

# LDE

# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

Vol. 12, No. 3, December 2023  
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**DreamSpeak Interview with Amina Mara**  
**Lucid Dream Insight on Pride and Humility**  
**Psychological Resistance to Lucid Dreaming**  
**The Langolier • Lucid Dreaming Q&A**  
**Dreaming with Saint Olaf, Part 2**

International Association for the Study of Dreams

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**Co-Editors**

*Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner*

**Graphic Designer & Advertising Manager**

*Janet Mast*

**List of Contributors LDE Vol. 12, No. 3**

Arlindo Batista, Virginia Bennett, Sara Casalino, Mrinal Choudhury, Joe Kemeny, Amina Mara, Jaime Lundquist-Munoz, Lee Osborne, Martin Phillips, Maria Isabel Pita, Ryan Rose, Paul Sauers, Tamara Starr, Rudra Yamala, Jurgen Ziewe, Višnja M., RickM, John, Karim, L.

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**Statement of Purpose**

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published, reader-supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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**Submissions**

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to [lucylde@yahoo.com](mailto:lucylde@yahoo.com). Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. \*Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.\*

**Subscriptions**

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**Next Deadline**

Submission Deadline: February 15, 2024  
Theme: Lucid Dreams of the Deceased  
*We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork related to lucid dreams of the deceased, as well as on any topic related to lucid dreaming.*  
Publication Date: March 2024

**LDE Website**

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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2023

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW

WITH  
AMINA  
MARA

Lucid dreamer  
Amina Mara  
hosts  
*The Dream  
World Podcast*  
and explores  
all things  
lucid

***Amina, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life? When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?***

Since I was very young, I had interesting, vivid dreams that fascinated me. I also had a very existential and open-minded mentality, allowing me to use my dreams for imaginative adventures at a very young age.

I had my first lucid dream at around 8 years old, which stemmed from a long nightmare in which I eventually became lucidly aware and ended the dream consciously. When I would have a nightmare or become frightened in a dream, it would trigger lucidity and I would feel relief, and end the dream. That feeling of being aware inside a dream forever stuck with me and I had spontaneous lucid dreams for most of my childhood.

At first, I didn't understand the depth or definition of lucid dreaming. Eventually I stopped trying to just wake myself up, and I began flying and having fun every time I was gifted with lucidity. In high school, I became more and more interested in the nature of consciousness and psychology. My experiences with sleep paralysis showed me that there was more to explore within this space.

I eventually learned through my own research that lucid dreams can be induced, and it is a skill that can be improved. I recognized that I was a natural lucid dreamer, and when I intentionally practiced, I discovered all the amazing possibilities. I instantly wanted to learn more and connect with other lucid dreamers. I fell in love with dream work as a whole. One thing led to another and now I am also on the mission to share my lucid experiences with the world.

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

When I started practicing inducing lucid dreams, I did not have immediate success. However, it was not too difficult because I already knew what it felt like to be lucid. It took me about a month of practice before I had a lucid dream that was intentionally induced as a result of practicing techniques.

The early lucid dreams were very short and unstable. I had so many things that I wanted to try while lucid. When I realized I was dreaming, I would get so excited or my mind would blank completely, and I would wake up immediately. Here are a few of my first induced lucid dreams. By the end of the month, I was able to start staying in the dream longer and experiment more.

*January 15, 2015*

There were trees around and someone mentioned lucid dreaming, which made me want to do a reality check. I instantly realized I was dreaming and got so excited. I looked at my hands and they were blurry. My first reaction was to fly, and I went so high so fast that I felt like I lost control of a car. I felt like I went too hard and woke myself up.

*January 23, 2015*

I can't remember what led up to this point, but I find myself on the side of a highway. Many cars passing by. I realize I'm dreaming, and I get very excited. I want to explore so I think to hitchhike. I put my thumb out and a black car slows down and slightly rolls down the window. There's an older blonde lady; she looks at me suspiciously and kept driving past. I was frustrated that she didn't let me in. I get too excited to be in a lucid dream that I wake myself up again. I slowly start to feel myself pulling away from the dream world and back into reality. I try to stop it and try to focus and stay in dream world but it doesn't work

*January 31, 2015*

Started off in a random field. Very beautiful view on the hill. I am relaxing on the hood of a white truck. Feeling low. There are a few other cars (camping) around. A boy walks by and I notice him and keep minding my business. He approaches me and expresses his interest in me and asks for my number.

At this point I kind of realize I'm dreaming—it's very vivid—and I question if it's a dream or waking life. I decide it's a dream and stay calm and go along with it without trying to control it.

The boy turns into a friendly blonde girl. I keep talking to her and struggling to type numbers in her phone because the numbers keep typing incorrectly. She says she's from Sweden. Eventually I want to leave but don't know where to go. An older lady, who seems obsessed with me in a weird way, offers to take me home.

At first I'm scared and mistrusting but I remind myself, "It's just a dream; you'll be fine, go explore." So I go. I'm riding with her and just noticing the differences between the dream world and the real world. Everything looks similar but small details are different, such as street names are slightly off or funny looking.

We get to her house. She's a little weird and creepy and watching my every move, but I am just lucidly going along with the dream story. She shows me to my room, and when I'm alone I again think about calling someone I know. But I don't. I use her house phone to call myself to see her caller ID. It says Sarah Walker.

A little boy comes in and uses my phone to follow himself on Instagram. He seems to have a crush on me or something. I stick my tongue out at him to get him to leave. I don't know why but I remember thinking, "It's a dream. I can be silly and do what I want."

Sometimes the actions I do don't seem like I chose them but like it happens in a dream-like autopilot. Almost like a half-lucid dream. I was letting the dream guide me.

The woman gives me ice cream. I take a few bites and somehow the cup spills on the bed, but the ice cream is gone so I guess I ate it? I want to go home, so I change the scene and make my apartment into a beautiful high-rise condo. It's beautiful. I'm happy there and I imagine all my belongings there. I know I'm dreaming so I get nostalgic wishing I could live there in real life. I'm in awe observing it come to life. This was a conscious dream decision. The dream ends there.

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

Some dreams lead to unexpected events mainly because I intentionally take action to honor the dream if it feels important. I have lucid dreams that have given me ideas for things I want to do and create, which is very exciting to me. I have also had dreams of my life in the future. It makes me excited to live my life to see which aspects come true in my waking reality.

For example, in one dream I was fully lucid, in a busy restaurant. I realized my family owned it! I asked them what year this is (because we don't own that currently), and they told me its 2029! I was shocked looking at everything my life could potentially progress to. In waking life, I am not sure if my family will own a restaurant in 2029, or ever... I guess we will see!

I also realized how a dream can have a lasting and real effect on my emotions and mood. I had this dream while I was going through a really hard time, and begged my dreams to heal my heart:

*May 9, 2023*

Starts off as a false awakening in my old apartment. I instantly knew I wasn't there and became lucid because I know I went to sleep in another house. I was surfing the border of being awake and asleep, because I could still physically feel my dog next to me, confirming that I was not in the room that I was seeing in the dream.

I decide to focus on the dream and see where it takes me. Now I'm fully in the dream space walking around the apartment, but no longer lucid. The room is very dirty so I start to clean. It is also backwards in setup. I pick up bottle caps and trash from the floor. There are some stickers on the wall. Then I realize again that I'm not living here anymore. I become lucid. I do a reality check and my finger stretches like rubber.

I look at the wall and ask the dream, "Please send me a spirit guide." I say it with all the emotion in my heart because I know I need guidance and love at this time. A man appears behind me. He looks Indian, a little chubby and very kind. He says to follow him. He gives me some instructions and says he's going to take me to one of my spirit guides who has been wanting to see me. He tells me a name I don't fully remember. He takes me through the wall Harry Potter-style into another room.

Then I'm in another room and there's a beautiful woman dressed in red. Her energy fills up the room and is loving and inviting. Two white double doors open from where I came in. She tells me, "Close the door," so I kick them closed with my foot. She says, "Give me your hand and put your trust in me."

I grab her hands, but I have my arms spread out sideways so it's like she's holding my hand from two directions stretching me outwards. I close my eyes. Now we start spinning and the most beautiful music starts playing. We spin through the music and a magical forest is spinning around us. I can't see her, but I feel her hands holding mine still. I feel love and peace. I want to remember this song forever. I feel her hands letting go. I don't want to let go. I try to grab her again, but I know it's time to keep going.

As soon as she lets go, I wake up back in my body. I don't know what she did, but she made everything feel okay. I needed that. Ever since that dream I no longer feel the pain of what I was going through. Something about that dream healed me beyond my control.

I was surprised to learn that lucidity is a complicated spectrum of awareness. I could become lucid, semi-lucid, or lose lucidity all in the same dream. This is also an example of my first encounter with a phenomenon I like to call the 'dream police.' Dream police is a character in the dream that seems to try to regulate the dream, wake you up, capture you, or remove lucidity in some way. I was fascinated at how many people could relate to this.

*November 4, 2016*

I'm staying at this cool villa resort with a friend. I am eavesdropping on some shady guys. One of them hears me in the bushes and tries to walk in my direction. I freak out, so I fly straight up and he's trying to grab me but I'm too good with the dream flying. I land on a rooftop ledge. At this point I realize I'm dreaming, but I'm only semi lucid because the dream story is still taking over. I just realize that I have certain superpowers. And I'm kind of in and out of lucidity.

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I dream up my phone so I can call my friend. It doesn't look like my phone case, so I hesitate, but I tell myself I'm dreaming so if I want it to be my phone it will be, and I unlock it. I try to peek over the ledge but I'm so high up, I actually get scared of falling. I inch towards the window and I hop into someone's hotel room—they are sleeping. I try to be super quiet to not wake them up or get in trouble. I get out into the hallway. I'm high up on the 20<sup>th</sup> floor. I find a service elevator. I grab a hotel shirt and cart to blend in. I get in to go to the lobby (not really lucid anymore).

Hotel workers and guests go in and out of the elevator and I'm nervous. They are nice to me and ask if it's my first day. I make it to the lobby, super nervous because people are after me. In the main dining room, there's a baby shower going on. Another friend is there who says I can be invited and I can grab a macaroon. I do so, and it's tasty. I sit down at the table for a while, then realize I have dishes on my hotel cart I have to put up. Even though I'm a guest, not a worker, I put the dishes up then go to the lobby to continue my runaway escape. I feel nervous and undercover.

I go outside the front doors and a security guard notices me. He tries to come after me for trespassing and being on the roof. I fly straight up again and don't know where to go, so I fly away from the hotel to the highest building in the city that I can find, and land on the roof. For a moment, I feel like I'm finally safe. I lucidly conjure up a blanket and a TV and relax on this high building roof. But I get scared again that they are after me. I start texting my friend an update and look back at my texts to find out what was a dream and what was real. I'm only semi lucid so I don't realize it is all fake, only some of it. It's weird.

After a few hours, a huge spaceship-like helicopter and planes start circling the vicinity, looking for me with searchlights. They approach with sirens and let down a huge landing ramp right next to me. They arrest me and escort me in there. I look back and ask if I can grab my phone and they say absolutely not. I'm complying and get inside. They sit me in a seat next to a cop lady whose job is to watch me. She's trying to be nice, telling me not to be scared even though I'm terrified, and she's asking me if I'm having a good trip. I'm just looking at her like she's dumb. I am losing lucidity as I get stressed.

They put me into a van with some other officers. At this point, I'm sobbing and stressed while they're driving around the hotel. I start to wonder if they're going to let me go back to my room and just give me a court date. The officers are trying to tell me that it's not that bad, but I'm not having it. They tell me that I'm going to be fine, but I really just don't want to hear it because I don't want a criminal charge and I just feel so sad.

I kind of remember my lucidity a little bit and I say, "I really hate this dream," as I force myself to abruptly wake up because I'm so over it.

### ***What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?***

There is something unexplainably satisfying about being consciously aware while experiencing a 3D simulation such as a dream. Knowing that my actions in the dream are not restricted by consequences or laws of waking life is very freeing. I find many aspects of lucid dreaming interesting! It is such a fascinating phenomenon that is not easy to study.

When I am lucid, I am in awe that I am looking inside another dimension while my physical body is sleeping in my bed. I love talking to dream characters and playing with the idea that some of them are parts of me, and some of them are their own conscious beings. Maybe even friends and family that can share dream space. I can't make any claims, but it is an exciting possibility that the dream world is more than what we think.

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

If dream journaling counts as a technique, I will never stop doing that. That sets the foundation for my lucid dreaming practice. Eighty percent of my lucid dreams are a result of a reality check, or at the very least, the reality checks help me confirm my lucidity. Establishing mindful reality checks throughout the day has been a huge help in my lucidity journey. I found that it is about quality over quantity. I try to remind myself to do a reality check when I see a dream sign. I put all my intention and effort into the reality check, and I do that consistently.

Wake Back to Bed is a technique that I used a lot while actively trying to induce lucidity. WBTB has been directly responsible for many of my lucid dreams. I also incorporate MILD a lot as a part of my evening

routine, with autosuggestion to incubate lucidity. I've tried many techniques, and SSILD was surprisingly effective for me. I enjoyed experimenting with it.

I also experimented with supplements such as galantamine, B6, Mugwort, or Blue Lotus tea to enhance dreaming. It was fun to experiment, but I never relied on oneirogens to induce lucidity and I wouldn't necessarily recommend that to beginners.

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

Both. Dreams are always random and chaotic. There is sometimes order and control. Sometimes the dream reacts how I expect and sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes the dream takes over and I have no control.

There is a common misconception I see online that spreads fear into people about trying certain things while lucid. For example, "Don't eat in a dream... don't talk to dream characters... don't tell them you are dreaming!" Often these narratives instill fear in people about negative outcomes, which further set their expectations and beliefs. I have done all those things in a dream, and I've had hundreds of amazing lucid dreams. Yes, I have also had nightmares, but that is part of dream work. I don't want people to think there are hard and fast rules to lucid dreaming. It's your own mind and your dream! It's important to experiment for yourself and have fun.

