



# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

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**Stars of Clay**

**FLYING! Revisiting a Lucid Dreaming Challenge**

**An Experiment with a Twist**

**To Dance Beneath the Diamond Sky**

**Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams?**

*Keenan*  
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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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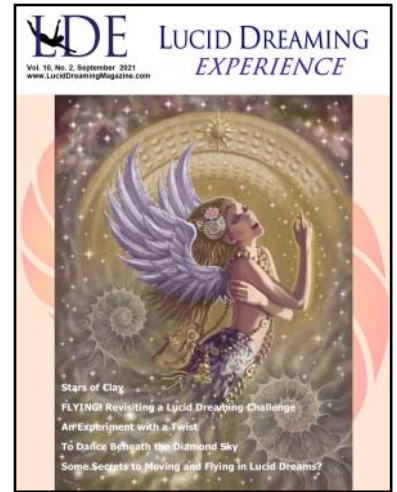
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# In This Issue



**DreamSpeak ..... 2**

*Robert Waggoner interviews Brian Badgette*

**FLYING! Revisiting a Lucid Dreaming Challenge, with Ed Kellogg ..... 7**

*In this article reprint from 2006, Ed Kellogg challenges lucid dreamers to explore new possibilities of lucid dream flight*

**Stars of Clay ..... 10**

*An excerpt from a short story by Justin Phillips*

**An Experiment with a Twist ..... 12**

*Cam Lin shares the results of a mother and daughter lucid dream experiment*

**To Dance Beneath the Diamond Sky ..... 13**

*Daniel Oldis recalls an experiment comparing real-body muscle activity and dream body movements*

**Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams? ..... 14**

*Robert Waggoner offers guidance on movement, flying, and "the mental architecture of lucid dreaming"*

**In Your Dreams! ..... 23**

*LDE readers share their lucid dreaming experiences*



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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2021

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN “BAD-JET” BADGETTE

Lucid comic  
illustrator  
Brian Badgette  
shares his  
lucid  
adventures  
with the  
LDE!

***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?***

My first introduction to lucid dreaming was actually from my father. I was 11 years old at the time. He studied it for years, before I even knew about it. We both were obsessed with *The Matrix* [1999 science fiction action film] when it first came out. It triggered and reaffirmed so many questions I had already been asking myself. So one night I told my Dad how I wished I could fly around like “Superman” or “Neo.” And he said, “You can.” He explained lucid dreaming to me and I was hooked from there. The simple idea that it was possible to experience flight was enough for me.

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

I wish! It took a few months before I became lucid in a dream but when I did, it was life changing. It started out with me in my room:

I “wake up,” but before I put my head down, I sense that something is off. My bed is not in the right place. Instead of being placed in the corner of the room like it usually is, it’s now facing the window. I look out the window and all of a sudden Agent Smith from *The Matrix* slowly starts to rise up. He says, “Mr. Badgette, we have some unfinished business to take care of.”

At that moment I say to myself, “IT’S HAPPENING!” I float into the air and thrust both of my feet off of the wall behind me. I fly towards Smith until I’m out of my window and begin to tussle with him in mid-air. After a while I feel like I’ve had enough, and as soon as I have that thought, we stop.

I find myself in front of my house, staring at the street. I became mesmerized at how real everything feels. I am even more mesmerized that I was asleep, yet my mind was able to capture such detail. All of a sudden, I end up on top of a gas station, and then I wake up.

***As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised***

***you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.***

I think every lucid dream is unexpected but the one that always stands out for me is the one I had while walking with a man at a camp I used to work at. It's called Highbrook Lodge, and it's a camp for the mentally challenged and visually impaired. As we were walking in the dream, the man said, "There is nothing you can do tomorrow that you can't do today." When I woke up and thought about it, I took it as a sign for me not to hold off and procrastinate on things. I never forgot that. There have been plenty of others but that one stands out the most.

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

There are so many things! Just the fact that you can experience another reality that's built from your subconscious (and possibly other places) and be fully aware that you're not in your waking life. To have the freedom to simply fly. There's no feeling I can compare it to. After the excitement of base level experiences like flying and other things, I found myself staring at a blade of grass. Mesmerised by its beauty. The fact that this blade of grass and everything around it is a part of me in some esoteric magical way. Everything and every person ... isn't that how we should always view the world, even in our waking life? As a character said in one of my favorite movies, *Waking Life*, "The trick is to combine your waking rational abilities with the infinite possibilities of your dreams. Because if you can do that you can do anything."

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

At first I used a lot of well-known techniques like staring at your hands, flicking a light switch, and wearing a dream mask that flashes red lights when you have rapid eye movement. The one that works best for me is something that formed out of a personal habit. When the air and temperature feels right I tell myself, "This is a great night to fly." When no one is looking I get a running start and leap into the air looking upward. Within those milliseconds of me in mid-air, I imagine what it would be like to keep going up. Of course, gravity pulls me back down, but I've done this so many times that it has found a way into my dreams. When dreaming, I do the same technique and, eight times out of ten, I end up flying.

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

At first it seemed random and a bit chaotic. It's not until I became more familiar with it that I started seeing "the rules." One of the rules I picked up on was to be aware of my thoughts. In the dream world, whatever you think will most likely happen, even if it's a passing thought. I also learned to stop always trying to control it and just go with the flow. Some of my best lucid dreams have happened when I just surrendered to the experience.

***How do you come to "surrender to the experience" in a lucid dream? If you would, share an example of a lucid dream where you decided to "surrender."***

So I used to have a recurring dream of me driving down a road. As I'm driving, the road starts winding. A lot of turns start to happen but for some reason I'm unable to press the brakes. Suddenly the car begins to spin and keeps spinning. I'm bracing for impact and then



Comic illustration by Brian Badgette



eventually it happens and I wake up.

After a while I got used to having this dream and was able to use those moments waiting for impact to become lucid. I tried steering and taking control of the car, I tried making the car fly and flying out of it myself, but nothing worked. It's not until I accepted that I was lucid and surrendered to the experience did the car stop. I never had that dream again.

***When you think about this idea of surrendering in a lucid dream, who or what do you feel like you are surrendering to? Also, why do you think lucid dreams where you "surrender" sometimes end up being some of the more incredible lucid dreams?***

It sounds cliché but I feel like I'm surrendering to God or the universe. The flow. We try so hard to control everything that happens in our waking life and when we first hear about lucid dreaming we are taught that the whole idea is to "control" your dreams. When you surrender to the experience, sometimes you get more out of it. How fun would this life be if you had total control or were able to change everything that challenged you? That's the journey.

***Was there a lucid dream that touched you so much that you decided to create your comic book series, Lucidity?***

It wasn't a particular dream. The inspiration came from a collection of lucid dreams. In some, I was flying and using superpowers to fight off bad guys. Some were me just letting the dream take me wherever it wanted me to go. I just knew that lucid dreaming was a great foundation for a story about a hero. The thing about my character Michael is that he can't save anyone. He can show them the door but they have to find their own key to open it.

***Do you think the lucid dream presents one of our 'fears' because it wants us to resolve it, or because it just happens to float around in our subconscious mind?***



There is a scene in one of the upcoming episodes of *Lucidity* where Michael has encountered a certain fear and his dream guide Zyaire tells him, "We attract what we fear." I believe the fears and some of the nightmares we come across in our dreams is our subconscious mind letting us know there's a problem that needs our attention. Out of all the data it takes in, every second of every day, it's bringing this fear to the forefront. I think that means something and I think we should try to embrace it instead of running from it.

*In my books, I've mentioned the complex nature of dream figures. Some seem hollow, while others seem very aware and act like 'independent agents'. Have you had any lucid dreams where you seemed to encounter dream figures that knew as much (or more) than you did? What did you make of it?*

I really haven't had any exciting interactions with my dream characters. They always seem like they are just going with the flow. But I do feel as if I'm subconsciously influencing their actions. I didn't realize this until I started writing my dreams down again. I love becoming lucid and asking them how it feels to be a dream character in my dream though. They are always at a loss for words and try to change the subject.



*When it comes to dream figures, have you ever met deceased relatives or ancestors in dreams or lucid dreams? What do you make of that?*

I had a friend who passed away at the age of 26, and I dream of him often. It was a tragic death (that I wish not to get into) but when I see him in my dreams, he never says much. At first he seemed sad, but the more I dreamed about him he seemed to be more at peace. Maybe him seeming to be better as time went on is parallel to my own feelings of accepting his passing. Some people have told me it's him visiting me but I'm not sure what to make of it. I'm always happy to see him though.

*Where would you like Lucidity to go? And how can readers support your comic book series?*

I would love for *Lucidity* to be made into a live action or fully animated series. That would be amazing! Until that happens, my goal is to build my fan base and develop relationships with my audience. I want to make people more aware of lucid dreaming and all the amazing things that come with exploring your mind.

