Special Issue on Lucid Dreaming Techniques

Featuring

DreamSpeak interview with author, Tzivia Gover
Ed Kellogg’s Lucid Dreamers Checklist
Becoming Lucid via the Rogers Technique!
The Surfer Technique for WILD and MILD
Have YOU Become a Lucid Zombie?
The Lucid Dream Exchange wishes everyone a very joyous holiday season.

May the New Year bring you an abundance of lucid dreams.

Sincerely,
Robert Waggoner
Lucy Gillis
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Theme for the Next LDE -- Divine and Supernatural Dream Figures! In your lucid dream adventures, have you ever encountered divine or supernatural dream figures? Well, this is your chance to send in your story or lucid dream about these encounters! What happened? What did you make of it? Real or incredible, historical or other dimensional, divine or all powerful, open up and share your lucid dreams.
AN INTERVIEW WITH A LUCID DREAMER
BY ROBERT WAGGONER
RESPONSES © TZIVIA GOVER

Certified Dream Therapist, workshop leader and lucid dreamer, Tzivia Gover, has authored several books on mindfulness and teaching. Read more about Tzivia at her website www.thirdhousemoon.com or read her blog www.allthesnoozethatsfittoprint.wordpress.com

How did you become interested in dreaming and lucid dreaming? Did you have lucid dreams before even knowing this type of dream had a name?

I have been interested in dreams since I was 4 or 5 years old and reported my first dream to my family. They assumed I was making up the wild story about the inflatable Mickey Mouse doll that appeared in our living room, but I doggedly insisted on the “reality” of my dreams, and have been at it ever since.

I was always interested in dreams and attempted to read Freud’s Interpretation of Dreams when I was about 12 or 13. I didn’t understand a word I was reading but I valued the book and still have it.

I first remember having dream experiences such as lucid dreaming, sleep paralysis and false awakenings at about age 16. I had no language for these experiences, but found them very interesting.

What do you recall of your first intentional lucid dream? Did anything odd, unusual, or unexpected happen?

I had read about a meditation technique that involved observing the self falling asleep and not losing consciousness between waking and sleeping. My experiments with this technique led me to slip directly into dreaming, often with my consciousness still in tact so that I knew I was dreaming as I entered the dream. The first time it happened I met a man in cowboy garb leaning on a split rail fence and I just said, “Who are you!” Not much happened after that, but I was intrigued by the process.

Again, I didn’t know to call this lucid dreaming at the time.

What did you make of that?

I was very excited about the idea of maintaining consciousness during the descent into and out of sleep.
To this day I hold the question: “Who are you?” when I meet dream characters, and when I’m lucid I do interrogate them. I’m still trying to figure out the same question I asked when I had that early lucid experience: Who are these seemingly autonomous beings who populate (my?) dreams.

What about lucid dreams caught your interest and attention? What made you want to have another lucid dream and pursue it further?

I understand the purpose of dividing dreams into lucid and non-lucid, but conscious dreaming is what I’m most interested in. The accepted definition of a lucid dream as one where we know consciously that we’re asleep and dreaming is helpful in talking about these dreams, but I’m most interested in clear, conscious dreaming. Some nights that includes classical lucidity and on some it doesn’t.

My favorite example of this comes from a dream I had once after I had been trying for nights on end to incubate a lucid dream. Finally, one night I dreamed I saw a window with a beautiful inscribed brass plaque hanging from the windowpane. The plaque had the word “Clear,” inscribed on it.

The dream was teasing me. Here was a “Lucid” dream: A window is clear and transparent, the word hanging from the windowpane defined lucidity, yet I wasn’t consciously aware I was dreaming.

In its playful way the dream reminded me there are many ways to be lucid in sleep.

In many of my dreams I exercise volition, reflect on past dreams, analyze elements of a dream in progress, etc. … all without being classically “lucid.”

So, to answer your question, I aim to have clear, conscious dreams--and many of these are lucid. I pursue this form of dreaming because I pursue this form of living. I aim to live consciously, aware and awake, finding meaning and making sense of the realm(s) I inhabit.

Since this LDE issue focuses on techniques for lucid dreaming, have you noticed any technique that helps you become lucid (or stay lucid)?

Yes! I’m in my 40s and like many women my age, I often wake around 3 or 4 a.m. Now, when I wake at this time, rather than tossing and turning and bemoaning the fact that I can’t sleep, I prop myself up on my pillows so I’m lying at a 45 degree or so degree angle, and I meditate. In particular, I practice slow breathing with breath retention. For example: breathe in for the count of four, hold for the count of four, exhale for four, hold for four, inhale for four, etc.

I do this primarily to meditate and relax, but often I slip right into a lucid dream, and lately have been able to stay in the lucid state for significant lengths of time, sometimes until I wake again at 6:30 or 7 a.m.

In your waking life, you have an interest in reiki. As we often find, our waking interests seem to seep into our lucid dreaming life. Have you had any lucid dreams in which you used reiki?

Yes. I am a Reiki Master Therapist. I have lucid and non-lucid dreams where I’m administering Reiki. Interestingly, it’s almost always to strangers … But occasionally, especially when lucid, I’m able to direct the energy to something or someone in my life, as in this lucid dream report that I recently shared with you:

I open my eyes in my bed. I get a tissue. I feel the tissue box and tissue. Somehow I know I’m dreaming: “I’m Lucid, I’m Lucid,” I exclaim.

I notice that if I look away from the table, then look back quickly, it’s no longer there. Or it’s dissolving. I think that this confirms somehow that I create the dream environment, that it’s a product of my imagining.

I remember the guy in the dream group [true in Waking Life (WL)] said keep moving when you’re lucid to stay lucid, so I do. I move around the room from object to object and think quickly. I want to stay lucid, I tell myself. I need healing, I tell myself, remembering that in WL I was really tired and feeling sick.

I notice a photograph on the bedside table: A b&w photo of J. and M. when M. was small, in the years I didn’t see them. I notice a photograph on the bedside table, then look away from it quickly. I want to look back quickly, but I don’t really want to look at it because I don’t like remembering that. But I’m also attracted to it. I was getting ready to Reiki myself but now put my hands over the photo to feel its energy and the energy of J & M. The energy first pulses, and then quickly builds in my hands. The energy is literally shaking me. I’m being shaken like a jackhammer. The energy is so strong I start to be shaken upward toward the ceiling … like a reverse jackhammer, I think. I’m now nearly convulsing with Reiki energy coming through my hands and body, suspended above my bed. My hands are stiff and almost in pain, and I realize this is what Joanne feels when she has energy flowing through her.

The energy is so powerful. I’m now floating up near the ceiling.

Wow! This reminds me of some powerful lucid dream experiences that pounded energy into my body and especially the palms of my hands. Even now, I can barely hold an iPhone, because the electrical energy zaps my palm. So getting back to your experience, did it have any waking ramifications or manifestations?

Yes. For one, my relationship with M. in waking life shifted after that dream. I think some healing definitely took place. Also, the dream showed me a level of power that was possi-
Have you had other experiences with healing, emotional healing or Reiki in the lucid dream state? What happened?

Yes. Quite regularly, in fact. That is, assuming we are including physical, psychological, mental and spiritual healing. I've had several healing dreams both lucid and non-lucid, in which I go to sleep ill, meet someone who helps me heal, and then wake healed. I even had the experience of a dream helper who healed my house of bed bugs.

On a psychological level I use dream incubation to work on all kinds of issues and blocks in my waking life. I almost always experience movement on that issue awake. It's an ongoing process for me—a lifestyle, even, to work with the continuous consciousness and conversation of dreams and waking experiences. Again, lucid and non-lucid dreams are part of this process.

I have lucid dreams several times a month on average, but I recall many non-lucid dreams every night.

Does being in the lucid dream state make the experience of Reiki more intense? Why?

It does! I don't know why, but I imagine it's the en-lightened energetic experience of the lucid state.

In what ways do Reiki and lucid dreaming seem connected?

I sense that when I'm lucid in the dream state I'm more connected to a universal responsive energy that some (including me) might call God. Reiki is Universal Healing Energy, which some (including me) might call God, too. So, perhaps there's the connection.

Mindfulness is the topic of one of your books. Do you find a connection between (waking or dreaming) mindfulness and lucid dreaming?

Yes, in my book Mindful Moments for Stressful Days I even have a short chapter on sleep and dreaming.

Mindfulness and lucid dreaming are inextricably linked for me. Mindfulness is being awake and aware in life. Being alive means cycling through wake and dreaming and many states in between. Lucid dreaming is a beautiful practice that increases mindfulness awake and asleep and helps build awareness of various states of consciousness and builds our skill at moving between them.

Could you suggest to our readers a mindfulness practice that might elevate their waking lucidity?

Meditation is definitely one. When I have the time I meditate in the morning and also before bed. Becoming familiar with the mind and its movements in this way helps us remain conscious and aware by day and night.

The other simple practice that I mentioned earlier is to try to stay conscious as you transition from waking into dreams. Tibetan dream yoga offers all kinds of deep meditation practices. Dream yogis are encouraged to be so precise as to notice if they fall asleep on the in breath or the out breath. I've never achieved that, but I have watched myself fall into dreams many times and that's an amazing experience, and a great practice that helps hone one's powers of awareness.

One area that has prompted my lucid awareness is meeting deceased dream figures. Often seeing the deceased person brings me to lucidity. Have you had that experience too?

I've had very interesting and beautiful experiences of meeting deceased friends and relatives in my dreams. But interestingly it never sparks lucidity for me. Nonetheless many of those dreams have been crystal clear, loving, healing dreams. I find it interesting how widespread this phenomenon is. Makes you think, doesn't it?

Where else has lucid dreaming taken you? What spaces has it opened for you in your mind? What has it asked you to consider or re-consider?

What can I say? Dreaming has allowed me to fly, move through walls, interrogate dream characters, explore the nature of reality, expand into the cosmos, have wonderful sensual and sexual experiences, made me laugh out loud, experience depths and heights of bliss and sorrow … where hasn't it taken me?

Lucid dreaming squares the power of these experiences. Most profoundly, perhaps, it has helped me feel connected to what feels like a conscious and responsive universe. When I can bring this feeling, which I experience profoundly asleep … into my waking life, I experience my life as being co-created with a divine source.

