It's About Time!
The Curious Case of the Psychic Police
The Strange Nature of Time in Lucid Dreams
Varied Perception of Time While Viewing My Fascination with Japan in Lucid Dreaming
PsiberDreaming 2018
The Dreamwide Web
Sunday. Sept 23 through
Sunday. Oct 7, 2018

Did you ever dream about a long-lost friend, just before getting their message? Before there was an Internet, there was a Dreamwide Web.

Have you felt a connection to someone grow at a whole new level when you shared a dream? Have you dreamed something about yourself that you didn’t know you knew? The Dreamwide Web is multidimensional, reaching through time, space and states of consciousness in an infinite network of entangled minds. It connects us to one another, to the Earth, to our own higher and deeper selves.

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When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it? (This might not apply if you were a natural lucid dreamer as a child.)

I guess I only really learned about it around six years ago. I’ve lucid dreamed naturally my whole life, but never knew it was something special. I just assumed it was a normal part of dreaming and everyone did it. It never occurred to me to even mention it!

About six years ago, I had a spiritual awakening that led me to begin working with my dreams. I soon learned about lucid dreaming’s potential. Upon reading *Lucid Dreaming: Plain and Simple*, I realized I’ve wasted a lot of years just flying around!

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

I suspect I’ve had lucid dreams from the start. The earliest ones I recall are also the earliest dreams I can recall, lucid nightmares from when I was very young. Some are still vivid to this day. For some reason, I had it in my head that if you die in a dream, you’ll also die in waking life. I occasionally have dreams today in the same setting, such as an old, dark mansion. Now, I walk around the place nostalgically, laughing about the old monsters.

One that I find funny today occurred when I was about five years old. I was sitting on the stairs of a small house, facing the front door. All was dark. The door opened, and a large, hairy beast was there, looking to get me. I closed my eyes and concentrated as hard as I could to wake myself up. It didn’t happen. I opened my eyes to see the monster at the bottom of the stairs. I ran up a few flights, sat down, closed my eyes, and tried even harder to wake up. No dice. I opened my eyes and saw the monster coming up. I ran up a few more flights and tried again. Still no success. I was getting increasingly frustrated as the monster kept coming, albeit slowly. After a few more rounds, I finally woke. Looking back, that little house must have been 30 stories high!
As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.

Ha! They surprise me all the time! Where do I begin? I’m still floored by the precognitive warning dreams. I submitted one to LDE (“A Pancreatic Problem”—Spring 2016 Issue) where my wife came to me saying, “It’s pancreatic.” After waking, I thought she was talking about a certain friend who had a lot of health issues. I was wrong. Two days later, a different friend was hospitalized with Pancreatitis. A few months later, I found out one of my wife’s friends had also been diagnosed with the same disease.

One of the most important ones for my family happened two years ago, nine nights after we lost my father’s beloved black lab, Ebbie. Here’s my dream.

**Ebbie Visits During Mic Check!**

I’m in a basement room of a small shop. It seems to be a dining room with a couple of tables and a small stage in the corner. The décor seems out of the 1970’s with wood panel walls and an orange carpet. I’m on stage, testing my microphone and amplifier in preparation for an event. I see a couple of workers cleaning up from a previous event, including a table with leftover meat and apples. I look around for my amp, but can’t find it. I speak into the mic, hearing my voice amplified, so it must be hooked up. Where is it?

As I step off the stage looking for it, Ebbie Dog comes running into the room. Knowing she just died, I realize I’m dreaming. I’m so happy to see her! She looks like her healthy, younger self, except her hind end is grey instead of black. I kneel down to greet her and give her a hug. She licks my face vigorously. She rolls over onto her back to have me rub her belly (like I used to). I oblige. As I pet her, I get a sense she has completed her transition to the other side and is here to tell me she’s doing great.

After getting up, I mentioned to my wife that I got to see Ebbie. She said that was funny as she dreamed of seeing Ebbie, too. Her dream occurred one hour after mine. We decided to call my father to tell him. He normally doesn’t remember any dreams, but said he was surprised to have a dream about her, too! His dream was two hours before mine. We later talked to his wife. You guessed it. She dreamed of Ebbie as well, about an hour before mine.

What a coincidence, right? I mean, what are the odds Ebbie would appear to all four of us, in succession, an hour apart, especially since one of us rarely recalls dreams, and another never remembers his dreams? We did a little “back of the napkin” odds calculation and guessed this event would occur randomly once every 288 years!

Ebbie’s visitation has led my father to take an interest in his own spirituality, including learning about beliefs of the afterlife. He’s now remembering dreams that we examine together. Ebbie still visits him regularly.

**What was it about lucid dreaming that fascinated you?**

I’ve been studying my dreams for a few years now and have come to the conclusion there is an external consciousness, I think you call it the Dream Awareness, that directs our dreams. It’s so much smarter and wiser than me! In normal dreams, I feel this awareness is teaching and guiding me, offering insight if I can decipher it. Through lucidity, this guidance becomes a two-way conversation where I can participate actively. Talk about a way to accelerate soul growth! The awareness always answers my queries, but rarely in a way I’m expecting.

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

It’s funny, even though I get lucid spontaneously on a regular basis, I’m actually pretty lousy at inducing them on purpose. Most of my spontaneous lucid dreams occur later in the morning, such as on weekends when I sleep in. Having problems sleeping or getting up to use the bathroom also help, so I guess WBTB would be my default method.

One of the few times I was successful inducing a lucid dream occurred two years ago for Lucid Dreaming
Day. It was a night where I woke up a lot, so each time I tried to go back to sleep, I kept repeating in my head, “This is a dream.” I had lots of dreams that night, but no lucidity. With about 20 minutes until my alarm would go off, I gave up and nearly got up. Instead, I fell asleep and had the following dream.

**My Wife’s Flying Car**

It’s dark, just before sunrise. I’m riding in a small red car with my wife driving. We’re on a long, straight, country road. She’s late to catch a plane to work. As we approach an intersection, I suggest flying the car up to the plane since it has already taken off. She agrees. I get out and watch her head off in the car. She has trouble getting airborne, bouncing a few times. It finally hits me… a flying car?? Oh, I’m dreaming!

She finally stays airborne, turns around and flies by me in a low pass. Success for both of us! I look around, enjoying the beautiful dream scenery, rolling hills with palm trees lining the road. There are even stars in the sky. I feel ecstatic! As I see the car fade away, fireworks begin in the background and the 1812 Overture begins playing. Fireworks explode in time with the music. What a wonderful celebration and reward!

It sounds like you read one of my books, and learned how I encourage people to ignore the dream figures and ‘ask’ a question of the non-visible larger awareness. Is that right? What did you think when you came across this idea?

That’s correct. Actually, reading your book completely changed the way I interact with the dream! At the time, I was excited to try a lot of the engagement suggestions. Unless I have a specific task to accomplish, I currently just stop and surrender to the awareness, allowing it to provide what it thinks I need for that session.

In practice, I seem to have the best dream “conversations” by engaging the larger awareness through dream characters. I’m guessing that’s the communication method that works best for me. I ask for some form of guidance, then a dream character appears and responds. It probably evolved from earlier dreams where I would get a response in a visual or auditory form, but failed to properly interpret the image. Luckily, the larger awareness figured out I need the responses dumbed down. Ha!

**For some people, engaging the non-visible awareness seems relatively simple—they ask a question and get a visual or verbal response. What happened when you first tried to engage the larger awareness in a lucid dream?**

I made my first attempt while trying to dream a target image for the IASD PsiberDreaming Conference a few years ago. I hadn’t planned it ahead of time, but the opportunity presented itself. I figured, why not? I had nothing to lose. Here’s what happened.

**Late for Work Shower Quest**

(I’m in a small desert town)…I’m now back in town, so I decide just to walk to the shower. Wait, I can’t, because I have no soap or towel. What to do? What time is it? I check my watch. 8:30. Now I’m really late. Wait a minute. I’m well over an hour late for work and need to walk down the middle of a street to get a shower in a mystery town. This is a dream!!!

I’m now lucid. I look up to the sky and ask the Dream Creator, “Can you please show me the group psi target image when I turn around?” I then turn around to face where I came from. I see a narrow street that looks like an old European town with small shops on both sides. It ends at a stone wall with a closed iron gothic arch style gate. I see brown leaves blowing around furiously outside the gate. Just inside the gate on my left (right sidewalk on the street), I see two young Catholic priests. They look to be about 30 years old with short black hair. They are wearing white, puffy vestments over black robes and small maroon square hats. They are each running and carrying an iron gothic arch gate under their left arms. Both gates are about 5 feet high….

The target turned out to be a painting of Jesus’ Sermon on the Mount. As I now know to be typical, the awareness gave me the answer to my request, but I still had to work to figure it out. Of course, the priests were a strong clue, but also the followers in the painting were wearing robes similar in style to my vision.

**Did you ever feel like you were having a conversation with a wiser part of yourself? Do you have any**
**Lucid dreams, which exemplify that?**

I have conversations with something/someone wiser all the time! I have always assumed it to be an external consciousness, not having considered it could be a higher part of me before. These characters are so much more aware than your average dream character. I guess if you look at it from a spiritual perspective, I feel like we’re all connected to each other and to that larger awareness. That would make these extraordinary characters part of ourselves as well.

Now that I think about it, I do recall a conversation with a character that could easily be an aspect of me. By day, I’m a Mechanical Engineer. A few years ago, we had quoted a project to develop a new pneumatic air preparation system. A few nights later, I had the following encounter.

