night as she had a rough life by
way of harassment by the other cats and my sibling, who was at that time a hurt soul. She sat on my lap, curled up and slept for awhile as I pet her. She awoke, looked at me and I said I knew it was time for her to go. She walked to the back door (a different house); I opened it and there was her grave. I said one last goodbye and never saw her again.

This has happened with all my cats since. Two of them, Pandora and Natasha, actually communicated with me with words. They were not long, drawn out conversations, but basic words. Pandora told me that I was a good person and I did my best for her. Natasha told me that I was her mama. All of the animals who come to me after they have died feel real; they are warm to the touch, they smell real, and they are real. All of them say goodbye in their own ways and all of them walk out the back door and I never dream of them again.

S. Mayer • *Dream School, Mirror Play & Teen Avatars*

This dream began in a luxurious mansion with spacious and uniquely-designed modern rooms. There was a living room that had a long sweep of windows, each with a grid of tiny glass panes that let in a gorgeous yellow light. A young woman appeared and said that she lived in the upstairs apartment which had an ocean view. I felt a touch of jealousy.

The scene switched to a vast industrial space. It was visually arresting which triggered my lucidity. I looked around in astonishment. (These moments are always a bit of a shock.) I continued to investigate this space, finding access to a small airport. FedEx packages and other items were being loaded onto a plane. Back in the main room, I found an area used for food preparation. I scooped up a handful of flour from a burlap sack. It felt perfectly lifelike.

However interesting this place was, it was dark and industrial—I did not want to waste precious lucidity in such an ugly environment. I walked by a big, gaping window and realized that I was way up in the sky. Below was a grid of iron girders and mist. I jumped out of the window and started free-falling. Each time I hit a girder I felt a slight pressure difference. I kept falling and falling through murky darkness.

Suddenly I could see the ground. There were brightly colored shipping crates and industrial buildings with workers milling about. (I was having trouble escaping the ugly industrial sprawl.) A building came into view with thick, cement walls. On a whim, I decided to pass through it. This time the resistance was strong, but I made it through to the interior.

Now, I was in a cluttered Victorian room with very high ceilings. A young, brunette dream-teacher was already instructing two students how to better control their flying and floating abilities. I took part in the next lesson, which required us to assume a slight angle and then gently float up to the ceiling and down again. A little bored with this, I started doing complete back flips, like an astronaut. I asked the teacher if she taught dream meditation. She replied that this WAS a meditation technique.

I drifted away from the lesson and investigated the room's wacky decor. On one wall was a series of elf portraits and high on a corner shelf was a goofy model of an orange cat with big blue eyes. Then, I saw an ornately-framed, oval mirror. This was an exciting lucid dream opportunity that I have only rarely experienced. I looked into the mirror and was relieved to see a fairly accurate representation of myself—only I looked around 20 years younger. I smiled and noticed that my reflection did not smile back, which was rather unnerving. I tried for several more seconds to make my reflection smile, but instead my mirror eyes turned yellowish and sinister. I decided to end this experiment.

I floated out of this room through a window and wound up on a busy city street filled with shoppers. I hovered over them, occasionally running my fingers through their hair to see if they could sense my presence. Most of them did not notice me at all. Sometimes an arm would shoot up, as if to wave away an annoying fly. I also tried putting my hand through peoples’ bodies. Again, most people took no notice of my antics. I decided to try acting normal, by walking instead of hovering. No one seemed to notice or care, so I went back to flying.
I floated into an empty chocolate shop. Since no one was around, I took this opportunity to steal some chocolate, giving a box to a group of teenage girls who had been staring longingly at the window display. The chocolate made them very happy. I asked them who they were. They said they were my old high school friends. They seemed a little hurt that I did not recognize them. I looked more closely at each of their faces and was surprised to see that their skin was blue and green, like in the movie Avatar.