And all of this is free, legal and safe. What could be better? 

I notice that you also write poetry. One thing that I found true about writing poems, the act seems to place me in a meditative state, and sometimes a lucid-like state of being aware of being aware. Has poetry or writing shown up in your lucid dreams?

I am still waiting for that to happen. Poetry shows up in my non-lucid dreams a lot, and nearly all of my poems are inspired by dreams--and many are direct dictations from dreams I recall.
But I keep waiting for a lucid dream to help me write, at long last, that great opus! Luckily I’m patient.

I also write some fiction, which as far as I’m concerned is lucid dreaming on the page!

As you have looked deeper into lucid dreaming, what information or experiences do you find yourself most curious about?

I tend to use the lucid state to try to explore the nature of the dream. What are the walls made of? Who are these dream characters? What’s beyond that window? What happens when I move beyond the scenery? Why can I feel such subtle sensations, like the heat rising off a dream characters’ skin within a dream when my physical body is “off line”?

I feel strongly that if we can understand the dream state we will better understand our minds and the nature of waking reality, even such issues as death and life after death.

Any final comments, challenges, lucid dreams to ponder?

I believe we all need to be dream scientists. I challenge readers to study our dreams and dream journals, to explore the landscape of dreams and consciousness. Objective science is limited in studying dreams because the dream is such a private, subjective affair. But we dreamers can use our powers of observation and inquiry to gain a lot of knowledge about the nature of the dream and the possibilities of our minds awake by practicing lucid dreaming. I’d love to see more dreamers work with scientists to direct researchers toward the questions we are most interested in answering.

I hope more and more people will see the potential of lucid dreaming to expand and explain consciousness and move beyond (or deeper into) the fun of flying and having great sex in their lucid dreams and really experiment with the wider range of possibilities.

Tzivia, thanks so much for your time and interest!

Thank you, Robert. You have been a great inspiration and a great teacher, through your writing and talks, for me. So it’s truly a pleasure to contemplate these issues with you.

New Feature Coming to LDE!!

Tune into the next issue of LDE, for some inspiring lists of “Ten amazing things I’ve done in lucid dreams!”

PasQuale at www.LD4all.com has created a wonderful YouTube video of inspiring lucid dream acts, such as “[In a lucid dream] I have...flown with wings on my back.”

So lucid dreamers, Robert Waggoner, Ed Kellogg, Beverly D’Urso and Lucy Gillis invite you to join them by submitting your list of “Ten amazing things I’ve done in lucid dreams!”

Their list will appear in the March 2012 issue of the LDE.

Each issue of the LDE, we will highlight those lucid dreamers who have accomplished amazing feats within lucid dreaming – whether they have flown through Jupiter’s rings, lucidly explored an internal organ, met a ‘past life’ self or meditated while lucid.

Remember, your list must be of things that you have actually accomplished in a lucid dream. Hopefully, your list will inspire other lucid dreamers to strive further and think more broadly about the wonders of lucid dreaming.

Send your “Ten amazing things” to submissions@dreaminglucid.com

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**The Lucid Dreamers Checklist**

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**Instructions:** Whenever you try to incubate a lucid dream, or whenever you have a spontaneous lucid dream (even if only pre- or sub-lucid) fill out this form.

Eventually you will gather enough information to put together a personal profile of the conditions that work best for you to have lucid dreams. You will also get a better idea about which techniques work for you, and of the conditions in which they work best. Print out copies of this checklist, and keep them with your dream journal so that you can easily find them when you need them.

### Personal Data

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<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>Degree of Lucidity</th>
<th>Time of Lucid Dream</th>
<th>Time to Sleep</th>
<th>Bath/Shower/Sauna</th>
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</table>

**Personnel Health (Any Physical Conditions):**

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<th>Special Diet/Fasting</th>
<th>Time of Last Meal</th>
<th>What You Ate</th>
<th>Physical/Sexual Activity</th>
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**Psychoactive Substances Taken Before Retiring:**

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<th>Mental Exposure (Books/TV/etc.)</th>
<th>Emotional Events</th>
<th>Meditation Activity</th>
<th>Expectation of Success (0-5)</th>
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**Other Data:**

### Environmental Data

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<th>Phase of Moon</th>
<th>SolAR Events</th>
<th>Astrological Events</th>
<th>Weather</th>
<th>Room Temperature</th>
<th>Barometric Pressure</th>
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**Antagonistic Factors (Noise, Unfamiliar Room, etc.):**

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<tr>
<th>Synergistic Factors (Undisturbed, Weekend, etc.)</th>
<th>External Aids (Crystals, Incense, Music, Herb Pillows, etc.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Incubation Procedures (Check Appropriate Categories):**

Mild ** Critical Reflection ** Self-Hypnosis ** Affirmations ** Other (Meditation, Ritual, Qi Gong, etc., please describe)

### Lucid Dream Tasks

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Task Accomplished?</th>
<th>Lucidity?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>YES</td>
<td>PARTIALLY</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Special Techniques Used**

New/Extraordinary Abilities or Accomplishments:

### Additional Comments:

How did the Lucid Dream affect you after returning to WPR?
Recently a national magazine asked for my assistance with a seemingly simple question: Can you control your dreams? My response: No. A lucid dreamer can not control his or her lucid dream; rather, he or she can influence and direct the lucid dream.

For many lucid dreamers, my response seems crazy. Obviously the lucid dreamer controls the lucid dream, they would reply; we fly, we walk through walls and make things happen!

Fair enough. But if the lucid dreamer ‘controls’ the lucid dream, why do so many lucid dreams collapse and come to an end within minutes, if not seconds? If the lucid dreamer truly ‘controls’ the lucid dream, then he or she could prolong the lucid dream indefinitely.

If the lucid dreamer controls the lucid dream, then why do dream figures do unexpected things? For example, many lucid dreamers feel surprised when they triumphantly tell a dream figure, “Do you know I am dreaming you?” Whereupon the dream figure responds, “How do you know I am not dreaming you?” So if the lucid dreamer ‘controls’ the lucid dream, how do we explain the unexpected events in a lucid dream?

If the lucid dreamer controls the lucid dream, then answer me this: When a lucid dreamer flies through a wall, who creates the new scene on the other side of the wall? Did the lucid dreamer pre-decide the new scene? Or did it just happen? If you think about it for just a moment, you have to admit that the lucid dreamer did not consciously create the new scene. Instead, the scene appeared without any conscious ‘control’ by the lucid dreamer.

In these brief examples, we see that the idea of ‘control’ seems inaccurate and somewhat misleading. Lucid dreaming obviously requires a period of learning to understand the principles, so you can remain lucid for more than few seconds. Similarly, unexpected things happen frequently in a lucid dream which suggests that more exists in the lucid dream than simply the inflated ego-oriented awareness of the lucid dreamer. And finally, the lucid dreamer does not ‘control’ the creation of new scenes or settings, when he or she flies around the corner. These new settings happen naturally, and suggest the hidden, yet active role of an aware subconscious!

The analogy I use in my book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, is that ‘the sailor does not control the sea, and neither does the lucid dreamer control the dream.’ Like a sailor, the lucid dreamer can influence the direction and course that the lucid dream takes. But the lucid dreamer must deal with unexpected events, surprises and other mental forces within the larger state of dreaming, just as a sailor must deal with wind, waves, tides and other forces.

In the American Psychological Association’s Dictionary of Psychology, a lucid dream is defined as “a dream in which the sleeper is aware that he or she is dreaming and may be able to influence the progress of the dream narrative.” By their definition, the APA seems to note lucid dreamers’ ability to influence the dream, instead of having complete control.

Why does it seem important to realize that the lucid dreamer only influences the lucid dream and does not control it? Many reports of lucid dream nightmares show that the lucid dreamer errantly believes he controls the lucid dream, and when he sees that he does not, he freaks out! If lucid dreamers understood that they only ‘influence’ the lucid dream, then they would have less chance of having a lucid nightmare.

This issue matters in another very important way. When we realize that we do not ‘control’ the lucid dream, then we actively seek understanding of the principles of lucid dreaming and our relationship with the subconscious mind (or inner self, which responds to our intent and furnishes new scenes when we fly around the corner).

So the next time you want to tell someone that lucid dreamers control the lucid dream, please be more accurate and say, “Lucid dreamers influence the lucid dream.”
In 1980, I had the fortune of being in Charlottesville, Virginia, working on finishing my doctoral dissertation at the University of Virginia Medical Center’s Sleep and Dream Laboratory, under the mentorship of Robert L. Van de Castle, Ph.D.. At the same time, Joseph R. Dane was conducting his dissertation research on comparing waking instructions with that of waking instructions plus posthypnotic suggestion on nonlucid dreamers. Because we were both there at the lab working on our dissertations, and because I had read Carlos Castaneda’s “The Teachings of Don Juan”, “A Separate Reality”, and “Journey to Ixtlan”, I found that my interest in learning how to dream lucidly was greatly stimulated and I was determined to see if it was possible to have a lucid dream myself, rather than simply read about the phenomenon.

In “Our Dreaming Mind”, written by Robert L. Van de Castle, Ph.D. and published in 1994, on page 447, Bob Van de Castle mentions the method I came up with to finally achieve lucidity. Although my prior attempts to use Stephen LaBerge’s MILD technique had not resulted in any lucid or pre-lucid dreams, I cannot say that the technique that I found for myself was the sole factor that enabled me to experience lucidity. Certainly, intent, as evidenced by reading about lucid dreaming, learning to recall my dreams and write them down, and experimenting with the MILD technique all might have had a role in finally tipping the scales in my favor.

In that chapter of “Our Dreaming Mind”, Bob states that “Gary decided to use his hands as a cueing device for achieving awareness of possible lucidity …” and then goes on to describe the method I discovered of consciously synchronizing night-time REM cycles with day-time lucidity “tests”. In actuality, I did not use my hands as a cueing device, but rather as a stabilizing device to keep me in the lucid state.