You can support *Lucidity* by visiting my site <https://www.luciditycomix.com/> or join my Patreon page at [www.patreon.com/Luciditycomix](http://www.patreon.com/Luciditycomix). There's a lot of behind the scenes access and cool offers you can get by becoming a patron. ▲



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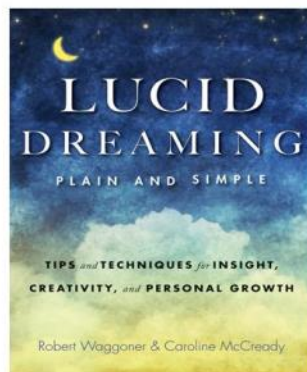
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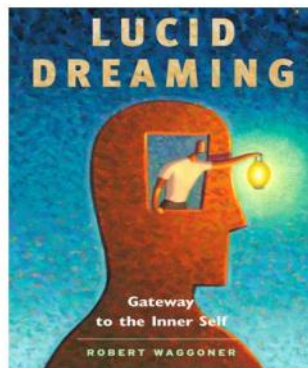
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# FLYING!

## — Revisiting a Lucid Dreaming Challenge, with Ed Kellogg —

*\* This article is a reprint from the December 2006 LDE \**

### LDE Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge December, 2006

by Ed Kellogg  
(©2006 E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

(This feature provides an unusual lucid dreaming task for **LDE** readers with each new issue. Participants agree to accept personal responsibility for any risks should they choose to undertake them, which may possibly bring about mental, emotional, and even physical changes. We invite those of you who accomplish these tasks to send your dream reports to **LDE**.)

#### Flying

*[Wendy] “Oh, how lovely to fly.”*

*[Peter] “I’ll teach you how to jump on the wind’s back, and then away we go.” ( . . . )*

*“I say, how do you do it?” asked John, rubbing his knee. He was quite a practical boy.*

*“You just think lovely wonderful thoughts,” Peter explained, “and they lift you up in the air.”*

From *Peter Pan* by **J. M. Barrie** (1911)

For some people lucid dreams and flying dreams seem so closely related that they confuse the two. And for good reason, as I suspect that if **LDE** took a poll of favorite activities of lucid dreamers, that flying would top the list. That delicious feeling of freedom, the sheer naughtiness of breaking the law of gravity, the opening of almost infinite avenues of exploration, creates an experience that many lucid dreamers choose to repeat again, and again. *“Second to the right, and straight on till morning.”*

#### Flying Techniques

But how do we manage to lift off the ground and fly in our lucid dreams? By simply “thinking lovely wonderful thoughts”? By jumping Superman style into the air? A few possibilities:

1. Floating above the ground, like a balloon;
2. Levitating by power of will;
3. “Swimming” in the air;

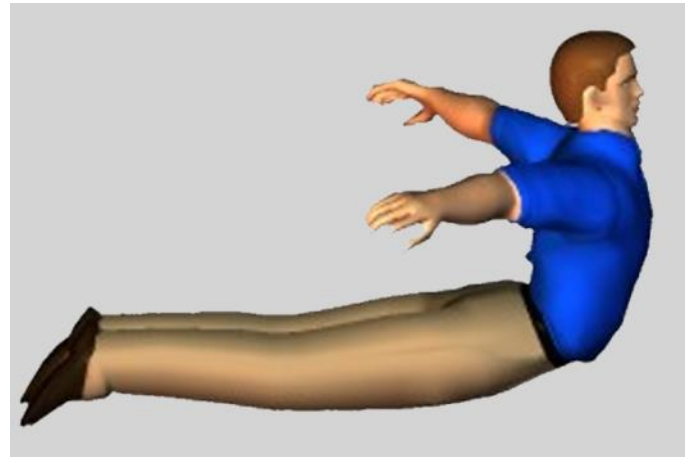
## FLYING! Revisiting a Lucid Dreaming Challenge

4. Flapping your arms like a bird;
5. After a jump takeoff, flying Superman style, body horizontal, arms extended;
6. Flying with wings, after transforming into a being or animal with wings, such as an angel, dragon, or eagle;
7. Flying/levitating as a ball of light or as a ball of energy.

I've experienced most of these, but even this list only describes some of the more well-known variations of "independent" (no flying carpets or airplanes!) dream flying. Other more esoteric possibilities exist. For example, at one point some years ago when I'd fly "Superman style", I often zoom into warp speed into a gray zone, losing the dreamscape. I found this rather annoying, as I very much enjoyed exploring dreamscapes by flying over them slowly. In response to this situation a "Sufi" in a dream instructed me in the following technique to me for slow, controlled flying: *"Fly with your body semi-horizontal, but with your head and shoulders extended back, your arms stretched behind you in a sort of wing like position. When you fly, your chest goes first like the bow of a ship."*

It looks like this:

The dreamer leads with the chest, with the arms wide stretched behind, pointing more or less in the same direction as the legs, but if seen from above, making a > shape, with the chest as the point of the >. I've tried this flying position out on several occasions, and it's worked like a charm. Using this technique I fly at about 15 mph, a perfect speed for sightseeing. This position has also worked well for participants in my dream classes who needed to learn control, who've tried it out while lucid. Perhaps you also have some unusual flying techniques you'd like to share.



### Flying Conditions

In some dreams we fly as if born to it, in other dreams, even lucid dreams, we may have trouble getting off the ground. Often this relates to the degree of lucidity attained (see "The Lucidity Continuum" at [https://www.academia.edu/7064628/The\\_Lucidity\\_Continuum](https://www.academia.edu/7064628/The_Lucidity_Continuum) for more information) but on occasion even fully lucid dreamers may find themselves heavy and earthbound. In such cases, what other factors may come into play?

Perhaps you fly in dreams more easily under sunny skies, or in the dark of the moon? Do dream reality weather conditions make a difference? How about the weather conditions in physical reality, the phase of the moon, sunspot activity, or even astrological configurations?

Also, does the power of flight come entirely from within, or do we on occasion have help from outside forces or even entities? On some occasions while flying I've felt something like invisible hands pulling me along — and to my surprise a few times I've actually seen a pair of disembodied hands holding onto mine! Although unusual, other lucid dreamers have reported similar phenomena. How about you?

Dream magic certainly plays a part in flying, ranging from psychological factors like the power of belief, to the ability of dreamers to clearly focus their intent. Sometimes we fly easily without even thinking about it, and while on some occasions doubt may incapacitate us, on others it may have no effect at all.



(For more information on dream magic, see “**Harry Potter and the *Lucid Dream Exchange Challenge*”**, [originally printed in the December 2005 LDE, and now available in PDF format via the following link:] [https://www.academia.edu/2394992 Harry Potter and the Lucid Dream Exchange Challenge](https://www.academia.edu/2394992_Harry_Potter_and_the_Lucid_Dream_Exchange_Challenge) )

## The Challenge: Exploring Dream Flight

When you next gain lucidity in a lucid dream (where you know *that* you dream *while* you dream), go flying. Try out a new flying technique if you like, or fall back on a favorite, but in either case pay attention to:

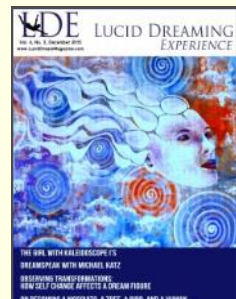
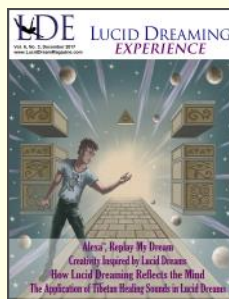
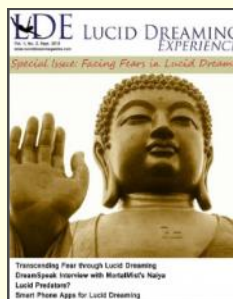
1. How you get off the ground;
2. What you do to stay up in the air;
3. Your dreambody flying position(s); and most importantly,
4. How does it *feel* to fly? Once in the air, how well you can steer? Can you control your speed? If so how? How slow can you fly? How fast? How high? How low? What happens when you change your flying position?



If you have time, land and try another technique. Record your experiences while flying in your dream journal in as much detail as possible, including your degree of lucidity. If you’ve flown this way before, how did your experience this time compare? Include drawings and diagrams if appropriate, and if you feel comfortable sharing your lucid flying dreams send them to **LDE**. And if you use a unique method for flying in lucid dreams not touched on here, please let us know, and make sure to include “how to” details! ▲

**NOTE: Your lucid flying dream experiences can be submitted to LDE here:**  
<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/your-lucid-dreams#Submit-your-lucid-dreams>

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# Stars of Clay

An Excerpt from a Short Story  
written by  
Justin Phillips © 2021

Clayton Garner sprung from his bed, tripping over the retro alarm clock which he must have knocked across the room in fervent kicks of a wild dream. The details were fading fast, though he could clearly remember flying through swirling vortexes in outer space with some red-haired beauty — of course none of that mattered now that he was running late for the first day at his new job.

“You overslept?” the training coordinator echoed dryly when he explained, but she excused the tardiness because so few applicants had signed up. Work shortages and all. “Besides,” she added, with a rather menacing twitch to her thin smile, “if it becomes an issue, we’ll just install an alarm app to your CogniChip.”