I don't like to use the word 'rules', but I did learn things that make the lucid dream go smoother and please the dream characters. Sometimes I would cause havoc for fun in the dream world. Even when I was relaxing, many times I ran into some sort of 'dream police' character that makes me feel like I'm breaking rules or not allowed to be in the dream space. They want to crash the party.

Lucidity is a gift I do not take for granted. I try to be respectful to dream characters and treat them with compassion. After all, they are a part of my own subconscious and can affect my psyche. I also never want to use lucid dreaming for harmful purposes. I try to keep my intentions and lucid decisions based on fun and self development. I also noticed that if I stay calm, don't interfere or rush to control the dream, and just observe and go along with the dream, it leads to longer and more profound lucid dreams.

### ***In the past ten years, some people have suggested using 'sleep paralysis' to induce lucid dreams. Personally, I have only had 3 or 4 sleep paralysis experiences. What about you? Have you used sleep paralysis to move into a lucid dream?***

I first experienced sleep paralysis as a teenager. It happened to me quite often, and although it was scary, I quickly learned that it was a common and normal phenomenon. I would experience the feeling of being stuck in my body, having auditory and visual hallucinations, and trying to wake myself up or scream for help.

As I began to research sleep paralysis and explore my own consciousness, I realized that staying calm and observing the experience yielded much better results. I have used sleep paralysis to move into a lucid dream by not being afraid and allowing the dream to form around me.

I have had a few successful lucid dreams using the WILD method. As I begin to fall asleep, short dream flashes begin to appear, and the room around me begins to intertwine with a dream. During this liminal phase of sleep, I have experienced different forms of sleep paralysis, but I allow my mind to move through it, until I am fully asleep in a dream.

### ***Would you recommend sleep paralysis as a means to induce lucid dreaming?***

If someone is open-minded and not scared of sleep paralysis, then yes. Exploring sleep paralysis can be a great way to increase overall lucidity, and a positive mindset makes it more enjoyable. If someone is scared of

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I try to be respectful of dream characters  
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sleep paralysis and does not react well to nightmares, I would recommend starting with another lucid dream induction technique. However, they should still be prepared by reminding themselves that they are safe during sleep paralysis.

***I have noticed 'liminal' experiences, in between waking and sleeping, where I sometimes receive information and helpful advice, or play with the hypnagogic colors by quieting my mind. Have you noticed this? Did the liminal space result in any interesting events or lead to lucidity?***

Yes, the liminal space in between waking and sleeping has provided me with some very interesting experiences and ideas. Many of my creative art projects have come from this phase of sleep. Last month I was having hypnagogic hallucinations about a certain color and design for a children's book. I have had an idea for a children's book in the back of my mind for years now, and this dream suddenly gave me a clear idea for the illustrations as well as the motivation to start it.

Often I will also hear beautiful music that I have never heard before, but I do not have the skills to wake up and compose music, so it tends to get lost forever in my subconscious mind. When I am lucid during the hypnagogic phase, I love observing the chaotic imagery that comes up. It is always very fascinating to me to watch a dream form from nothingness.

At times, I can see both my bedroom and the dream forming within my same mental/visual field, like a split screen movie, until the dream eventually takes over the whole "screen." Here is a cool lucid dream that also gave me an idea for something I know will come to life one day, although I am not 100% sure what it is yet:

*May 26, 2021*

I remember my dream goals and call out, "HEY dream, show me my SPIRIT GUIDES!!" Suddenly, a car honks. I look over the edge of a balcony and see a pretty Asian lady in a go-cart. She calls me over. I'm skeptical but my dream friends nod in approval. She says, "Hop in. I'm your spirit guide. My name is Valeria. I'm of an alien race!!!"

I crawl over the balcony and get in the car. She telepathically tells me not to worry. She's facing me and says, "WOW, you're so beautiful! You look just how you look on your TV show!"

I say, "What? I have a show?" She responds, "Yes. I love it I watch you every day." I am so happy and shocked. She says, "Yes! Your show called *250 breakfast occasions* cracks me up. It's great. Your lucid dreamer friends are in it, too." I'm like, "Wow! Go us!"

Her tone implies my success in the future. As I'm looking at her, the dream is starting to fade. I want to ask her more questions, but I wake up.

In my waking life, I have decided that I want to honor this dream by creating something along the lines of *250 breakfast occasions*. It will either be a food truck that sells 250 different combinations of bagel toppings OR an online morning show where a group of people discuss their dreams over breakfast for 250 days straight, or a combination of both. I guess we will see!

***Sometimes in liminal experiences, especially in the few seconds before I wake, I 'hear' advice (and recognize the voice, normally of a deceased loved one). And sometimes, I become lucidly aware when I see a deceased loved one, and realize they have passed. Have you had any experiences with lucidly engaging a deceased friend or relative? What happened?***

These are some of my favorite dream experiences. One time, I dreamt of my deceased cat who had passed away a week prior. When I saw the cat in the dream, I instantly became lucid because I remembered he was dead. This was a great trigger for lucidity. I have also lucidly interacted with my deceased grandparents on many occasions. Here are a few of my favorites:

*November 21, 2022*

On a trip with my family. For some reason, I run off to another building with my brother. I run into my deceased grandmother and I'm shocked. I know she's dead, but I assume she's a waking hallucination rather than becoming aware of the dream. I'm happy to see her and she seems so conscious and real. I hold her hands and ask her how she's doing. She tells me a lot of things I need to watch out for in life. She tells me

someone we know is pregnant. She also says we will come back early from our family trip but it's not my fault; it's something about the kids.

I ask her about other things I need help with and she tells me there's money in my car... I ask her, "What do you mean?"

She says not to trust my boyfriend, and that I should go to Miami and Tallahassee. I ask why. She says, 'Just do it, trust me.' I feel her hands, and they feel the same as I remember. We end our conversation.

*February 22, 2022*

I'm sitting on a couch in a house with my grandpa who passed in 2003. I am lucid right away so I just start talking to him and hug him lovingly. I can feel how soft his hands are and I'm in awe at how real and loving the hug is.

I stabilize the dream by running my hands through all the drawers, just exploring. I find a lot of little notes with my grandpa's writing on them, which is cool because normally when I'm lucid, writing is gibberish, but I very clearly read "angel numbers" with notes of different numbers and meanings.

Another item was a Tarot card that said, "You are the universe in your eyes," with embedded beautiful designs on it. I'm so excited to see my grandpa and it's all so real; the essence of his soul in physical form just how I remember him—mannerisms and everything. He says he has gifts for me and hands me a bag with individually wrapped crystals, one of which looks just like one I recently got in waking life. There are many different sizes.

I ask him many questions. We are so happy to be talking to each other. He tells me about all of his past lives. He was not only a doctor, but also a pilot, a war veteran, etc. I'm confused, and ask if he's really my grandfather. He winks and laughs in confirmation. It's like he's my grandpa, plus all the lifetimes and incarnations in one entity. Same sense of humor.

I ask him if he misses us, and he says, "All the time." I ask him what he does in this realm and if he watches us. He says he watches and keeps up sometimes when he feels like checking in, but he also has a whole life here and he's happy. He says he's proud of us. I ask him if we would be better off with him still alive, and he jokingly says my dad could use the extra help but overall we're doing great.

I look into his eyes and see my reflection clearly in his pitch black pupils. I'm in awe. My heart is happy. He asks if I want to see something cool. I say, "Duh." He takes me outside and I close the door behind me. We're in the front yard of this house. He takes me to a woman standing outside and I see it's my great-grandmother, who I only met as a young baby. I get happy to see her and she's so happy to see me, too. I jump into her arms as she embraces me—my legs wrapped around her waist like a child. We talk about how long it's been. Soon, an old woman approaches us. She says, "Is it just you guys out here?" We nod in agreement.

She says, "Now you guys know she's not supposed to be here," and points at me. Immediately I know what is going on: that damn dream police trying to ruin my lucid fun. She pulls out some sort of portal ray gun and points it at me. My great-grandmother is still hugging me, embracing the moment. She turns around to protect me and take the blow. But it goes right through her and shoots me in the stomach. It doesn't hurt but is a warm feeling radiating from my stomach that sends my soul back into my sleeping body. I feel myself re-enter my body and slowly wake up. I can still feel a lingering warm tingling radiating from that area. It was surreal.

***For many of us, lucid dreaming seems an 'open platform' from which to explore! Do you have any fun things that you have tried to explore in the lucid dream state? What happened?***

I always have a dream task I am working on. Sometimes it is fun things, like flying around or visiting new countries. Sometimes it is more serious, like getting answers for a project or something I need to increase productivity. Sometimes it is based on seeking life advice. Sometimes I just observe and explore the dream without trying to change it. When I focus on gratitude for the dream, I usually have more profound experiences.

If anyone is interested in checking out this list I put together, it is filled with ideas of things to try in a lucid dream. I separated the items into categories for different dream goals:

<https://thedreamworldpodcast.com/2023/05/11/the-ultimate-list-of-things-to-do-in-a-lucid-dream/>

Some of my favorite things to do are to question dream characters and create my dream house, or dream office. Here are some fun moments:

*May 11, 2023*

Fully lucid now, but the dream starts to fade so I hold onto the ground to get back in. I dig my fingers into the ground, even though it's all black. I use the black dream to create my own environment. I feel the ground and imagine myself creating my dream art studio. I am feeling the ground as if it's a paper backdrop and I'm creating the scene with my hands—a white backdrop on one wall with standing poles, and then I create another green backdrop perpendicular to it.

I start to create the scene although I can't fully see it. Then suddenly, the room is fully formed. It's a huge studio room and I begin to design it on command. Next, I look out the window, and see that I have a beautiful view. I create myself a cool lounge chair, one of those spinning Art Deco types. I create bookshelves and wall décor. It looks like an apartment turned into a studio and it's super cute.

I have velvet couches. On another huge wall, I try to create neon rope design, but I'm having trouble creating the neon rope out of nothing. So, I just tell myself that I'm still waiting for it to arrive from Amazon or something. Then I put some cool rugs down and other things.

There are dream characters around. I ask them for advice on how to make money. One of them tells me to sell herbs. Another one tells me to focus on social media. Another one asks the same questions right back at me. I am not satisfied with these answers.

I find a big house and walk in. I decide to decorate this house to be my dream house. I walk into the double garage. The living room is clean and pretty. I go outside, expecting there to be a pool, and so there is. I jump in and swim around. There are acrobatic swings so I do incredible upside-down tricks with super strength.

I fly around high in the air and grab fruit off trees. I break a guava open with my hands and fly around in circles. I see delicious soursop and remember it's cancer fighting. I take a giant bite and enjoy the juiciest fruit I've ever tasted. I also grab the insides of the fruit and rub it all over my body for healing. Everyone around me says that's great and good for you.

I decide to talk to dream characters and ask them about dreams. I ask one lady what she thinks about dreams. She says, "You mean dreams that come true later?" I say, "Yes, premonitions or a cool dream story of yours."

She starts telling me about her dreams, but her voice is fading away like an out-of-tune radio. She says sometimes she has trouble distinguishing dreams from reality because she's schizophrenic. She also shows me her social media page so I can find her in waking life. I try to memorize it. I remember her Facebook profile picture but can't recall her name exactly.



Suddenly, a girl about my age is there. She has red hair and is very pretty. She comes up to me and tells me to come with her. I don't want to go but she insists firmly and says I have to, that we have lots of lucid missions and work to do. Intrigued, I'm now going with the flow of the dream, so I go with her.

She takes me to a secret portal room that is like an office space with a kitchen, bedrooms, and a really pretty patio. The kitchen has carpet so I get down to feel it and lick it. Yep, feels just like real carpet. I stop at the fridge. I have been craving Kobe beef sushi. I ask for it and open the fridge. It's full of stuff and, sure enough, I see a box of sushi. I open it and it's not the sushi I wanted but it still looks good, so I taste it. Yum. We sit to eat at a table and start talking. She's explaining to me that she came and found me in the lucid space. She talks about who she is in the real world. She's from London. I ask her if she really looks like this and she says yes, but she has a British accent.

I ask her if we can be friends but she says she doesn't want to follow me or meet up yet. She says we have to help each other with missions. I'm a little distracted while she's talking to me because the sushi is sticking to the roof of my mouth and I am just pulling seaweed out of the roof of my mouth until I realize that it's endless so I mentally ignore it and it goes away.

I get up quickly to wash the sushi stuff off my hands but gesture to her that I'm still listening. I get the idea to try to feel a burn while lucid to see what it's like. I turn on the stove and put my hand on it. The burning hand doesn't hurt but it feels like it's burning. Weird and hard to explain.

She keeps talking to me about work we have to do in lucid and in real life. She's asking me about when my last period was and says, "Okay, good, me too. We're synced that makes it easier so we don't wake up with headaches or cramps after shared dreaming," or something like that. I'm confused but intrigued and think it's so cool! I want to know more about our mission, and I assume I have to continue my career in dream work to find out. I slowly feel my body returning back to my bed. I keep my eyes closed and don't move and try to reenter the same lucid dream.

### ***What other things have mystified you in lucid dreams? How did this affect your view of the world?***

Here is one of my favorite lucid dreams that influenced my perception of life and consciousness significantly. I shared it in a previous edition of the LDE magazine and I love sharing it with the world. It eased many of my fears of the unknown after death. It also helped guide me in a lot of my beliefs, which I did not fully understand prior to this dream.

#### *The Lucid Lesson, April 7, 2022*

I am lucid from the start. I am with one of my spirit guides. I just have an internal feeling that he is a spiritual level friend, even though I don't know his face in my waking life. He says we have known each other a long time and I feel safe with him. He says he protects me, and I feel it.

We begin in a cab, then we get out and enter a big building. I run from the rain and he laughs at me. Maybe he forgets what rain feels like because he's not human. Or maybe he's laughing that I care about getting wet in a dream.