As part of my studies and work leading up to my dissertation there at U.V.A., I learned that sleep researchers had documented a correspondence between self-reported dreams and rapid-eye-movement (REM) stage sleep. I learned that REM sleep occurred, on average, every 90 minutes during the night, so it seemed to be a biologically-driven cycle. I also learned that the basic rest/activity cycle during the day was approximately 90 minutes, so it seemed logical to me that it might actually be the same circadian rhythm occurring throughout the 24-hour period. I reasoned that if I could determine the approximate end of a 90-minute cycle, I could use that as a time “marker” for the cycle itself and remind myself to test my state of conscious at a specific point during the cycle.

The whole idea was to train and habituate my waking consciousness to test its state at a time that had a high probability of being “dreamtime”. When I woke up with a dream fresh in mind, as if the dream had just ended with me waking up, I considered that to be the end of my 90-minute cycle and I used that assumption to set my watch for 90-minutes later, minus about 10 minutes (assuming the dream actually started a little earlier from the time I awoke). For three days, every 90 minutes during the day, when my watch alarm beeped, I would stop whatever I was doing and ask myself if I was dreaming. I would ask in an “engaged” way, in other words, I would remember my intent to become lucid, bring my awareness into a sharper focus of my surroundings and compare what I was seeing in the moment with my expectations of “reality”. It was like looking at a picture or photograph and asking if it was a true representation of normal reality. On the third night of this training, I achieved lucidity in a dream, and was able to stabilize my euphoria in that dream by looking at my hands. That dream will always be highly significant to me and my sense of self.

Later, after I continued to use the technique of critical awareness, which Stephen LaBerge had written about in his book, “Lucid Dreaming”, I found that simply asking the question, “Am I dreaming?”, was not sufficient for me as I experience a dream in which waking reality was replicated in such intricate detail that I answered my own question with a certain “No!”, only to wake up a few moments later. I solved this problem for myself by always conducting another test in addition to the question – a test that could always differentiate the dream state from my normal waking state. For me, that test became the ability to fly.
Lucid Dreaming and the Art of Lucid Living

Four-Week Guided Online Workshop
With Robert Waggoner

February 4 - March 4, 2012

Lucid dreaming offers you an ancient technique for spiritual awakening, development and insight, practiced by shamans and spiritual teachers for millennia. Scientifically validated since 1980, lucid dreaming allows you to enter a unique, hybrid state of consciousness, consciously aware within the depths of your dreaming mind.

Long-time lucid dreamer and author, Robert Waggoner, invites you to join him in learning the essential practices of inducing lucid dreams, creating a stable dream environment, and exploring the potential of awakened consciousness for healing, self-understanding, creativity and spiritual exploration.

In this four-week online exploration, you will be guided through special practices to enhance your sleeping and waking awareness – an interweaving of ideas, we call “living lucidly”. Join us on this journey of integration, illumination and discovery!

Online Workshop Features:
- Instruction is via Internet-based video
- Four weeks of personal guidance from Robert Waggoner, as you work with the techniques and practices
- No set class times, instructional videos remain available throughout the course
- Practice in the comfort of your home, on your own schedule
- Easy-to-use course website
- All you need is a broadband Internet connection (such as DSL or cable)

"I very much liked the concept of the innovative 21st century online school, with students all across the globe and from many cultures. You can do the course work at the best time for you. If you have problems or questions the course facilitators get back to you within half a day in most cases. There is a forum for discussions with fellow students and course facilitators." — Chris, Australia

"Initially I was apprehensive about learning online, now I prefer it to attending a conference or structured event. The video clips are short and to the point, making the format conducive to learning. The facilitators are attentive and answered my questions in a timely manner. I was very pleased with the entire program.” — Pamela, USA, NE

Author, Teacher and Speaker, Robert Waggoner, is past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). A lucid dreamer since 1975, he has logged more than 1,000 lucid dreams. In his highly acclaimed book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, Robert shares a lifetime of lucid dreaming discoveries and adventures. For the last ten years, he has been the co-editor of the online magazine, The Lucid Dream Exchange, the only ongoing publication devoted specifically to lucid dreaming. Visit the Lucid Dream Exchange at www.dreaminglucid.com

To learn more and to enroll in the Lucid Dreaming and Lucid Living Workshop go to www.glidewing.com
As I lay in bed, I go back to sleep mindfully by visualizing a surfer picking up her board—the intent to have a lucid dream—and walking into the ocean holding it against her. As she (me) walks through the surf—my breathing—I become more and more relaxed, and soon she spreads herself across the board and begins paddling out toward the open ocean, the rhythmic motion of her arms my heartbeat. I picture the bed beneath me being as soft and deep as water, ever deepening water. Then, where the two opposing currents meet—waves flowing toward the shore and the waking world and the strong, irresistible undertow below the surface rushing out into the depths of sleep and dreams—the surfer spreads herself across the board of her intent and observes the hypnagogic waves while waiting for the one she senses is ripe for riding into a lucid dream. And even if I don't succeed in consciously entering a dream, remaining mentally awake until this point dramatically increases the odds that once I fall asleep I'll be able to raise my head above a dream's wild currents and gasp, “I'm dreaming!” This visualization is so much easier and fun for me to practice on a nightly basis than concentrating on my breathing while focusing on successive parts of my body in an effort to relax. I totally lose patience with that, whereas every night I have fun deepening the surfer visualization by adding more sensual details—the temperature of the water, the feel of the ocean spray on my face, etc.—and the more real I make the experience, the more effective the technique becomes. I also find it invaluable to wear a sleep mask after 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning, when lucid dreams are more likely to occur. I found this particular mask on amazon.com and it is amazingly comfortable; I have no problem whatsoever falling asleep with it on, and the gentle pressure of it helps focus my intent. Wearing a sleep mask also eliminates the concern my eyes will open—the board will tip over—and abruptly return me to the waking world even after I realize my body is asleep as my mind surfs the hypnagogic waves, such an exciting state. I got the idea for this technique from a dream character who appeared outside my front door dressed as a naval officer. I let him in and he stayed to talk to me, and although I don’t remember our conversation, lying in bed later that night, I suddenly found myself practicing this technique.


Once awake in a dream, physical sensations help anchor me. I find that touching different parts of my body, and if necessary stripping off pieces of clothing and planting my bare feet on the floor, deepens my lucidity and helps to prolong it, as does the classic technique of periodically raising my hands in front of my face and thinking or saying I’m dreaming. It also helps me sustain lucidity when I look around me instead of focusing for too long on one object, person or action. Even when engaged in a dream conversation, I'm careful to look away from the person's face every now and then.
Sometimes the lessons from a lucid dream are immediately apparent upon awakening. Other times our understanding of the dream’s meaning comes much later. It leads me to believe that the lessons we receive in moments of awareness are not necessarily only things we need to know in the moment, but at times they are meant for our greater evolution.

A few years ago I became lucid while standing waist deep in a pond of calm water. I asked the dream to show me what I needed to see and then observed as the dream unfolded. A thin tornado came down from the sky, while simultaneously a pine tree on the ground next to the pond began to spin. The two met in the middle, with the tips of each touching. That is my last memory of the lucid dream.

Not long ago I went for a walk on a nice fall afternoon. For reasons I do not understand, the meaning of the dream from a few years earlier suddenly made sense to me. The tornado and the pine tree came together to create a focal point. This focal point was much the same as how a telescope works, where one lens is used to focus a distant object and the other lens is used to magnify it. The two focal points must meet exactly in the center in order to make this work properly. Immediately upon awakening I understood that the dream was showing me a focal point, but it was on the walk a few years later that the reason behind it made sense to me.

On that autumn afternoon I had thoughts on some major changes in my life over the previous few years and I understood where the shifts occurred that allowed me to move past areas of my life in which I had been stuck. The focal point is the place where intention meets manifestation. It is the place where words meet action. It is the place where the conscious and the subconscious meet and are in agreement. It is at that place where change is made.

Sometime after that afternoon walk I decided to meditate on the focal point as I would fall asleep, hoping to find that meeting place between my conscious and unconscious in order to move past areas of my life where I felt paralyzed. I dreamed of putting in my contact lenses. The left contact lens went in well, while I had trouble getting the right lens to fit into my eye. That told me that I was still out of focus. In this case I believe my unconscious had the answers to some personal problems, but I was still resistant at the conscious level. However, in the days to follow I found myself cutting through a lot of my own bulls**t. As I heard myself making excuses, finding reasons to procrastinate on certain things, or otherwise trying to justify decisions that were not in my best interests, I was seeing my resistance to change. At the focal point there is no need for such excuses. When the conscious and subconscious come into agreement, change is instant. Since lucid dreams are a hybrid of the conscious and unconscious, we are already much closer to that focal point.

In ‘normal’ dreams I have often noticed that change happens over the course of a series of dreams. A demon in one dream may become a scary man in another. Over time the demon further changes until he becomes a lovable little puppy. In a lucid dream you may decide to show love to the demon, or ask what the demon wants, and in so doing it immediately morphs into the puppy.

When the conscious and unconscious minds are out of balance, we experience anxiety, doubt and fear. When they come into agreement, we act upon it without resistance. Lucid dreaming is a powerful way to bring ourselves back into balance.
My favorite thing about Lucid Dreaming is witnessing my consciousness cross over from waking life into dream-sleep. Watching myself dislodge from my waking life identity and shift to the identity of my dreaming self is -- as they said in the sixties -- a trip!

My awareness of a lucid dream informs me that the events in the dream are just part of a story. When I awaken from a lucid dream, I might forget the details of the dream as quickly as a non-lucid dream but the knowledge that it is all just a story stays with me. Knowing the dream is a story helps me realize that what happens in life is a story too. Not taking the story of my life too seriously makes everything easier and more joyful.

My lucid dreaming induction technique centers on witnessing the crossing of realities. My way is a mash-up of techniques I've studied during my travels. I've had extensive experience with meditation. I've digested many books on the subjects of Tibetan Dream Yoga and Lucid Dreaming including Robert Waggoner's excellent book. I took a workshop with Stephen LaBerge and benefited from the Wake-Back-To-Bed approach researched by Dr. LaBerge and Lynne Levitan at the Lucidity Institute. Although I do suspect my journey to be universal, my story below is my own personal experience, so bear in mind that yours will be completely different. Ok, step-by-step here we go:

**Step One: After a good sleep, wake up, and stay awake for at least 15 minutes.**

Note: Wake after a good rest, so that you've slept enough and are no longer tired. REM (rapid eye movement – when you dream and your eyeballs move) tends to be shorter when you first fall asleep and gets longer when you've gotten enough rest. It's easier to dream when you're not just desperate to catch some Z's.