My husband appeared in the dream. I had an idea to show him how amazing lucid dreams are. I declared, “Take us to the moon!” We started moving through pitch blackness. Then I saw the moon, but it was a ridiculous, poorly-sculpted plastic model of the moon. I said, “Take us to the REAL moon!” The dream presented me with a somewhat better moon, but it was still rather disappointing. I apologized to my husband. (Lucid bragging seems to be a bad thing.)

The usual culprits were causing the dream to break up: staring too long at one item and a lack of focus. I briefly woke up and dipped back into lucidity. I suddenly thought to ask, “Show me something important!” But it was too late. Nothing materialized. I woke and wrote down my dream, but the apartment looked a bit odd. All the windows were open and the neighbors were looking in. Then I realized that I was still dreaming. Finally, I woke up for real and wrote down this dream. It was one of my longest lucid dreams. They are always such fun. Dream on!

Jim Feichtl • Elephants, Horses and Dogs

I’m walking down a tree-lined country road. There is a large fallow farm field to my left and a beautiful blue sky. The colors are striking. As I am gazing up at the sky two gray, winged elephants slowly fly across my field of vision. I think, “That’s odd, this must be a dream,” so I try leaping up. I begin flying and realize I am in a dream.

Everything stays brightly lit this time. I believe I did a little flying, but really did not have any intended destination, so I just sort of stayed where I was. I did find my hands while I was flying. I am just sort of soaring over the field I had seen from the road.

Three horses come running up under me. I distinctly know there are three of them, but they move like a single entity. They stop under me and turn into one horse-sized dog and one small dog, but still like they are one entity. They start barking, but the sound is muted. As I strain to hear the sound it seems maybe they aren’t barking, but actually speaking words—but I cannot make out the words. I remembered to ask for clarity, but nothing happens. I wake up.

RickM • A Test of Faith

In the dream, I was walking through a parking lot on a bright, sunny day and saw a large gathering of people. Moving closer, I spotted an old business associate giving them a presentation. He was smiling as he talked, looking very confident, and his audience seemed engaged.

It suddenly occurred to me: this must be a dream, since I have been retired for a while. To confirm my lucidity, I made an attempt to fly by taking a short leap; however, this was unsuccessful and I ended seated on the ground. Now questioning myself, I noticed the asphalt my hand was resting on had no warmth. Moving the cheek of my face toward the pavement to get a better measurement, it penetrated the ground, so I decided to move entirely through to get a closer look.

Once across, I was in complete darkness and felt myself descending at a good rate. It appeared very clear the destination was hell. Typically excited about traveling to new dimensions while lucid, I had mixed feelings about what I might encounter. Asking myself, “Do I really want a meeting with the devil or a tour of his estate?” it struck me that what I was doing was greatly displeasing to God. Looking up from the darkness I prayed, “Lord, please return me to the surface and I will never try this again.”

With lightning speed, I shot back only to awaken. Feeling relieved with my choice, I have now decided to leave Dante’s Inferno (Part II) to someone else.
Johnny Hanson ●
**Lucid Dream Within Dream**

Just a few nights after having my most elaborate lucid dream, the night after quitting smoking cigarettes, I had another lucid dream, where I had lucid dream sex for my first time.

Here is the dream:

I am at a cabin with random classmates from different classes I've taken over the years. A friend is here, along with a couple of males and females that I didn't know very well. I fall asleep on a couch in the cabin while my classmates interact in the same room. I begin to dream and in the dream within the dream, I have a realization that all my dreams are real memories, from a superposition of memories, based on the many worlds theory in quantum physics—that dreams are actually real.

I keep partially waking up in the cabin, going back and forth between the dream and the cabin, as I drift in and out of sleep. I begin to sleep talk, telling those in the cabin that I am simultaneously in the dream world and waking reality—that the separateness is an illusion. I tell them that time as we know it is irrelevant in this state, and I can cross dimensions of time at will through dreams.