She referred to the popular brain implant which revolutionized cognitive and biometric technology across the globe. This job was at a CogniCorp data storage facility; really, they just needed warm bodies to push a few buttons, and to fulfill the quota for human employment. The joke was on her though, because Clayton never got the chip and they never scanned for one because again, not many people signed up.

“Take a seat then,” she said with a stiff lip, then turned on an orientation video and left the room in a hurry. Clayton found a chair in front of the projected screen, and sat next to a cute girl with fire-red hair. She looked very similar to the one in last night’s dream, but it now occurred to him that he never noticed that one’s face — it was always just out of view anytime he tried to look at it. This real girl, however, did have a face and it was pretty damn cute.

His knees knocked together, a gentle reminder not to stare. She laughed at something corny in the video, and he chuckled and played it cool.

“So, why were you late?” she whispered, once the video’s AI trainer began droning on about never peeking into the consumer’s stored data. “And please tell me it’s a good story because I’m bored out of my mind.”

They both snickered and he explained the events again;

but the really cool version with more dramatic gasps and explosions. He decided it wise to leave out any mention of dreaming about a girl with red hair, for the creepiness factor alone.

“You know,” she said, “I had a weird day too. Ever have one of those days where everything just seems to go all wrong, like comically so?” Clayton nodded in relatable agreement.

“That’s when you do a reality check,” he said, then looked away very suddenly and cleared his throat.

“What?” she asked, and his ears roasted in embarrassment. “What? Oh, come on, now I gotta know...”

“Well,” he relented, ready to kick himself for potentially ruining this, “people who lucid dream do reality checks, like count their fingers. I’m still learning how, but...”

“Wait, what?” she said, placing her hand on his shoulder in slight alarm. “Say that again?”

“No, it’s stupid, I was just kidding...”

Clayton laughed sheepishly and waved it away, completely saved by the abrupt ending of the video and the training coordinator’s rigid return. She stood in front of the screen and performed a few brisk claps.

“Ok, who can tell me the three laws of cognitive data handing, which you learned in the video?”

Luckily someone had been paying attention and prattled off the laws like a good kid in Sunday school. Clayton looked over at the cute girl next to him, who was suddenly very interested with her wrists. She turned them up and down, several times, and then fell into a fit of giggles.

“I’m dreaming,” she said, and showed them to Clayton. “Look, see? No tattoo.”

“Uh, what?”





“The tattoo. I got it like three years ago. Just a little green paw print on my wrist after my dog died. His name was Garner.... Oh that makes sense, because that’s your name isn’t it? Your last name?”

“Uh, what?”

“EXCUSE ME!” the training coordinator interrupted, “I’ll have your attention please. Or there’s an app for that!”

“I’m telling you, I’m dreaming,” said the girl with red hair, and Clayton slowly moved over a seat. “Oh, come on, now I’m the one acting weird?” She leapt up onto her chair and shouted, “I’m dreaming! Ok, ok... I can’t get too excited...”

Clayton stared on, in a rather curious mixture of intrigue and disbelief. Maybe she took something? She was way too cute, in his humble opinion, to be acting like this. The training coordinator began yelling to get down from the chair and “act normal” or she’d make her. When that didn’t work, she pulled out a tablet and began swiping at it in short, furious strokes.

“Why... isn’t... it working?” she muttered through gritted teeth.

Amy threw a cocky snicker — “It’s like you guys aren’t listening. I’m dreaming! None of you are real! I’m certainly not going to let you control my mind with your silly cog chips or whatever...seriously who makes this stuff up — oh that’s right, me!”

Of course, thought Clayton, she could just not have the chip, like him. They never checked, right?

“Look, I’ll prove it to you. I don’t know how to do a bunch of stuff yet, but I can change the color of my chair.” She hopped down, and closed her eyes tight. To everyone’s surprise, the chair changed from a navy blue to lime green. She opened her eyes and placed her hands proudly on her hips. “See? Told ya.”

Nearly everyone in the room gasped and backed away, except for Clay. He didn’t know what to think about it.

“Who are you?” he asked, frozen in place but not from terror.

“Oh, well I’m Amy! Welcome to my dream! Wanna get out of here?”

“You mean just leave?”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

“No, I can’t just leave. I need this job,” he snapped in quick recoil, though he could almost hear how silly that sounded as it left his lips.

“Are you still not listening? I’m dreaming. This job doesn’t exist. You don’t exist. There’s no you to need a job, and no job to need. I dreamed it all up. I dreamed you up, OK? Now let’s go have fun!”

She reached out her hand and after one last hesitation, Clayton took it and they fled the orientation room, the training coordinator screaming after them to stop running or she’d paralyze their legs.

“Don’t listen to her,” Amy assured him as they sped down a long corridor, past rows of blank office doors. “Look, I’ll use those big doors straight ahead and teleport out of here. Hopefully. You coming?”

At this point, for Clayton, ‘no’ didn’t really seem to be an option. He hadn’t even begun to process what he just witnessed, but the deepest whisper of inner wisdom promised that he’d never find out if he let her go. They bolted to a pair of metal doors at the end of the hall; and when they squeaked open Clayton squinted, blinded by the light of a new dawn.

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*Read the rest of the story at:*

<https://sovereignabilities.com/2021/08/03/stars-of-clay/>

## An Experiment with a Twist

By Cam Lin © 2021

I recently found out that my 8-year-old daughter has lucid dreams every night (according to herself). It was hard to believe that anyone could have lucid dreams regularly without training.

To validate my daughter's claim, and also to make it fun, I devised an experiment and my daughter agreed to participate in it.

On the night of July 12, 2021, I drew a random number on a piece of A-4 paper and placed it on the only desk in our reading room in the house, away from my daughter's bedroom. Before my daughter went to sleep, she was instructed to enter this reading room in her lucid dream and identify the number. Further, she would need to tell me what the number was, upon waking up the following morning.

I gave her a goodnight hug and off she went to sleep, as usual.

I'll jump to the conclusion first: she succeeded. She was able to tell me the correct number. However, the most surprising part wasn't her success in identifying the number. It was the way she found out the number.

I was expecting that she would travel to our reading room in her lucid dream to see the number. It wasn't that at all. The story has a unique twist and I could have never guessed it. In her dream, she was able to meet up with me. In her dream, she asked ME what number I had drawn up on that piece of paper. And it was ME who revealed the number to her. This was beyond any possible scenario I could have thought of.

Upon digesting her account, I wonder if my spirit body indeed traveled to meet up with hers during our sleep, but I don't remember anything at all. I'd appreciate anything or anyone who has any insights or experienced anything similar.

In any case, I hope you have enjoyed reading my story. ▲



# To Dance Beneath the Diamond Sky

(Title from Bob Dylan)

By Daniel Oldis © 2021

During my occasional lucid dreams, I often attempt aerial gymnastics: spinning, twisting, and somersaulting while skimming and bouncing on a cushion of dream air a foot off the ground.

Over time, I have become skilled and quite ready for the floor exercise at the lucid Olympics. Still, while these dream-body movements are exhilarating, as a dream scientist I am equally interested in the real-body states, the covert muscle activity, accompanying these oneiric acrobatics.

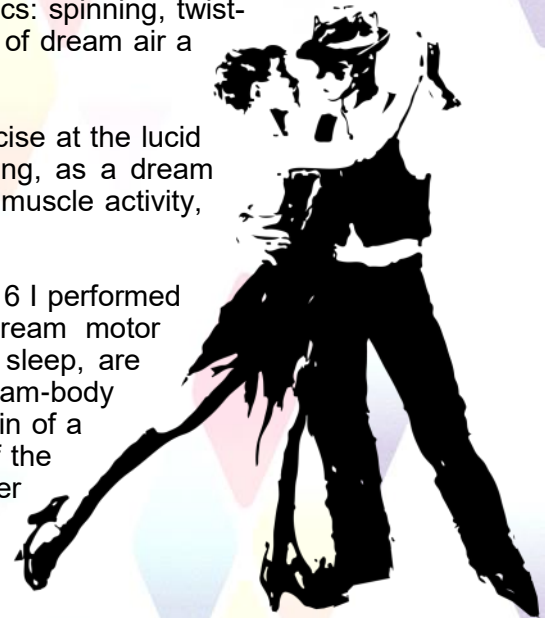
Though I have not yet examined my own dream calisthenics, in 2016 I performed an experiment on a subject using electromyography (EMG). Dream motor behavior exhibits muscle potentials that, though reduced in REM sleep, are often detectable by EMG sensors placed on muscles used in dream-body movements. In this experiment, I placed sensors on the leg and chin of a female subject. My goal was to attempt a guess as to the nature of the body movements in the subject's lucid dream before she reported her dream as written in her session journal.

After reviewing the EMG data from the REM session which showed chin (speech) and quick, jerky leg activity, I told the subject that my best estimate was a dream of swimming with friends or dancing, or something close to that. She then reported that she was at a dance under the stars and had "grabbed" a nice-looking man, said "Let's dance," and began moving with him. "It was heavenly," she said.