**Step Two: Get into a meditative state by gently stopping random thoughts from forming and concentrate the mind on searching for THAT wavelength.**

Note: Sit up with a pillow supporting you, so that you're comfortable but not too comfortable. Achieve a delicate balance between just enough to stay awake but not too far away from being able to fall back asleep. Sometimes I put my legs into a half lotus—can't do full lotus myself—because that position keeps me in a more “serious” meditative mindset. Then again, sometimes I'm in a more playful mood and don't want that kind of reminder.

Note: You can also put your hands into a “Mudra”. A Mudra is when you hold your fingers in a gesture, for example: hold your thumb and middle finger together in a loop. I've heard that a Mudra keeps the energy flowing better. However, I don't do it myself; I guess I don't need it.

Note: About “that” wavelength – Lao-tsu said, “that “that” that can be spoken of is not “that”.” Ahem, yeah, that's “that”! Ha!

Note: Okay, okay, I'm JFunk and not an old sage from China so I'll be the fool who attempts to explain. “That” wavelength is a mindset wherein there is nothingness: no thinking, no time, no space and no color. It is so devoid of anything that even the concept of “nothing” doesn't exist. A big void. In this void only one thing exists: “I”. I still exist as a pure awareness because I am the void. The mind thinks it is “I” so the mind just goes bonkers when it confronts the void. The mind is not “I”. I am not the one who dreams, I am the one who knows I'm dreaming.

Note: I get on “that” wavelength by insisting I want it. I look for it, I ask for it, I pray for it, I demand it, I sit and sit and I wait for it! All the while, I gently chase away any other thoughts that try to form in my mind. I use the word “gently” because I reason with the thinking mind like I'm talking to a baby: “I'm busy now, no thinking, okay? After this is over, oh we're going to think all we want…” and then I go right back to keeping a concentration on nothing.

Note: I call it a “wavelength” because that's how that space feels to me, a real psychic frequency that can be felt. When I get connected it feels like a physical “hooking up”.

Note: Keep at it, don’t give up, this is the heart of the work. The longer I go, the better my chances are to get connected. How long? Oh, sometimes it takes a long time and sometimes not. Sometimes I get on and fall out and then get on again. Sometimes no matter how hard I try, I don't get on. Sometimes I'm sailing on it for a long time.
**Step Three: Into The Void!**

Note: Ha! I’m here where no one is! Sometimes, I feel like a thief in a royal palace; does anyone notice I’m not supposed to be here? It’s trippy.

Note: Words really fail me at this stage. You’re getting really confused because “I” am no more so how can “I” say I’m there? I’ll say this to make you more confused: I am the void! Yes, that’s the only way to really describe that space. I am the cosmic soup, All That Is, pure potential. I never stop marveling at how I can actually be there any time I sit still and will myself there. This is how deep lucid dreaming can get: so deep that it becomes a spiritual practice.

Note: For me, there are three signs that tell me if I’m starting to get on the wavelength and entering the void:

1. A deafening silence. Although that silence seems to contain a buzzing sound like “ohm” but I can’t say for sure because that might be a concept I picked up reading spiritual texts.
2. There is a calm and heavy feeling to this realm. I guess I can call this “peace” but then again, “peace” is a concept and this heavy feeling is beyond words.
3. The top of my head tingles with a kind of cold, numb feeling.

When these three signs start to come on—sometimes quickly and sometimes very, very slowly—I know I’m entering “that” wavelength.

Note: The telltale sign that I’m on “that” wavelength is little or no breath. Yeah, the breath gets so quiet that I might not be breathing at all. The Chinese Buddhists call this “breathing as thin and as soft as a single strain of silk” and I’ve heard the essence of Kriya Yoga is no breath.

Note: Sometimes, when I first enter, there is an audible sound. At times it’s a “bonk!” One time, I heard a loud noise that sounded like it as made by a thousand didgeridoos to my right and a thousand Taiko drums to my left. It was loud! I was totally startled out of my wits but I was determined to not get shaken out and I survived! I think—and this is purely my own conjecture—that it’s feedback of some sort when I shift into “that” frequency which is a different frequency from the non-meditative state. An aside, there are many passages describing this noise in the “Tibetan Book of The Dead” which often advises not to get frightened by any noise or images of monsters and demons.

Note: This is the most difficult part of the journey. I’ve many times simply fallen asleep after I entered the void and woke with the memory of having many dreams but I failed to be lucid. I find intention just before entering the void to be very, very important. I must set a strong intention and will myself not to fall into sleep when I come out of the void.

**Step Four: Step into a dream with full awareness.**

Note: AH HA! This is the gold I’ve been digging for! As I come out of the void, a complete dream awaits me. Or sometimes there are images that are just kind of waiting there. It’s really hard to describe this stage accurately—a feeling that “reality” is waiting for my commands to be manifested into reality.

Note: There are times when images start to randomly come up. Different storylines, different scenarios: here I am, as a thin tall man, walking down a street in the 1970′s looking for his/my car; there I am, as an older Russian woman, I even know her name, going to pick up a loaf of bread and it’s around the 1930′s…. These images from the vast data bank of the cosmic dreamer come crushing into my brainstem and fire into my visual cortex. How amazing is that?! There I am! Receiving from the Cosmic Soup! I am “All That Is” — whatever has been, whatever will be — pure potential! From this pure potential I get to choose. It’s all up to me, what is my fancy? Which storyline would I like to follow? What dreams may come?

Note: I make a choice by grabbing on to the storyline I wish to know more about, “oh, I’ll be…. this…” That image “solidifies” and I walk straight into that reality, into that dream, fully awake, fully lucid, with total awareness that this entire reality is an illusion. The dream story unfolds on it’s own and takes me on a journey, surprising me, delighting me, enlightening me, teaching me, intriguing me, healing me.

Note: The experience of feeling like a God who can create an entire world at will and watching unborn worlds manifest into reality was a game changer for me. Viola! Here it is a tangible experience that causes me to know once and for all that I AM the creator of all that is around me and that this reality is the product of my creative storytelling. I can re-enter the realm of the void, the pure potential, the Cosmic Soup, the Zero Point Field, the holographic data base, All That Is, “that” frequency, that realm once said to be exclusive for the “Gods” but is now within my reach, oh yes, I can be the “Gods” myself. After awakening from this experience I can understand why Buddha and David Bohm both said in their own way: this reality is an illusion created by the mind.

Note: Here’s the door to that journey every night, that I can take, without any “medicine”, perfectly safe, and come back to “normal” life alive and well just in time to tell myself and everyone, “I’ve a feeling we’re not in Kansas anymore.” Here’s the red pill!

May this be helpful to you. Sweet dreams! For more information check out Funkmeyers.com
Many women who've experienced the “joys” of pre-menopause, and gradually crossed the dreaded threshold into the third phase of a woman’s life (so flatteringly termed The Crone) have been confronted with the option of whether or not to undergo Hormone Replacement Therapy, HRT. There are all sorts of health risks associated with this treatment, although many doctors say that's no longer the case and that the new and improved version is actually good for you. Personally, I feel natural physical changes shouldn't be fought tooth-and-claw; there's a reason for these profound transformations that should be welcomed and cherished for all they have to offer.

With that said, it was no fun when an ax abruptly fell that severed my mind from my sex drive in a way I never would have believed possible. The climate of my soul underwent a radical change—it was like being transported from the Amazon rainforest to the Sahara dessert at night where I stood beneath a cold star-filled sky, glorying in it. After decades of Hurricane Hormone that lessened to a tropical storm and then a tropical depression, I wholeheartedly embraced the sudden, wonderful peace along with my deepening spirituality. Problem was, I also stopped fervently embracing my husband. Although yoga and healthy eating had kept me feeling as good as I did before the change, they failed to reignite the spark that was blown out of my libido.

Fortunately, as I crossed the threshold into menopause I also began lucid dreaming as a spiritual practice. I've always believed in the power of thought to directly influence my circumstances, both external and internal. Convincing as I am that Mind (Consciousness) is everything, I saw no reason to entrust the magical quantum realm of my hormones to the crude mechanics of modern medicine, which normally merely treats symptoms with substances that often cause a host of other health problems. I love my husband and I knew that unless I planned to catch the HRT flight, I had to find another way off my peaceful but lonely island. Lucid Dreams proved to be the ticket.

In one dream, my husband is wearing a black robe and reclining on a bed in a hotel room, where a gorgeous young woman is standing before a large mirror with a wooden frame. She's talking to him as she begins wrapping her perfect body in brown latex-like tape (like a mummy) unrolling broad swathes of it and beginning over her belly, which is a little puffy because she recently gave birth. I watch them from where I'm standing in a doorway and the woman keeps glancing knowingly at me. I smile back at her as though she poses no threat to me; as though I'm not jealous of her youth and voluptuous beauty. She's totally aware of her power and is teasing my husband with it. As I watch, he gets up and brushes something off her shoulder solicitously, completely ignoring my presence. But that's okay because now I know I'm dreaming and can walk away, which I do, feeling furious. I'm not like that woman, I don't want to be like her, and if that's what my husband expects, we can't be together anymore. He appears beside me and I say angrily, “I want a divorce! We can't keep living in this gray zone anymore! I refuse to live in this gray zone anymore!” But then suddenly we're walking through a city at night, past pleasant outdoor cafes, hip-to-hip, our arms around each others waists, totally in love and happy to be together. I ask, “Are we really getting a divorce?” And he replies, “I don't know, we'll see.” It feels totally wrong to be leaving each other when we're still so very much in love. I tell him I saw him with that other woman and say, “It's not right the way you made me feel, as invisible as a toad on a rock while she was around!”