**Lucid College Exploration**

... I float over some students to the back of a hall. It curves left to enter a large dance club. A line of students waits to get in. I hear 80’s dance music and can see people dancing inside. The room looks like a dark dive bar. I fly past the line and land on the floor inside the club. I don’t want to dance, so I take a seat in a chair nearby.

So, what should I do now? Should I meditate? I suddenly see a bouncer standing right in front of me in a black leather jacket with his arms crossed. He has long, brown, curly hair and a huge, shaggy beard. He’s wearing a mustard-colored knit cap. He’s looking at me like he wants to kick my butt. Oh, I HAVE to talk to him! He suddenly morphs into a giant golf cart containing his face and beard like a hillside slope. There’s a bench to sit on at the end of his beard (bottom of the slope). Now it’s getting interesting!

He asks me my name. I say, “Mike. What’s yours?” He replies, “I’m Harry Bitch.” Whoa! He has a deep, raspy voice that sounds friendly. I tell him it’s a pleasure to meet him and ask him what he represents. He looks at me confused. I say, “I mean your character.”

I now see him again in human form, sitting at the top of the slope. I walk up and sit next to him. He says, “Ain’t it a bitch how John screwed up?” Huh?!? He goes on in more detail about the disaster and one thing after another going wrong with the job. He gets progressively excited and animated as he talks. His speech is getting faster. I’m struggling to keep up with what he’s saying. John screwed up a big job? I really want to remember all of this for Waking Reality, but I just can’t keep up with him.

Harry stops and looks down, depressed, and says, “It all doesn’t matter. You’ll probably forget about me anyway. You won’t ever look me up.” I quickly reply, “NO WAY!!! I’LL DEFINITELY be Googling you after I wake up!” He turns around to order a beer as it seems we’re now sitting at the bar....

I was confused about this dream until a few weeks later when we received the order to build the new air preparation system. We had two men named John involved in the project. From the start, this project seemed cursed. Neither John caused the problems directly, but we were all involved in mix-ups. Either the wrong parts were ordered, or parts arrived weeks late, or parts didn’t fit together as planned. No matter what we did, it seemed the universe had other plans. Somehow it survived to become a regularly built product. But to this day, we are constantly having weird little random issues that make it difficult to fulfill each order. Thanks for the warning, Harry!

Could Harry be a wiser aspect of myself who foresaw the project would be snake-bit? Hard to say. At the time, it seemed like we were quoting just another run-of-the-mill job. A Google search on “Harry Bitch” turned up nothing. Trust me, you don’t want to do it. But Harry does remain one of my all-time favorite dream characters. Harry, I still haven’t forgotten you!

**Realizing that you can engage a larger awareness in the lucid dream causes some people to re-evaluate the nature of things, or the nature of reality. How did it affect you and your view of the world?**

I think the realization of that greater awareness made me see my dreams were not just my private mental
playground. It made me change my entire approach to both dream and waking interactions. It reinforced the notion of our interconnectedness, especially to a higher source or power. I now see the awareness as a spiritual mentor that loves me and knows everything about me (and I mean \textit{EVERYTHING}!). Like learning from most geniuses, I rarely understand what’s being said at the time, but get the message later when seeing it in action.

Here’s a great meeting I had three years ago that ended any of my remaining spiritual doubts. I submitted the dream to LDE for the Winter 2016 issue.

\textbf{Meeting an Ascended Master}

\begin{quote}
… I soon realize I’m climbing a very high wooden staircase inside an all wood building. Alone at the top, I see ahead a small platform. There sits a man cross-legged in golden robes and turban. He looks to be Indian, in his 40’s with a thick, black, bushy beard. He smiles and seems to be quite coherent, unlike a typical dream character. He goes on to tell me $X = 5$ Ohms and that I must grow towards God one step at a time. I know he means I need to be patient. I ask him if there’s anything I need to know for waking reality. He goes on to tell me $X = 5$ Ohms and that I must grow towards God one step at a time. I know I can’t help myself. I ask him about reincarnation, but he just smiles and fades away. I’m suddenly overcome with mourning and cry uncontrollably. All I want is to be with him. My wife arrives and tells me it’s time to go, reaching out her hand. I refuse, wanting to stay with Maharaji. She insists. I give in and take her hand (it feels so realistic, just like waking reality!). We descend back down to the ground. I recite the entire conversation to her, so I can make sure I remember it when I wake up. I can’t contain my excitement….

Upon Googling the name “Nanak,” I came upon Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion. Images of him matched what I saw except they were of an older man with a white beard. The clothing and turban were a perfect match. I’m convinced he was not created by my imagination. If I had subconsciously desired a spiritual meeting, my dream self would have conjured Jesus or Buddha, not a master I never heard of. So, was he the Larger Awareness or the spirit of Guru Nanak or a version of me? My guess is answer D, “All of the Above.”

I’ve also wondered why I kept calling him “Maharaji,” a term I had not previously known. More recently, I have been studying the teachings of Ram Dass. He often talks about his guru, Neem Karoli Baba, whom he affectionately calls Maharaj-ji. That one took me by surprise! I guess it loosely translates to “Wise King.” It seems I’ve come full circle.

Have you ever asked to experience a concept, or tried to use the larger awareness to explore? For example, have you ignored the dream figures and simply looked up and said, ‘Hey, let me experience \______ (some concept like unconditional love, etc.)!’

You know, I really should do this more often. Usually, there’s some specific task I want to work on, or I’m spending all of my energy stabilizing the dream. I did have one instance last summer where I asked the awareness to meet God. He wasn’t at all what I expected!

\textbf{Lucid Meeting with God in an Airport}

\begin{quote}
… Suddenly, all of the people are gone. I want to engage with someone, but the airport looks empty. I walk into a stairwell. I think I see a woman heading downstairs a few floors down. I hurry down, flying low. The dream is becoming unstable, so I stop on a landing. All is getting fuzzy. I slowly spin around, observing the walls. It’s working! They’re becoming solid. I can now clearly make out the blue paint and texture. Okay.

I walk into the hallway and sit cross-legged. I ask the Awareness to show me God. I suddenly see a giant of an old man sitting cross-legged across from me. He must be 20 feet tall! He’s balding with short, grey hair
and a stubble beard. He’s wearing a ratty, old, stained undershirt. He could pass for someone homeless.

We have a nice conversation. I ask him many questions about dreams. Sometimes we burst out laughing. Sometimes he has long pauses with his mouth wide open....

In my dream journal, I wrote, “I can’t believe I remembered all of this dream EXCEPT the actual conversation with God! Is my conscious self not supposed to know this info? I smell a conspiracy....” God went on to show me some images that I recognized as day residue that had made me nervous at the time. His overall message to me was, “It’s all good!”

For me, engaging the larger awareness on many occasions has made me feel completely confident in its existence and larger sense of awareness. This has also led me to have some unusual intuitions, where I ‘know’ or feel that I receive information about some situation, and then later this gets confirmed as being accurate. Have you noticed an increase in intuitions or accurate hunches?

I wouldn’t necessarily say my intuition has increased. However, I find it much easier to decipher the dream insight while lucid, as my dreaming self seems to better understand the symbology than my waking self. Usually, my waking self is clueless! But when I’m lucid, I seem to intuitively know what’s going on or engage the awareness to ask about the things I don’t understand. In these types of situations, I tend to wake up and immediately know the answer. I’ve come to trust what I receive, as the awareness has always been spot on.

In fact, just a few months ago, the larger awareness helped me solve a big problem at work. We built a set of prototypes of a new valved device. For some reason, one of the valves would not seal. We checked all of the parts. They looked fine. We cleaned it out thoroughly. It still leaked. After much troubleshooting, we took a lunch break with no idea what else it could be. I was at my wit's end.

At lunch, I usually take a short nap. This time, I decided to ask for a dream to show me what’s causing the mystery leak. Hey, I got nothing to lose, right?

How to Remove the Furry Mouse
I’m sitting alone, facing an orange, stucco wall. There’s a little 6 inch x 6 inch recessed window covered by a small, yellow curtain. There’s something behind the curtain, moving it around. Hmm, that’s odd. There shouldn’t be anything in here. I guess this must be a dream. (Fully Lucid) I see it’s a furry brown mouse as he pokes his head under the curtain. Ohhh, a mouse is in my (valve) flow stream! I get up and approach the window while asking the Awareness, “How do I get rid of the mouse?” I then see the mouse and curtain are gone. A grey/black striped cat has climbed onto the window ledge. He has his left paw up with his claws out.

I awoke knowing there was something foreign stuck in the passageway. We took apart the valve and looked down the main hole. We still didn’t see anything. I then removed parts at the other end and shined a light down the outlet hole. At the transition, I could just make out a “hair” of a burr from when the passage was drilled. We found it! I took it back to the machine shop to see if they could cut the burr out. Unfortunately, the hole was deep, and we could only get at it with the original, long drill bit. The bit was dull (original cause of the burr), so we ended up cutting up the passage, creating a “furry” field of burrs. I concluded the drill bit must
have been my “cat’s claws.” Thanks to the dream, we found out we needed to replace drill bits quick!

A lot of people use lucid dreaming to simply have fun. How do you see lucid dreaming as encouraging personal growth? Any lucid dream examples?

I see the lucid dreamscape as a personal place where we can explore who we really are. We are free to experiment with anything we please, limited only by our imagination. The real growth happens when we purposely translate what we learn to our waking lives. By applying my dream lessons to waking reality, I find I'm becoming a confident, calmer, more empathetic person. Am I a better person now because of it? I guess you'll have to ask my wife.