I see my friend from school hovering over me; she is looking and listening to me curiously. I think to myself that I should wake up to have a clear memory of what is happening. I wake into the cabin and tell my classmates of my experience. After interacting for a bit, my classmates start to all cuddle together. They invite me but I feel uncomfortable and leave. I think about the dream experience I just had and recognize that I'm still dreaming!

I become lucidly aware and excitedly contemplate what I should do. I see various dream characters and approach them, telling them excitedly that we are all in a dream. Each of them defensively replies that it isn't true, this isn't a dream.

I decide to focus on the dream characters. I feel in awe at the detail and beauty of their features. I recognize that they all seem unconscious, too. I approach this beautiful black female dream character, and am struck by how beautiful she is as I inspect her face closely. I am drawn to kiss her, and this leads to awesome lucid dream sex (first time this has happened), which causes me to lose lucid awareness by the time we are done. At one point I became conscious enough to suggest to myself to wake up, to remember all this. Which I did briefly, but was too tired and fell back asleep.
feel like that’s incest. So we keep walking and she
tells me she thought I was going to go for number
one, pointing to a female up ahead. I say, “Why?”
and she says, “Because she has a tail.” I say, “She
has a tail?” I look just below her dress and sure
enough, there’s a tail.

I realize we’re holding hands and I say, “Hey!”
and retreat my hand. She smiles and laughs. I wake
soon after.

**Illucid305 • Healing Hands**

I come to (go lucid) and find I’m at the beach. It’s a
clear sunny day. I remember my goal to heal myself,
so I make my palms face each other; kind of opening and closing
them as I say, “I am creating healing energy in my
hands.” Immediately I see a blue and white light start to
form. I keep doing this.

As I look off in the distance I see eyes looking at me. Just
eyes. No body or anything, but they look
kind of black and white like they are made out of
paper. Also, there is a volcano way in back of and to
the right. It seems like the more energy I use, the
more the volcano erupts—bigger and stronger.

I stop to place my hands on my stomach. I feel a
tingly sensation in my spine and all over my body. I
make my palms face each other again. As I look to
the left, there’s a light forming on its own as if it’s
coming from the energy I’m using. Paper and pieces
of sand are rising from the ground like in *Dragon
Ball*. I place my hands over my stomach again. I feel
like the energy is too much and I try to push it further
and then wake up.

**Maria Isabel Pita • Interior Castle**

I wake up lying in the middle of a large empty
intersection or grand city square. The ground is
nearly the same color as my naked body, a soft rosy
flesh tone. As I sit up, I know I have “woken up” in a
lucid dream. Content and full of wonder, I look
around me. The first thing I see in the distance, past
the end of a long gently rising street, is a structure
the vision of which stuns me with its vast power and
beauty. I see the three pyramids of Giza—no longer
ruins but a smooth soft golden color—rising one
behind the other and forming the front of an immense
Cathedral growing around and soaring high above
them. I feel stunned by joy, for I have never seen
anything more beautiful in my life.

I say out loud, “Oh my God!” as I gaze in awe at my
own uniquely special Cathedral. I feel like I’m looking
at a gift, offered me in this lucid dream, made
especially for, and somehow also by, my soul. It also
feels special the manner in which I entered this lucid
dream, lying naked on the ground, and aware the
moment I opened my eyes that I was lucid. I feel I
have been brought into this dream space filled with
an inner light.

I get up, but just stand there studying this most
beautiful of cities! I see no people; the pedestrian-
style cobbled streets are all empty. No earthly city
can begin to compare to the luminous, pastel-colored
yet vivid beauty of the buildings rising only a few
stories beneath a clear blue sky. I begin moving in
the direction of the pyramids-cathedral, but as I walk,
it seems to get closer, and looks less far away than it
originally did, until it resembles a large but otherwise
ordinary red roof top over white walls. I’m
disappointed but not surprised I can’t reach that
glorious place yet.