It took me a few days to stop feeling angry and to grasp the message of the dream—I'm the princess not the toad. The woman before the mirror is me as my husband sees me. The me standing on a threshold is the negative self-image I developed of myself when I suddenly became a fifty-year-old menopausal woman for whom the mirror is fast becoming an enemy. And yet, in truth, I'm increasingly wrapped up in exciting mystery to my husband, who makes it abundantly clear that he loves and desires me as much as he always did. How he
treated the gorgeous woman in the dream is how he treats me in reality. My body’s physical changes have given birth inside me to a new and deeper sense of self, which is a good thing. When I told my husband about the dream, and what I had learned from it, he was so happy. He also remarked on the clever way my Inner Self used fairy tales to enlighten me (the mirror Snow White and the toad The Frog Prince) making use of the same imagery that influenced me as a child, and subconsciously caused me to identify with the ugly witch/crone when I grew older. It’s one thing to think something and another thing entirely to have your thought processes embodied in a living world.

In another important dream, I step outside onto a balcony of sorts. There’s a ledge on my left and I see that I’m really high up as I glimpse city streets far below. I marvel at how lucid I am. In fact, I’m so lucid I might actually be awake, which makes it a bad idea to jump off the building and fly. Instead I enter a dark room, where I see myself reflected in several mirrors. In these mirrors I look like myself morphed with a dark-haired, sensual young woman, Middle-Eastern in appearance, who is naked except for shimmering strips of jewelry. As I watch, she undulates her hands in front of her face as though in a dance.

That same night I become lucid again and find myself back in that shadowy bedroom with this woman who is me even though she looks slightly different; her voluptuous body makes me think of a Bodhisattva. This luscious me is no longer confined by mirrors where she kneels, cat-like and naked, at the foot of a bed. I/she possesses an incredible head of hair, black and heavy and somewhat kinky, barely restrained by thin silver bands. I’m watching her/me but I also am her; I can feel the weight of my hair as she tilts her head to one side. She raises her hands before her and undulates them while performing subtle sensual swaying motions I attempt to emulate. She cups her breasts with both hands as part of the erotic dance and I feel myself becoming aroused. Then suddenly I’m lying on my back fully integrated with this woman as an intense sexual energy courses up through my body, building in intensity. I become aware now of a young man fiddling with an electronic board to my left, where he kneels turning knobs and generally tweaking levels on the complex system. He glances at me as he works and tells me it’s possible for me to harness sexual energy in this way but that I have to be careful; first I have to know everything he has to tell me, otherwise it can prove dangerous. Completely lucid, I ask him, “Can’t we collaborate in real life as well?” He replies, “Write down your email address” as he hands me a pad of paper and a pen. I take a moment to consider which email address to give him, because he’ll know who I am in real life, and I write “M” on the paper before I lose the dream.

Through the dream of the woman standing before the mirror, I addressed the inevitable self-esteem issues that come from growing older. The two dreams of the “harem dancer” affected me physically—they mysteriously charged my diminished libido in a lucid dreaming equivalent of HRT with no negative side effects. Recently, in another series of lucid dreams, which occurred after frustrating weeks of physical therapy that didn’t help at all, I managed to cure the tendonitis in my right wrist. Results like this simply can’t be argued with. Personal experience keeps showing me that Lucid Dream Healing is a reality and, in the case of menopause, an exciting and effective risk-free alternative to HRT. I’ll skip the pills and stick with my dreams.
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Have You Become a Lucid Zombie?

Robert Waggoner © 2011

Zombies. We all know about zombies. Those ‘alive but dead’ creatures that emerge late at night from their graves and wander the landscape, mindlessly shuffling with vacant eyes and raised arms. We might have seen zombies in movies like “The Night of the Living Dead” or even had them appear in our own dreams!

But I have a sincere question for you: Have you unknowingly become a Lucid Zombie? Late at night, do you become lucidly aware, rise up from the grave of non-lucid dreaming, and begin to wander the dreamscape, mindlessly attracted to the pleasures of lucid dreaming?

Do you find that almost every time you become lucidly aware, you arise and instantly begin seeking only the pleasures of lucid dreaming, whether it appears as lucid dream flying, lucid dream sex or lucid dream wandering?

If so, I hate to tell you this, but you may already be a Lucid Zombie.

Once upon a time in my college years, I too had become a Lucid Zombie. On those nights when I became lucid, I would immediately follow my instincts toward lucid dreaming pleasures – a kind of mindless lucidity captured me, over and over and over.

Like some slobbering zombie from a B movie shot on a $20,000 budget in an abandoned steel mill on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, I stumbled through my lucid dream seeking to have my need for lucid dreaming pleasures fulfilled! Did I experiment? No! Did I investigate the nature of the psyche? Are you kidding! I became a full-fledged Lucid Zombie, following my ‘instincts’ mindlessly.

Perhaps I needed a period as a Lucid Zombie to work through my own issues or appreciate lucid dreamings’ transformative potential, such as physical and emotional healing, interacting with the larger Self, practicing spiritual techniques like meditation while lucid and even going beyond lucid dreaming. So believe me when I say that you may need time as a Lucid Zombie. You may need to work through your mindless, instinctual, inner Lucid Zombie-ism, before your true Lucid Dreamer self emerges.

You will know you have let go of your Lucid Zombie-ism, when you guide yourself thoughtfully through the lucid dream, un-tethered to instinctual needs, free of limiting ideas and willing to explore the true nature of dream, Self and larger reality.

But until that day, you will find a lot of support to remain a Lucid Zombie. Oh yes, science, culture and your zombie friends will try to convince you that lucid dreaming has no meaning, it all exists in your brain – so collectively they will encourage you to go ahead and be mindless. Do not experiment. Do not pierce the veil of illusory assumptions. Remain a Lucid Zombie, they will tell you.

Having endured a period as a Lucid Zombie, I feel compassion for Lucid Zombies. So I write this as a kind of ‘wake-up call’ to Lucid Zombies everywhere. Wake up!

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Methods to Resist Becoming a Lucid Zombie

1) Become mindful of instinctive energies. Work through the issues in the waking state, so they no longer possess you.

2) Think of tasks that you truly wish to perform while lucid. Write them down. Imagine the joy of completing the task!

3) Do not deny or repress instinctive energies. Recognize them, and accept their reality. Seek to achieve greater lucid awareness, so that you can recall your goals, and be free of repetitious acts.
Lucid Dream Exchange

PRESSENTS...

CRISIS
ON INFINITE EARTHS

OLD MAN EARTH IS FEELING A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER THESE DAYS!
I DON'T FEEL SO HOT.....

ACTUALLY, I FEEL QUITE HOT!

LET'S SEE WHAT DOC SOULAAR HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT...

YUP, YOU'RE RUNNING A TEMPERATURE ALL RIGHT!
IS IT BAD???

WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THIS IS THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG!
I THINK I GOT A BUG!

WE MIGHT HAVE TO REACH FOR SOMETHING MORE DRASTIC!!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO???
GIVE YOU A SHOT!

OH NO! NOT THAT!
'FRAID SO...

A SHOT?? BUT BUT BUT BUT WHERE?
IN THE ASTEROID!

LEAPIN' LUCID-FER! STRANGE DREAM! BIG DREAM!

THE KIND OF DREAM THAT MAKES ME WANT TO CONTACT

LUSTROUS LEAGUE OF LUCID HEROES

THE LUSTROUS LEAGUE HQ

SOMEBWHERE IN THE MULTIVERSE...

MEETING NOW IN SESSION... LET'S LISTEN... IN SHALL WE??

FELLOW MEMBERS I HAVE CALLED THIS EMERGENCY MEETING ON THE BEHEST OF ONE KID LUCID....

WHO'S HE????

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

CORNBALL NAME!

TO BE CONTINUED....
Finding Your Hands: A Technique for Beginning Lucid Dreamers

Robert Waggoner © 2011

In Carlos Castaneda’s classic book from 1974, Journey to Ixtlan, his shamanic teacher, don Juan, made a simple, yet radical suggestion, “Tonight in your dreams, you must look at your hands.” Don Juan suggested to Carlos that he could use this practice to become consciously aware in the dream state.

How did Carlos respond? He laughed!

Before the scientific evidence for lucid dreaming appeared in 1980, the idea of lucid dreaming sounded incredible, if not completely impossible. When I taught myself how to lucid dream in 1975 by using my version of this Castaneda technique, I could hardly persuade my friends to believe me. They laughed! But eventually, when they used my version of Castaneda’s technique, they became lucid and realized it was no joke.

I like three things about this version of the “Finding Your Hands” technique, initially reported by Castaneda. First, it actually works. Lots of people have become lucid by using it every night. Second, it has a scientific basis, as a behavioral conditioning technique: you create an associational pairing of the stimulus ‘my hands’ with the response, ‘I realize I am dreaming’, and flood your mind with it before going to sleep. Third, I somehow managed to make sense of a technique that Castaneda barely explains.

So the following briefly explains the basic idea that any beginner can use to become lucidly aware in the dream state. Please note that practicing this repeatedly develops a strong associational link between the stimulus (the sight of your hands) and the response (“I realize I am dreaming!”). Therefore, you must practice it consistently for best results.

1) Sit in your bed, and become mentally settled.
2) Stare softly at the palm of your hands, and tell yourself in a caring manner that, “Tonight while I am dreaming, I will see my hands and realize that I am dreaming.”
3) Continue to softly look at your hands and mentally repeat the affirmation, “Tonight while I am dreaming, I will see my hands and realize that I am dreaming.”
4) Allow your eyes to cross, and un-focus; remain at peace and continue to repeat slowly.
5) After about five minutes or once you feel too sleepy, quietly end the practice.
6) When you wake up in the middle of the night, gently recall your intention to see your hands and realize that you are dreaming. Try to remember your last dream; did you see your hands?
7) At some point in a dream, suddenly your hands will pop up in front of you (or you will see them naturally) and you will instantly make the connection, “This is a dream!” Try to stay calm and explore the dream environment.

Later, when you wake from your lucid dream, take a moment and write it down in your dream journal -- write the entire dream; how you realized you were dreaming; what you did while lucidly aware, etc. Congratulations!