Looking back through my life, I see a progression in dealing with lucid dream monsters that parallels my reaction to waking reality antagonism. As a small child and teen, I would run away. In my 20’s and early 30’s, while learning to manage my bouts of depression, I would get lucid, turn, and fight the monsters. Now in my 40’s, once lucid, I turn and have a discussion with them. I even give them a hug if given the opportunity. Here’s what happened the first time I tried to give a monster a hug.

Lucid Devilish Confrontation

...I open my eyes and I'm now sitting at the end of a table with the party guests. The tall, skinny, creepy woman that was formerly my father is sitting in the corner at another table. Okay, let's think about this. I’m wondering if my father represents God. God is love, meaning putting other’s needs first. The opposite would be selfishness, putting your needs first. Father/Creepy Woman responded to my question by asking me to give her something, rather than offering something. So, she must be the opposite of God. Ah-ha!

I look at her and say, “She is Satan.” The people all look at me surprised. I now see another Dream Goal opportunity, to embrace my enemy. I walk over to her and give her a big hug. As we embrace, I whisper in her ear, “God loves you. God loves us both.” I repeat it. We’re both overcome with joy! We kiss, then hug again. I repeat saying, “God loves us.” We both start crying. It’s wonderful! An old woman who looks like Betty White, wearing all white, steps in to join us. I open up and we group hug. I’m joyfully crying.

Finally, how do you see lucid dreaming as encouraging spiritual growth? Is it the deeper connection with your larger awareness, or something more?

Ah, the million dollar question! For me, it's huge. I’m convinced it’s a direct access to the Divine. No special training needed. No need to starve yourself in a cave or memorize formal rituals, mantras, and so on. You just need a sincere desire to develop a relationship with the awareness and explore your connection to it all. The awareness is more than happy to work with us. I suspect it’s even pleased we are seeking it to begin with. Granted, it does test me (a lot!). But that’s where the growth happens. When I fail, I get upset with myself. The awareness just laughs, which reminds me it’s all ok. We’ll get it right next time. Or the time after. We have plenty of time.
It’s About Time!

Touching the Tip of Time ~ Emily N., California

I’m at a semi-formal banquet party with most of my friends and some acquaintances. Sitting across from me at a long table is my good friend, Raj. The table is filled with really nice dinnerware. I’m enjoying the scene and people-watching when all of a sudden time slowed then completely stopped. Everyone is in suspended animation. No noise, no movement.

I look around the room in awe and see an odd-looking man I don’t know who looks suspicious or more aware on some level. He seemed to ‘pop out’ from another dimension within the frozenness of others, like he was waiting for me to notice him. His ‘popping out’ seemed to trigger lucidity.

Now lucid, I turn my attention back to my friend. At this point, we are outside of time and there is an overwhelming sense of peace and stillness that words cannot quite capture; ringing to a certain high vibration/raised consciousness. The dream space then becomes shaky, like time was trying to unfreeze. I felt the tension of time trying to resume all around.

The dinnerware starts rattling and I get the strongest inclination to clasp hands with my friend across the table. We do so, and I prompt him to ‘stay with me.’ My intention seemed to be of a helping manner for him. The dream space becomes a little more stable. Still holding hands, I notice there is a certain healing energy being created with myself and my friend as we hold hands.

I then notice the strange man is now standing beside my friend. I get the sense he is a sort of guide for the both of us but more for my friend. Still a little shaky, my lucidity goes in and out, but the strange man then leads us through a series of exercises to help transcend certain energetic blocks. I do not recall specifically, but again feel these exercises were meant more for my friend. I then awake feeling exhilarated.

Past and Future Selves ~ Lucy Gillis

I am in a room, like a den, with M and possibly H. A man has kidnapped us, and I decide I am not going to take this anymore. I pick up what looks like the horn of some animal and start smashing it against the man. I then feel this whole thing is senseless.
I turn to M and say, “Why are we doing this?” M replies with, “Playing games.”

“Games. I’m sick of games,” I say, as I put down the horn.

As I turn to go I realize it’s all a dream. “It’s a dream. A dream,” I say. I run down a hallway, then fly low, close to the floor. I sing some song about flying. I see a man in a long coat and suit flying in a similar position ahead of me. I have a good view of the bottom of his black shoes. He veers off to the left while I sing something like, “He is flying too and so can you!”

I then suddenly land on my belly on the floor of what looks like a class room. There are very quiet little kids all around, busy doing their own things, and seem quite serious. I notice a little boy and then I see one little girl in particular who looks a little like I did when I was her age (about 6).

Then I see her between two other [similar] little girls and I wonder if they are other selves of hers. I focus on the “first self” then I go to her, put my arms inside her coat and hug her. At first she doesn’t respond, but then she hugs me back and puckers up for a kiss. I see she is getting more confident. She looks happy now that I have hugged her.

I then move away from her and notice a large square hole in the floor. I look down through it to a room below and see several older people sitting around a rectangular shaped table. They are all very intent on whatever it is that they are doing or discussing. Specifically I notice the balding head of one man.

Back in the “class room,” off to my left I see a black woman dancing happily in circles with a young black girl. I assume that they are past and future selves, and I vaguely feel that the future selves of the children in this room are in fact the older people in the room below us. I wake.

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*Getting The Dream Shoes Back at the Time Arena ~ Ave*

In the initially sub-lucid dream, I see a stone gate to my right with the heading comprised of two words in English. I can’t recall the first but the second word was “mine.” It is a sort of tourist attraction and I entered for visiting. At the door one had to take off one’s shoes. I place my shoes separately from the others to the right from the door since I am feeling concerned about someone taking them.

The attraction appears to be a round stone building with a diameter of about 20m, resembling the arena or the stadium: there are stone benches rising at all sides. I can observe it from one side. From inside the benches the human stone statues rise and disappear randomly. I find a black disc in my hands resembling a gramophone record. Actually, each visitor has one such disc and by turning it in the hands they can alter the point of time and the entire arena turns to change its angle respectively. The people have been visiting this place for thousands of years, knowing about the time disc but still finding it attractive.

As I am about to leave I cannot find my shoes at the entrance where I had left them. Has anyone taken them? Was I supposed to store them in the public storage room with all the other visitors? As I slowly start to remember these were shoes of gray color I used to have over two decades ago, the linings of the shoes appear. No! Man, this is impossible! These shoes didn’t have the interior linings like rain boots and who could have managed to remove them and leave them with the linings outwards! This must be a dream!

With the increase of lucidity I feel I am starting to wake up. But getting back my dream shoes seems a supreme task and I quickly decide to sink back into the dream scenario. However, being lucid doesn’t make my shoes re-appear. I have to drift deeper into sub-lucidity to ensure the dream scenario runs smoothly. And here they are, my gray shoes in perfect shape for me!

I wake up quite fast after the end of this dream to realize the short episode of lucidity was sufficient indeed to empower the dream with necessary intent for the desired action. The shoes of the past represent a certain personal path of life I might feel being abandoned and might consider picking up and developing further
It's About Time!

again. It appears also to be an accomplished dream task since I had told myself should there be any lucidity and time-related dream before the deadline I’d post it.

45 Years Gone ~ Lucy Gillis

[I believe that at times I must have been having two or more simultaneous dreams, as the order of events, and the events themselves, feel like a mash-up of several dreams. It is hard to put together. ... ]

I am at a “School” with Dad. I go up to “his” floor. (He works there.) A man stops me at the foot of some stairs of a wide curving staircase, until I prove I’m Dad’s daughter, then he lets me by. On the upper floor are lots of kids eating spaghetti and pizza, it seems to be some kind of ‘spaghetti and pizza day’. K is there and I hang out with her for a few minutes.

At some point I am also with another woman, running, and we “hide.” We then go to Dad’s office by entering a strange elevator that ‘never gets to the sixth floor.’ Then she is driving a car. I get worried, as I should let Dad know where I am, so I ask her to take me to the church, I’ll phone him from there.

But then I suddenly realize it’s a dream. To prove it to the woman, I push my hand through the glass windshield, then my head, then my upper body. The other woman still won’t believe it. She is now a passenger, in the passenger seat. I tell her to look at the driver’s seat, for there are two of her now—she’s driving and she is also sitting in the passenger’s seat.

We get to the church area. I find M is there, and that she appears a bit older than she should be. It seems that I have been missing for 45 years. Dad searched for me for years, even a movie was made about my disappearance, and a trust or a foundation [set up in my name, but my name was different in this dream] or something like that had been set up, to find me. I am shocked and deeply saddened by what he must have gone through—I had no idea, as my time away was only days, maybe a week. But here, 45 years have passed, and my Dad had suffered through them.

Lucidity fades as I become very upset. M looks at a calendar and tells me again that I’ve been 45 years gone. Only recently Dad had gotten married, moved to the States and now lives in Michigan or Minnesota area. I assume he had at last given up on finding me and had decided to move on with what remained of his life.

But also, the following scenes are happening while the above dream (dreams?) are in progress: I drive a big truck and park by another truck at the church. There are some locals there, (drunk?) that I don’t want to interact with. Lucid, I get out and fly/swim over a kind of landscape, almost like huge tiles or a grid.

I’m in a cluttered room with the woman (from the dream above). Rolls of carpets are stacked vertically along a wall. There is a large round hole in them, or in between them, that we go through. It is a portal of some kind. She wants to mark the place with something, so we will find it again. I’m intrigued by a puppet or doll that hangs in a corner of the ceiling. It bows back and forth, perhaps due to air currents.

I’m also in another room. On a TV nearby, I can see fish swimming and getting air in underwater places. There is something about portals flowing through to Newfoundland. I go to wash my hands at a sink. I pick up some soap and vaguely remember that this is a dream when I see that the sink is gone.