We're in a huge restaurant. He's telling me all sorts of things about life on earth. He tells me how we chose to incarnate, how everyone in the spirit world watches us and keeps up. He explains to me how they have 'guards' who keep track of everyone and their dreams, and there are "centennials" and people who have been there for centuries or have lived lots of lives. There are different types of souls.

He goes on to tell me a lot of secrets of spirituality and about how the universe is structured. I wish I could remember all he told me, but my dream recall is not that perfect. I ask him about my podcast and my path in life and he says it's going to be very successful. He plays me some of my future episodes and I cringe at hearing myself. I had new intro music.

Eventually we sit at a table. So many people around. We sit with a lady. We're acting low-key, trying not to be noticed. He tells me that human dreamers are not allowed here, so I have to be careful. They confirm that if the restaurant "servers" see me, they will send me back to my body. They have to keep the veil of reality for humans. I try to duck down but they spot me, and I start to levitate into a tunnel. I think I'll wake up, but I spin, still lucid, back into a small cafe.



I see a lady with her baby and husband. She seems nice so I go sit with her. I ask her if she can teach me French. She says, of course... walk with me. We walk around. She's talking to me in fluent French and correcting my mistakes. I don't even speak fluent French in waking life but with her I am able to, and I'm understanding every word. She compares spirits in the astral world to flagpoles (the ones that hang high) and humans to marking flags (those small little hundreds of plastic flags on the ground).

At first I don't get it, but the more I think about it, I get it. She told me so many things and ancient secrets, I can't remember it all and she also told me humans aren't supposed to remember it all. Or it defeats the purpose and the mission of life. We're supposed to incarnate with a clean slate and a clean memory until we die, then we get reviews on how we did.

We walk into a huge movie theatre. The era of the dinosaurs is showing, and the spirits are watching. Not like a dinosaur show, but the LIVE era of the dinosaurs on earth. It's beautiful—so realistic and huge. I'm watching the dinosaurs live their lives. She explains how the souls can flip the channel to watch any time and place on earth. I ask her about it, and she says anything in any movie is real, and happens somewhere in a time and place. All of it, any movie you ever see. I need clarity on that, so I ask her if it happens on our same earth or different dimensions? Or how does that work? She doesn't answer me and one of the servers or dream guards notices me and I start to fade away back into my body.

I forgot so much of what they told me and taught me. I think the guards wiped my memory....

Here is another one that is very special to me:

*Dream Research Institute, September 4, 2022*

I am lucid, walking down the street. I have to walk about two miles to get to a school. It's a pretty day and I'm enjoying the walk. Finally I arrive at the building. It has a college campus vibe. I'm skating/flying around. Lots of students. I mentally tell myself it's a dream research institution and I walk up to it. There are some other things written on the door. I pull on the grass to stabilize myself.

I walk in and see a front desk with a waiting room that is closed off. I check in and the lady tells me to have a seat in the corner because they are very busy. I tell her I'm looking for a place that researches dreams and she says this is it and that I'm at the right place. She is happy and inviting.

Eventually, she calls me back and I go through the doors. She tells me to take my shoes off. I notice she is wearing shoes, but I don't question it and I follow her to the back. I'm looking around in awe, fully lucid. They are researching dreams, and they have a bunch of VHS tapes where they broadcast dreams to different people in the world. There's a group of kids. They're analyzing some of their dreams.

I noticed they have some tapes with my name on them—probably of dreams I've had or will have. I sit down with this nice lady. The lady is asking me questions about my dream life. She asks me how long I've been into dreams. I tell her my story and how I've been a dreamer since I was a child, and then I start to get a little emotional. I tear up, looking around at how cool it is to be able to research dreams, and I say, "Sorry, I'm getting a little emotional because of how suppressed it is on earth and how we don't research dreams." Being emotional made me lose stabilization and wake up.

***Amina, thanks for sharing these amazing lucid dream experiences! If people want to learn more about you and your podcasts, where should they look?***

Thank you so much! It was an honor to answer these questions and explore some old dreams. Here are the links where you can find me & my podcast:

Links <https://linktr.ee/thedreamworldpodcast>

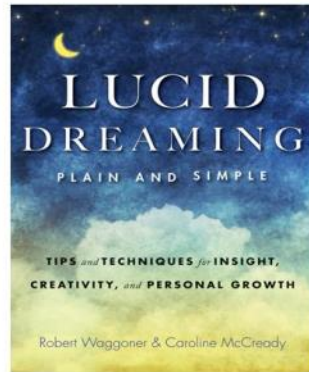
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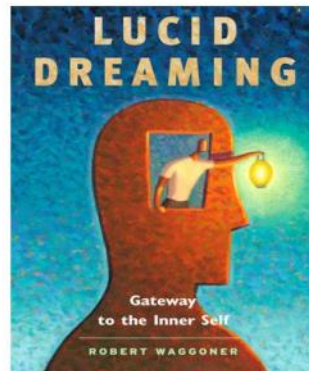


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# A Lucid Dream Insight on **PRIDE** and Humility

By Karim © 2023

*Throughout this article, I will use the terms 'God', 'Larger Awareness', and 'Brahman' interchangeably.*

While I was exploring the passions and virtues through dreams, I was focusing on the passion of pride and its counter virtue, humility. I used the incubation addressed to my inner awareness *"Show me the passion of pride and the virtue of humility in a kind and loving way."*

The resulting dream, which was not lucid in the beginning, revolved around the fear of humiliation. I encountered situations where I'd hesitate or refrain from taking action, fearing other people's opinions. In my waking life, I'm usually more confident, but these dreams exaggerated my inhibitions, allowing me to confront them.

One incident stood out. In it, I was wandering about with a camera bag, inside of which was a brand-new, pricey camera I had recently purchased in waking life. On vacation, I was eager to capture memories, yet everywhere I turned, people snapped photos with their phones, not cameras. Feeling self-conscious, I hesitated to use my new camera, ultimately not taking a single shot that day.

As I was taking a break at a café, a young man walked in shortly after me. To my astonishment, hanging around his neck was the same camera model I had. Unlike me, he was confident, capturing images without a shred of hesitation. He looked happy with what I assumed was his new camera and was proud of having an amazing quality tool to practice photography. Observing the café's clientele, I noticed that no one was even paying attention. People were either talking to each other or on their phones. It dawned on me that I had been holding back due to my own self-imposed judgments and fear of looking out of place, basically shame.

My realization helped me recall my incubation, and I immediately noticed I was in a different country than where I lived. This helped me recognize I was dreaming. I forgot that pride doesn't solely manifest as arrogance, it has nuanced and subtle layers. An ethereal voice, what we refer to as the awareness behind the dream, validated my thoughts:

*"The fear of looking bad to others stems from the fear of humiliation, and this is deeply rooted in the passion of pride." These words resonated with me profoundly. Excited that my incubation worked, I sought a deeper understanding and announced, "I would like to trace the source of this shame."*

My dreamscape shifted; a childhood memory surfaced: at the age of five, my parents had chastised me for a public blunder, leaving them embarrassed. This incident, and perhaps others like it, seemed to have anchored a lens in my psyche, constantly assessing the potential for shame. Over time, it birthed an instinctual habit of shame-based self-judgment. As I aged, I managed to subdue this, but traces lingered, accompanied by a hidden resentment (*anger*) towards potential critics, further illuminating the interconnectedness of the passions.

The awareness shared more wisdom; *"Many are hindered from authentic self-expression by the fear of humiliation. It not only dictates their actions, words, and even attire but profoundly impacts their self-confidence and self-belief, essentially robbing them of joy."*

Don't assume pride only manifests as arrogance, entitlement, or dominance. Its subtler forms can be covert belittling and diminishing. Many feign humility simply to avoid potential humiliation. This isn't true humility. Consider pride can manifest as a defense mechanism against humiliation.

## A Lucid Dream Insight on Pride and Humility

Ask yourself: Why do you feel shame? Shame emerges when one loses touch with their true essence. They get engrossed in the human narrative and overlook their fundamental nature as pure awareness, which exists within a field of **perfect love**. *You exist in Perfect Love.*

True humility accepts the possibility of humiliation. In this state, one recalls their genuine identity and remains unfazed by potential embarrassment. This avoids the need for pride and its defensive tactics.

In the realm of perfect love (unconditional love), all possibilities are embraced, otherwise, diversity of expression would not be possible. It enables Brahman, the universal consciousness, to witness itself from myriad viewpoints via incarnate entities. Brahman, the supreme intelligence, encompasses and permits every conceivable existence.

You cannot deny that you and everyone else exist in perfect love. It is the attachments, stories, and expectations that shape and diminish your lens of perception letting you forget this truth.

Envision Brahman electing to experience countless narratives, gleaning feedback and insight from its myriad facets and adjusting the stories as necessary, provided the core purpose for each expression remains untouched. This is why not all prayers appear to get answered. To alleviate suffering, one should detach from internal narratives and adopt a broader viewpoint."

I posed a question related to my mother's chronic illness, "Does this explain the unanswered prayers regarding the healing of my mother's illness? Why does the realm of perfect love permit so much suffering as it appears from our personal viewpoint?"

The voice replied in a calm and soothing tone, "Questioning this is akin to asking why a benevolent God permits evil. Think of it this way; if He was not compassionate and loving, He wouldn't allow it." This analogy struck a chord. This was the most vivid part of the dream etched upon my mind on waking.

I probed further. The voice elaborated, "**To love is to allow, to be open and inclusive.**" I grasped this concept, recognizing it didn't advocate apathy towards cruelty but highlighted a cosmic perspective on the potential for 'evil' to manifest.

"The universe sanctions what humans term as 'evil' to manifest and evolve. Such labels are human constructs. Yet, every action and thought carries consequences."

I interjected, "Do you mean like karma?" The voice clarified, "Karma isn't retribution like most think. It is the reflective capacity of reality to show you, like a mirror, what's happening in your interior. Karma is shaped by individual, familial, cultural, global, and universal influences. Not all of your karma is purely based on personal actions. You are a culmination or a product of your karmic legacy. Balancing karma is crucial for maintaining the state of perfect love. Gaining a deeper or broader perspective helps alleviate life's mundane sufferings. You become in service of the unity if you consciously choose to balance your karma.

For awareness to experience life's narratives in the incarnated world, it must appear to deviate from unity consciousness. Pride exists to offer the illusion of separation, Maya, enabling awareness to explore infinite facets. This intentional forgetfulness of unity is crucial; without it, experiential existence would be impossible."

"Is my mother's suffering then karmic?" It responded, "Aligning yourself with Brahman's compassion and mercy grants access to a realm of endless possibilities, unveiling answers to questions that you haven't even contemplated."

The mantra "You exist in perfect love" echoed throughout my dream. Since this dream I have been struck with a newfound serenity. When life's turbulence threatens my inner peace, I remind myself: "I exist in perfect love." This mantra has become an anchor, and if there's one takeaway from this article it is perhaps to try this mantra to alleviate any stress and suffering we may face in the waking world. This gives me an idea to use this statement as an incubation for my next dream challenge. ▲



*"I exist in Perfect Love!"*



# Psychological Resistance to Lucid Dreaming

By Virginia Bennett © 2023

## Introduction

How can you *want* to have lucid dreams, do the due diligence and learn the techniques, but it doesn't seem to work? In psychology, this may connect to what we call "resistance" or an unconscious defense mechanism that works to avoid one's conscious intent. As a psychotherapist, I'll discuss some ways to approach resistance and potentially overcome it.

This article is for people who are either "beginning lucid dreamers," meaning they have never had a lucid dream (or remembered it, if they have), or "experienced lucid dreamers," meaning people who have had lucid dreams *but have not had any for a long time*. This article is for what both groups could have in common: they *know* the techniques and have practiced them, but the lucid dreams remain elusive.

## My Experience

As an "experienced lucid dreamer" I started having lucid dreams in my teens when I learned to wake myself up from nightmares. I would dream of falling off a cliff and wake up in a cold sweat. Then it occurred to me, "Well, if it is a dream, why wake up?" I let myself stay in the dream and "wham," hit the ground—and nothing happened until I gradually woke up. Then I had dreams of being in a haunted house with an evil, invisible presence that wanted to possess me—very scary stuff that I fought for years. I finally lucidly stopped fighting and had the first of many exhilarating "spin cycles" of being in an energy vortex, propelling me through space and spitting me out into waking consciousness before I even wanted to return.

I read Carlos Castaneda and practiced the "seeing my hand" technique which facilitated more lucid dreams. From there, I had lucid dreams, incubated or not, several times a month, for about the next twenty years. Gradually the lucid dreams became fewer. Now they are quite rare, perhaps only a few a year. I have been reassured, because right when I think, "Is that it? Will I ever have another one?" that night I become lucid. Clearly my dreaming mind is willing and able.

Which brings us back to the point: "What's the hold-up?" To help answer this question, I am bringing out the tools I know in psychotherapy that help people get past what gets in the way of achieving their *dreams*, in this case literally. I also interviewed friends and colleagues who had similar experiences as experienced lucid dreamers who now had rare lucid dreams.

## Beginners

One of my thoughts about beginners is that when someone wants to have a new experience, knows specifically what it is, and how to achieve it, one of the main psychological factors is a seemingly innate fear of the "Unknown." The human psyche seems to have an ongoing balancing act between "security" (the Known) and "freedom" (the Insecurity of the Unknown.) We want something new to happen but we don't want anything to change! This is akin to Woody Allen's, "I am not afraid of dying. I just don't want to be there when it happens."

A strong part of the psyche, whether we are aware of it or not, wants to make sure we *survive* in physical reality. Surviving physical reality means staying focused on the status quo. Good, bad, or indifferent, our inner mind will tolerate *a lot*, simply because if we are alive now, somehow we survived "because" of that behavior.