In my book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, I explain in detail the mind-blowing, first lucid dream that resulted from this technique. When my hands popped up in front of my face and I suddenly realized, “I am dreaming this!” I could barely believe it. The setting seemed so real, so detailed, so true. But lucid dreaming taught me that our senses are “lovely liars” as author Jane Roberts said, and this firsthand knowledge pushed me to explore this ‘reality’ from the perspective of another ‘reality’ – that of the lucid dream.

To get there, though, requires dedication and persistence, just like any skill. Enjoy your journey of lucid dreaming, because the realizations along the way will completely transform you.
This was my first time I tried the experiment of “asking the dream to show me something”. I became lucid in a long, populated hallway of an airport/shopping mall type of building. I don't know what sparked lucidity.

There was a coffee shop/bar with a dj playing music. I decided to get some kind of a healthy fruit drink, then I began to dance with a woman to the music. She stroked my back and chest with her fingers while we were dancing, and it felt very good and I told her so. Then I saw an otherwise normal man with green skin. I asked him why his skin was green. He looked away, although not rudely, and didn’t answer. I started walking down the hallway, shifting focus to different objects and people to avoid waking up.

Then I remembered to ask my dream to show me something. A Hispanic man in work pants and a work shirt with an embroidered name patch showed up. He began to show me down a hallway. I told him I appreciated his help, but I hoped we could hurry because I have trouble staying asleep long in lucid dreams. He took me through some big metal doors into an expansive room that looked like a brightly lit video game arcade that seemed to have an automotive racing theme. This was strange to me because I think of video game arcades as often dark but lit up only with some neon lights or the games themselves. (I don't play video games, by the way, so this was not an expected environment). However, the arcade was actually empty of games, it just looked as if that's what kind of facility it was by the aesthetic of the room. Then we descended down several levels on some escalators.

When we got to the bottom floor, he showed me the entrance to a tunnel. The room it was in was white, brightly lit, but the tunnel was black on the inside. It did have light emanating from it through what appeared to be video screens that were scattered about on all sides of the circular interior surface as well as some multicolored digital lights. It was about 4 feet in diameter. I was a little apprehensive, so I asked the man, since he seemed friendly and like a guide, if he was going in with me. He said "no" and that I would be fine. He said I would be "working out some future problems" while in the tunnel. I asked how long it would take, and he replied "about 5 minutes".

I entered and laid down on my stomach and was pulled through at a slow pace, about walking speed. The first thing I saw was the lit up word "cancer" which flickered and faded. It was not scary or ominous. It almost seemed as if the word was very fragile, indicating I would prevent or avoid cancer or that maybe I would get some kind of cancer that I could get through fairly eas-
ily. The next word that flashed below me in tunnel was "benign prostate enlargement". It seemed weird to see such a stark medical term in such a psychedelic dream-like space. That word stayed lit up consistently, and my thought was, "Okay, I get it. I'll have an enlarged prostate someday". (I'm 37 years old now).

Finally, the next "screen" showed a black man sitting in a golden throne with a mask held up to his face that looked like a mardi gras kind of mask, half black on one side, half white. He looked very theatrical. I didn't have a strong impression of what that meant, but it seemed as if he was a strong figure and it was his own inside joke, as if to say "I'm secure enough in my manhood to wear this silly mask". Then I felt claustrophobic and woke up.

It was a very satisfying experience, and when I asked the dream to "show me something", the result was truly unexpected. I regret I couldn't stay in the whole 5 minutes to see what other screens had to show me.

Esther Manning
Oct 2011 - THE PYRAMID AND FEELING TONE

I was jogging and realized that my movements were too slow-motion like. I decided to jump up to see if I was dreaming even though it didn't feel like I was. I felt a bit embarrassed to do so in front of all the people around, but I did anyway and sure enough, I flew! That first moment of realizing that you are dreaming is so amazing; every single time the joy I feel is so engulfing and freeing. To be lucid once again, it's a gift.

As I was flying I knew exactly what I wanted to do. (I am reading a Seth book by Jane Roberts, "The Nature of Personal Reality," and had finished the chapter on feeling tones a while back.)

Robert Waggoner had mentioned in his book on lucid dreaming that he had once asked the dream that he wanted to know his ‘feeling tone', and he had a profound experience. So I decided to see what my feeling tone was.

While flying I hollered to the dream, "I would like to hear and experience my feeling tone!"

All of a sudden I was halted in mid air, and hung there suspended, high above the ground with houses and trees and hills below me. The wind picked up and I saw and felt autumn tree leaves swirl around me like a tornado, the rustling sound of the wind and the leaves filled the air. Then a pyramid materialized above my head; it was a metal framed pyramid, open on all sides. I reached up and grabbed the bottom right and left frame parts of the pyramid. As soon as I did all sound stopped, and all light disappeared, and I hung there in utter darkness and silence, waiting for my feeling tone to start. I made a quick mental note not to lose lucidity, but to be aware and await my tone. But nothing happened, not a sound.

I was fighting to stay lucid, when I found my feet touching the ground and the scenery change into an area inside a large building with a wooden door in front of me. There was someone in the room with me but I did not look at her or him, I just said that my attempt to hear my feeling tone had failed. I wondered what to do next because I wanted to stay lucid. I was still holding on to my pyramid and ended up lowering my arms so the point of the pyramid was facing the door. I decided to fly through the door and to pretend I was a rocket with the pyramid as the rocket tip.

I felt myself grow really long like a rocket and the pyramid yanked me forward at an amazing speed. I felt that I had to try again to find my feeling tone, so I asked the dream, "Please let me hear and experience my feeling tone!" Again I halted in mid air, and hung there waiting for my tone. Then in the utter silence I heard a very soft barely noticeable tone. I strained to hear it, but it was ever so soft. I asked the dream, please make it a little louder, but I woke up.
Lisa S  
11/25/11 Goldilocks  

I experience myself as having entered someone else’s home, at a specific address, whom I don’t know. I fall asleep from sheer exhaustion on the bed. I am aware this happened more than having a detailed dream experience of it. I wake up, in the dream, and at that point am aware I am awake in a dream. I see that someone removed the bed cover and let me sleep undisturbed. There is a child in hiking boots playing on the bed, a child from a larger dimension, more like manifesting the essence of that child. I watch the child walk around the front of the bed.

Then, two large very calm, serene dogs appear on the bed, from that same larger dimension - beautiful, healthy. Then, a mature, elegant woman’s head, with a specific sense of her own being, like Cleopatra, appears, as the head of the body of another young child, so that the body is mostly head, not child, also from the same larger dimension. Then I grok [intuitively grasp, ed.] the presence of a couple, a man and a woman. I don’t see them. I feel some concern that I, like Goldilocks, have been found sleeping in someone else’s bed and home. A voice asks me if I have time to share a glass of wine. At that point in the dream, I realize I am being asked to make a choice, which is an odd experience while dreaming and unexpected given the circumstances. I feel myself consider and decide to accept. I verify that the name of the street that the house is on is the one I recalled earlier. It is, although the name is not an address from my past nor one that has any meaning to me. Then, I wake up.

Note: Since this is a fairy tale with archetypical meaning, and I am middle-aged, it is not a tale I have read or seen for many decades. What struck me was flowing along with the dream versus the moment being asked to make a choice, and the total lack of judgment in the dream - I was open to the experience and witnessing, the children and dogs were accepting of me. The adults were accepting of what had happened and flowing with it as well.

Maria Carla C.  
October 21, 2011  Sent Grandpa to the Light & Reiki Healing on Mom  

I am on the phone with I __. She tells me she wants to go to Canada to study “dietary medicine”, but hadn’t told anyone yet. Recall her saying, “This is between me, you and the lamp post…I don’t know if I should tell your mom or not”. She was getting my opinion on school, asking about usernames and passwords, and where she could get boxes for moving. I said, “I __ you can call Office Depot early in the morning…that’s what G ___ did when he was moving”. She kept shushing her husband who kept interjecting – she said, “Let M__ tell me”. He giggled. I hung up with her and Aunt G__ called, and told me she was going back to school. I was so inspired by these older women going to school so late in life, and making major changes like moving to Canada.

I went upstairs to tell mom about I __ and Aunt G__. Mom was lying in bed with her father talking. I had a green mud masque on, and when I went over to Grandpa he asked, “What is that?” I kiddingly say, “I think I’m going to throw up”, and made lurching sound – like I was green from nausea. He made a face. I said, “Like C ___ did to you when she was a baby”. He laughed, and we all were giggling and joking. I was sitting in a chair opposite them – chairs reminded me of the ones he and Gram had that Aunt A___ reupholstered in WPR (waking physical reality). I suddenly realize, “this is a dream…Grandpa and Aunt G__ aren’t alive! And how could mom be older than her father?” (WPR he died in his early 50’s, while mom is 72)

I went over to the bedside and say, “This is a dream”. He and mom looked surprised. I levitated him with hand gestures like stage-magicians do, and sent him into the “Light” by spinning him in the air up through the ceiling. I could see the cosmos through the ceiling and him disappear into the galaxy becoming starlight. Mom looked upset that he was gone. I float her up off the bed and was manipulating her with hand gestures – moving her above the bed. I think, “Well, I can’t send her to the Light…she’s alive”. I knew I needed to focus on something or I would lose lucidity.
I laid her over the bed – floating just above the mattress – she looked so shocked. I started running healing energy through her and smoothing her energy. I was using Reiki techniques. She was so ecstatic looking. Suddenly, she passes out. I lower her onto the bed using mental energy and continue doing Reiki healing – doing the "butterfly technique" to smooth the energy in/around her aura. I say invocations, like, "Mother Earth heal my mother"; and then kept repeating…almost chanting, "Allow all blockages to be removed gently, smoothly, safely, freely flowing the energy of healing". She woke up and said, "Oooh M__, I just had the weirdest dream about my father". I was about to say, "But mom…this is a dream"; but I didn't want to ruin it for her. EOD

Note: I told my mother this dream in the morning. She said she woke with horrible "charley horse" pains in her legs in the middle of the night and was trying to walk them off. She said, "They suddenly stopped". I asked her if she knew when this happened, but she said she didn't notice the time.