I am deeply conflicted about contacting my father. On the one hand I want to assure him I am all right, I always was, but I didn’t know that time was passing differently here. But on the other hand, if he had somehow come to terms with the situation and was maybe finally finding some peace in his new life, would it be fair of me to upset all of that by showing up now? I wake, with the turbulent emotions still very strong. It takes a while to shake off the sorrowful, shocked mood of the dream.
Travelling to Drombeg Stone Circle ~ Tom Llewellyn

I’m exiting my body and after spinning clockwise, sun-wise, for awhile I enter a dark numinous etheric space. I’m travelling with an intent that I have expressed mentally: “Please take me back to Drombeg during my life connected to that site in the 14th century.”

After a short time, I’m there! On the etheric level I seem to have managed to connect to a specific time, space and situation. I’m standing in the middle of a stone circle locked and rooted to the ground. I feel I’m wearing a kind of flat leather hat, boots and cloak. I can hear people calling to me from around the circle.

Drombeg is an ancient stone circle site in County Cork in Ireland, which lies near the coast and has a rich and deep history. Owing to its fame, excellent condition, and its location on the coast road, it attracts many visitors to this day.

I have been seeking to visit this site in lucid dreaming and astral projection for some time now as it’s connected to a certain ‘past life’ of mine. I won’t go into the details here but suffice to say it was a complicated, significant and weighty life.

I had attempted to go back to Drombeg a few times while journeying and it was only after a few failed attempts that I managed it. The experience listed above was the first successful attempt but there has been another significant success since.

It was interesting that during my trials requesting to go back to Drombeg to the life in the 14th Century I once changed the date to the 17th Century mid-route, but as this was the wrong date, whatever force was guiding me stopped suddenly and remained stationary as if to say, “That is not the right date, there is nothing of meaning for you to be seen there at that date”.

After a few tries at this I finally succeeded and was taken all the way back to Drombeg. On route I stayed with my intentional focus and was shown a ceiling full of tiles that contained magick symbols. I was then dropped off at a mysterious outdoor location. I could feel, touch, and sense all of my surroundings and had been dropped off near some trees and a kind of fence. The wind was gusty and as I flew up into the air I could see some churches all around me, but in the landscape at a distance stood what looked like Drombeg.

I flew over to the stones and as I landed in the circle centre the classical composer Gustav Holst’s “Jupiter” movement from The Planets orchestral suite began to play. This music of triumph may have been an ironic gesture by whatever intelligence had guided me to Drombeg. It may have been to do with Jupiter’s/Father God’s triumph over the Pagan Gods, something to do with the site’s connection to the planet Jupiter, the movement’s description of Jupiter as the bringer of Jollity or all of these things or none! Whatever the reason, it certainly was a curious thing to hear the music play as I landed!

Note: There are different techniques for ‘travelling’ to a location in a lucid dream. You may find something in the dream landscape you can use as portal or you may create a wormhole to travel through. You may find yourself spinning up in a whirlwind and then dropped off at your destination. Personally, if I don’t do any of these things, what often happens when I ask to visit a significant location in time and space of ‘personal meaning’ is that I am picked up by a special magnetic force, that seems both personal and impersonal, and I’m taken to wherever I have asked to go to. Sometimes en route there will be slight adjustments made to make sure I’m on the right flight plan but the challenge is to keep the mind focused on the destination and not get distracted because if we get distracted we will be dropped off wherever we have been thinking of!
It’s About Time!

Time Travel ~ Dominic Oliver

It’s a summer day. I sit in a class room with the old elementary school style desk, I seem to be in elementary or middle school, I would guess maybe 6th grade. I sit next to a friend looking at a tablet device, which we never had access to back when I was in school. We’re doing a social studies assignment on it, but it’s not making any sense. I began to question why am I even in school. I’ve already gone through school many years ago; so this annoying irrelevant assignment doesn’t matter.

I then look around. It seems real enough. I look out into the school hall, kids walking back and forward in a non-stop flow of students. Behind me I see that there’s a random screen door like the one at my house, almost identical. Then I think, I could be dreaming. I am dreaming.

I look to my classmate and I don’t say anything. He goes to an app on the tablet. It’s just four empty boxes and a black background. You could type out any number up to four digits. I’m thinking this must have to do with time travel. I decide to test it and see what happens. I type in what I believe is the number 2945, or something close to that. The screen starts to blink on and off and the numbers roll in random order like the lottery, then they land back on the numbers I chose.

A bright light comes from behind us. When I turn around I see that the entire setting outside has changed. I see ice and snow and huge bushes that seem to move and lean on their own. I stand up, amazed. Of course I want to explore. Me and the classmate, who is a young girl with long blonde hair and freckles, go outside. I’m keeping in my excitement. I stare at my hands because I feel myself swaying from side to side and floating. I stare at my hands to balance everything, which works. I don’t think about the dreaming to keep the illusion that I am actually here but also I don’t let myself forget and lose my awareness in the dream.

Everything is so detailed that I can’t explain everything to its certainty. We walk but don’t want to go so far. Then we see these huge bird-lizard creatures. They have round open beaks, like a horn. They seem to change colors and they make an alarm-sounding noise that I can’t even describe, something like a testing signal. One of the birds come to chase us.

In the distance is nothing but trees and snow, snow heavily falling from the sky. We return to the classroom to try again. This time we accidentally put the time in as 9000. It takes a while longer, and blinks on and off. Then the light flashes again. We look outside and what I see this time is something out of this world entirely. I see that the ground is no longer a solid substance; it isn’t dirt or grass or snow. It is like a holographic representation of what the ground was.

Then in the distance I see mechanical cities floating and fusing together; merging like a chemical to create a bigger city. Like mountains and the Everglades deciding to mix as one or hundreds. These huge spheres float around the city carrying beings made of light. They were translucent and naked. No race or gender. I awoke soon after, totally amazed.

Time-Slip at the Bosnian Pyramids? ~ Lucy Gillis

I’m walking along a very wide hallway or tunnel; the floor, walls, ceiling all the same beige or light tan colour. The ceiling is slightly curved. A woman walks quickly ahead of me. I can tell that she is nervous and is trying to get away from someone who is ‘back there’ in the building or complex at the back end of the corridor/tunnel. I catch up with her, and as we round a corner, I see that this is indeed a tunnel, and at the end is a wide opening, through which I can see the tops of leafy green trees, and forested mountains extending far off in the distance. For some reason, seeing this, triggers my lucidity, and I say to the woman, ‘We’re dreaming, it’s OK!’ (Meaning that she doesn’t need to be afraid or anxious anymore.)

Almost immediately after I say that, I forget all about her, and run to the mouth of the tunnel—which I somehow know is located on the side of a mountain—intending to leap out and fly over the tree tops. But when I get to the edge, I pause for a moment, looking at the great expanse of green forests, covering mountains and valleys as far as eye can see. It’s absolutely beautiful!
I then simply look straight down, tip over, and dive/glide out of the tunnel mouth, vaguely aware that this is not my usual way to initiate flight, but feeling it is of no real concern. Swooping down, then up, I notice also that my flying is slower than I expected, but since I’m not losing altitude, this is not a concern either.

For several long and luxurious moments, I glide over hills, down through valleys, over deep green forests. I look to either side of me as I swoop and soar; lushly forested mountains, some pyramid-shaped, as far as the eye can see. I somehow expect to come to a huge waterfall, and feel somewhat surprised that I don’t. I’m amazed at the beauty of this place, on this slightly overcast, yet bright day, and it is as though the sheer emotion of amazement and happiness is fueling my effortless flight.

Gazing almost directly below, I see at least two places where it is obvious that there are large old craters just under the topsoil, that trees are growing up through. In these circular areas, what ground I can see between trees, has a bright bluish hue, particularly at the craters’ edges. The leafy trees that grow inside the craters have brownish/burgundy foliage, in contrast to the lush greenness all around them.

Eventually I come to a very small town or village that is nestled on the side of a mountain, and I descend to the ground, marvelling at how nice and long this lucid dream is, happy that I’ve not awakened yet. As soon as my feet touch the ground I instantly know I’ve been here before, and not that long ago, my last visit perhaps 6 months ago.

The ‘house’ near where I’ve landed is HUGE, like a complex of many wooden buildings all connected by wooden bridges and boardwalks. Everything is grey and weathered, and looks a bit run-down. I ‘know’ that many people live here, but it also feels like it is a retreat or some place of communal living where some sort of important long-term work is being carried out. Walking through the village, I recognize most of the people I run into (but they are not recognized from waking life).

At some point, I meet up with old acquaintances—a couple—who are in their late 40s, early 50s. They look tired, not very happy. I’m glad to see them again, and say it’s been six months since I was last here. Then I ask them, “How long has it been for you?” Meaning, how long have I been away “in their time-reality,” as I know that time does not flow the same in this dimension as it does in mine. Wearily, almost accusingly, the woman replies, “You’ve been away eight years.” She emphasises the “eight years.” I’m a little surprised at that. I know our time progression is not the same for us, but I didn’t realize the difference was that big.

Lucidity begins to fade and I’m now in their apartment or their part of this huge complex. They go out and I’m alone in their kitchen. Looking at the old paintwork and well-worn furniture and cabinets I can see that I could indeed have been gone for eight years, if judging just by the aged furniture. (I seem to have a memory of
everything looking newer, fresher, the ‘last time’ I was there.)

Lucidity fades further as I notice an old bureau that seems out of place. I note that the floor has buckled since I was last here, making a bowed surface. I go to move the bureau; it slides and bumps the cabinets, chipping off some old paint and leaving a mark. I get caught up in trying to find a spot on the floor on which to balance the bureau so it won’t slide about. I either wake at this point and fall back to sleep, or lucidity is now completely gone and I continue to dream (now forgotten) non-lucidly.