"It looked a bit jerky," I told her. "What kind of dance were you doing?"

She laughed and answered, "A waltz, but he could not follow. He was handsome, but a terrible dancer."

While something may be discussed at this point on the coordination and dexterity of other dream characters, the more useful lesson here (in lucid dreams as well as life), may be the one my grandmother always told when reminiscing on her youthful square dancing: "Be careful," she would say. "Them good lookin' ones ain't worth a lick when it comes to dancin'." ▲



## Announcing our **\*NEW\*** Website!

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

The new LDE website is up and running! Thanks to site designer Maks Bylica for his hard work. Please be patient with any glitches as we continue to make this transition in the coming months. We will also maintain our former website, at [www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com), for a while.

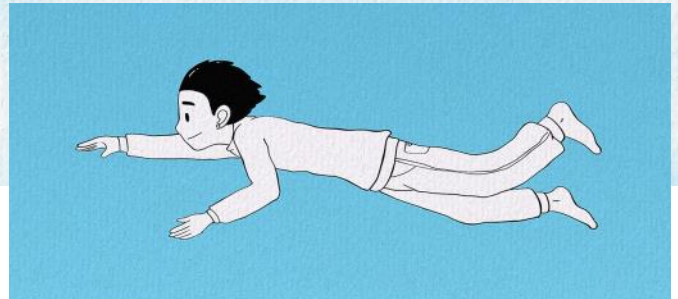
For many years, co-editors Robert and Lucy have volunteered their time and resources to create and publish the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* as a free, quarterly, online magazine. The LDE is the only magazine dedicated to the lucid dreaming community. It continues to grow in popularity and readership, helping lucid dreamers all over the world. However, this growth brings increased expenses. We welcome the support of readers to keep us going!

If YOU enjoy the LDE, please consider supporting us with your one-time or repeating donation via Paypal or Patreon. Big or small, every donation helps! Follow these links: [Donate via Paypal](#) or [Become a Patron](#). THANK YOU!

# Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams?

Robert Waggoner © 2021

\* Article reprint from June 2007 LDE \*



I have to credit the smartest girl in my 9<sup>th</sup> grade, Lanette, for teaching me to become a better lucid dreaming flyer. Yes, Lanette did it — or perhaps, what she represented in the lucid dream did it — that brainy ninth grade sense of blossoming mastery, knowledge, and female intuitive guess-work. My dream-Lanette taught me this in a lucid dream:

June 24-25, 1990 — “Flying with Lanette”

“I’m in a classroom with about 30 kids. There are windows along one wall, desks, etc. I look at the textbook on my desk and notice that it is for people in the seventh grade!? This confuses me and I start to think that I don’t belong here.

I turn to my right and see Lanette (the smartest girl in junior high) and I ask her, “What grade is this? What grade is this?” Then something began to happen outside — a storm perhaps. This seems too odd and I shout to everyone something like, “We should all be here!” Suddenly above us a bright light shoots down into the classroom like a spotlight. I fully realize that I am lucid and Lanette and I fly up towards the light.

We fly outside into the neighborhood of tree lined streets next to Central Junior High School. We are manipulating things around us and I wonder about the mechanism of dream manipulations. As if reading my mind, Lanette begins to call out the principles of dream manipulations and flight! At one point she says something like, “Form is the outcome” or “In the form (of your desire or belief) is the outcome.” We keep flying....

(Note: the lucid dream continues on with another adventure of trying to travel through time, but upon awakening, the above remained as the only principle of dream manipulation that I could consciously recall — I assumed the others existed in my subconscious.)

## Early Days of Flight

By the time of my “Flying with Lanette” lucid dream, I

had been lucid dreaming for 15 years — so I had lots of experience. Yet all of that experience brought questions:

*Why did it seem so easy to fly in some lucid dreams, and so frustrating in others?*

*Why could I swoop around like Superman last week, but this week, I can barely claw my way through the dream sky?*

Thankfully I had the apparent misfortune of growing up in Kansas, and learning about *dreaming* (as Castaneda called lucid dreaming) in an environment with little support or guidance from others, and a need to rely upon my own analysis and discovery for the first six years as a lucid dreamer. From that, came a deep desire to understand the principles of lucid dreaming.

Nowadays, one can get on the internet and click from lucid technique to lucid technique (some of which seem possibly helpful, and others, questionable), but one rarely sees an articulation of the underlying principles — *the mental architecture of lucid dreaming*.

Since lucid dreaming has enormous depth to it, dividing the types of flying for lucid dreamers may be useful as so:

***Moving in the Immediately Perceived Space***

***Moving over Distant Perceived Space***

***Moving Into Apparent Outer Space***

***Moving Into Unperceived Space***

***Moving to Other Levels***

Let’s take those ideas and explore them further.



## Moving in the Immediately Perceived Space

I still recall the early lucid dream of becoming lucidly aware in my childhood front yard by our sycamore trees. Gleefully, I become lucid and I decide to fly. I leap a few feet in the air! Suddenly, hanging in space, I think, “Now what?”

For many beginning lucid dreamers, flying in the immediately perceived space seems a primary goal. Getting from point A to point B should be easy — after all, you seem to be dreaming this, right? While many find it easy, others find movement frustrating. They get stuck, can't fly, or move with only extreme effort.

What gives?

First, many beginning lucid dreamers bring physical space expectations into the psychological space of the lucid dream. *Let me say that again: many lucid dreamers bring physical space expectations into the psychological space of the lucid dream.*

Sadly, new lucid dreamers unthinkingly project the idea of physical effort onto the dream space. While lucid, they walk, they climb, they swim through the air, using physical type effort. They grow frustrated by their physical actions in the lucid state, not realizing that their misplaced belief in physical action causes the frustration.

The solution, of course, seems simple enough: **Realize that when lucid, 1) you exist in a psychological space and 2) you function better using psychological principles.**

How would you know if you relate in a physical way to the psychological space of dreams? Well, frankly, you'd see it in your response to the lucid state. If you see yourself relating in the space in a physical way, it suggests at some level, you believe or feel the space to be physical or physical-like. If on the other hand, you see yourself consciously relating in the space in a non-physical way (you fly through walls, you change the couch into a chair, you fly upside down, etc.), it suggests, you believe or understand the space as psychological.

## Swimming Through Space; Falling Through Space

Many beginning lucid dreamers experience flying in the dream state as swimming through the space — I certainly did. Like a swimmer breaststroking in the air, I moved my dream arms and dream legs and plodded along, making progress in an effortful way. What did this suggest about my beliefs/expectations? As a lucid “swimmer,” I recognized that I could “fly,” but by swimming, I showed a belief in needing to move in a physical manner! So at that stage, I still showed traces of a belief in needing physical movement in the psychological space of dreams.

Many beginning lucid dreamers will notice too, as they fly, that they gain apparent altitude. They see the houses or trees below them, and can barely believe it, they're flying! Yet often and inexplicably, the beginning lucid dreamer suddenly begins to fall from space and becomes alarmed! What happened? Did physical gravity enter the psychological space? Or, instead, could the falling have been activated by a (physically oriented) concern about gaining altitude? Did their new “focus” on the ground and objects below trigger a falling response? Probably so.

Invariably, this type of “falling” in a lucid dream can be traced back to “pilot error,” shall we say. Either the lucid dreamer has brought physical ideas/beliefs (like gravity) into the psychological space of the dream, where those ideas/beliefs serve to limit the lucid dreamer. Or the lucid dreamer has begun to focus on the ground and objects below, perhaps with a bit of concern, and the new focus and concern has “weighed” them down.

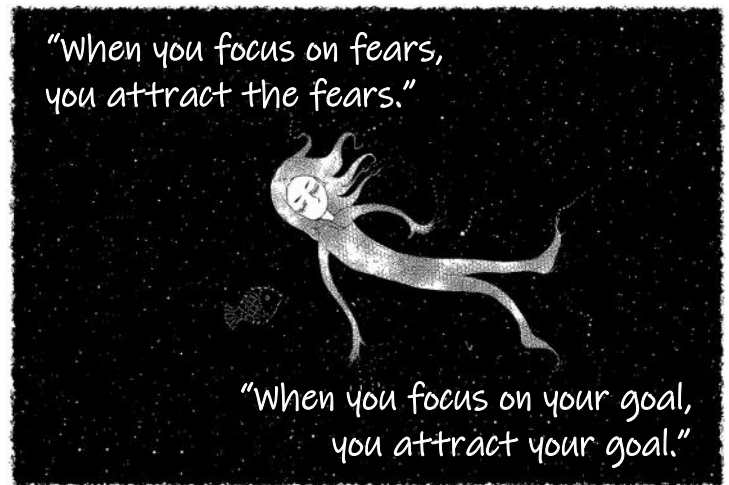
“Many lucid dreamers bring physical space expectations into the psychological space of the dream.”