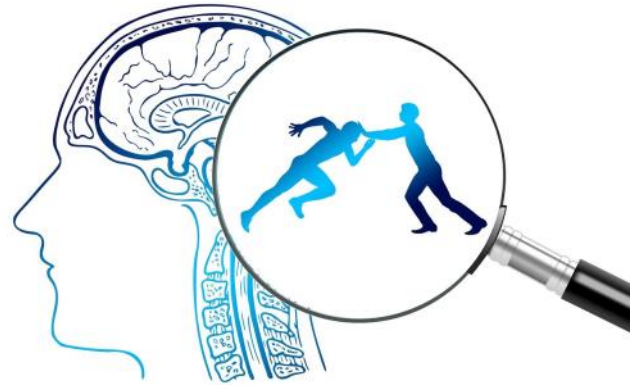
Whether we will survive without that behavior, or by pursuing a different experience, remains an experiment that we may, or may not, be willing to partake. When in doubt, it will resist *any* change to the current “reality.”

If you have never had a lucid dream, that may seem groundbreaking. You read people’s accounts, you may have your own fantasies. It may seem like a pinnacle to achieve. You may, on some level, believe, “My life will never be the same.” You may be right, of course, but also be *way* overstating it. The expectation generates some anxiety towards an unknown. I emphasize this because I have found, working with clients, that this anxiety can be so embedded they are not aware of it.

You might *think* you have no anxiety about lucid dreaming, but feel into it: do you harbor some of this concern about the unknown? Remember, what we believe intellectually does not always match our gut feelings.

### Identity for Beginners

This gets to a core issue: *identity*. People can have all kinds of behaviors. They can modify them, drop them, bring in new ones, but if their *identity* has become attached to a behavior, now the hook is in and resistance can show up unbidden. I encourage you to stop reading for a few moments and contemplate this, if you are a beginner: Is there a way you have become used to thinking of yourself as a “non-lucid dreamer”? Are you that person for whom everyone else seems to be able to do X, but you are either the last one to achieve it, or you never even get to the finish line? Are there some hidden fantasies of a “special self/identity” who is like the lucid dreamers you listen to or read about?



You don’t doubt that lucid dreaming is possible (that IS the good news!) but you are not prepared to believe that *you* can be one of *those people*, or part of *that club*. You can not identify with that identity. This is worth considering because it can be interfering with your lucidity. This will be especially true if you see this theme in other areas in your life.

Becoming lucid is a motivational *act*. We have to be fair to our inner mind. We engage in millions of thoughts a day, most are on automatic pilot. The inner mind has to continually distinguish whether the thought, “I want lucid dreams” is just one more noisy refrain among many, sung to the tune of, “I just can’t get what I waaanntt...” We have to get the inner mind’s attention to show it, “I mean it! I expect it!” Otherwise, it is basically going to say, “Yeah, yeah, I hear you talking.”

Many of the lucid dreaming techniques are asking us to take time while we are awake to stop, really focus, really *intend* to have the lucid dreaming experience. We have to balance “intention” and *motivation* with *surrender* and relinquish whatever *we* think the desired state, in this case, lucid dream, will be like. Until it is experienced, it *is* an unknown.

For those of us who have had lucid dreams, we know that they can be quite brief and uneventful. It was like learning to ride a bike as a kid. Before you did, you may have had envy for older kids speeding around on their bikes—and it *was* a thrill when you got there, and maybe it did change your life in some ways, but you were still *you*.

### Identity and Experienced Lucid Dreamers

However, for experienced lucid dreamers, we, too, have to surrender to an “unknown.” It might even be harder because we may be conjuring in our mind a *memory* of lucid dreams of the past, but that is not who and what we are now, nor what our dreaming mind may have in store for us when we enter lucidity *now*.

The Buddhist concept of “Beginner’s Mind,” is relevant here. We need to archive our past experiences, wipe the slate clean and begin again. I suggest that if you are an experienced lucid dreamer, you may want to pause, and really think of how you are starting over. Techniques you used in the past may not work so well now, or maybe they will. You’ll have to explore and experiment. The good news is that you will find many of

the past skills and learnings kick in as you enter what is now a new field of endeavor. But let it *be new*. What does the lucidity goddess have to show you *now*? And what changes is she asking from you?

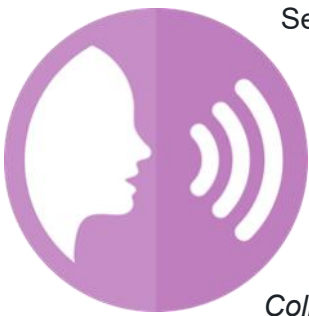
### Slow Down

My cardinal rule for facilitating any change—I mean *any* change—is “slow down.” Whatever the pattern is: mental, emotional, behavioral, etc., slow down enough that you can see the pattern in operation. Then, *interrupt the pattern*. This is along the lines of avoiding the madness of “doing the same thing over and over and expecting different results.”

You don’t have to get rid of a pattern. You can just change it by bringing more awareness to it. This has been researched scientifically and, for example, it has been shown that just having people keep track in a journal of the undesired behavior, like overeating, without even trying to make any changes, will change the behavior, and moves people closer to the desired goal. Ironically, slowing down is usually the fastest way to change a pattern.

Awareness is energy and energy is power. Slow down enough to see what you think, feel, or act that sets up conditions for *not* having lucid dreams. Once you slow down and do *not* repeat the old behavior: “*explore and experiment*.” This is under the guise of “do something new.” That’s all you are doing. A minor tweak can be enough to shift what is happening. You are getting something off of “automatic pilot” onto “manual.”

### Parts Work



See if you can catch your non-useful self talk, like, “Lucid dreaming is hard.” “Lucid dreaming takes extra effort.”

See if you can notice what thoughts go through your mind when you think about having a lucid dream *tonight*. If you just caught yourself thinking, “Oh no, tonight is not a good night, maybe tomorrow (later in the week, etc.)” this is a perfect chance to shake hands with your resistance, view it as a part of yourself, and see what it is telling you. *You do not have to change*. I believe that this is a key agreement with your inner mind when you are trying to gain information on beliefs or behavior. Collect the data first. Let whatever part to which you are talking know that there is no commitment to change. You are just trying to understand its perspective.

Anytime you are experiencing something you *don’t* want, it can be helpful to slow down, settle into your present moment, and in a very open-minded way, ask, “What is this experience doing *for* me? How is it helping me?” Note, this is not using the word, “Why” as in, “Why is this happening to me?” or “Why can’t I lucid dream?” In psychological counseling “101,” we learn to put “why” on a back shelf and only use it if it seems absolutely necessary. “Why” is like being interrogated at a police station. The spotlight is on you, and you are supposed to come up with an answer. It immediately engages defensiveness and the *analytic mind*. As Einstein pointed out, the mind that created the problem cannot be the mind to solve it.

Working with our inner mind is often like working with a child. If there was a linear, rational, analytic reason for not having lucid dreams, we probably would have figured it out already. We want to invite more information but let it (the part of ourselves in charge of lucid dreaming) come to us, without an intention to entrap it.

### Dialogue

Instead of trying to figure out why you *aren’t* lucid dreaming, ask how is this useful to you? When we do this, we can start to see themes and beliefs emerge. Rule number one is that you have to remain open: don’t judge or evaluate any responses you get when you ask yourself the following questions. You can write them down but no arguing. It is all data, information, pieces of the puzzle.

#### **QUESTIONS TO ANSWER:**

“I don’t want to have a lucid dream because: \_\_\_\_\_

“What is difficult about lucid dreaming is: \_\_\_\_\_

*“What gets in my way of lucid dreaming is:*

---

*“If I wanted to avoid having lucid dreams, I would:*

---

*“If I had more lucid dreams then I would feel:*

---

*“One thing that would help me to have more lucid dreams is:*

---

*“Another thing that would help me have a lucid dream is:*

---



Another approach, less structured, is to simply dialogue with your dreaming mind. Sit quietly, open your mind, have no agenda, other than being open to information regarding your lucid dreaming. Let your mind wander. You can ask open ended questions (such as, “How can I have lucid dreams?”), or simply wait for something to appear.

### Minor Adjustments

It can be useful to know that you may not have to make any major adjustments to have (more) lucid dreams. One lucid dreamer shared that when she consulted with herself about what would help her have more lucid dreams, she received a response that she needed to make her bedroom darker. When I consulted with my inner mind, it suggested to go to bed an hour earlier. Simple solutions can often make all the difference!

### Limiting Beliefs

In quiet reverie, explore any limiting beliefs you have regarding lucid dreaming. For example, I interviewed someone who remembered having lucid dreams frequently when she was a child where she would fly and have wonderful adventures. As she got older, she noticed *that other people were not having these experiences*. That was all it took, and the lucid dreams stopped, permanently.

This can be an embedded belief like: “Lucid dreams are weird and people who have them are weird,” and, of course, “It is a *bad thing* to be weird. People won’t like you.” The adult mind might know this is not true, but often that is not who is directing the show. Somehow that child aspect is holding onto safety, as she understands it. It is back to the security issue: “*When in doubt, don’t—especially if it is weird and unknown.*”

Years ago, I was a client of a wonderful, Jungian-based therapist. She was very intuitive, open, and knew how to connect with me. Yet I recall that in one session I began sharing a lucid dream experience I had had and I could tell by the expression on her face that *she had no idea what I was talking about*. She wasn’t negative about it, but I could tell she had no frame of reference for it. I actually think that might have been the nail in the coffin of my, at that time, diminishing lucid dreaming. They really dwindled after that. I am not blaming her, but it put me up against my own fears of “getting too far out” and realizing other people would not connect with me. In a way, I hit a wall that, at the time, I wasn’t ready to get over.

### Concluding Thoughts on Resistance

There are, of course, many reasons for psychological resistance, usually arising from the ego’s need to protect itself. As mentioned, one of the major things it protects itself from is the Unknown, because it is... *unknown*. The defense mechanisms maintain the status quo and they help the ego feel in control.

You can see there is a spectrum of ways to approach resistance to lucid dreaming, and you may make other discoveries as you go. Keep in mind that lucidity is your birthright! There is as much a part of your self that wants to have lucid dreaming as resists it. Follow your own guidance about whether it seems useful to sit down and write out all your thoughts and beliefs about lucid dreaming, or perhaps something I have not covered. You are on your way! ▲

# Q and A

## with Robert Waggoner

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*In recent months, the World of Lucid Dreaming.com has asked Robert to field some questions from lucid dreamers. Here you can read the lucid dreaming questions and answers.*

### ► Question from S:

*Hello everyone, here is the situation that has been happening for at least 2 or 3 times and I really need help for it. What is happening is that as soon as I realize in a dream that I am dreaming, it automatically triggers me to be out of the dream.*

*I don't even have time to ground myself or anything at all. I don't have time to do anything or to NOT do anything because the realization of the lucid dream state itself wakes me up from the dream. Then in most cases I am not 100% sure if I am out the dream so I perform reality tests but of course they all fail.*

*It's not like my emotions are too high or too excited or anything at all. By the time I say in my head that I am in a dream, then BOOM I am already out of it.*

*Usually my MILD phrase I keep repeating in my head as I go to sleep is this: "I am aware and I realize that I am dreaming."*

*So, should I change it for something else that would keep me inside my dream once I realize I am dreaming? How can I stay inside my dream when the realization of it wakes me up?*

### Dear S,

Almost every lucid dreamer faces this issue of getting too excited (*when they become lucidly aware*) and then waking up. So, it helps to understand that others have faced this, and learned to overcome it.

As I write in my books, it helps to remind yourself to 'Stay calm' when you become lucid, because the expressed thought will get materialized (meaning, you will feel calmer, after telling yourself to 'Stay calm'). Also, people have taught themselves to stay calm in a lucid dream by looking at something boring, like the floor or their hands. In this way, they can 'focus' on an action to help them stay calm.

In my workshops, I see that some people begin to

create a 'belief' (or a habitual idea) about waking up immediately. They believe that the lucid dream will only last a second—and then they will wake.

Also, they begin to 'hypnotize' themselves by constantly repeating this idea while awake, some statement like 'lucid dreams immediately come to an end'—which in turn reinforces and energizes this belief, and helps to make it happen!

The solution?

Change your beliefs. Change the habit. *Create a new habit of thought, which allows you to have longer and more stable lucid dreams.*

How do you do this? It's easy, if you follow this three step process:

1. **Mindfully notice** every time you find yourself thinking about this difficult aspect of lucid dreaming! So if you find yourself thinking, "Lucid dreaming is so hard" or "Lucid dreams are finished in a second"—then you have to mindfully notice this!
2. **Then stop the hypnotic suggestion**, and tell yourself, "No, not any more." (Meaning you accept that other people have long, stable lucid dreams, and you yourself have that ability, too).
3. **Then tell your unconscious mind your new belief**, "I will now have long, stable lucid dreams because I feel so calm and relaxed." Imagine yourself becoming lucid, and then staying chill, and having a long, stable and fun lucid dream! Memorize this new belief, so you immediately go to it when you mindfully notice the old concept.

By doing this, you change the negative hypnotic suggestion to a positive suggestion of long, stable lucid dreams.

In a broad sense, lucid dreaming shows us 'how' the mind works (whether lucid dreaming, dreaming or waking). Lucid dreaming 'trains' the mind!

If you do the above, consistently and persistently, then you will find yourself in a lucid dream and feel amazed and how stable and long-lasting it seems. The lucid dream will reflect your thinking, especially your beliefs and expectations. When you change those, you then experience the new belief and expectation!