Note: That morning I told a friend about the dream and she was amazed at how similar the flying portion seemed to a video she had watched only the night before. It was of a team of Austrians body-gliding (or ‘wingsuit’ gliding) over the Bosnian pyramids. She showed me the video on her phone and though they were up much higher than my dream altitude (with reference to the mountains) the landscape was somewhat similar. I also noticed that they kind of ‘tipped’ and ‘dived’ out of the plane, in the same way that I did in my dream at the mouth of the tunnel (which, as mentioned, is not a usual technique I use). She also showed me photos of a dig site at the top of one of the ‘pyramids,’ as the craters I described had reminded her of this.

Lucidly Viewing My House Three Years in the Future ~ Janet Mast

I find myself flying and lucid, outside in my own neighborhood, so I fly toward home and say (to the Greater Awareness behind the dream), “Show me what will be happening at my house three years from now.” I’m up fairly high in the air looking down at the house and it is a slight struggle to fly lower, as if a force wants to keep pulling me upward instead, but I persist and manage to fly down closer to the ground. First I hover in the air in the back yard, and notice the back of the house is covered in a checkerboard pattern of squares. The squares might be boards or some other kind of construction materials; my sense is of some kind of construction work going on and I think, Okay, I must be redoing the siding in three years.

I fly around toward the front yard and notice several pink-flowering spring bushes or small trees added into the landscape along the side of the front yard. Those are new, different, and I think it looks nice to have splashes of color there. As I turn to face the front of the house, I struggle a bit to maintain lucidity and remind myself to keep my eyes moving, don’t focus on any one thing for too long. Somewhere here in the middle of the front yard I see another new tree, with small muted purple-burgundy leaves—maybe a purple leaf plum tree? I’m thinking how great it is to see things flourishing here in the yard three years from now!

I fly toward the house until I’m looking in through one of the living room windows. There is only a screen in the window and (unlike in waking reality) somehow I’m able to see from the living room all the way into the kitchen, where I observe two family members, E and N. I move forward so my body is halfway through the screen and call out to them, not sure if they will be able to see and hear me, but I say something like: “Hey there! I’m here in a lucid dream, seeing what will be happening in the house three years from now!”

They acknowledge me and I’m really surprised they can see and hear me so well. I float the rest of the way into the house and into the kitchen. There’s a baby boy sitting in a high chair. E is feeding him baby food with a spoon while N is nearby. The mood in the room is happy and light. I reach out and wipe a bit of baby food or drool from beneath the baby’s chin while asking, “Who’s this?” E replies, “Ethan!” I say “Hello, Ethan!” and interact a bit with the baby, all while thinking how surprised I am to see this baby boy in the family.

I wake feeling pleased by this lucid adventure with time, wondering why my dream self asked to see three years into the future, and especially curious about the baby boy named Ethan.
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My Reiki experiments reminded me of a former waking dream of mine I have dismissed in the past due to lack of time: To learn Japanese.

After having familiarized myself with the complexity of the Japanese language, I decided to ask for an educational piece of advice first:

**An Educational Aid**

I can’t fall asleep for a long time, so I try to meditate instead and don’t notice myself slipping into a dream after all. Suddenly, a strong feeling of being in a dream comes over me. But my hands keep on looking perfectly normal each time I perform the palm check! “This is not the time to be fooled!” I whisper, and try to push several fingers of my right hand through my left palm, observing it taking an unnatural, curved form. Now convinced of having become lucid, I hurry down an alien staircase and enter a park with people milling around aimlessly.

I don’t have much time to accomplish my goal, as I must have fallen asleep rather late, I muse. “Teach me Japanese!” I shout out loud and with urgency in my voice. Why does the larger awareness not respond? I marvel, confused. Only upon my fifth persistent try, a change in the dream scene takes place.

“Would you like to learn Japanese?” someone says softly, and I notice a female figure, separating from the meandering crowd, giving me a little wave. “My language skills are ... err, aren’t profound at all and the time is just running out,” I admit rapidly as a middle-aged woman with the typical looks of a school teacher plants herself in front of me. Already the dream environment starts to blur but stabilizes itself while I try to look intently at the woman opposite.

“I have something right with me. It is for easy readers,” she proclaims confidently. Pulling out a magazine from her bag, she swiftly rifles through it and eventually taps on a colorful page.

At this point, my vibrating alarm clock starts to penetrate the dream scene, causing awakening and the appearance of an image from the past, showing myself as a teenager, learning English ambitiously in my leisure time, along with an ‘easy reader’ in my hands. How could I forget about this graded reading system? I wonder, and remember the secret of learning a foreign language: Perseverance and repetition.

I note down in my journal: ‘Interesting how slow time felt, though I must have had a very short lucid dream—15 minutes in total, including mental preparation and falling asleep! It seems it is never
too late to try out a lucid dreaming technique’.

Only a few weeks later, I discover graded Japanese ‘readers’ and a Kanji learning system made up of levels, which turn out to be both helpful and enjoyable. Having mastered Hiragana and learned a few expressions for potential ‘lucid small talk,’ I make up my mind to explore where my increasing fascination with Japan and its culture might emanate from. The following two coherent, lucid dreams reveal a possible explanation:

**My Relation to Japan**

Lucid, I call out in a semi-dark, unspectacular street, “Show me the reason why I feel attracted to Japan!” Instantly, the scene starts to dissipate before my eyes until I find myself in the sunshine, under bright colors of an apparently empty metropolis. On a skyscraper, I spy a banner with a large Japanese inscription, being stirred by the wind. ‘This looks very much like modern Japan,’ I conclude, examining the incomprehensible Kanji. It seems like I might be right here...

All of a sudden, I realize I am not alone at all. To the right of me, a neon green robot is moving strangely up and down. Remote future? I am pondering, while taking another look around and noticing a dream figure, which I quickly approach. Oh dear, I can barely speak Japanese, I sigh.

“Chotto sumimasen...” (Excuse me), with a tormented expression on my face, surprised by the promptness of my vocabulary choice.

“English goes fine with me,” replies the young, roundish friendly Japanese man.

“Thank God!” I exclaim, relieved.

“This way,” he tells me meaningfully, and I follow him, surprised by his behavior until another, slender dream figure in good spirits emerges.

“I know you! We have met before!” I shout enthusiastically and embrace the tall man with light hair, obviously ‘from the West.’ How come I know him? I cudgel my memory from the waking state at the same time. Why is my dreaming self claiming such a thing?

“Yes and No, I still don’t love you,” the young man teases me gently, twisting me around heartily while I am staring at him in stupid surprise, feeling my cheeks flushing....

**A Vision Of … Me?**

Cheerful spinning must have worked as a technique to change the dream scene. My surroundings dissolve into a new short, lucid dream scene where I get a glimpse of the back of a Japanese woman in a red, tight kimono. Standing before a shoji (translucent paper screen) in front of a traditional samurai’s yashiki (one-story building), she is carrying a weapon smaller than a katana (probably a wakizashi sword) in a black, ornamented case.

Upon awakening, I wonder why our postures and hairstyles had resembled each other. Besides, it strikes me that my rising fascination with the history and way of life of the samurai might not be a coincidence. Have I just been shown a past life aspect of mine? Might this also be the reason why the ‘belligerent version of Dai Marishi Ten,’ has granted me her protection ‘so readily’ in my past lucid dreams? I set the intention to ask her who I am (in her opinion) when the time has come.
Having studied Japanese for about five months, I decided to finally speak with Dai Marishi Ten, a Japanese dream character I have met before, but could not understand at that time. The following dream report deals with the outcome of my attempt:

**Aha Moment**

I feel like running through the void, awaiting the dream start, ‘till there is a cracking sound as through breaking through ice which illuminates my surroundings at the same time. That’s better than watching a special effects movie, I think, looking at my distorted left hand.

At first, I am startled to spot Dai Marishi Ten at once, coming towards me on a tree-lined road. Then, I remember I have already thought about her in the void. To show my respect, I bow my head slightly and say, in a friendly way, in the gassho position: “Konnichiwa.” (Hello.) I hardly believe my eyes she stops to return my gesture, “Konnichiwa.”

As she continues to approach, I carefully pronounce the request I tried to formulate properly in the waking state: “Watashi tachi hanashiatta h? gaa ii ne.” (We need to talk.) “Watashi wa dare desu ka?” (Who am I?) And, in case she’ll start telling me something too complicated in Japanese I might not grasp, I add, “Kaito o misete kudasai.” (Please show me the answer.)

“You did not want to come with me last time?” she suddenly declares in German (!), going up a thickset hill, obviously hinting at following her. I remain glued to the spot, wide-eyed and with my heart pounding. What does she mean? Was it when she used that torrent of Japanese words?

“I am going to the place where Gods become men (i.e., human beings),” she announces, smiling enigmatically.

“I want to go with you NOW!” I shout behind her. But then I have a change of heart and let her disappear from my view. Why should I go to such a weird place? What does it have in common with my self anyway? This is too mythological! Well, it might be in a kind of “another time” ... hmm—I am going to think about it when I wake up!

Upon awakening, I jot down in my journal: ‘Using Japanese at the beginning of a conversation has worked as a communication key whereby the statements of my counterparts were subsequently decoded by the dream (?) in a language I can understand and speak fluently.’