Maria Isabel Pita
10/15/11 - Night of the Dragons

In a dream, I'm trying to find my way back somewhere but the door I came through on the left, cutting through a major department store, isn't there anymore. There are at least three doors but none of them into the store I remember walking through. Then some weird, slightly clownish male character emerges from the door I believed was the correct one and says, as though enticing me, "Oh, what could be in here, I wonder?" I glance inside and see what I can only describe as a cross between a janitor's closet and a magician's cabinet. I realize I must be dreaming. I'm thrilled, but check my elation with the knowledge that I have to find a way out of this confining building to really enjoy my lucidity.

Up the hall, I come to an open space like a reception area where a woman sits behind a desk. This lady tells me that the adjoining office belongs to a very important man. I enter the dark, spacious office and to the north-east, in the corner, I see an old Oriental man sitting behind a "desk". He smiles at me and greets me,

"Namaste" and as I approach him, I respond, "Namaste" returning his smile. I take a seat, but then the scene shifts and he's sitting on one side of a low table in the center of the room, which is richly decorated, without being opulent, in red, gold and black tones. He looks more severe now, and I seem to recall he's dressed in an ancient fashion, not in a nondescript modern suit as before.

He indicates what seat I am to take before him, the one with an angular cushion, not as close as the stool I was about to sit on. I'm having a hard time understanding him, and rather resent his impatience as he commands me, with gestures and expressions (I don't remember if he speaks, and if he does, it's not English) to look through the book resting on the table between us. The pages flip up and they consist of beautiful, gilded, colorful engravings covered with oriental writing I can't make heads or tails of. I vividly recall an exquisite image of a bird standing upright with its wings spread open which is also serpent-like. The whole time I keep looking around the room, careful not to focus for too long on the teacher and the book. It's an impressive, beautiful space. But I start getting impatient, because how can I be expected to learn when I can't read a single word?

I stand up and, suddenly, he's also standing but now he's a blonde white man in a curious state of disarray—his light-blue robe or tunic is askew from how hastily he got up. He really doesn't want me to go, but I'm thinking now that I'm way too submissive to dream characters; I've wasted too many lucid dreams just doing what they tell me and tonight I'm having none of it. "You're like the wizard of Oz," I accuse him and, indeed, he looks as flustered as Oz did when Dorothy flung the curtain open and exposed him. I'm also thinking I don't need anymore reading of philosophy and metaphysics and complicating myself with it, especially stuff written in another language!

I storm out of there and see two women walking toward an eastern exit through which I discern outdoor light. Yay! I quickly follow them outside, and the first thing I see is a wave of water; the world is partially flooded. I tell one of the women, "This is going to happen more and more," meaning the ocean encroaching on dry land, and I get the sense I might be in the future. Then I see several large white horses, and I think one of them—who alights a few yards to the north-west of me—is like Pegasus, although no wings are visible. I consider riding one of them through the dream, it might be neat, but then reconsider; why would I want to ride a horse when I can fly! But then I reconsider flying itself as an option because it takes me away from experiencing what I might encounter on the ground, so I begin walking.

The landscape is curious—on my right are boring industrial-like places while to the west there is a vast open space, and in the north-west, far, far away, I distinctly see flocks of winged dinosaurs descending toward earth. Dinosaurs! It's amazing, and I wonder for a mere instant if it might be scary to keep walking in that direction, but it's not scary at all, just really, really cool. Then behind me I see one of those large white horse creatures racing toward me. Again I experience a fleeting concern it might hurt me as it barrels into me, but I just turn around and say, "Oh you're so beautiful!" and it stops so I can pet it's smooth white head. I wake up or, rather, my perception shifts from the dream world into the world where I'm lying in bed.
David Saya
10/11/08 - "First Time"

I was with about four other friends at our local McDonalds in my small hometown. For whatever reason we were all running around the McDonalds building over and over, I can't exactly say what triggered my lucidity... all I know is for whatever reason I became lucid. [Once lucid,] I stopped and held my hands out in front of my face out of pure awe. My friends were no longer with me. After looking at my hands, I turned and looked all around me... I then realized I was awake in my dream and I told myself, "This is a dream." I was extremely excited over what was happening. I started to run as fast as I could and then suddenly woke up after about ten seconds of dream time. (end of dream)

I had no idea what lucid dreaming was or that it was even something that could occur, until that dream made me aware of this ability and I immediately looked it up online to figure out what happened. No surprise that I learned it was called lucid dreaming, and ever since then I've been obsessed in trying to achieve the same level of awareness in a dream.

Tosh
April 13, 2008 The Deconstruction of Cars

I become lucid so at least for a little while I know I am dreaming, but I don't control anything. I find myself in a pretty scary-looking place. It seems to be a long underground garage. The floor is smooth out concrete, and on either side of me are individual cages with chain link like fences for gates. Inside each cage is either a car or some other large mechanical thing. The cars look like the sort available around the late 30's, and they all seem to be in various stages of disrepair. For some reason I feel frightened and somehow personally threatened. I can't help but think of the cars as people, and they're mangled and imprisoned. Some of the cars look experimental, like they're altered to do something else, or do more than what they're supposed to do.

I hear voices that seem to be coming from above. I don't recognize the language, it's not English and it's not German. I think it might be Chinese. I think they must be coming down stairs into here. The voices sound happy and excited. I worry because I am pretty sure I shouldn't be here, and wonder how these people are going to react when they find me here. Frantically I look for a place to hide. There is one narrow spot where there wasn't enough room for another cage, but it was big enough for storage, so I think about pressing myself in there among all the discarded pieces of metal junk. It comes to me that I won't fit and even if I did I would still be really obvious there. So I stand my ground and wait to see what happens.

Several people come into the space, some men and women. I hadn't expected there to be any women, because I only heard men's voices. Some of the people just walk right past me, others seem to stop and say something to me, but I am surprised that these people seem to be treating me as if I am somehow in a position superior to them. At least they recognize me and seem to think I should be here. I am glad that I am not in any trouble after all. One older woman seems to notice that I am confused. She also seems to realize I don't know her language. She shows me a piece of typing paper with some cartoon like drawings in pencil on it. There are three figures drawn on the page. They look slightly familiar to me. I am not sure I remember everything she explained. It was not easy for her to talk to me anyway, but what I understood was something about the offspring of a deity, which is how I understood her, but she said "son of God". I didn't know what that had to do with why she recognized that I was lost here. In any case, I am no longer worried that I am going to be attacked or anything. I get the impression that the people here know I am foreign, but that it's okay, they know me.

Autum Worcester

My first ever lucid dream was when I was three years old (I'm not kidding!). I had been having the same dream over again, where I was in the bathroom leaning against a wall, as my mother stood at the mirror in front of me. After a few minutes, she left, and I followed her out, but just as I began to walk around the corner I fell into endless darkness. Like I said I had the dream several times. But once, right before I walked around the corner, I realized I was dreaming, and then remembered what happens next, so I waited awhile to come out. When I did, I saw a rat.
with glowing red eyes staring at me. This rat was a character in another reoccurring dream, and even though I knew I was dreaming, I was still scared. After a few seconds, I fell into darkness just like usual. Ever since, I've rarely had dreams that weren't lucid, but unfortunately I haven't had many dreams.

David Lemoine
Angel of Death

On the morning of March 8, 2011 I lay in bed, on my left side, feeling very comfortable and at peace. I had been doing a lot of reading about OBE’s and lucid dreaming lately. Suddenly I was over a lake somewhere in (what I think was) the northeastern U.S. I felt as though I was viewing from the southwestern portion of the lake and focusing on a “white strip” that ran the length of the west side. Possibly a road. Then a bit of a newspaper clipping appeared to me and the words “Selena Kavic, sheriff’s daughter”. Then I was back in my body. I lay still for a while reviewing the experience when I found myself looking down at my body and feeling absolutely no emotional connection with it. Now I'm in a hospital surgical recovery room, standing to the left of a man on the surgical table. Both of his arms are straight out from his body and he has tubes and wires connecting him to the usual devices. I'm next to his head, but I'm not physical, only pure energy. He is very angrily talking to me with a raspy voice. He's tired of fighting, tired of being sick and tired of surgeries. I feel no emotion at all. I then float up, and become a blanket of energy. I lay down on top of him and say, "Here is my energy, use it as you choose to". Then I'm back in my body.

Once again, after reviewing the experience, I am looking back at my body and feel myself above a more primitive hospital bed, looking down at a very small man or boy named Wing. I float down to him and lift him in my arms. We begin to float up and he asks about the tubes and wires. I tell him he doesn't need them anymore and we float upward. I'm back in my body.

Quickly, I look back at my body once again, turn away and find myself walking down a hospital corridor looking for "Big Frank". I can hear and "feel" Big Frank as his loud, boisterous voice booms through the hall. I stop and turn around, and see a hoodie. I turn and call to my wife to come see the cougar. I turn back, and now, instead of a cougar, I see a blue wyvern [dragon], and I know I'm dreaming. I sit in sukhasana, press my palms together in front of my heart, and meditate. Somehow, now I'm in a hallway, away from the window I'd been looking out of, near the top of a stairway that goes down to the basement. Then, I have a false awakening--I find myself in a bar, talking with a friend--and I lose lucidity.

Note: This dream makes me smile. A cougar had been spotted in the town where I live--a very rare occurrence. So, seeing a cougar isn't enough to trigger lucidity--it takes a wyvern! The dream also illustrates how I approach lucidity now. I generally don't try to do anything. I just open to the dream in some way. I'm not so concerned with increasing clarity and observation. I'm more focused on dropping my defenses and letting anything and everything in the dream have its way.

Jana Y11/26/2011 2:01 a.m.
Feeling Sleep Paralysis While Lucid

I vaguely remember bits of my first episode dream of being with family members, building a strange house, interacting with people I know or that feel familiar. We go drive around a mall parking lot. In the end, I am driving us, but we are not in a car. We are all seated in a long, light beige coloured rectangular table. I am seated on one of the edge seats and I am "driving" us. Next I remember I was in my bedroom, looking out the windows. There are tall, pine trees outside my window blocking the side views. I found this to be odd as I live on the 22nd floor of a condominium building. There is a plant in front of me and I can take glimpses of the night sky. The sky is filled with hundreds to thousands of stars, I feel very happy and excited to see it. I then realize I am dreaming and have a feeling that I am going to experience another sleep paralysis. I think of my sleeping body and I immediately go through the sensations of sleep paralysis. I felt a strong and fast wave of energy go through my upper body area (I can feel myself getting

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back into my "body". There is a wave pressure), I see a few flashes of light and my conscious mind thinks it tries to wake up.