Best wishes,  
Robert

► **Question from Stefan:**

*Thank you for your reply. I went to bed earlier as you suggested! What a great advice!*

*I meditated before going to sleep. Had a sloppy affirmation at the end of the meditation: "I want to dream at least once tonight and wake up immediately afterwards and I don't care if I'm more tired in the morning". I dreamt, woke up immediately afterwards, didn't move and kept my eyes closed. I replayed the dream in my head. But couldn't remember much.*

*I looked at the clock, it was 03:30. I thought: Great opportunity! Affirmation (as short as possible): "In my next dream, I will be aware that I am dreaming!" But I couldn't fall asleep because of the affirmation. Then I did my meditation routine, focussing on my breath, but lying on my side. I only made the affirmation every third breath.*

*I slowly felt myself falling asleep. The intellect kicked in. I focussed on my breathing again. A strong and rough vibration began in my body (no tingling). It became stronger and stronger, especially in my legs. I felt myself being pulled from the waking state directly into a lucid dream. I [found myself] in a kind of cinema hall, without chairs. I asked three times, "Hey, higher awareness, show me something that is important for my personal growth." After asking it for the third time, I woke up.*

*The feeling of vibration and being pulled from the waking state right into a lucid dream, and the feeling of transition in between, was **incredible!** It was so exciting! Although I didn't quite reach my goals, I am absolutely not disappointed!*

*Questions: Should I have made the dream more stable at the beginning? Instead of immediately asking my question to the higher awareness? Do you have a suggestion on how to do this?*

*Is it difficult for beginners like me to get an answer from the dream/higher awareness? Should I learn other things first?*

*Am I being too impatient?*

**Hi Stefan,**

Thanks for sharing your interesting lucid dream! I'm glad that when you woke at 3:30 a.m., you shifted to the affirmation, "*In my next dream, I will be aware that I am dreaming.*" Calmly affirming a lucid dream when you wake early in the morning, often leads to a lucid dream. But it has to be done in a relaxed, calm and peaceful manner, otherwise you will become too alert and unable to fall asleep.

I enjoyed reading that you appeared in a cinema hall. Many of my early lucid dreams occurred in a theater or cinema, as if to symbolically say, 'All the world's a stage....' and then I would become lucid as I wondered how I got there.

You then asked, "Hey higher awareness, show me something that is important for my personal growth." But nothing happened, and you woke.

So I agree with your assessment: It helps to stabilize the lucid dream, before trying to do this. If you feel too excited, and are focused mostly on the excitement of becoming lucid, then that's where your energy may be. After you become stable and immersed in the lucid dream, then you can completely focus on your request and what happens next.

Also, I have found that some beginners 'fear' that the lucid dream will be very short—and so they breathlessly try to 'act' in the ten seconds of lucidity (which they expect to have). Normally, they get so excited by the lucid dream and the anticipation of the 'act' that they then wake.

In my books, and elsewhere on WOLD, you can see my three steps on how to have long and stable lucid dreams (note: the first step involves how to stay calm).

Best wishes for your continued success! You are on the path, and we learn by going deeper on the lucid dreaming path.

Robert

► **Question on Fasting from a Lucid Dreamer with Narcolepsy:**

*Hi Everyone,*

*I'm posting to ask if anyone has ever tried fasting for the purpose of lucid dreaming or if anyone has any insight on this topic?*

*I have narcolepsy so I have the issue of dreaming immediately and for the entire duration of sleep. It's quite exhausting so I've been trying to develop lucid*

*dreaming to possibly overcome this issue, at least just to get some restful sleep if nothing else.*

*When I fasted for almost three days, I had the most powerful lucid dream ever and I've been wondering ever since if there is a connection? I haven't tried again yet.*

*I don't have any issues with dream recall. I can recall dreams in elaborate detail, even from months or years ago. I just need to learn how to turn my [narcolepsy] disability into an advantage, if that makes sense.*

Any thoughts?

**Dear Faster,**

Congrats on your powerful lucid dream!

Fasting has existed for thousands of years as a practice for personal and spiritual growth in many wisdom traditions. Interestingly, research by the National Institute of Aging (see <https://www.nia.nih.gov/news/research-intermittent-fasting-shows-health-benefits>) finds a number of health benefits that derive from intermittent fasting. So fasting does seem to offer benefits on a number of physical and psychological levels.

A 2015 study in the Journal of Sleep (see <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC4402667/>) notes that people with narcolepsy have higher incidence of lucid dreaming than control groups. So you are not alone!

Online, I have encouraged those with narcolepsy and frequent lucid dreaming to use some of the insights in my first book (*Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*) to resolve the 'exhaustive' quality of dreaming that narcoleptics often report. Simply stated, it involves working with the unconscious via suggestion, while lucid, to resolve the exhaustion by replacing it with suggestions of a feeling of restful contentment upon waking.

Next time you find yourself in a lucid dream, simply look up and state the following to your unconscious mind or inner awareness, "From now on, when I wake from a lucid dream, I will immediately feel well rested and full of positive energy!" By announcing this, you help inform your unconscious of 'how' you wish to feel when you wake. The result will likely be waking with a feeling of being well rested and full of constructive energy.

In lucid dreaming, we often use the 'expectation effect' (that LaBerge and many others have noted) and see dramatic changes in the outcome of a lucid

dream event. By the thoughtful utilization of belief and expectation and suggestion within lucid dreams, we can take that a step further to open up the possibilities of lucid dreaming and resolve problematic elements (like exhaustion).

Best wishes,  
Robert

► **Question from a Lucid Dreamer:**

*Why do I rarely see my cell phone in dreams?*

*It's with me constantly during the day but almost never in dreams?*

*Thank you!*

**Dear Lucid Dreamer,**

When it comes to devices, I rarely see them in dreams—except in special situations where they malfunction or have strange properties!

I have seen my cell phone a few times in my dreams, but only when it doesn't work or shows me something very strange. On occasion, this leads to lucidity. Similarly, I only notice my car when it has no brakes, but sometimes have become lucid when I notice that I don't own a car like this!

What's going on?

In general, dreams convey symbolic information and energy. Unless the dream needs to show whatever a cell phone or broken cell phone symbolizes (for example, an inability to communicate), it simply will not get expressed in a dream normally.

I believe this answers your general question about why it seems so infrequent to dream of a cell phone.

Now in a lucid dream, if you suddenly decide to use your cell phone, then normally it will be there (probably due to the Expectation Effect). In lucid dreams, you will normally experience what you 'expect'.

But if you believe or expect that it will be missing, then you will not find it. To understand dreams and lucid dreams, it helps to observe your own mind (and your beliefs and expectations in that moment).

Best wishes on your lucid journeys!  
Robert ▲

# Where's Robert?

## Upcoming Events with Robert Waggoner

Starting March 22, 2024 — Online Course for Pre-teens and Teens!  
Coherence Education presents: "Lucid Dreaming for Fun and Creativity"

An 8-week course with Robert Waggoner  
Fridays in March & April

See details & register at: <https://classes.coherenceeducation.org/courses/lucid-dreams-for-fun-and-creativity>

June 8–12, 2024 — Kerkrade, The Netherlands

International Assoc. for the Study of Dreams Conference

Robert and others will present at the 41st Annual IASD Conference  
held at the beautiful Rolduc Abbey in Kerkrade

See details and register at: <https://iasdconferences.org/2024/>

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

### Jung Platform Online Course

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

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

[Lucid Dreaming: A Path to Healing & Inner Growth | Jung Platform](#)

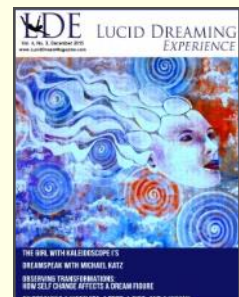
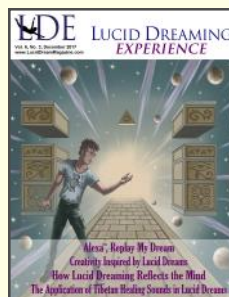
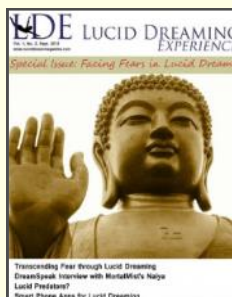
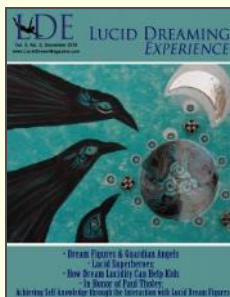
### Hemi-Sync Online Course

"Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner"

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

[Lucid Dreaming for Beginners Online Course – HemiSync](#)

## TIME TRAVEL through our ARCHIVES



Read PAST ISSUES of the Lucid Dreaming Experience online at:

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



# Dreaming with Saint Olaf, Part 2

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2023

See the LDE September 2023 issue, page 12,  
to read Part 1 of this article.

Although I didn't take note of this fact at the time, I had my first dream with Saint Olaf, titled **11 Norway**, on the night of All Saint's Day.

## **Dream 2** **August 31, 2023 — Saint Olaf's Confirming Touch?**

Something happened this morning I've never experienced. I woke up in bed as usual and at once became aware of the absolute silence. I thought: *We must have lost power...* This very rarely happens, and although it forebode a major inconvenience since we don't have a generator, I was feeling no concern. Then seamlessly I slipped into waking consciousness as I opened my eyes. It was a wonderful thing to wake up first in a dream before waking up in "reality" as I did suddenly yet smoothly. The only difference was I could now hear the quiet roar of the window air conditioner.

### **Dream Notes:**

The day before yesterday (August 29) I asked, and determined, to make Saint Olaf my Patron Saint. Only for an instant did I wonder how he might feel about this, because it was *he* who came to me first in a dream, so I know in my heart and soul what is happening now is the work and gift of the Holy Spirit.

## **Dream 3** **September 4, 2023 — Underground**

I lay awake for a long time. I kept remembering how (in my **11 Norway** dream) I saw St. Olaf's face so very close to mine. This was while we were standing in the shadowy room I followed him into. But once inside the mostly dark space, I lost any sense or sight of his companions. I was standing very close to St. Olaf. He stood slightly in front of me and to the left, on my heart's side. It was very dark in the intimately sized space (akin to a mysterious antechamber) but I could distinctly see his face in the shadows. He was so close to me it was as if I could make out the pores in his skin. And he didn't look directly at me; it was as if he was deliberately letting me look at him, remaining with me in the dream space as I kept repeating in my head what he had told me so I wouldn't forget anything when I woke up. And as I did so, I perceived a subtle change in his expression, which made me feel he might be worried I wouldn't remember what he had said. That's when I decided to begin backing out of this mysterious antechamber in order to wake up so I *would* remember.

And last night, as I lay awake, I was speaking to him as if he was truly here with me. I was thinking how that dream antechamber was a mysterious space/place between where I am now — still in the physical world — and where he is now in heaven. Except last night I wasn't sleeping and dreaming, I was awake and seemingly alone in the "antechamber" even as I felt (I have faith) he was even then mysteriously close to me....

Having fallen asleep, I find myself in the company of squat green creatures akin to troll women I sense are also witches. I know they are evil, but I'm not in the least bit frightened of them. I don't remember how we end

*Image: Saint Olaf in the coat of arms of Ulvila, a medieval town in Satakunta, Finland. Public domain.*

up in a subterranean space akin to an underground tree house formed by massive roots. Then one of the troll women says distinctly as she looks straight at me, “This is a dream.” I hear and understand her clearly, and for an instant I’m tempted to become fully lucid and proceed further into this dream. But in the next heartbeat I think, *there’s no way in hell I’m having a lucid dream initiated by this evil troll witch* and deliberately wake myself up. I believe this is very important, because of course I wouldn’t trust any lucid dream initiated by such a being. This may have been a test-temptation I easily passed. In the dream, I experienced the same distrust and disgust King Olaf displayed whenever he encountered remnants of pagan heathenism in his domain.

### Dream 4 November 17, 2023 — Invitation to WILD

I went to bed as usual, but something very unusual happened. I could not sleep. It wasn’t simply a matter of it taking longer to drift off, it was much worse. I actually wondered how I had ever been able to fall asleep at all. Now that was *very* strange... It finally occurred to me that this wasn’t natural but perhaps (wonderful thought!) supernatural. Yes... It occurred to me as fact that I was receiving an invitation, delivered in the form of a command I couldn’t disobey, whether I wanted to or not, which I didn’t. Wondering if King and Saint Olaf might be behind this, I willingly, hopefully relaxed, and very soon I was surfing hypnagogic imagery (in flowing black and white “waves”) as far as possible, until each one dissipated, patiently persevering...

I find myself in a white space/room, standing very close to a dark-haired man, facing him. His hair and clothing are the only shadows in this intimate yet somehow also measureless space. He intends to take me on a “ride” with him, and my deep contentment and pleasure at being with him is all the answer I need give him...

A seamless transition to standing together in what I can only liken to one of those small tram cars inside mountain tunnels used to haul rocks, etc. only this “conveyance” is intimately sized and (I sense) circular or oval in shape. It also isn’t following any visible tracks as we glide swiftly and silently down a smooth, naturally lit curvaceous tunnel in what I sense is a mountain deeper and deeper into the earth...

Still traveling even deeper into this now cavernous subterranean space, I am facing the direction from which we came, standing at the back now (for me) of the car. Behind me are three men, my initial companion, who is seated between two other male figures who are standing. The lighting is bright and crystal clear even though we’re moving *very* fast through the center of a vast broad cavern of smooth whitish-gold stone. Relishing the ride, I speak out loud what I’m thinking, “It’s fascinating that even though my eyes are closed, I can still see.” I subtly sense and know my physical eyes are closed because my body is asleep in bed, but I also distinctly sense there’s no danger of me waking up because I can (literally) feel that I’m in deep. I don’t turn around to look at the men accompanying me on this exhilarating journey, yet I can somehow still see them. The one closest to me is very tall and standing just behind my right shoulder. His short hair is a golden-brown, and he’s wearing what I can only liken to a silver-white conductor’s uniform. His intent gaze and expression are all focused on me, and what I just said. And though I remain facing away from him, I glimpse the pleased smile on my original dark-haired companion’s face where he’s sitting in the center of the “car”...

We have arrived at what seems to be our first destination. I step out onto white “sand” facing a narrow level white ledge emerging from the stone facade before us. A few feet to the right of what I know is an entrance leading deep into this measureless mountain, I spot a large, yet slender short-haired dark brown dog

sprawled jauntily, invitingly on its side. I immediately climb onto the cliff path, and we cavort together for a few delightful moments, so that I feel foolish for having initially feared it might be a dangerous predator. I’ve never owned such a dog, but it somehow feels familiar...