I call out, “My Angel?!” and immediately spot
something like a big hawk perched on a narrow black
pole—as though for a street sign or a flag—
extending directly over a black wrought iron balcony
approximately three stories up a building to my right.
at the end of the street closest to me. The creature's movement as it turns to face me catches my eye, and between its dense gray-white wings I discern the figure of a person dressed in black. I hurry toward it because I can see—I know—it's my Angel!

Beneath the balcony is a small crowd of people standing on the street, but I ignore the black-clad figures as I levitate gently up to the balcony, and hover beside it, so it is just below my chest. The balcony is now roughly the size of a large planter, but inside it there is neither soil, or the bird I saw from a distance. The balcony-planter is filled to the brim with a long-haired white cat lying in a pool of almost completely frozen water. This, of course, is impossible. The cat should be frozen to death, but it moves slightly, it can see me, and my concerned, curious touch seems to have the effect of swiftly thawing it out. Unharmed, it rises from the balcony-planter in the form of my Angel become a man approximately the size of a three-year-old child.

As I talk with my Angel, he remains a fully formed but doll-sized, handsome, dark-haired male figure wearing a black ankle-length tunic of sorts. In the midst of our conversation, I catch a glimpse of my face reflected in a window of the building, and it's me exactly as I look now.

I tell my Angel, “I’m sorry for being so lame most of my life!”—regretting all the unpleasant things I put him through. As I apologize, I lean my forehead against his, and at this point, for an instant I perceive what appears to be the silvery beak of a hawk gently butting foreheads with mine.

My Angel says, “If you are a fighter, if you try hard, you can...”

Almost laughing, I declare, “You know I’m a fighter! I’m dying, right?” I'm surprised by my own question, because I certainly didn’t intend to ask it. I wonder why I did, because in waking reality I'm not at all worried about dying soon.

“No,” he replies. “I think you're being very creative right now.” In the dream, the word “creative” feels synonymous with “healthy” which makes perfect sense to me.

I ask him, “What's it like being an angel? Do you have a home?”

His reply to the latter question seems to be “No” because heaven, and all the realms in between—which I sense relates to “wherever” my soul is at any given time—are all linked to Home for “him.” At one point as we speak, I wonder what the point is of asking my Angel all these questions in a lucid dream because I don’t seem to be learning anything the Church doesn’t already teach about Guardian Angels. Yet it’s really nice, and viscerally confirms the reality of Catholic dogma while also providing me with enticing details about my own personal relationship with my Angel. And frankly, it’s just wonderful being with my Guardian Angel again in a lucid dream so naturally and openly.

As we talk, I glance back and forth from his face to the book he is holding in his hands. It looks like a medium-sized notebook or journal, the kind that might serve as a personal diary, with a vivid red cover, and I think I even notice a string in the form of a loop designed to seal it closed. I've only asked him a few questions, but I get the strong sense that if I keep going, I won't be able to remember what we said to each other, so I slowly let myself wake up.

**Dream Notes:** Never in my life have I seen anything that gave me more joy than that pyramid Cathedral. It was like a visual representation of my soul. Saint Theresa of Ávila likened the soul to a castle. *Interior Castle* is one of her books. I feel like I saw my *Interior Castle* last night.

The child-size Angel surprised me but is not unprecedented; Angels appear as Cherubs in many religious paintings. I’ve never been into Cherubs myself, but Angels of that size are common in the tradition. It pleases me that I saw my Angel in a way I never would have preferred to see him. It was not wish-fulfillment.