“Realize that when lucid, 1) you exist in a psychological space, and 2) you function better using psychological principles.”

In a psychological space, a focus on fear and concerns exist as limiting factors. **When you focus on fears, you attract the fears. When you focus on your goal, you attract your goal.** In a psychological space, focus matters.

Swimming through dream space seems alright, when one has a short distance to move. In some lucid dreams, when I want to move in a room size space, I still swim gently with virtually no effort, through the room. What can I say — it feels great! But what if one wants to go farther? What if one sees an interesting point in the lucid dream, about 200 meters away? Then, the limitations of dream swimming become even more apparent, and one must discover a better approach.



### Flying à la Superman

Others may adopt a different viewpoint entirely, and mimic Superman. They know they dream, so they simply put their arms straight out and begin to fly. These lucid dreamers realize that the psychological space of dreaming allows one to perform super-feats, so flying like Superman (or floating, or magic carpeting) becomes possible! Incredibly, with the proper expectation and focus, they swoop and soar with relative ease, like in this lucid dream from April 1983:

“I’m outside along the cove and seeing the water gets me into a flying mood, so I’m now semi-lucid and take off. I decide to just barely skim above the water. It’s exhilarating. I zoom along like the swallows who skim over lakes. Suddenly I shoot straight up and, looking down, I see three patches on the cove — the patches, I intuitively know, are “energy centers.”

As long as dreamers adhere to the principles of the psychological space, they succeed in their flying. However, if they focus on fears, e.g., “Oh, I’m getting too high!” things will go awry. If they adopt a limiting belief/expectation, e.g., “One can only go this speed,” the psychological space will adjust to mirror that belief/expectation. Your psychological space seems largely a response to your psyche.

“Different lucid environments suggest different types of lucid flying.”

Lucid dreamers learn that they can overcome limiting or negative beliefs/expectations and a focus on fears or concerns. They overcome these things by a sudden switch to focusing their intent and will on the issue, or by overturning a limiting belief/expectation. In most cases, a sudden switch to a new focus or new expectation allows the lucid dreamer to achieve their objective.

However, I met one dream figure who had a different perspective on Superman flying:

August 5-6, 2002 — “Many Kinds of Flying....”

(I have become lucid and done a number of things.) I tell this one guy who looks like Robin Williams that I want to know all there is about flying in dreams. He says dryly, “**Not that Superman kind of flying stuff.**” I say, “Yes.”

He shakes his head and explains, “You have got to understand that there are many different kinds of flying.” He pauses. “There’s jungamon, hugamon, and tagamon flying and there’s...” (he continues with four more odd names of flying). He tries to make a point that different types of lucid flying are required for different types of lucid environments. It is best to use the most appropriate one. Superman flying seems to be a very modest level. He goes on with more information about using thoughts — mental mentations and flying. He has a helper who looks





like CW....”

Interesting thought: different lucid environments suggest different types of lucid flying.

### Projecting Power — Flying à la Spiderman

We all know Spiderman. He shoots spidery webs onto buildings and objects, and then uses the spidery webs to fly. Unlike Superman, who intends himself to fly and simply expects or wills it, Spiderman projects webs which he uses to fly. Without webs, he does not fly. “Why bring this up?” you may ask.

In some lucid dreaming, we “project” power onto objects in the lucid dream, and then use that projected power to fly. For example, consider this lucid dream: “Finding myself lucid in a dream, I grab hold of a blue sandal which flies! I hold onto it as this sandal goes zipping around the room — I gleefully hold on, amazed at the speed of the blue sandal.” Or: “Standing on a hillside lucidly aware, I decide to touch the wing of an airplane. Suddenly the airplane wing begins to levitate and so I use it to take me where I want to go. I hang on and it goes to places that I want to visit. I find this very easy.”

While both the sandal and the plane, in some sense, have an association with movement, I still feel surprised by lucid dreams in which I seem to “project power into the other” and fly. Upon waking, I normally remind myself that my belief and expectation made the sandal or plane fly — but I always wonder, “Why do we project power onto others or other things?”

### Moving over Distant Perceived Space

Now, imagine a lucid dream, like this one:

“Knowing I dream, I see a mountaintop miles away. Suddenly I decide I want to be there, and so I... Moments later, I find myself lucidly standing on the mountain, looking at the hills, lakes, and trees all below me.”

How can one make that move easily and quickly? Well, a number of ways exist.

**Concentrated focus with intent:** To move over a large perceived space, one method could be called “concentrated focus with intent.” As the name suggests, one focuses deeply on the goal and one intends one’s self there. So one drops other concerns, possibilities, worries and ideas, and simply focuses on the goal solely, while “intending” one’s self there.

Do you see that one does not concern one’s self with “how” one gets there — do I fly like Superman, or do I float on a magic carpet — at what speed, or what form? In this type of movement, the focus becomes concentrated solely on the goal. All other issues fall away. Concentrating on the goal as one’s sole focus, and then intending one’s self there, psychologically speaking, does it.

How does one “intend” one’s self to that mountaintop? In general terms, one has focused exclusively on the mountaintop, and then one places one’s perception there. For some, it may seem that they “imagine” themselves there or imagine themselves touching the highest rock there, but in any case, one’s focus follows one’s intent and one finds one’s self there — on the mountaintop.



In this lucid dream excerpt from 2002, I fly with a friend:

“I sense that the setting is just “too dreamy.” Then I become convinced (and lucidly aware). I tell my friend, “Let’s fly! I’ll show you how,” and I grab her arm and we fly about 50 feet. We do this a few more times — going about 50 feet. She keeps getting better each time. I finally tell her that to fly easily when lucid, you have to “**See yourself where you want to be.**” I point to a car far away and say, “**See yourself there and then fly, it’s easier.**” I joke with her and we laugh about it. We easily fly there. We go past a gate and into a



THEME FOR OUR  
DECEMBER 2021  
ISSUE:

LUCID  
DREAMS  
OF  
ANIMALS  
AND  
OTHER LIFE FORMS

*Have you ever lucidly dreamt of your dog, cat, goldfish, or other pet? What about lucid dreams of wild animals? What happens in your lucid dream meetings with animals, known or unknown? How do they act? What do they tell you? What about lucid dreams of plants or other life forms?*

Please send us your  
LUCID DREAMS and ARTICLES  
on any interesting encounters with  
animals, plants, and other life forms:

[Submit-your-lucid-dreams](#)

We also welcome **ARTWORK**  
inspired by lucid dreams!

**Submission Deadline:**  
**November 15, 2021**

beautiful garden — it is like a mini-paradise.”

In another example, I see where I want to be and feel myself “drawn” towards it:

May 3-4, 2006, — “Watch Your Focus”

“I seem to be on a neighborhood street on a sunny day. Lots of snow covers the ground. I notice one place where water drains down, creating a large hole in the snow, surrounded by fluffy, un-real looking snow. Suddenly this seems too “dream-like” and I say, “This is a dream!”

I take off and fly upwards. Gaining altitude easily, I see a school building about a half mile away across a large field. I put my arms out à la Superman, and tell myself to **concentrate on one corner of the building, and draw it to me** — as I concentrate, I accelerate towards the building effortlessly and arrive there in seconds....”

**Willing:** To move over a large perceived space, another method could be called “willing.” We all have an experience of using physical strength to accomplish things, and one can liken the will to “psychological strength.” To open a can of Coke seems simple, one puts their finger under the tab and pulls up. But then, see yourself opening a stubborn glass jar. You realize it does not want to open, and so you reach down deep and apply pressure, strength, force, and emotion to get it open!!

In a lucid dream, willing can be like that. One deeply wants some outcome in a lucid dream, and so one uses an inner pressure, strength, force, and emotion to make it happen. The depth of the willing often seems equal to the emotions behind it. So some “willing” in a lucid dream seems fairly modest, but on other occasions, a frustrated lucid dreamer can psychologically burst with “will” to accomplish a desired goal. The lucid “willing” sweeps away all obstacles like a tsunami of desire.

*Intent* and *Will* seem similar, since they both accomplish actions, but subtle differences exist. One’s *Will* seems to exist as a power or force. One’s *Intent* seems to exist as a concentrated focus.

This lucid dream on October 7-8, 2004, found me pulling in the “energy” of the lucid dream:

I felt I had finally opened up to the enormity of lucid dreaming’s source. Then, willing myself to fly, “I feel more and more energetic, and begin to fly. As I do so, I know that I can fly at any speed, and blast forward into the darkness. Suddenly I seem to have entered a kind of gray space filled with small capsule-size bits of brilliant light (they seem to be about 90% brilliant white light with an end that glows orange-rust colored) that



## Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams?

scatter around me. It seems beautiful like an abstract painting.”

In other lucid dreams, I have seen the use of the will in flight make all the colors stream together, as if one moves so fast, the imagery blurs.

With more lucid dream experiences, moving over distances easily seems natural and normal. One begins to establish a new mental construct of belief/expectation in which lucid dream movement seems appropriate to the situation. One feels secure in the psychological space of lucid dreams; you feel it and it shows.