Descending again, and walking back in the direction of our “travel pod” I both see and hear a young man as he asks, “Are you sure you want to do this?” His question is addressed to a very tall, thin, pale-skinned man with thin sharp features. As he is asked this question, he furtively meets my eyes for an instant before nodding curtly in the affirmative. But as they proceed toward the



pitch black entrance, I walk back toward the “pod” conscious of how deep and dark the bowels of this particular mountain are, and I suffer the distinct impression I do *not* wish to explore it. Especially not with that evil-feeling “man” who is in no respect my original companion. Yet he seems to think or hope I won’t notice, and that I’ll accept his company and guidance just as I did my true friend and companion’s. Well, he obviously doesn’t know me well enough to realize there’s no chance of *that* ever happening. He told the innocent youth, and wants me to believe, he’s here to supervise this particular step in my journey through, and deeper, into this “mountain” realm. But *I* know he’s up to no good, on the contrary...

I become aware of being somewhere else when, as I ascend some steps, a woman reclining on a couch, placed on a small elevated black wrought iron platform, comments on what just occurred between me and a person I left behind on the level below. She observed that my eyes filled with tears, and lets me know by stating, “I saw your eyes change.” I remain silent, until I reach another couch on my own level, and sitting down by another woman (who is mysteriously known to me and my friend) I reply to the other woman’s snide observation with cheerful honesty, “My eyes are changing all the time!”

Abruptly, I’m up on the platform with the woman and looking straight down into *her* eyes, so that what’s happening inside her irises consumes my entire field of vision... Two pairs of wild animals akin to leopards are rolling and jumping and sprawling across the carpet and couch and chairs of a living room while having sex in all sorts of positions as they constantly exchange partners. I observe the repetitive scene for several long moments before looking away and waking up.

### **Dream Notes:**

Beginning with the final dream scene... No shadow of disappointment cast by another human being can, for very long, darken my vision, which now constantly, faithfully and joyfully reflects God’s Living Light of Love. But then there are so many who (as I did for much too long although never completely) live for the flesh, valuing only what material-physical life has to offer. They see with their mortal eyes but are incapable of Vision, which is spiritual and inseparable from Love vs. merely emotional-sexual attraction and attachment, for even animals experience this. God created us in His image, which means we possess the transcendent faculties of reason, wisdom and discernment allied with desire, all the qualities which make us human and capable of divine communion.

When I woke up, I at once recognized the dark-haired man who initiated my WILD and landed me in the dream space as Saint Olaf from my unforgettable “11 Norway” dream. And the tall “uniformed” man who stood directly behind me at my right shoulder was/is, I have no doubt, my Guardian Angel.

The thin evil-looking man who intended no good for me, and did a very poor job of pretending he did (I got the impression he knew I was seeing right through him), is one of the Enemy’s countless minions.

But it’s been a *very* long time since I’ve been vulnerable to demonic wiles either awake or asleep, all thanks be to God.

The symbolism of the Mountain: “Places where heaven and earth meet; the link between heaven and earth; associated with Jehovah (psalm 36:7, psalm 48, Isaiah 12:12) symbolizes the presence or proximity of God.” I was going deeper into this vast and seemingly boundless mountain... Going deeper into my self and soul; deepening my spiritual life. The elation I’ve been “riding” all day since I woke up has really made me feel on top of the world.

### **Dialogue:**

#### **Juana Rosa (my mother):**

Phenomenal dream: The importance of transcendental vision!!!

#### **James:**

It was a beautiful and complex dream, Maria. Did I understand this properly? This was at the beginning of the evening? And you had insomnia? So you had not fallen asleep at all yet? Or did you experience some insomnia later in the evening? The reason I ask is that, in principle, you should not be able to WILD first thing during the evening. The body is inclined to go into deeper sleep cycles. So that, in and of itself, is highly unusual.

**Maria:**

That is correct. I had just slipped into bed, feeling tired and ready for sleep as usual, but I could not for the life of me fall asleep. I wasn't worried about anything, all was well, except that there seemed to be an invisible wall between me and sleep. And it actually felt like a miracle to me that I had ever been able to fall asleep at all. And I have no doubt I was correct when I wondered if this was something supernatural rather than natural. That's obvious now, but if I hadn't taken that proverbial leap of faith and truly believed this was a possibility, an invitation and command from my patron Saint Olaf, I would not have had this dream.

James, I am in a relationship with a Saint, who himself was a dreamer when he was alive.

**James:**

I don't think you need any additional validation. But for what it's worth. As another person reading this dream sequence, I find it validating that you had a full blown REM dream experience when that should not even have been possible. In my experience, one can have a dream early in their sleep cycle. But those NREM dreams are dark and not very well formed. So it appears this experience is indeed a very special gift.

I am very happy for you, Maria.

**Maria:**

Thank you, James. And I am happy for you as well. Make no mistake, this dream was meant for you, too. Especially the way it was initiated. And there was a third male presence in the boat who was more vague, and all I did was notice he was there. He had brown hair. When I woke in the morning, I wondered if it might have been you. And even though you don't remember being there, I believe your soul was.

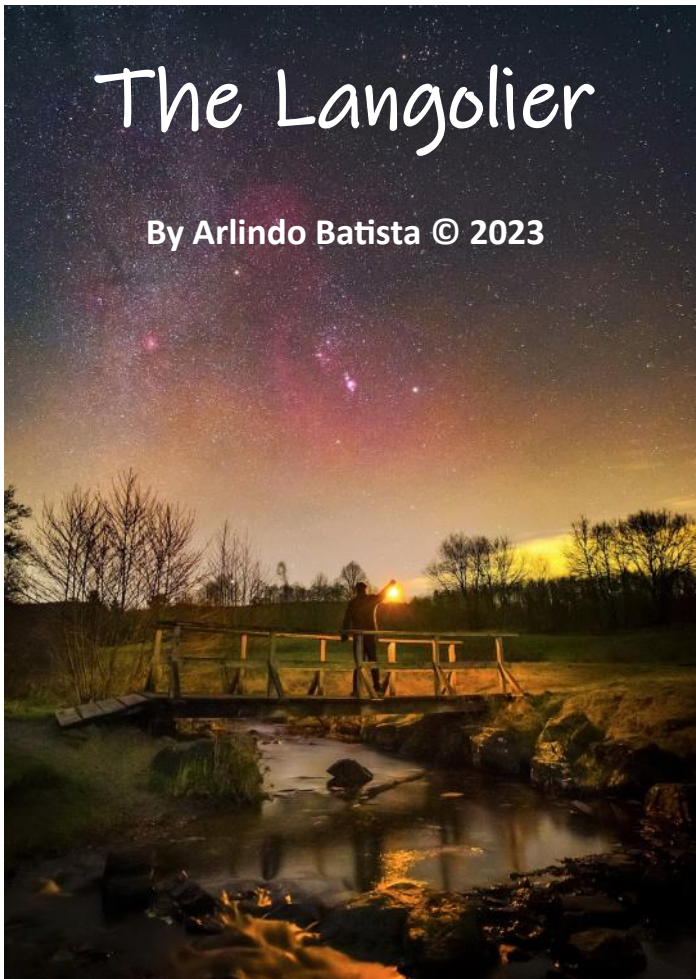
I also believe I understand now what those dark tunnels the Enemy wanted to take me through represent: my inability to shake off the daily subliminal but insistent dread of upcoming sorrows. At the forefront is the loss of my beloved dog, Arthur, and how desolate I will feel when he is gone, a uniquely precious source of emotional and faithful companionship (which is why to me he feels like my Guardian Angel's glove.) I must remember that in reality there *is* no future only an eternal present always mysteriously alive with Divine succor.

I understand now why Saint Olaf offered me such a good, long look at his face in my first dream of him as we stood intimately close to each other. When I woke up, I felt exhilarated but also desolate believing the odds were I would never see him again in a dream. I was wrong, thank God. I comprehend now what in Catholicism is called *The Communion of Saints*: The spiritual solidarity which binds together the faithful on earth, the souls in purgatory, and the saints in heaven in the organic unity of the same mystical body under Christ its head, and in a constant interchange of supernatural offices. ▲



# The Langolier

By Arlindo Batista © 2023



## DREAMING

It seems I am living in a parallel universe where I romantically meet my wife for the first time in a mansion that externally resembles the White House. (In reality, I met her in a pub on my best man's birthday.) We enter the premises with interest and then we fall in love at first sight. There is an estate agent who is pretty much a rotund version of actress Shona McGarty (who plays Whitney Dean in *EastEnders*) and Stacey and I end up buying the house together on the spot, signing the contract in a bedroom that is pretty identical to ours in waking life. I am so happy and jovial that I even dare the estate agent to reach for her pen as I hold it above my head for a lark.

Scene shift: Stacey applies mascara and foundation on my face whilst informing me about a new law where the government requires everyone—men and women—to use cosmetics in order to conceal senility. I exit the bedroom to look at my face in the mirror and find that my appearance has been improved dramatically.

Scene shift: I am jogging in a car park and an old couple driving away look at my make-up and say, 'That's one way to do it!' I smile and look at my reflection in a car window; I look great!

Scene shift: I am at my former address and smoking

a roll-up in the living room. (I haven't smoked in years in real life, but the taste of a cigarette is quite vivid and realistic here.) My father-in-law Tom shakes his head at me in disapproval and I retreat to the hallway before deciding to exit the house through the front door.

Once outside, I find myself in the back garden of my current home address and, puffing away and looking up at the evening sky, I notice that Orion's constellation contains more stars than it should and all of them display faint, aberrant halos—like they've been painted on a celestial canvas. 'That's not right!' I remark. 'I must be dreaming!'

## LUCID DREAMING

I leap over the wooden fence and begin to fly over an aesthetically superior version of the neighbourhood in the real world. I am still smoking and vertically running in the sky over streetlights, roofs and treetops. I savour the realistic taste of tobacco in my mouth and witness the starry version of Orion gradually fade: the stars evanesce first until only the halos remain for a few seconds before following suit.

The sky dims and I feel myself lying in bed but refuse to believe such sensations are real, so I abruptly stand up and find myself in darkness. I rub my hands and legs, building a strong sense of a body whilst yearning for the previous scene. An outdoor environment comes into view similar to the back garden of my house and I leap over the fence again, hovering in mid-air at a vantage point high enough to allow me a great panoramic view of a much better and colourful version of my neighbourhood under a crepuscular sky. The view is breathtaking; I'm enamoured with the way the streetlights glow—making me feel like I'm three-dimensionally experiencing a brilliantly painted world.

As I fly over this oneiric town, I try to remember what I experimentally set out to do. I think about exploring space, hoping that something will jog my memory, and, as soon as I ascend, an odd impasse is discovered: the zaffre sky is nothing but an expansive ceiling stretching over all the little houses as far as I can see—like the whole neighbourhood is suddenly inside a massive depot! I push against it with my fingers, feeling solid

## The Langolier

plasterboard, and further exploration of this surface reveals pendant ceiling lights which I enjoy swinging on like Tarzan using lianas in the jungle. Suddenly, I recall my goal: I'm supposed to act like a Langolier (a fictional creature from a horror story by Stephen King) and eat everything!

Since I can't seem to penetrate the celestial ceiling with my hands, I dig my teeth (which feel like sharp fangs) into it and manage to fracture the plasterboard surface. Dry chunks of gypsum fall in my mouth but taste like cork when I chew them. Hoping to find something more palatable, I descend to land in a sports bar, under warm light and not a soul in sight, where I proceed to eat chairs and snooker tables with alacrity.

Every object so far tastes like dry cork and I leave remnants of them behind as I swiftly move towards the curtains of a theatre stage. I feel like I can bite and swallow drapes endlessly even though all I taste is super-dry fabric. 'Surely I can do better than this!' I think to myself as I'm not feeling like much of a Langolier. 'I need to aim big!' So, I entertain the idea of eating the fabric of space itself as I exit the sports bar and find myself observing a rural nightscape.

My mouth is agape, and I stretch it wider at a rate disproportionate to my body. If I could look at myself feeling the way I do at this moment, I would not look human. My mandible almost touches asphalt! With my giant mouth I start chomping on thin air—tasting nothing—and witness a portion of the road and a section of the sky vanish, noticing the pixelated edges of what's left of the scenery against a dark, atmospheric backdrop.

Like a demented Pac-Man, I move forth to continue to eat what's left of the environment made of visible light until only a dark void remains. I wish to report my success as a Langolier and subsequently wake up.

### WAKING

I must remember to do a reality check if I find myself smoking and for the last couple of nights it seems that I've been 'reliving' false memories involving places I've never lived at, where a fox attacked puppies, and feral animals have come for me, one instance making me lucid because a hissing cat looked abnormally monstrous as it chased me over a concrete wall and turned docile when I asked it what was wrong (a Dick Tracy character subsequently approached and continued to pacify it for me).

Another instance where I became lucid is when I was in the back of a cab with my wife and the vehicle was on a collision course with a massive lorry. Just when I thought a crash was imminent, the cab drove under the lorry and I could see its moving chassis overhead and massive rolling tyres on either side of us by the windows—a scene that made me correctly conclude I was dreaming, causing my wife's cavalier doppelgänger to tell me, 'Yeah, yeah ... We are not real! I know ... Whatever!'