It’s important to mention here that the process of learning a new language seems to be facilitated through lucid dreams. From my experience, the recently learned vocabulary or phrases are at instant disposal even if they still give the impression of only have been saved in short-term memory. By active usage of this ‘uncertain’ knowledge, the dreamer might foster memory retention that will, in return, bring about quicker, more satisfying results in the waking state.

**References**


This was a series of dreams where I was invited by a dream version of an old friend of mine to an astral organization called the Psychic Police. They investigate what really happens related to waking life crimes and report the findings to a ‘Karmic council.’ Then a panel of judges there review the cases and enact ‘Karmic judgment.’ (I think this would make for a really cool TV series!)

In the first dream, my friend worked as a recruiter for the organization. He focuses on finding people with good lucid dreaming skills who have psychic / intuitive potential.

I was in the waiting room of what looked like a police headquarters. In comes my friend who was crippled and in a wheelchair from a spinal injury. (That is not the case in waking life.) Seeing him like this sparked my lucidity. This was the first dream episode I had related to the psychic police.

He called me to follow him to a meeting room. He was not his usual self but rather more serious. He introduced me to the president of this astral organization. She manages both living and deceased astral workers. However, she is supposedly alive in waking life on earth and she is actually 500 years old. I was wide-eyed in surprise when I heard that, as standing in front of me was a very beautiful lady dressed very elegantly with big curly hair and she did not look a day beyond 30. She said that she found the philosopher’s stone and the elixir of life and that is how she can live so long. Her eyes seemed shrewd and experienced and hid many secrets.

They said I had to go through an interview test before being hired as a civilian consultant. She asked me to follow her to an interrogation room. We were standing behind the dark glass looking at a girl sitting inside the room, unable to see us. The 500 year old said that as a test I had to go and interrogate the suspect in the room and find the truth and that I could use any means I deemed fit. She explained that the girl was a suspect in her boyfriend’s death and that her astral body was pulled in by the psychic police for interrogation in her sleep. I was also given an earpiece in which they could talk to me while in the room.

In I went, and the suspect was very annoyed and frustrated. She kept saying she was innocent. My friend spoke in my ear that I should try to read her mind to see if she was telling the truth. So the only technique I could think of was ‘the Vulcan mind meld’ from Star Trek. I approached the suspect and sat right next to her. I then proceeded to place the first and second fingers of my right hand on the left part of her face one near her cheek and the other near her left temple. I closed my eyes and I saw so many clouds part.

Then suddenly a flurry of images related to the suspect came in. I focused on the death of the boyfriend and just like in a google search the images flooded in related to the subject. I saw that she shot him with a gun, wiped down the prints, and placed the gun in his hands to make it look like a suicide. I was not told how the boyfriend died before entering the room. I also knew that this was a crime of passion, a crime based on jealousy.

I disconnected my hand from her face and she let out a big gasp. She started screaming, ‘What did you do to me, what did you do to me?’ I immediately left her and exited the room. I told them everything I saw. The president said, “You passed the test. We did not tell you that the boyfriend was shot, but you picked that up correctly. Interesting skill you have with mind reading. I guess the suspect is guilty after all.”
She buzzed someone on her desk phone and informed them to file the papers as guilty.

In the second dream I had with them, they put me through a dream training. The main part of the dream training was related to manipulating time within a dream. Interestingly, this was something I stumbled upon a couple of times as a child when I had my first lucid dreams. If there was a scary event I would attempt to rewind a few minutes earlier just like we did with the old VHS video tapes. I would imagine having a remote and clicking the rewind button and that usually worked. I would then try to change the outcome or make a different choice to see if it had any effect and usually it did. However, that was not something I continued to do in dreams as I grew up.

The trainer showed me how to use my intent and will to fast forward and rewind dream events to gain advantage and change the outcome of the dream if it was not the desired outcome. Fast forwarding was interesting, it was like going through the motions and speech really fast but I was still able to comprehend what was going on and retained full memory of everything I went through.

If I wanted to fast forward walking down a street I could do that. Later on, fast forward became a default mode in most of my dreams. It was very helpful in recalling more and more events from the dreams. Now I have to intentionally slow my dreams down if I want to experience them in the previous normal pace when something important is happening and I want to pay more attention or examine something specific.

After that, every two to three months I would have one or two dreams about the psychic police. This continued for a good year and a half. My friend in the wheel chair would be my handler. He would come hand me a case for me to check on. Not all the people were conveniently in an interrogation room. Sometimes I would have to go with a police officer to the field. The officer was armed with a laser stun gun that stuns the astral body so people do not escape away in dreamland.

I remember two notable cases of famous people that I handled. One was Sylvia Browne accused of being a psychic fraud and making money unethically. It was discovered in the dream that she was a fraud. Her sentence was exile to a moon of the planet Saturn (I felt this was an astrological thing). The other was James Gandolfini’s death (the man who acted Tony Soprano in the Sopranos). For this one I met up with the spirit of James and found out what happened, which I won’t be relaying here.

One interesting piece of information he told me that he was afraid of the dark because he saw dark spirits and he was afraid of them harming him. Interesting thing about this is in waking life one year later I saw an episode of a Muppet show where he featured in it and he told the Muppets that he likes to keep the lights on in the bedroom at night when he goes to sleep because he was afraid of the dark. This stunned me a little bit.

In one of the psychic police dreams I met the daughter of the 500 year old immortal lady. She was 7 and she took a liking to me and started following me everywhere I went.

I was being shown how to enter even deeper into the mind of a person in the dream state. It was like focusing on a person and going into a dream within a dream. I would appear in a maze of corridors that was filled with doors to different rooms like in a building but in a maze layout. Some doors were in well lit corridors and some were in dimly lit or dark corners of the maze.

The little girl decided to tag along in my training, entering the mind of a suspect with me. We entered one of the happy rooms and found people in a big restaurant having drinks and dinner and a good time. It was busy, loud, and there was a lot of laughter. It seemed like I was watching a happy memory of that person in the dream. The little girl then said, “Let me show you a neat trick.” She then clapped her hands twice and everything was frozen in the dream, including myself. She touched me and I unfroze from my paralysis.
which was like a suspended state where I could not hear or see anything momentarily. I stared in awe at the silent room filled with strangers around dinner tables and waiters carrying plates of food all in suspended animation.

I asked her, “What did you do?”

She giggled, “I froze time. It is a technique that my mom showed me.”

She said, "Have a go at it." She then touched my left arm and a jolt of energy entered my body. She said, "Here, I copied the technique to you. Now you can freeze time, too. Try it!"

I clapped my hands twice and the entire room unfroze. Everyone else was oblivious that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Then the little girl clapped her hands twice and the room froze again. I clapped them and time unfroze. We started to laugh, like this was a cute little game.

Suddenly we heard the door from the maze corridor open and in walks her mother. The little girl pulls me down behind a table and says, “Shhhhhhh, don’t let her see us.” So we hid and observed what was going on.

As a waiter walked up to the immortal to ask her if she had a reservation the mother clapped her hands and froze time. I realized I was not frozen like everyone else. Maybe whatever the little girl transferred to me gave me immunity against this technique?!

We continued to hide in silence, observing the mother. She walked to a lady sitting on one of the tables and she took an object out of her pocket and placed it in that lady’s handbag. She walked a little far from the table clapped her hands and as the room unfroze, she clicked her fingers and teleported out of the room. The little girl and I stared at each other wide-eyed in shock.

“What just happened here?” I asked.

The little girl seemed worried. “Oh no, my mom just planted a false memory inside the head of the person we are observing. I think she is setting them up for whatever crime you are supposed to find. This way when you examine their mind you will find the memory of them committing the crime and the person will be found guilty. We must get out of here very quickly before she discovers that we saw her; otherwise, you are going to be in a lot of trouble. You really do not know what my mom is capable of when she is mad!”

I did not need to hear any more. Both the girl and I teleported out of that dream to the psychic police office. I then woke up.

Interestingly, the clapping technique remained with me. If I am having a disturbing dream and I recall the technique, I clap my hands to freeze time and then either rewind, fast forward, or make a change in the dream.

Two to three months after I saw the dream with the time freeze, the movie Inception came out and it had a very similar concept of going inside the mind of a person like a dream within a dream and implanting a false memory! That was such a big synchronicity that I experienced when I watched that movie.

Another movie that had a theme similar to a psychic police organization was a Russian movie called Night Watch. I highly recommend seeing that one, too.
In dreams, the idea of ‘time’ becomes much more fluid. We may find ourselves sitting in our kindergarten classroom with our current co-workers, talking to a spaceman from the future. Here, various decades of experience occupy the same space, and the past, present, and future merrily co-mingle.

In dreaming, we see time (and periods of time) re-arranging itself, according to inner principles or symbolic associations. An idea of time exists, but the linear nature of clock and calendar time disappears to a vast degree. Like a Salvador Dali painting, dream ‘time’ melts and drips and puddles across dimensions, only to re-form in new and surprising associations.

As lucid dreamers discover, ‘time’ can be played with on many levels. Here you can see a number of examples of how lucid dreamers play with ‘time’ in lucid dreams:

**Actively Playing with the Time of Your Lucid Dream:**
Some lucid dreamers may gesture with their hand and ‘stop’ the action of their lucid dream. Then, gesturing to the left, they may manage to re-wind the lucid dream to an earlier event. There, they suddenly may ‘release’ the lucid dream to begin again, and change some action or moment to alter the lucid dream’s direction, or explore a probable event (from the standpoint of the earlier lucid dream).

These probable events suggest the broader bandwidth of time (since we normally experience only the officially perceived version, but in lucid dreams, we can explore the probable versions, too, by altering earlier decisions and choosing different paths).