*An excerpt from a September 23, 1997 lucid dream:*

“I fly around doing funny things, talking to people, etc. I have no anxiety about this lucid dream coming to an end — it’s great. Finally, I decide to fly up into the night’s sky above the trees. **It’s like I’m pneumatically pulled upwards, effortlessly.** I look down and see houses, streets, and trees, get smaller and smaller. I get euphoric and think, “What a beautiful world!” It all seems so safe and pure — like God had created it. The higher I go, I see a light....”

### **Moving Into Apparent Outer Space**

As one gets more accomplished as a lucid dreamer, there may come a time, when you wish to travel into apparent outer space, or in the words of Star Trek’s Captain Kirk, “to boldly go where no man has gone before.”

In my first experience with apparent “outer space,” I simply found myself there:

*May 15, 1985*

“I’m with some friends. It’s nicely dark. We’re kind of in a treehouse, but it’s nowhere — it’s not connected to anything. I become lucid and decide to go flying — it’s an unbelievable trip — I realize that I’m flying through outer space, and I realize that I’m flying through time — somehow space equals time and somehow this space puckers — it’s thicker in spots than others. Then at one point this couple is flying past me with all this bright purple-red glowing twine. I take a string and use it to counteract the loss of gravity — I use it to help me move. (Ahead I see ethereally intense colored light emanating from various strings or root like structures in space.) I hold on to my glowing twine and just go flying and falling and never worry. There’s nothing to run into — it was amazing!”

Often in lucid dreams, one finds a night sky above them with a moon, stars, and all. Suddenly you decide, “Hey, I want to travel in outer space!” — and off you go! Well, it may go any number of ways from that point on, both expected and unexpected:

*March 13, 1997*

“I become lucid in a home-like setting with lots of people from a family around, kind of like a picnic. Somehow I become lucid, and find my flying control was excellent. I was flying from room to room — moving things. I remember one woman was seductive, but I ignored that.

I believe I thought I should fly out into the stars. This time, I flew and flew, deeper and deeper into outer space. I couldn’t believe how far I was going — I went past planets. I stopped to look at one planet with rings. Even some of its moons had rings — kind of orange-ish gold. I kept going and going.

Finally I decided to go back and fly through the rings. I headed towards it.” I recall feeling tingles of energy as I did so, and having an amazing sensory experience.

However, on another occasion, something truly unexpected happened:



## Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams?

October 10, 1996 — “10,000 Stars”

“I become lucid and I’m flying around my bed. I remember Carlos Castaneda’s dreaming position theory, so I align myself with my sleeping body (about 4' above it), close my eyes and say, “I want to waken in the next dreaming world.” I wonder about levels of dreaming.

Suddenly I feel energy and I fly straight up out of a house (like my childhood home). The night sky is brilliant with 10,000 stars, it appears. I notice how real everything seems, as I fly around. I fly down to some fruit trees and touch their waxy leaves. I see a cat walk by.

I think how great life is and I marvel at the stars above. I recall others have flown to the stars, and decide, “That’s what I’ll do.” As I fly upwards in a standing position, the stars glow bright, then they suddenly start to rush together into patterns and symbols (a trinity of three circles, pyramid shapes, interlocking geometric figures, a star of David — all outlined in glowing golden lit stars) and then the symbols fly away! This keeps happening — more groups join, make a new symbol, and then fly away — until finally, almost all the stars are gone.” I watched this with true amazement, and wondered if the stars and constellations exist as true expressions of pure symbolic meaning.

I recall once hearing a fellow lucid dreamer comment that whenever he had lucid dreams of outer space, he couldn’t help but wonder if he had really moved deeper and deeper into inner space. The experiences often felt profound and mind expanding, but had the journey been an inner one? His insight struck me, since I had similar thoughts upon waking — were these journeys into deep inner space?

Moving into and through apparent outer space can be an amazing adventure for lucid dreamers. Some night, when the conditions feel right, try it.

### **Moving Into Unperceived Space**

Okay, let’s say that one wants to move a great distance in the lucid dream. For example, one finds oneself lucidly aware in their apartment in New York City and then decides to try and visit a friend in Los Angeles. How does one negotiate that 2,456 mile trip?

Well, let’s make a flight plan. Can we breast-stroke our way to LA? No, we’re not that strong, and it would take too long. Can we fly like Superman? Well, we could try, but if we fly at 500 mph, it will still take us 5 hours to get there! Couldn’t we just fly faster? Even at 2,500 mph, it would still take us an hour — and have you ever had a lucid dream last as long as an hour?

Quickly, we can see these standard lucid dream flying techniques used in the immediately perceived space have limited value in these cases. We need to traverse long distances in a short time. How do you do it?

Again, we rely upon principles of lucid dreaming. Recognizing that in the lucid dream, we exist in a psychological space where physical distance has little inherent meaning (unless of course, we believe that the physical distance matters!), we develop techniques to move quickly through psychological space, using our psychological tools, like focus, intent, the will, and expectation/belief, as seen in this example:

October 15-16, 2003 — “Rock Wall...to the Artic”

“I seem to be on a trail. As I move along, I realize that the trail seems to conclude at the foot of a massive reddish rock wall — it’s huge. Staring at the rock wall for a moment, I simply realize that “this is a dream!”

With that, I force myself to fly upwards, and keep flying as I think about what I want to do. Suddenly, I get the idea that I can fly anywhere easily, and so I decide (focused intent) to fly “to the Artic.” Just as suddenly, I

Are lucid dreams  
of outer space...



...really journeys into  
deep inner space?



begin to accelerate through the sky and then it is as if a “sky cave” forms (like a wormhole), and I fly right through it and suddenly land face down in the Arctic snow.

Jeez — that was a bit of a shock and not a very smooth landing — almost instantly I found myself face down in the snow. The snow was extremely powdery, so I kept pushing it aside, looking for rock, but only found crystal clear ice. I began to wonder what had prompted me to come to the Arctic at all.”

Of course, after years of lucid dreaming I had become used to the “wormhole effect” and didn’t think much of it. But in early lucid dreams, I felt shocked to move through this wormhole effect. I recall seeing the movie *Contact* (Jodie Foster’s character uses a futuristic machine to apparently move through time) as she went through a wormhole of light, vibration, and sound — and it shocked me how similar my experiences (from decades earlier) mirrored this Hollywood version.

Obviously focused intent may be utilized in other fashions to move through unperceived space.

### **The D’Urso “Behind Me” technique:**

Beverly D’Urso, one of LaBerge’s premier research subjects, told me of this technique. She began to wonder why go to the bother of flying and flying to try and get somewhere, when she could simply intend that the place be “right behind me” when she turned to find it?

She said: “As I matured in my lucid dreaming skills, I could eliminate flying altogether by merely imagining where I wanted to go and have the place appear right behind me.”

Obviously, Beverly understood that dealing with lucid dreaming “space” involved a whole new set of rules and realizations, and in lucid dreams, we could demonstrate those principles.

### **Variant Techniques:**

Stepping Through This Wall or Jumping Into This Mirror or Opening This Door — In this technique, one focuses on the place to visit and firmly intends it to be on the other side of the wall or the mirror or through the next door. Then one walks through the wall or jumps into the mirror or opens the door, firmly expecting to experience the place on the other side. Sometimes it helps to verbally announce your intent, for example, “When I open this door, I will be in Central Park!”

### **Spinning a New Dream Scene:**

LaBerge popularized this technique in his book, *Lucid Dreaming*. He developed the technique for the

purpose of “preventing awakening and producing new lucid dream scenes at will,” (pg 119), which helps when one feels the lucid dream may come to an end. LaBerge suggests that as one spins, one reminds one’s self repeatedly that “I’m dreaming” and wait for a new dream scene to appear.

Once I read his first book and understood the technique, its timing (at the end of a lucid dream), and the expected result, then I had success with using it. On most occasions, a new dream scene re-appeared and I continued the lucid dream.

However, in the early days, before his book came out, a friend asked me about “spinning” in lucid dreams. I had never heard of this, and my friend’s comments did not explain the purpose in any detail (as LaBerge did in 1985 in his first book). So, having no expectations of the result, what happened when I started spinning in a lucid dream?

“I became lucid and started spinning myself. (I see) light green image. Then (I seemed) inside a pastel ball of light in which I was flying along the floor in a circle around an axis. I thought, “I should look for symbols.” Then I see four colored dots. Then four more. I keep flying faster. I decide to wind it down.”

You can see that my use of this without “expectations” and in the midst of a lucid dream, led to dramatically different results — I felt almost like an electron in some lucid atom. This suggests that many lucid dreaming techniques provide value only as an “expectational structure” on which to project our mental energy towards a desired result. In and of themselves, the “techniques” may have no inherent connection to the result.

LaBerge also noted that, “These results suggest that spinning could be used to produce transitions to any dream scene the lucid dreamer *expects*.” (pg 121). For this reason, some of us lucid dreamers use it as a means to travel in psychological space to new apparent physical locales.