I always record my sleep experiences and it has wonderfully improved my recall, enabling me to familiarise myself with recurring themes and identify dream cues. Lately, I've been reaching dream lucidity regularly and often unexpectedly. I find that a journal can do wonders for getting to know my dreaming mind and the lucid 'aha' moments have been plentiful. I find that the more I write, the more I remember ordinary dreams. Recalling lucid dreaming for me is a doddle because the experience itself has that much more of an impact on memory. ▲

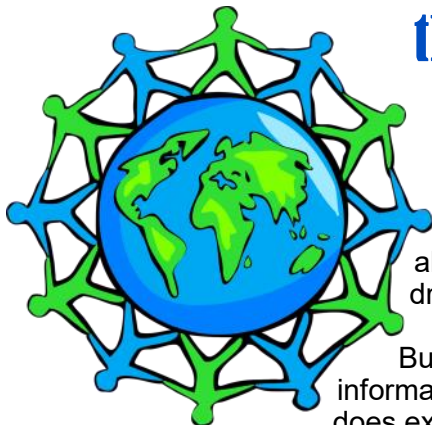


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# LDF NEWS: Spreading Lucid Dreaming Techniques Around the World (With Your Help)



By the Lucid Dreaming Foundation ©2023

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

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

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

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

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

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

## How can you help?

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

**Inspired? Curious? Empowered?** Reach out to us at [LucidDreamingNonprofit@gmail.com](mailto:LucidDreamingNonprofit@gmail.com) or check out our website at [www.luciddreamingfoundation.org](http://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org). ▲

## UPDATE

So far, we have successfully translated the free **How to Lucid Dream** booklet from English into the following languages:

**French, German, Czech, Hungarian, Latvian, Norsk, Portuguese, Portuguese-Brasilian, Slovenian, and Spanish.**

If you speak another language fluently, we would love to hear from you. You could help millions to have their first lucid dream!

Here's the process: After you contact us, we will send you a "machine-translated" version of the **How to Lucid Dream** booklet in your language. You would simply need to read through it, and correct the machine-translated version so it reads well and conforms to the English version.

**Interested?** Please write to us at [luciddreamingnonprofit@gmail.com](mailto:luciddreamingnonprofit@gmail.com) and tell us which language skills you have.



### **Martin Phillips — *Human Exchange***

I find myself walking through almost deserted offices and buildings. Thinking that soon someone will ask what I'm doing there, I go up a stairwell and then outside. Above in the sky is a massive, rectangular spaceship about one kilometre long passing overhead, with 'Human Exchange' written on the side. It's landing out of sight as legs unfold from beneath.

I assume aliens will start walking around but there are just more people in mostly green clothes asking people questions and getting them to answer surveys, etc. On a footpath near a road, a group of about 5 of these newcomers circle me and hand me a strange metal plate in one hand and a metal rod-like device with a small hook at the end in the other hand. They push my hand over the plate. I ask, "What are these and what am I supposed to do? They say, "It doesn't matter." I say, "What do you mean it doesn't matter?" One of them says they are observing all my reactions, even my confusion. I get frustrated by the banality of the exercise and look closely at their faces. They have the air about them of dream characters (a bit vacant). That's when I realise I must be dreaming. I give them back the stuff, wish them good luck, and pronounce, "I'm out of here!"

I start flying up slowly. I notice low self-energy so I clap my hands and rub them together. I fly higher and expect them to chase me or grab my legs. One does follow but I soon jump over a high plastic fence to find a massive drop below to a freeway beneath me. At first I'm scared of the height then just tell myself 'fuck it' and glide over, fully knowing it's a dream.

I notice a noise and realise it's me snoring. I decide to take longer, deeper breaths in the hope that more oxygen will invigorate the dreaming mind. I can hear the snoring change and smooth out as I breathe deeper. But I soon wake up as I'm too aware of my sleeping self by now.

### **John — *Through Closed Doors***

I dreamed I was lying on the floor of my office. When I realized this was strange, I said, "I must be dreaming." Then I said, "If I'm dreaming then I can levitate." I did. Then I said, "I could go through the closed door." I did. The energy as I pierced the door was enormous.

I levitated in the hall of my office and looked to the far end of the hall where there is a closed door to our conference room. So, at that point with all this high energy, I said to myself, "I could go in there." With that I flew down the hall past the other offices and pierced the door into the conference room. Again, the energy I experienced going through the wood of the door was over the top. It woke me up.

### **Mrinal Choudhury — *Lucid Dream That Helped Me to Reduce My Anxiety***

In a dream, I found myself back in the college that I attended. I was in a room with a lot of books—it was the college library. I was about to come out of the library when suddenly everything changed and the room became unknown to me. There was no way to get out. I was frightened but suddenly I remembered that this

could not happen. How can the surroundings change like this? “This is a dream,” I thought, and became lucid.

After realizing that I was dreaming, I pushed the ground with a slight force with my feet and started floating in the room. (This is what I always do whenever I become lucid. Floating in the dream helps me to confirm that I am in a dream world.) As I confirmed that I was dreaming, I started to solve problems that I had been thinking of solving for a long time in a lucid dream.

In a video on lucid dreaming, I learned that we can heal our body and mind in a lucid dream. Since then, I have been thinking about healing my anxiety whenever I next become lucid. So, I had a great opportunity in this lucid dream.

In that dream room, still floating in the air, I looked upward with my hands facing upward in a V shape. I shouted, “Hey dream world, I want to reduce my anxiety and social anxiety. I want to face it here and break it.” (I used my own language in the dream, not English). After shouting this three or four times, suddenly two ceiling fans running at full speed appeared near me. Because I was floating above the floor, the two fans were very close to my face and my upward-facing hands. I felt the wind blowing on my face from the fans. I became fearful and felt that one of the fans would cut my upward-facing hands.

But then I thought that these are not real fans. These are dream fans. These are made by my own mind. So, these can't do any harm to me. This thought surprisingly reduced my fear of cutting my hands and I became relaxed. Maybe the intelligence of my subconscious mind or the intelligence of the dream world was trying to show me that fear, stress, or anxiety are not real. These are made by my own mind. These are all imaginary. So, nothing can do any harm. After that, I landed on the floor and affirmed in my mind, “I have healed my mind and the anxiety has gone now.”

And then I woke up, wrote down my dream at 2 a.m. I felt very good and felt like my mind was healed. After this lucid dream, I felt less anxiety in life. I still face social anxiety, but it was reduced after this lucid dream.

### **Visnja M — *What is This Place?***

I am flying through a night sky on a dark blue horse. An Asian woman is my guide, holding the reins. The journey is exhilarating, the breeze blowing by, the shimmering lights of a cosmopolitan city below us like a Miyazaki film or *Blade Runner*. I know this is Hong Kong, though I have never been here, which makes me realize I am dreaming.

I am curious to see where the woman is taking me, as the horse swoops down and around. The woman nudges me off the horse onto the roof of a skyscraper, then leaves in a hurry, horse and all. I look around me, holding the visual. Ahead is a golden gate. As I walk closer to it, it looks like a kiosk booth with a wooden door. I use the heavy knocker to knock.

A man opens it, and I am excited that a dream character has presented themselves to hold my attention. I ask, “What is this place?”

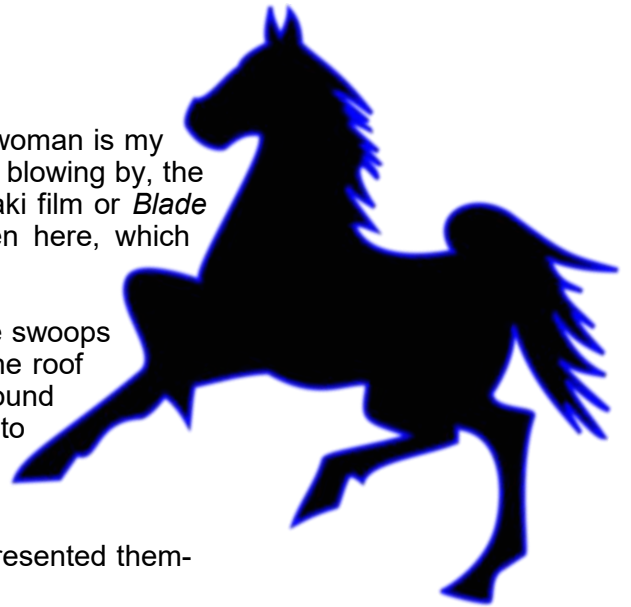
“You opened a file with us five months ago,” he tells me. Being lucid, I am aware I have never been here before, so I ask, like a detective, “What for? Did something of significance happen?”

He tells me matter-of-factly: “You died.”

My heart races but I stay lucid and without much thought, I ask him, “How old was I?” And he tells me, “41.” The number hits me like an arrow through my heart and I wake up in distress. I am only thirty years old.

### **Rudra Yamala — *Sephirot Tower***

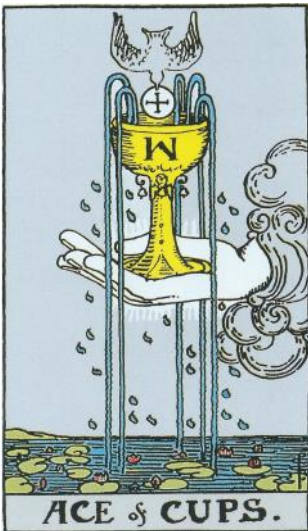
Toward morning I started meditating and it drifted into a lucid dream. I saw a kind of tower of light. I was look-



ing at it from below. This edifice was symmetrical about its central axis. It was gorgeous, spangled with planes or facets of light. It was backlit or had an aura around it, like it was in front of the sun and blocked it, but it itself was spangled like panes of glass, and sources of light embedded in it in intricate patterns like the traces of an integrated circuit.

Lucid, I thought I was looking at an emanation of light—maybe it was a Sephirot. And that suggested to me the human nervous system, the evolution of the human nervous system. I thought at the time that this was something that had also been seen by meditators, the way an aura or halo is seen around a very accomplished being. This me must be what they talk about as the Buddha. It's a picture of the self as a being of light. And it is something that we are all part of—our own neurophysiology.

At the top part was the vague shape of a meditating human, sitting cross-legged. It gave me an understanding of the old books the way they describe in sutra the thing visualized. I used to think it was writers going-off, waxing over-descriptively, but realize it was just an attempt to capture something of this being of light. I empathized with their efforts. Certainly jewelry, facets of light, planes of light are the only way to attempt to describe it. Since this towering image was symmetrical there was something of a Rorschach pattern about it. Parts of the vision at its edges swirled and moved like it was sensitive to the wind blowing in from behind me. It suggested for a moment the Pillars of Creation, those light-years-tall, massive promontories of dust in which stars are forming.



### Paul Sauers — *The Lucid Tarot Dream*

While on a Tauck tour of Mackinac Island, I had a lucid dream where I 'created' a Tarot spread in the dream. We were at The Henry Autograph Hotel and had listened to a magical Motown Musical Experience and danced after dinner. I went to basically review the evening in my mind and watch some hypnagogia. While dreaming I was creating a Tarot Spread in my mind and had to come up with a significant card to start a Celtic Cross spread and then realized that I was dreaming. I chose to write down a 'topic' for the spread which I called "Fortunate."

I knew I was dreaming as I peeled off the cards in my mind. There were times in the dream where the characters on the cards seemed to be 'alive' and positioning themselves. (I'd done a Celtic Cross spread prior to the trip to answer the question of how the trip would go, and the overall score of the reading was a perfect 10 and all the cards upright! My Tarot partner asked if I checked the deck to see if there were any 'reversals'—upside-down cards having different meanings—and I said I'd checked the deck and there were.)

The spread findings: (Again, all 'upright' which is statistically unusual.)

Card #1: You—the situation or question, was the *Two of Wands* having to do with planning.

Card #2: What crosses or compliments you, is the *Three of Wands*. Which describes the trip to me; there are ships on the card heading out to water. We did have to take a ferry to get to the Island.

Card #3: The Foundation or reason for the reading was the *Ace of Cups*, "a new beginning." Water flows from a chalice in this card; I sense a 'spiritual' meaning here. In the dream, the water flowed from the chalice.

Card #4: Representing the past was the *Magician* who 'manifested' the trip.

Card #5: The present moment, the *Chariot* card. Certainly a whirlwind tour of Michigan (I'd purchased my own chariot to go around the perimeter of the Island which is about 8 miles; there were many horse-driven carriage rides both on Mackinac & other locations along the way).

Card #6: The near future was the *King of Cups*. His throne sits on a sea of water. He is a man who 'follows' his intuition.

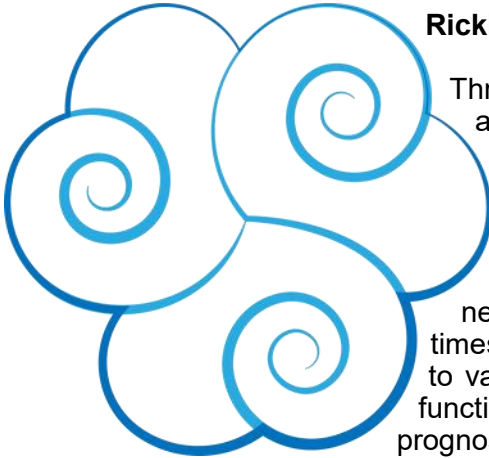
Card #7: You, your attitude or view of the situation, was actually two cards: the *Sun & Strength*. We were blessed with sun every day of the trip, and compassion and strength certainly flowed amongst a small group of 25 people who got to know each other well in a short period of time.

Card #8: Your environment or external circumstances was the *Devil*, suggesting we ate too much during the trip. The Devil frequently suggests 'addictions.'

Card #9: Dreams, Hopes, and Fears was the *Lovers* card. We were 'following our heart's desire' and the trip did occur during our anniversary.

Card #10: The outcome was the *World* card (Number 21 of the Major Arcana) representing triumph, completion, and rewards for our efforts.

This was the first Tarot dream I can recall creating in a lucid dream that was indeed magical, and in many ways with spiritual underpinnings. Much of the ‘magic’ of the dream was the interaction with the card characters who at times seemed ‘alive.’ Perhaps when I review the dream with my dream partner we’ll discover what they were doing behind the scenes.



### **RickM — *Cloudy Clairvoyance, Part 1***

Throughout life, I have had a series of profound precognitive dreams. They are a small but cherished collection. The first was at age seven, when I dreamt of being burned out of our family home, and it transpired shortly thereafter with amazing accuracy to the dream itself.