**Exploring Time in Your Dream:**
For lucid dream explorers, can you re-wind the lucid dream back before you became ‘lucid’ and then start it up again, but now lucidly aware? Or even more exploratory, can you re-wind the dream back to the moment just before the dream begins? For example, ten seconds before the entire dream begins? What do you find there? What do you experience?

**Exploring Life Events in Lucid Dreams:**
Some lucid dreamers have actively sought to explore life events from their past. Consider some of these ideas:

Become lucid and request, “Let me experience sitting at my elementary school desk on the first day of second grade!” What happens? Do you find yourself sitting in that tiny desk, looking at the teacher writing on the chalk board? Do you notice the linoleum floor and the hum of the fluorescent lights?

Now imagine that you have success with this experience. How far back can you go? In a lucid dream, could you call forth a memory from the first month of life? And after seeing it and your mother, could you confirm the memory’s validity by asking her, “When I was born, did you use to wear a special pin with an amethyst in it on your left shoulder?” And when she asks, “How did you know that?!” You can tell her, “I asked in a lucid dream to experience a memory from my first month of life!”

▲
Where’s Robert?

Upcoming Lucid Dreaming Events with Robert Waggoner in 2018

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

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

November 10, 2018 – Charleston, SC
Charleston Jung Society / Saturday 5—7 pm

THEME for the NEXT ISSUE
— SEPTEMBER 2018 —

**LUCID DREAMS**

**of**

**GRATITUDE and AMAZE**

MEN

Have you ever expressed GRATITUDE in a lucid dream toward another dream figure, or to the dream itself? How did this change the dream?

Has a dream figure ever expressed GRATITUDE to you? If so, why?

What has been your most AWE-INSPIRING or PROFOUND lucid dream?

Did your acknowledgement of AMAZE change the dream at all?

Send in your lucid dream experiences of **GRATITUDE and AMAZE**

by August 15, 2018 via our website: [www.luciddreammagazine.com](http://www.luciddreammagazine.com)
Matt Justice ● The Prodigy in Action

I was in my classroom at school when I suddenly did a reality check and became lucid. I looked around the room and noticed a pile of bread on the teacher’s desk. I walked out of the classroom and saw stairs that spiraled down about 100 feet. I decided to float down instead of walking down the stairs.

When I made it to the bottom, I saw a door and walked outside. When I got outside, I had to sit in amazement of how real and vivid everything was. I looked at my hands with full conscious awareness and they were indescribable. My fingers were bubbling and growing faces and arms and hands.

After that, I had the idea of communicating with my subconscious mind. Right then, out of nowhere I heard somebody yell, off in the distance, but when I looked over, I saw a tsunami made out of buildings. Literally a wave of buildings was crashing through a little town in the distance. I flew over and stood on all the debris and I remembered I still wanted to communicate with my subconscious.

So I looked up and said, “Subconscious mind, please personify yourself in any way you want.” Then a bright light appeared, and out of this light, a walking and talking lion appeared wearing an army suit. We looked at each other and hugged and he said, “It’s really cool to see the prodigy in action,” and then I woke up.

Betsy Budney ● Where’s My Husband?

I knew almost right away that it was a dream, without even asking. But getting excited, I asked anyway, and pushed my fist into a wall like I do when I’m awake and asking. It was like pushing on hard sugar icing, and I made a crackled, rounded indentation.

I was then walking down a hall in my house (not my house), past lots of people, and I
thought, Hey, why not? So I peeled off my clothes and enjoyed walking naked past two old ladies who were asking each other what I was doing. Smiling, I continued down the hall, pushing dents in the wall several times with both hands. I was looking for a window to fly out of, but there was no window. I looked for an elevator to fly past, but there was no elevator. Then, around the corner I knew there'd be a stairwell.

There was a little boy there, and I took his hand to go look for his parents in the stairwell. I was surprised when I opened the door and on a railed landing saw an alien-looking older boy with three alien-looking younger boys. He wanted the boy I had by the hand, but frightened by the strangeness, I closed the door quickly.

I turned around (the boy no longer with me), and again feeling happy thought, Why not? I flipped my hand too quickly to see if it changed like Charlie Morley said it would, then flipped slowly, and I had two bumps between my pinky and ring finger. Weird, but I was happy it worked!

Then, I decided to fly like I did when I was a kid. I bent my knees, lifted off, and flapped my arms hard. I had to work to stay above the people who all tried to catch me. When I got to the end of the hall, there was a canopy bed with three men in it. Two got out, and I flopped onto the bed. The man still in the bed made a move, and I said no, then I thought, Why not? and called out, “Where’s my husband?” wondering which of the three men he was. One man started to crawl onto the bed and I woke up.

Bruno Dos Santos • First Flight Achieved

I was in a school I knew but didn’t go to. As the class was about to start, I clocked it could not be right and looked at my hands, only to find out I had lots of extra fingers. The moment of realization was magical, so I went out to the street to try and fly—but it's quite hard when you've never done it. I usually bounce on the floor like Super Mario, but this time I manage to do so.

I land by a lake and sit down to talk to a girl, and ask her why I was dreaming about her…. After some time, she tells me my alarm clock is about to go off, and that it had been nice talking to me. I woke up with basically full recollection and spent the rest of the day in awe.

N. Rae • Show Me Something Amazing

I was floating down from the sky to a beach, holding a beige piece of fabric as a parachute. Below me were huge reddish rocks covered in moss and barnacles. I was coming close to a very tall rock with a rounded top. As I stuck my bare foot out to land, there was a certain unusual quality to the world; it was almost too vivid, and the angle was a little warped. I realized I was dreaming.

I remained calm. I said, “This is a dream.” I landed on the rock and looked closely at it. I took pleasure in feeling its rough surface with my hand. I tried to pry a barnacle off with my fingers, but it wouldn't budge. I dropped to the sand and walked through the area with the rocks up high above me. I heard noises. Animal noises. Huffing and growling. There were caves high above me. I got nervous and hurried out of the area. As I was leaving I saw to my right a large rock that had been carved into an animal face. An ape.
I walked out of the sand and onto a college campus, across the quad and into the library. I was just having fun looking around me and at all the people, at the shelves of books, the dark green industrial carpet. There were large windows and the sunlight filled the rooms. Everything seemed warm. People were sitting at the tables, studying. It was all very bright and cheery. The library was incredibly crowded. I was in a smash of people. I followed a group into an elevator which smelled like feet and garbage. I thought about how this elevator always smells terrible and how we need to do something about it. I walked out the front doors.

I remembered that I should speak to a dream character. I saw a young woman. She had pale skin and freckles and long strawberry-blond hair pulled back into a pony tail. I was super happy and much too excited. I walked up to her and said, “Hi.” She backed away and went to walk around me. I got in front of her and asked, “How are you?” She stepped back. I held out my arms. “Do you want to dance?” She shook her head. I backed away from her, shrugging, saying, “You just look like someone who knows how to dance.” She lifted her arms, stepped her foot out and spun many times. She lifted a leg, leaned back, then forward, ran and leapt into the air. I said, “See! I was right!”

I got a little too excited and flustered. I felt like time was running out. I remembered to ask the dream to show me something amazing. I opened my mouth but there was resistance. I had to force the words out. It was a struggle and very garbled. But I did ask the dream to show me something amazing. A force took hold of me from behind, lifted me up, and folded my legs into my chest, making me into a ball and hurled me into the air.

I saw a wire fence coming and I worried, but I passed right through it and up into the pristine blue sky. The feeling of exhilaration was almost too much, and I kept going faster and my chest had so much pressure inside and also being pressed upon it. It was fantastic. The next moment I hit my bed and was bounced out of it. I landed on my feet. I was no longer fully lucid. I thought I was awake in the material world and was thinking about the lucid dream I just had.

I was standing in a dark attic with wood fir floors, wearing a long cotton nightgown. It was a large room with many beds placed around the floor. It was early morning and a blue-white light filled the room. There were other people fast asleep in their beds. One of my kids was crying and shuffling across the room, head down, hair covering her face. She seemed to be an amalgam of both my kids at a younger age. She also had on a long cotton nightgown. My husband walked across the attic, put his arm around our daughter and guided her to me. He said she had had a nightmare and needed me. I made room for her in my bed and cuddled up next to her. Then I woke up in my bed, in my room. It was morning, and I was very delighted.
Stephanie Stuff • Trust

This dream occurred during a time period where I felt a lot of fear and anxiety and I had a lot of difficulty letting go of control in waking life.

I was walking through a barren landscape with some run down, deserted buildings. At some point I realise that I’m dreaming. I look up and direct my focus to the awareness of the dream. I say, “Please show me something important.”

In the next moment I get hoisted up into the air really fast and high. Then I’m “dropped.” For a fraction of a second I fall, and I fear falling and hurting myself.

Then I realise, of course I’m not going to fall if I don’t want to! And I hover in the air and fly upwards. I fly around a bit and lose my lucid awareness.

After this dream, in waking life, I felt a lot less fear and more trust in myself and the universe.

Starwalker Reed • A Special Club of Lucid Dreamers

The dream begins and the first thing I am aware of is sitting in a chair as someone puts a towel on my head. I look around and see a group of people all looking at me expectantly, half smiling, and I somehow know instantly that I am dreaming. It’s just something about the way these people are looking at me, and the strangeness of someone I don’t know putting a towel on my head for no reason. I am lucidly aware instantly, but I get the feeling that these people are all waiting on me to realize it and say it out loud. So I say, “I’m dreaming.” They all smile widely at me.