### **Announcing One’s Intent:**

Like many lucid dreamers, I wondered about trying to visit someone far away. How to do it? Well, it seemed that whenever I firmly “announced my intent” to the lucid dream, I succeeded. Sometimes in these lucid dreams, I experienced moving through a “wormhole” or “fog” or darkness.

Having never visited a lucid dreamer (whom I knew lived in San Jose, CA, 1500 miles away), I decided to try and visit her.

*August 23, 1994*

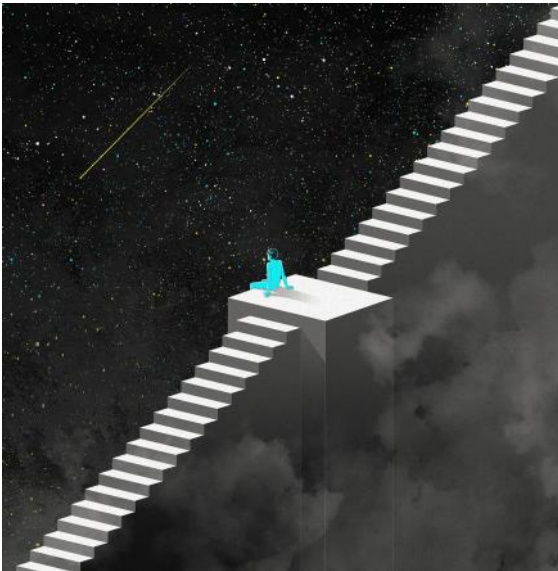
## Some Secrets to Moving and Flying in Lucid Dreams?

"I walk a big dog along a twisty, curvy road in the late afternoon. I see large trees, and houses set back from the road.... Somehow, this looks like Moundsville, West Virginia near the Ohio River. I stop at a house and they let me in. A guy introduces himself and gives me his card. I go into the kitchen where something strikes me as funny or odd. Suddenly I say, "This is nothing but a dream!" I feel a huge surge of energy. OH!

I begin to think that I should contact LM, and I wonder if she is having a similar dream or some variant of the lucid/precognitive goal. I fly up through the house and into the dark evening sky. As I fly, I say, "LM, California" a few times. The feeling is like quickly moving through a milk chocolate fog. Finally I am in a dark bedroom of her house, I think. But I feel she is across the hall. In the darkness I can make out a closet to my left. I head for the door, calling her name. I come to a chair back, and hold it. It makes me feel blocked as I stand 4 feet from the door. My frustration begins and I can tell the dream is going to end."

I sent her my drawing of the room, which she confirmed looked very much like the bedroom across the hallway and confirmed other details. Incidents that possess the ability to confirm or verify, make one wonder about the nature of some lucid dream travels.

In most cases of manipulating unperceived space, one simply uses their will or intent with a clear focus. At this level of lucid dreaming, one acts with high levels of clarity and certainty.



### Moving to Other Levels

To this point we have dealt with common issues that beginning and intermediate lucid dreamers encounter — moving around the perceived environment, moving through outer space environments, and manipulating unperceived space, etc. Potentially, a lucid dreamer could move to other levels of experience. But, this involves deeper issues of leaving belief and expectation behind, and handing will and intent over to the dreaming — yet, for some lucid dreamers, this represents a completely new dimension to consider — and for me, perhaps another article

So by this point, you can see a rough outline of some of the secrets of lucid dream movement:

When in a physical space, use physical means to move and fly. When in a psychological space (like a lucid dream), use psychological principles to move and fly.

If you insist on physical movements in a psychological space, you will eventually grow frustrated and limit yourself. If you utilize psychological principles to move in a psychological space, you will coincide with the nature of that space, and feel in greater harmony with it.

The psychological principles come forth as new realizations and experiences regarding the proper use of belief, expectation, focus, will, and intent in the lucid state.

Lucid dreaming has unknown depth with new revelations awaiting us — we have barely begun to comprehend its immensity and insights. Someday, new realizations will expand our beliefs and expectations to greater dimensions, and we will venture deeper into the psychological space of lucid dreaming.

Or in the words of a youthful sardonic dream figure, whom I ask to point me in the direction back to my lucid dream hotel: "Mister, **any way is the right way.**" ▲

*An earlier version of this article was published in the Lucid Dream Exchange, June 2007, by Robert Waggoner © All rights reserved.*

*All images used to illustrate this article are courtesy of the artist 愚木混株 Cdd20 via Pixabay.com.*





Image: ArtsyBee / Pixabay

### **James Sims — *WILDin' with the Griffin and Murderous Mickey***

While listening to the YouTuber “Goddess Allison” speak of her experiences of interdimensional travel, I have an experience of my own.

Having my first WILD in weeks, I pass through a dimly lit tunnel at dusk. The tunnel then gives way to a short wall, over which I struggle to fly due to my limited mobility (even though I’m still aware that I’m dreaming). Finally managing to transcend the obstacles, I fly into a lush forest. The scenery is beautiful, as the sun now shines through the rich foliage. However, the dream soon darkens, both literally and figuratively.

Day returns to night as I’m confronted by what appears to be a murderous Mickey Mouse wielding a chainsaw! He approaches me with this weapon, leaving me with no choice but to restrain him.

Afterwards, I leave him unharmed as I return to the forested skies. It’s here that I come into close contact with a Griffin, whose presence I perceive as a good omen. I also feel that my consciousness is one with the consciousness of this non-threatening creature, and briefly see myself as this Griffin in third person.

With the light now restored to this exciting lucid dream, it ends on a happy note.

### **Carl Maich — *Lucidly Stepping into the Bar Mirror***

I’m walking into a bar with lots of light. It’s very colourful but not too many people are in here. A young lady is serving drinks. I look into the mirror and see a crowd of people. Lucid, I realise the mirror is showing me a crowd that has been in there before. I walk behind the bar and into the mirror and join the crowd of people.

Looking out, I can see all these senses flashing by, like a cartoon flip book of all the different nights the mirror has reflected and kept a secret. The people in the bar look confused as to where I went. I sense this so I walk out and stretch the mirror like a big test tube out into the bar. Just before I pop out — in that moment when leaving the glass and returning into the bar — I feel very charged with power, like the space between the thoughts of changing of the dream is suspended in time. Everything is real and takes a turn.

Now, a man in the bar is complaining of a lung disease, so I fly into the bourbon bottle just as the barmaid pours his drink and the man swallows me down the hatch. Yep, I can see all the cells in his body, his heart pumping, his blood going around — its all clear and precise.

I travel to the Lung area and grab a big black spot in my hand, and the man sneezes, so I go out his nose and out the window, flying into the sky, and then throw the black spot out into space.

Lucid dreams such as this one leave me charged up with energy for the whole next day. Brilliant!



Image: Michal Jarmoluk / Pixabay

### Roberto Grohrock — *A Christmas Present for a Lucid Dream Beginner*

This took place on the night between December 24–25, 2020.

The dream has already begun when I see my colleague XXX on the left, who invades my space, throwing me to the right: however, she finds me ready and reactive, so that I get rid of her. I am on the landing when I see YYY's daughter passing by without saying goodbye and I hear her talking on her cell phone about a trip to London, "just to grab a bite with someone." I'm a little jealous, because it's a city I always see with pleasure.

The scene changes and I find myself in an apartment, when, for no apparent reason, my lucidity is activated and the dances of my LUCID DREAM begin! I see a ladder. I say "Color, now!" and it works: everything takes on color, proof that I am now an active part of the dream! I let myself go into a spiral and I no longer feel upright, but I am flying into the environment. Yet, I also feel a moderate feeling of constriction in my chest, which I try to overlook, and it makes me move very slowly.

I see the objects in the house, and I affirm, "Higher self, now!" but nothing happens. I explore around. There is a television with some writing on its frame that, calmly, I can read, even if when I wake up I can't remember the numbers I've read. I repeat the command and I manage to touch the roof and, passing through it, I can go upstairs to see if there is someone there, but I find no one.

Again, I say: "Higher self, now!" There is no one in the new environment, but I see a double-leaf glass door and I won't lose my opportunity! I go through it and then, as in a previous lucid dream, I run through a black tunnel without hesitation (even with the problem of oppression in the chest) up to its end. Over there I meet a person who looks a lot like me — a parallel self? — with a blue baseball cap. He looks happy and smiles. We look at each other for a few seconds and then I go back, but without passing through the tunnel. I say, "Up level now!" and, on the second attempt, I see a building that looks like a steel-and-brick staircase, like an interior part of a subway, but I realize that the time given to me is over and in a few moments, I wake up.

I thank Jesus for the nice Christmas present!

### David — *Just An Old Feather*



This is a humorous lucid dream I had about 10 years ago.

I am up in an attic. There are a number of older people there, most of them women. I am sitting there, listening, observing how real everything is, when suddenly I think to myself that this might be a dream. I turn to a woman with grey hair and ask her if this is a dream. She replies, "Is this a dream? Why, yes, it is."