Many other major events in life have occurred beforehand within these indelible nighttime visions. The births of our son, grandson, and grandnephew; the deaths of my father and close friend, as examples. Sometimes they play out literally and sometimes symbolically, with a literal element to validate them as predictive. I’ve often wondered if this ability is simply a function of J.W. Dunne’s theory that everyone dreams presciently, or, rather, prognostications supplied by a higher authority for reasons unexplained. I lean toward the latter.

With these thoughts in mind, I would like to submit the following: Last February I participated in the lucid dream study sponsored by Robert Waggoner and Nigel Hamilton. I wasn’t successful in producing a qualified dream prior to the March 1st deadline; however, I did have one, about a month thereafter, in which the research protocol was utilized.

I entered the dream consciously aware and standing before a slowly swirling cloud yet to take shape. The presence of a higher power was overwhelming, and as if waiting for a request. I said to myself, “Okay, this is my chance,” and stated the following: “Show me something important to me.” Nothing happened, so I wondered if the comment sounded more like a demand rather than a polite request. I thought about rephrasing but chose to stick with the format and repeat the question. “Show me something important to me.”

Again, nothing, and the dream ended. I woke thinking, “Well, maybe this gifted awareness has nothing significant to share at the moment.”

### **RickM — *Cloudy Clairvoyance, Part 2***

This second dream occurred after I had already made my first submission for this LDE issue.

In its early stages it was sketchy and vague, but in a moment of clarity I said to myself, “This is very odd, it must be a dream.” No sooner did the last word cross my mind, when the black & white scene exploded into a kaleidoscope of color while I was still consciously aware.

Directly in front of me was a gigantic blue metallic wall shimmering in iridescence. It stretched up into the clouds, and I began wondering if I had ever seen anything so vivid and colorful in a dream before. After pondering its beauty a few moments, the idea of flying came to mind.

Looking up again, I was now surprised to see a pair of arms stretching from the cloudy haze right above. It seemed as if a spiritual guide was beckoning, to pull me somewhere, maybe to see something even more stunning. So, I reached up, clasped both hands with my own and said, “Okay, I’m ready, let’s go!” And, to my dismay, nothing happened. End of dream.

Awaking quizzically, I questioned whether this was a show of affection that I wasn’t really feeling or more likely a stall tactic. I had previously written about these hypothetical phenomena that dissuade movement within dreams in the March 2022 issue of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*.

**Joe Kemeny — Telekinesis Wood**

I'm walking down a long, wide hallway in some type of industrial factory or building. I see a group of women at the end of the hall working on some sort of large machine. For some reason, I get the idea to float upwards as I approach them. At this point I realize that I am dreaming and everything becomes more vivid.

I continue to float towards them, all the while enjoying the sensation of floating. I then remember one of my dream goals and decide to find a room with some paintings (one of my lucid dream goals has been to inspire my artwork). I float into a room, but it is dark and empty.

I continue down another hallway and come upon a male wearing a hard hat. He is working on some sort of machine. I notice a small piece of wood on the machine, and I tell the worker to watch. I point at the piece of wood, and I mentally imagine it floating. Almost immediately, the piece of wood rises, and I proceed to balance it on the tip of my finger. I have to concentrate to keep the piece of wood in the air, but I do manage to keep it floating.

Eventually the wood does a weird thing—it wraps itself around my finger as if it is made of rubber! I then have to concentrate to mentally unwrap it off of my finger. The wood does eventually spiral loose and my hand is free.

The dream soon fades and I am awake in bed, feeling the joy of experiencing another lucid dream. I find this dream interesting because at first I was in control of the piece of wood but then it started to behave as if it had a mind of its own.



Artwork by Joe Kemeny ©2023

**Lee Osborne — Way Up There and Weightless**

I was high up on a tower—something that would normally scare the b'jesus out of anybody. I was enjoying it because I only had to use my fingers to go up or down. I was weightless. I smiled to myself because apparently I knew it was a dream but that realization was only a flash.

A few days previous I had been doing the 'look for your hands' exercise but was not getting any results. A few days later, after that dream, I realized actually I *had* seen my hands as requested. Did I have the awareness to pursue lucidity? Nope. I'll keep trying.

**Tamara Starr — Drowning into the Void**

This is from Monday, 10/30/23, completely spontaneous and not programmed. I rarely go lucid, so this was an interesting trick or treat.

I'm in a swimming pool that is deeper, more like an aquarium. The water is clear. The actor Mathew Perry (who died on 10/28/23) and I are snorkeling together. He signals that he needs to go up for air. I nod and start to try to go up, too, but when I push off the bottom with my legs, I don't go anywhere. My legs don't work. They don't have any power. I'm using my arms to swim to the top, but I'm running out of air. I can see the top but know that I'm not going to make it. I'm going to die. I start to panic. Everything goes foggy, grey, then black.

Becoming lucid, I think, "Wait a minute; this is a dream. What happens if we just *be* with the darkness? Am I in the Void?"

I start to see flickers of light that are patches of images appearing in shapes. Some are a giant grid or matrix; another a huge strand of DNA; yet another, the fascia network of the body, or even brain neurons. The images are huge, as if I'm very small and looking at them in a big dark sky, but they are also very close to me.



It's interesting to see these shapes lighting up in bits and slivers. I'm mesmerized and fascinated by the light patterns. This is so cool; I'm seeing the Matrix.

### **L — A Wishful Thinking Happy Dream**

I was working on a future for me with some other people. I was aware the whole time that I was dreaming and it was a wishful-thinking, happy dream: people were helping me build us a house, since we are a homeless refugee family.

It was so funny because what a relief to allow/encourage others to be nice and supportive rather than denigrating real humans who usually push us further as outcasts in real life. What was also amusing was that I didn't need any gloves to protect my hands, even while cutting down whole logs into boards.

Thank God we can go to sleep and lucid dream every night!!



### **Jaime Lundquist-Munoz — Embarking on a Journey Through the 7 Chakras of the Universe!**

Before going to bed, I initiated my journey into the realm of lucid dreaming. Through meditation and repeated affirmations, I declared, "Now I am Lucid; when I go to sleep, I become lucid in my dream. While in my dream, I wake up! I am ready to have an amazing lucid dreaming experience."

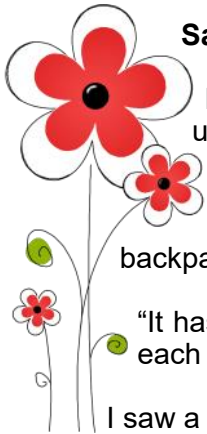
As I started to drift away, I found myself embarking on a journey through the 7 Chakras of the Universe! In this dream adventure, I wandered through an unfamiliar neighborhood, surrounded by the lively hustle and bustle of people going about their day. Suddenly, the sky unveiled seven vibrant circles, and my entire being ascended above the street, gracefully hovering, facing the sky, and descending like a stream in a river. Overwhelmed with awe, I turned to a lady nearby, seeking answers. "What's happening? What are those circles in the sky?" I eagerly questioned. With calm assurance, she responded, "Those are the chakras of the universe, opening up to connect with those who are ready for this profound connection."

In the blink of an eye, my own chakras burst into radiant energy, aligning seamlessly with the cosmic chakras. A potent surge of energy coursed through my dream body, uniting my essence with the vast universe. It was an indescribable force, an extraordinary connection that made me feel the universe flowing through me, with me, as me. The entire experience was nothing short of incredible.

During this dream state, I became lucid at the moment when the sky revealed the seven vibrant circles. The realization of the dreamlike nature of this occurrence triggered my lucidity. This extraordinary sight prompted me to question the lady nearby about the circles in the sky, marking the point where I consciously recognized and engaged with the dream environment.



Upon waking, a radiant, pulsating energy enveloped my entire being—a tangible sign that all my chakras had been activated. Now, I keenly observe the unfolding of my future, excited by the remarkable manifestations that have already materialized. Eager anticipation fills me for the great things that are yet to come, and I am ready for the extraordinary chapters awaiting me. I look forward to the wondrous journey ahead!



**Sara Casalino — *The View from the Terrace***

I became lucid after doing the WBTB method and remembered my plan. “I want to go to the utopia from my stories,” I said. I drifted through a blue mist for a short time until I came upon a city. I entered a school and noticed several backpacks hanging on the wall. It seemed that the backpacks were there for students to take, so I grabbed one. A young man with curly hair stood in the foyer. I said hello to him, and he returned the greeting. I asked, “What are these backpacks for?” Or maybe I had asked, “What’s in the backpacks?”

“It has what I need to build a parachute,” he said. I thanked him and shook his hand. It seemed that each backpack contained the tools a student needed, based on what the student wanted to build.

I saw a staircase and went up the stairs, taking the backpack with me. Halfway up the stairs, I noticed a large wooden door in the wall, with a little gold chain lock, which was unlocked. I opened the door and went through to some sort of terrace. Leaving the door open behind me, I placed the backpack on the ground.

Then I walked forward and gazed at the scenery in the distance. It was breathtaking: dark green hills, trees, and flashes of red flowers. It was so beautiful I just stared at it in awe. It was like I didn’t want to do anything else, since I was so overcome by the gorgeous view. The colors were bright and vivid.

In front of the green hills was a beautiful lake of blue-green water. I felt like I wanted to go to the edge of the terrace and jump into the water. There was a sort of railing in the way, so it wouldn’t be super easy to jump in. I’d have to find a way around it, and the lake seemed pretty far down. Then I woke up, possibly because I was so taken with the view.

**Ryan Rose — *Effortless, Natural, And Free***

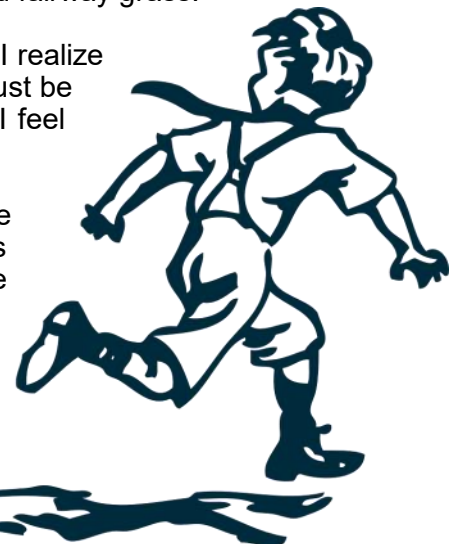
I wake up on the golf course that spans spaciouly outward from the woods behind my house. It is daytime, although judging by the fading sun it is definitely getting on into the early evening. There is still something left of this very nice day though. Everything is bathed in a pleasant warm sanguine orange hue. Suddenly I recall that within these last minutes before full sunset, I am supposed to be inside for dinner.

Hurriedly, I run through the strip of woods bordering the course and playfully bound across my back yard. Then however, I halt abruptly on the landing of the steps before striding through the kitchen door. Hold on... how is it that I came to wake up on the golf course? What a bizarre concept. Something is incongruent. I cannot remember anything that happened before waking up on that freshly buzzed fairway grass.

Since there is no continuity connecting to a prior experience that I can recall, I realize that I must be dreaming. Also, I am very young. My body is much smaller. I must be only twelve years old at the most. I already felt light and energetic, but now I feel the extra buoyancy of full lucidity.

Reflecting on the way I just ran through the woods, I think about how it was like nothing to me. It was a playful run that was effortless, natural, and free. In this moment of standing motionless, I still feel so liberated that I do not even desire anything except to slowly and contentedly walk inside my old childhood home.

Soon it all fades away. I do not remember exactly when. But I existed as a kid again. I re-visited where we all once lived, in childhood’s home. Now to remember that I can still run free, because that dreamer was the same me. ▲



**Theme for the MARCH 2024 issue:**  
***Lucid Dreams of the Deceased***



- Do you ever lucid dream of deceased friends and relatives?
- Have you received useful information or insights from the deceased in your lucid dreams?
- What have you experienced in your lucid dream interactions with the deceased?

We'd love to hear from you! Please send us your *lucid dreams, articles, and artwork* related to lucid dreams of the deceased for this theme issue. We also welcome submissions of lucid dreams, articles, artwork on any topic connected to lucid dreaming.

Submissions are due February 15, 2024 via our website: [luciddreamingmagazine.com](http://luciddreamingmagazine.com)

**2024**  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

*To all the readers, supporters, and friends  
of the LDE...our very best wishes for a  
Lucid and Happy New Year! — Robert & Lucy*

# Lucid Dreaming

# Links

## **The Lucid Dreaming Experience**

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

## **Robert Waggoner's Book Website**

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

## **Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming**

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

## **Lucidity Institute**

[www.lucidity.com](http://www.lucidity.com)

## **International Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org)

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

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

## **Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming**

[www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com)

## **The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale**

<http://www.ld4all.com>

## **Ed Kellogg**

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

## **Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers**

<http://durso.org/beverly>

## **Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

<https://melindapowelldreams.com>

## **Dream Research Institute, London**

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

## **Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

## **Lucid Sage**

[www.lucidsage.com](http://www.lucidsage.com)

## **Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming**

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

## **Lucidity4All**

[www.lucidity4all.com](http://www.lucidity4all.com)

## **Ryan Hurd**

[www.dreamstudies.org](http://www.dreamstudies.org)

## **Maria Isabel Pita**

<http://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

## **Christoph Gassmann, Information about lucid dream pioneer Paul Tholey**

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

## **Nick Cumbo, Sea of Life Dreams**

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

## **Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny**

[www.cafepress.com/moondialart](http://www.cafepress.com/moondialart)

## **Fariba Bogzaran**

[www.bogzaran.com](http://www.bogzaran.com)

## **Robert Moss**

[www.mosdreams.com](http://www.mosdreams.com)

## **Electric Dreams**

[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

## **The Lucid Art Foundation**

[www.lucidart.org](http://www.lucidart.org)

## **Lucidipedia**

[www.lucidipedia.com](http://www.lucidipedia.com)

## **Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation**

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

## **The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming**

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

## **Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC**

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

## **DreamViews Forum**

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