I ask, “Is anyone else here a lucid dreamer?” More smiles and nods, and a few raise their hands. Then I say, “Is everyone here a lucid dreamer?” Then they all burst into applause and yell, “Yes!” They are all cheering and I feel so happy, like I am in a special club of lucid dreamers and I feel humbled and touched that they are all so happy for me and glad that I figured it out.

Then someone (just a voice, maybe?) says, “Follow me. Stay in order.” I can’t remember what this person looked like or even if it was a man or a woman, but we all seem to realize that this is an important person and we all get in a straight line and start to follow this person. I realize “stay in order” means to get in the order that we became lucidly aware in the dream, so I am last and I get in the back of the line.

We walk up a steep hill into a big warehouse divided into classrooms. It is an open floor plan, with one or two teachers in different areas teaching small groups of people. As I look around I see lots of clutter but I also see newspaper clippings with text that keeps changing. This helps to remind me that I am still dreaming.

We all go to a long table with chairs and we all sit down. A man stands at the head of the table and starts talking with authority. He is very nondescript—average height, short brown hair, plain blue T-shirt and jeans. But it is obvious that he is in some position of authority and that we should all listen to him. He seems to be the teacher of our group. He says, “In this course you will learn how to use your lucid dreaming ability to
better yourselves and better society.” I feel so excited about this! Then he says, “Everyone do your reality check,” and he demonstrates pushing a finger through his hand. So some people do that, some people count their fingers like I do (this is my favorite reality check), etc. Everyone does a reality check. Then he says, “That's all for today. Now wake up!” He snaps his fingers as he says, “Wake up,” and the second he snaps his fingers I actually do wake up instantly from the dream.

I have been actively learning about and practicing lucid dreaming for over a month now and this has been my favorite lucid dream by far. An interesting note is that two nights after this dream, I had another lucid dream that seemed to be the continuation, or Part Two of this dream.

In this one, it seemed to start as almost an out of body experience because it really felt like I rose out of my body, and I was in my bedroom in the dark and it all looked exactly the same as it always does. The minute I start flying around in my dark bedroom, I realize I am dreaming and so I fly out the window and instantly it is bright daylight. I see that I am in an unfamiliar neighborhood and so I fly around for a while until I see an older man in a wheelchair. I smile and wave at him and say, “Hi,” and he does the same. Then I ask him, “Where is the meeting?” Like so many other times in dreams, even in lucid dreams, I don’t know why I say this. The words just come out without me thinking. Somehow I know there is a meeting somewhere that I need to go to.

So the man points to a house nearby and I fly over to it. Then a group of people comes out of the house singing. It sounds like some sort of chant. They are singing/chanting, holding hands, and smiling at me, and suddenly I realize it’s the same group of people from my dream two nights before!

This time a female “teacher” comes out of the house behind the group. She has dark hair and eyes and light brown skin. Just like the male teacher in the other dream, she immediately commands my respect and attention just by her presence and I know she is knowledgeable and I should listen to her. She smiles at me and says, “Come join us.”

I fly over to them and she says, “Feet on the ground, please,” almost like she is admonishing me a bit. So I float down to the ground and I grab the last person’s hand and we all walk into the small, old, run down house. There are several old, yellow-greenish wood couches that we all sit on. The woman says, “Today we are talking about how we are working on improving conversations.” This is exciting to me, because I am very introverted and socially awkward. A young girl sitting beside me on the couch then starts telling a story about how she was taking a dance class and she couldn’t get the moves right away, and the woman “teacher” asks her, “How did that make you feel? Would you take another class?” This is confusing to me since this has nothing to do with improving conversations, but we all look at the girl and wait for her to answer—but then the dream fades and I wake up.
Leah Bolen • The Thrill of the Chase

It’s the end of a workday and I’m saying goodbye to co-workers. As I walk out the door, I immediately realize I’m dreaming. I take a moment to consider my surroundings; it’s dark and there’s a forest of trees ahead. I twirl around to avoid waking, then float upward and begin to fly over the trees.

The scene gets clearer and brighter and then a neighborhood comes into sight. I notice a colorful swing-set in a backyard. The yard also has four barking dogs. One of the pups rolls onto his back for a belly rub. I hover above to pet him before flying away. That’s when I spot a monster truck parked at the end of the property. My focus is now on driving that truck!

After taking a moment to stabilize the dream (by looking at my hands), I approach the truck, open the door and make the tall climb up. The seat feels really cushy as I settle in and buckle the belt. Upon starting the engine, music blasts from the speakers—"Knocking at Your Back Door" by Deep Purple. I’m mighty excited about this adventure.

I put the truck into drive and take off toward the roadway. It’s a powerful feeling to be driving this tall, thumping monster truck. Men are playing soccer in the road. I apply the horn to indicate: “Look out. I’m coming through!”

The scene shifts and now I’m driving through hallways being followed by a police car. The song hits the words “… it’s the thrill of the chase.” (Pretty appropriate lyrics for what’s happening in the dream.) I’m not liking the walls around me and decide to bust out of the scene. I push down hard on the gas, heading toward a large picture window. Everything turns to slow motion as the truck smashes through the glass and flies out the other side.

I’m happy to be back on the open road, but I feel myself waking. As much as I’d prefer to stay in the dream, I am soon awake in my bed—the thrill of my dream still fully with me.

Bahram • Destination

I enter the kitchen and try to turn on the light but there is no effect. I realize very quickly that I am asleep, so I go out flying in the sky with a Rock & Roll music background.

I decide to visit a writer, Franz Bardon, a Czech occultist (1909 -1958). I have been reading his book. (My technique for traveling in time & space is just to close my eyes and
I think of where I want to go, then I open my eyes and I am at the destination! I arrive at his city where there are a lot of soldiers and tanks—I’ve arrived at the time of the war! But then, as I lost altitude I woke up ... and could not visit the writer.

**Betsy Budney • Dream Kiss**

I was in another apartment in my building where I’ve lived most of my life, and everything was “wrong”—the remodel, the neighbors, the layout. And on the way up the stairs, I saw the paint on the wall was peeling. I knew the paint was wrong. We’ve had wallpaper for many years.

Everything was just off, and I was trying to remember when particular things had been changed. I touched the paint; it was rough. I thought, “Is this a dream?” and I got excited. I turned back down the stairs and asked out loud, “Is this a dream?” and I knew it was.

Kirsten Dunst came in from outside. I thought, I’m going to test it, ask her to do something I would never do in real life. I said, “Will you kiss me?” She looked surprised, and came over to kiss me! Then she started to again, and I put my hand up and said, “No, that’s okay,” because now I knew for sure it was a dream. I couldn’t stop smiling in the dream, and was so excited when I woke up.

**Steve Racicot • Precognitive Lucid Dream**

I am watching myself fall asleep and trying to stay conscious. At first I see vague outlines of people. One is waving to me. These disappear and then the whole space around me is filled with red and blue spheres. I think, “That is not much of a dream image.”

Now a black African-looking woman comes floating along. She is stretched out on her side, her head resting on one hand. She looks relaxed. She wears a colorful head scarf and dress made of lots of reds, blues, and orange fabric. I think, “Now that’s a dream image.”

The scene changes and I find myself walking along a dirt road in a small New Mexico-type settlement. There are maybe five or six houses here. Afterwards, I become too interested in the scene and lose my awareness that I’m dreaming.

A few days after I had this dream, my wife and I were driving around exploring. We were looking for petroglyphs on basalt boulders of which we have found many here in New Mexico. We took a dirt road that we had never been on before and found ourselves in the exact small settlement that had been in my dream! I told Anna, “This is my dream. This scene is my dream.” In waking I was driving instead of walking, but the scene was the same. For me, the fact that we experience a scene in a dream and later experience that same scene in waking life raises some interesting question about the nature of time.
Lemoyne Robinson • The Girl In The Hijab

I was dreaming that I was in an old house with lots of antique furniture. Something about the smell of the wooden antique furniture caused me to become lucid. The home had lots of children playing, running, and jumping through the house.

I recalled a technique that I learned in Robert Waggoner’s books *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway To The Inner Self* and *Lucid Dreaming: Plain & Simple*. I began asking each one of the dream children what they represent when all of a sudden a very strange thing happened. A strange girl appeared in one of the doorways wearing a hijab. This seemed to be completely out of place from the dream itself. I asked her what she represents. To my astonishment she answered my question with a question and asked me if I believe in ghosts?

Then she asked me to go and look over by the refrigerator in the kitchen. I didn’t hesitate, even though not knowing what to expect. She then took me by the hand and led me into the kitchen. I saw a mirror hanging on the wall over by the refrigerator. She pointed at the mirror, for me to look into. I looked and behold what I saw was her reflection, which was the image of a ghostly woman. Then she said, “You’ll be hearing from us in your home because the Gateway is open.”

At that point the dream collapsed. Upon awakening, I recalled what I learned from Robert’s book, not to stare at objects for too long. That’s exactly what I did looking into the mirror. I was astonished with great wonder.

David Clapper • “Who is the I?”

I am outside, walking in an area of wild heather. I become lucid and decide I want to become one with God. I walk to a cliff and throw myself off. As I fall, I shout out, “I want to become one with God!” I am falling into the deep darkness. My body starts to fall apart, breaking up into bits which fly off into space. Eventually there is nothing left of me but my consciousness and a vague shape, like a faint force field, roughly the shape of what was my physical body. A deep, booming voice resounds from above, “Who is the I that wants to become one with God?” I wake up.
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www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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http://www.traumring.info/thetaley2.html

Nick Cumbo - Sea of Life Dreams
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Al Moniz – The Adventures of Kid Lucid
http://www.kidlucid.com

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
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Janice’s Website - With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites
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Fariba Bogzaran
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