I call my dog, Arthur, “My Guardian Angel’s glove” and he is very much like a cat-dog the way he purrs-growls, and he is about the size of a large cat, and he has long hair. I think this relates to why I saw a big long-haired cat-like animal where I expected to see my Angel. I don’t know yet why the creature was frozen and I had to thaw it. Perhaps it’s a reference to how, for most of my adult life, my relationship with my Angel was “frozen” as in the sense of suspended, and only recently, with my fully conscious embrace of Catholicism, has my poor Angel been awakened from his suspended animation, so to speak. The creature was nearly frozen to death. Maybe it’s my Angel’s way of telling me, “And not a moment too soon or it would have been too late!”
Jim Feichtl • *Tee Time*

I am at a golf course as part of a tournament. I have arrived at the course very early. My tee time is 1:04. Suddenly I am out playing the first hole with someone else before the tournament actually starts. I am not sure who the other person is and even though we are walking and hitting shots we never seem to reach the first green. Eventually I say to the other person that I am going back to the clubhouse to see if we are starting the tournament and to get something to eat.

There are four other players coming down the first fairway as I am walking back, but as I walk by the first tee there is no one there. I walk by a table set with lots of food (chicken and bread is what I remember). I have the impression there are people around. I drop my clubs and go into the clubhouse. The clubhouse is set up like a classroom with the little seats where the right arm is a little writing area. The seats are all filled with people. The last one I walk past in the front, on my way to the counter where the starter is, has a man with a young girl sitting in his lap. I go up to the starter and tell him my tee time is 1:04. He tells me I missed it.

I look at a clock on the wall and it says 1:21, but no one else from the tournament is there and no one else is waiting. I ask for the names of the players who are on the first tee. He can’t seem to find them. The tournament director is there; he is Sean Spicer (Trump’s Press Secretary). I tell the starter I will check on the tee. As I walk back outside I can’t locate where I dropped my clubs. This leads me to think I might be dreaming, so I try jumping up. I levitate, but everything goes black.

I decide not to worry about not being able to see and put my arms out to try and fly like Superman. Instead of flying I get the sense that I am falling and so I stop. Still levitating I decide to do back flips in the air. I spin a little bit then find myself back on the ground with everything lit again. I remember wanting to try lucid dream healing and try to project healing energy into my heart. A blue light appears between my hands and my chest.

A woman appears at my side who appears to be chuckling. I ask her why, but I cannot remember her exact response. Something about the blue light. I ask her if she knows that I am in a lucid dream, but I don’t wait for a response. Instead my focus shifts back to myself and I say, “This is all very weird.” The woman says something else to me and then removes her pants and stands naked from the waist down. She starts casually rubbing her pants against her ass cheek, saying something about running with a cake. Two or three other dream figures come up to her and they all start talking to each other, ignoring me. The dream dissolves and I wake up.

Janet Mast • *Merry-Go-Lucid*

*Note: Janet is our new graphic designer for the LDE.*

I took a break from working on this issue of the LDE to take a short nap and found myself in a series of spontaneous lucid dreams—no doubt inspired by all the dreams I’d just been formatting. In one dream:

I’m lucid, floating in dark space, looking at an array of bright stars in the distance. “I want to go to a planet—a purple planet,” I say. I find myself whooshing along through space and then downward. Somehow I end up inside a vast toy warehouse. I’m with a boy, looking up at him as we walk along, which makes me think I might be in the form of a short alien or a small child here. I recognize a Raggedy Ann doll but the other toys arranged on long tables are strange and unfamiliar. When I try to look more closely, I feel myself losing the dream.

Suddenly I remember reading in the LDE about *spinning* to prolong a dream. I’ve never tried this before. I try to make my body spin but it’s not working. Quickly, I wonder how I might get my body to spin, then have the idea of imagining myself on an old-fashioned merry-go-round, like the one from my childhood school playground. It’s working! This helps me to spin and the dream stabilizes. Delighted by this success, I decide I must coin the phrase “merry-go-lucid” and share this technique with others. I repeat “merry-go-lucid, merry-go-lucid” many times, and am delighted all over again to remember the phrase when I wake and get back to work.
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www.LucidDreamMagazine.com

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

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First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
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Rebecca Turner
World of Lucid Dreaming
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– by pasQuale
http://www.ld4all.com

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Jayne Gackenbach - Past editor of Lucidity Letter
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www.albertlauer.com

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