I thought I woke up and looked out the window again to see a small vehicle with white/yellow lights. It gets brighter and I think it is an airplane as it is moving in one direction (from left to right). I see another band of coloured lights that is a glowing fuchsia colour, heading towards my window. There are about 5-6 faint lights that are aligned horizontally. I still think it's an airplane. Then I look to the right corner of my window area and I see a small blanket/covering fall to the ground. I feel slightly frightened that it has moved without wind or a physical force. I open my eyes to find myself really waking up from this dream and I am lying on my back, in the same position as I remember to have fallen asleep. I realize that when I thought I had woken up, I was still in a dream. I am puzzled that I can realize I am in a dream and think that I had woken up yet I'm really still dreaming not knowing that I am.

Tosh   May 5th, 2007
Mysterious Shaved Man

Just woke up from a nice long nap after eating lunch.

I was lucid in this dream. I am in bed sleeping, and aware of something else in the room. No problem, not scared, because I felt like if it got scary I could wake myself up, but I was very curious. I felt as if my left leg was moving involuntarily. Not so much that something else moved it, but it was sliding just a little bit towards the edge of the bed. Then I felt something touch my right nipple and press down on it. That was sort of painful. Then I felt something getting on top of me. At this point I was slightly alarmed, but still aware I was just in my bed sleeping, and whatever this would be practically nothing if I woke myself up. I sort of thought this thing was going to rape me. It does nothing of the sort, it just seems to want to lie on top of me and then sort of sleep by itself. The thing seems to weigh quite a lot, but not so much as to be crushing me.

I am still pretty sleepy, and do not want to wake up, so when I move my arm to feel this thing I do so very slowly. I first feel the thing on top of me with my right hand. I touch what I would guess is its shoulder. At first it feels like the creature is covered in fire-y thorns, and briefly there is an uncomfortable sensation of being lightly shocked, but then it gives way to what feels like stubble. I feel all around this creature as far as I can reach, and it seems to feel like that all over its body. I attempt to feel its head or face, but for some reason I can't do that, but as far as I can tell the creature is at least human-like in its shape. I tried to talk to it, but it was unresponsive. I have to say it was a very weird experience.

Additional Comments:
In one of the books I read, "Out of Body Experiences" by Robert Peterson he relates a tale in diary form about how he kept encountering what he thought was some sort of hostile entity. He says he felt it and at first interpreted it as some sort of sexual attack, though like in my case this doesn't happen. He also says he felt the things face and felt like it has stubble. Later on he discovers that the entity was actually one of his own astral bodies. Now I don't know if that could be the case with my stubby bed fellow, but it seems like the idea is worth investigating. I am already well aware some of my dream bodies are vastly different in appearance to this waking self.

Shayam   “We Have Been Expecting You”

I am standing on top of a building looking down and I suddenly realize I'm dreaming. I stand on the ledge and look down: I can see the street below with cars and people walking, as well as the large expanse of blue sea beyond the street. I know I can fly as long as I believe I can. I haven't been lucid in a dream in a while so I say to myself, "I am as light as air and I can swim through it like in the sea." I step off the ledge with a breast stroke and voila! I can fly!

I dive down into the stream of traffic and whizz by people walking by -- no one can see me. I feel like I am in Monaco, although I have never been there. I can see everything so clearly: people's faces, their expressions, what they are wearing. It all looks very real. I decide I want to go inside people's houses to see what they are doing. I observe some groups of people through the windows of their apartments. They are having dinner or talking with friends and family. Then suddenly I am in one of these apartments. It's a very big and fancy "apartment" on a cliff. There is a marble spiral staircase with big plane windows and I whizz down the staircase. I see a small child, maybe 9 years old, and he looks at me like he sees me. I fly back up the staircase as the child runs after me and as I fly by the long drapes, I notice that they move.

I'm back in the crowds again. I am in an elevator with six other people. I see a woman looking at me - she sees me! She is an older black woman with beautiful skin. Her companion is a tall, amiable blond man. He stands in front of me facing forward and she behind me, and they escort me out of the elevator. They can teach me how to fly better. We are now far above the city in the air. I want to attempt acrobatic movements in the air, so I dive, full speed toward the Earth. As I spin and tumble toward the ground, I can't see anything but I can feel the sensation of the fall - it is so fascinating! (I am fully aware I am...
dreaming and I am so curious as to how this sensation is occurring in my inner ear!)

After a few seconds I think, I need to stop this or I will awaken. The blond man comes and grabs me and stops my fall. As we are flying in the air I start asking questions of the old woman. I say “I want to see you again and talk more.” She says “Do not worry, we will see each other. We have been expecting you.”

And I wake up.

**Sypyres - Visiting a House, Which Later I Visit While Waking**

Hello, my name is Sypyres and I am a Lucid dreamer. I have had this ability for as long as I can remember. I used to be scared for the fear of not waking up and not knowing what to do. As years progress I began to take control and enjoy my journey into the dream world.... In lucid dreams, I was able to stop or freeze the event, think of what I wanted to do and start the scene like nothing happened. It will be like having a remote control pressing stop, play and rewind. If during the time I did not like what was going on, I simply would stop the scene, rewind from where I felt it and chose a different method. At times I would find myself almost doing the same as a previous episode and I would have to stop, tell myself I have already gone and done this yesterday and head in a different direction instead.

I have had episodes where I ended up staring at myself and saying, “that's what I look like sleeping”? Then I'd go around and travel the neighborhood. In my mind it was another lucid dream and I was off to another journey. However, I did not first realize, something was quite different about this one. The places I went were empty and it seemed like it was a dream but then it wasn’t. I could fly but it was so low and so slow and more like floating. I then would run and try to fly higher but ended up slow and floating about 4-5 feet from the ground. I felt ridiculous so I just walked around. I started to see people or images of people but could not make faces. I was getting hungry, so I ended up at some house and in their kitchen. They had all kinds of fruits and so I ate those. I then walked all around the house, looking thru stuff and opening closets etc. I was just curious but more curious than normal. Finally I got bored, went outside and just went home. I then woke up, thinking to myself how weird and boring that was....

**NOTE:** About three months later I was walking with some friends around my neighborhood and saw this kid playing basketball on his driveway. We ourselves played a little, so we decided to introduce ourselves and get a game going. About an hour had passed and everyone was getting kinda tired and thirsty. This kid then invites us in to grab some drinks and something to eat. As soon as I stepped in the kitchen that's when it hit me. OMG, I had been here before. I first doubted myself but after giving us a tour and ended up being friends with him ever since, I knew I was right. What to make of that? I'm not sure. First I knew I was lucid, then ended up staring at myself and just went forward thinking it was another lucid episode.

I'm glad that I can share this and many other experiences I have had with people who have had similar to same experiences. It goes to show we are not alone and all we have to do is open up because it gives others a chance to share their own stories.

**Sophie F**

Hi there...

I am very new to lucid dreaming and it only occurred to me about a month ago when a friend pointed out that I was lucid dreaming. I explained a dream to her and she said WOW you were lucid dreaming! At this stage I didn’t even know what it was. I have always been a heavy dreamer who would experience five dreams or more per night and remember many details from them. I also experience intense nightmares and have since being a child and remember many of them.... Ever since my friend pointed out what was happening to me I have had about 8-10 nights of lucid dreaming....and that is waking up and falling back asleep and going into the dream again so I may have had about 20 lucid dreams.

The lucid dream I had two weeks ago, I said to myself...awesome as I knew I was in control. I stayed calm...and headed for my front door. When I opened it I am able to imagine and create anything I like. I also feel pain in my dreams which is strange (like hitting my leg or something). Another thing I do is I make myself open my eyes really wide and take in the details of what is around me and I even think to myself....“This is so real it’s amazing.” Anyhow it is kind of blowing my mind at the moment and I even look forward to sleeping! I am finding it quite easy to get into lucid dreaming ever since my friend pointed it out...I tell myself before I go to sleep I am going to dream and I will control the dream...I think it is something I have always been able to do but never realized what was going on. - Sophie

**Todd writes:** I don't have a dream for you but thought you would be interested in this article published about lucid dreamers being used in a study with MRI machines. They measured dream content. Here is the link to the article: [http://www.mpipsyk.mpg.de/en/institute/news/press/pr1611.html](http://www.mpipsyk.mpg.de/en/institute/news/press/pr1611.html)
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Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
By Robert Waggoner

★★★★★

A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

★★★★★ Definitely worth reading, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

★★★★★ Love the book. Very informative and valuable information on lucid dreaming.

★★★★★ The key to the lucid dreams world, May 4, 2009 - I've had my first two lucid dreams on the second night after reading first 50 pages. The energy this book emits shifted my perception on very deep level and served me as a key to the lucid dreams world...

★★★★★ Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★ A solid guide and a hearty recommendation, January 8, 2009

★★★★★ Page Turner. Expect a lot more from this author, October 29, 2008 - Expect much more from Robert Waggoner's generous and giving spirit in which he writes. His easy to read writing style focuses on reader understanding. I'm hooked.

★★★★★ Intelligent and forward thinking, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!

★★★★★ Amazing and enjoyable, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.
The Lucid Dream Exchange  www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank
https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/

Robert's Book Website
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Dr. Keith Hearne
Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
http://www.keithhearne.com

Lucidity Institute  www.lucidity.com

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

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net
Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."
www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival
Several articles on lucid dream-related topics
http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

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A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.
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Rebecca’s Website  www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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Robert Moss  www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams  www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation  www.lucidart.org

Roger “Pete” Peterson  http://realtalklibrary.com

DreamTokens  www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn  http://www.dreamingtrue.com/

Lucidipedia  www.lucidipedia.com

Jayne Gackenbach
Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.
www.spiritwatch.ca

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

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