I lean up really close to her and ask her to tell me something that is important for my spiritual development. She says, "Thlp." I repeat, "Thlp?" and she repeats, "Thlp." I am somewhat amused by this, as I was expecting something of deep spiritual significance.

Then it's like I'm waking up. I start looking at the inner screen of my shut eyes and I see a flow of colours, all kinds of shades of blue. I think of the "clear light" and try not to focus on it too hard in case I wake up. I am actually convinced I am already awake. The colour show continues for a few moments and I wonder when it's going to end. Then I hear Bob Dylan singing, "Just an old feather..." as the chorus of a song. Then I really wake up.

### Konsciencia — *Escaping Trouble*

One night I had a dream that became lucid. During the dream I was surrounded by a group of guys that wanted to harm me. At first I didn't realize I was dreaming. But when the group of guys began to attack me, that's when I said, "I'm dreaming!" And then I began to fight back. There were so many, I could not escape them. I was ambushed by all of them until I prayed to God or The Universe to help me get out of that danger.

All of a sudden, I started to levitate high above those people. They tried but failed to reach me. I flew away



## In Your Dreams!

from that scenario...at a gentle, steady pace. I flew over a beautiful beach. The water was actually blue, and would splash as the waves reached the clean, white sand. The water was so clear, I could see underwater. However, I could not see any life forms there — as though the beach was empty.

Later I landed (I don't remember where, but it was further away) and I noticed that I was transforming into someone else, wearing a blue garment... but then I woke.

Despite the fact that it all began as a nightmare, I am happy it turned out to be a magnificent experience. Contrarily, I still don't know what the message was from that lucid dream, but it was one of the most profound lucid dreams I have had. I felt the wind as I was flying, and I even felt the punches, but they were not brutal. In one scenario, I was stabbed and sliced from my stomach up towards my chest by a long knife that looked like a dagger. It didn't hurt, however; I felt a sensation that was not hurtful at all.

Thank you very much for your time and thank you for reading. Many blessings and good vibes to all of you. Thank you, *Lucid Dreaming Experience*, for your support.

### Madelyn Freeman — *Insight from a Whale*

I am asleep but wake up immediately into my dream.

Lucid, I'm under the ocean swimming alongside a massive whale. I have to struggle to reach an eye-to-eye level with the whale, but eventually I do. The whale then emits an ultrasonic sound wave. I follow the frequency perceptually into the depths of the ocean. The distance into the density of the ocean may have been 10, 100, or 1000 feet, I tell myself, and I know it would have been impossible for me to judge distance.

However, I am then told by the whale (telepathically) that too much voltage into the mind is not the way forward, but to soften and regulate and disperse the ultrasonic beam. I return to the surface.

Upon reflecting on the lucid dream from a great distance (many years later), the experience indeed told me what I needed to know, which is that *communication is my key objective*.

### Carl Maich — *My False Awakening*

In waking reality: I'm at my batch by the sea, on a Saturday. My wife (Sharon) has gone home to our house in the city, as she has work in the morning, so I go to bed.

*The dream starts now:* I hear a noise, lots of banging, but I can't seem to get out of bed. "Who's out there?" I yell, and my wife yells back, "It's just me." I say, "Why are you here when you have work today?" She says, "I just pulled a sick day." I ask her to please stop all that noise, but she's just putting some food away.

I pull the blankets to the side and move the hot water bottle over as Sharon comes to bed. I remember staring into her eyes and thinking everything (her face and hair) was normal, so I think, "This is not a dream." I kiss her on the lips, and sense the wet feeling. I cuddle her and then spoon her. Even her usual smell is there.

I wake up about 3 hours later in the spoon position by myself.

I yell out to Sharon, but there's no answer. I am awake now but not too sure what is really real, and what is not. So then I ring her. She just laughs at me, as it was so real. Yes, it was a false awakening dream. Hard to tell the difference what is "reality" at these times.



**Christine Matsko**  
***Am I Really Here?***

Suddenly I became aware I was dreaming.  
I was on a spaceship. I was feeling the walls  
and couldn't believe how real they felt.

"Am I really here?" I wondered.  
Unseen people answered yes.

They were forcing me to go to sleep  
but I was fighting it. I knew that when I went  
to sleep there, I'd wake up back here in this life.

**Martin Stewart**  
***Deep Sea Diver***

I see the sea, with ships sailing,  
then notice divers. Some shallow  
water and a deep sea diver. I dive  
to the deep sea diver. I do a  
reality check; my hands merge  
together. I know I am dreaming.

Still under water, I grab a fence in  
front of me and break it open. I turn  
and ask the diver the meaning of  
life. He says he has been to Mars.  
I question this and ask after this.  
He says its more than just war,  
it's activity and martial.

We go into the origins of war, and  
he mentions something between  
Athens and another city—perhaps  
in Atlantis. A misunderstanding  
of some kind.

**Peter Maich — *Just Trust Yourself***

I'm out of body and standing on the floor next to my bed. It was a pretty smooth exit after accepting that I am on the cusp, pretty much already there. (On feeling the lifting out of the sheets, you are already asleep and dreaming; accepting this dual awareness is the oddity, but cool when you relax into it.)

I walk to the glass doors and gently put my hands on the panels. Softening this glass into a bubble, I then walk through them, onto the balcony, and feel the cool night air. Next, I am onto the top handrail, a simple jump and balance — that is always fun. I jump into the air, let the dreaming mind rush me away, and am now walking around a darkened city.

I see a café and enter. There are 4 dark-skinned men in there. One attacked me. No reason, no conversation, just a rush and a punch to my head. I let it happen and, as I expected, he broke his hand on hitting me. I hit him back and then pushed two others away. They are now sitting on chairs wondering what just happened.

I leave this café and on the street outside a man tells me there is another one down the street and in a nearby alley that I might find more interesting. He says this café is really a fight club and I should have a visit. He guides me there and I enter. There are several people inside and all are a bit guarded, not unfriendly but not offering friendship either. Another man walks past me, and all the others have stepped back to allow him to pass and seem to respect him. He walks to a wall in the room; it is an energy barrier and so only a few can enter. He merges with this curtain of energy and passes through. Curious, I follow him to the barrier.

I touch the wall and play with the sensations, tingling in my hands and arms, in and out a few times, and then I pass through. This inner space has a very surreal feel to it and feels alive. I get that it is a cage or training room, and I am the only one in here as I cannot see anyone else. There's a rush of air and I get hit hard in the back — so I am wrong, and there are opponents around me. I understand this is a special form of training and relish the challenge. Nothing is visible so I start to relax my mind and feel for the energy and movement around me that gives away my opponents. I feel for the prints and have a long and fun training session with my invisible opponents.

*Wake, then enter again.*

I am wandering a city. See young girls and boys in school uniforms going to school. I am in a large gravel parking lot and see a lady leaning against a wall. We chat for a bit, and I move on. I wander for a while and look at people and buildings.



*Wake, then enter again.*

I walk into a supermarket and look for my friend that is working in a bakery. I see him and he comes out to find me. This is not his usual job, and also he is in a female body. This is odd but I do not interrupt the dream; I just let it flow. We go to a bench to have a coffee and chat.

Now the bench is outside, and we are looking to the distance to a row of large old trees. The wind is gale force, and we watch old trees topple in places. Several trees explode, in random order. This is unusual, so it gets our attention. A man on a horse appears in front of us and tells that he is destroying the trees. Anything he points at explodes. He looks at my friend and starts to raise his arm towards him. I push him off his horse to save my friend. Now he is annoyed and wants to destroy me. I grab him and wrestle him to the ground. He is still trying to break free and do something to me, so I decide its best to knock him out. I go to punch him, and he has a look of acceptance over this so I stop the blow. He tells me that he will be dead in two weeks and that he would rather die now than later. I lift him up and put my arms around him. I understand that he is a part of me, ancient and lost in this time and place. His energy and strength were there from the start and familiar. We embrace for a few moments and I gently waken.

Note: I have been reading a lot of spy and secret agent books, and have some staff issues at work that require legal help, so this dream reflects a lot of daily elements. I know this, so being fully lucid for all of these dreams, I also let them play out in intuitive ways with my actions. I don't interfere.

### **Troy Vrolyk — “Dark-Spawning” a Vacation**

I heard a bit of commotion outside in some strange land, construction workers coming from nowhere, and they all seemed to be focused on my brother. I went to my left towards the action and, sure enough, there was a main construction site there, like a high-rise under construction, and my brother was running out of there with a stolen tool. He had his head down with a goofy smile and his back arched, slinking funnily out of there, like a sneak thief that was caught. The workers rushed over — to chase him down, I thought — but oddly enough, they just sort of seemed to go past him and do their own thing, focusing on their own site.

Then I saw my brother was carrying a fire extinguisher, and he said he lost the service tag on it. He half-looked back for it but then just kept heading out of there with his newly-stolen extinguisher, muttering that he tried to carry it carefully but it must've fallen off. He wasn't being good or smart— in fact, he was quite unusually careless and reckless, which made me pause for a second. Let's check...finger through palm...ah ha! I'm dreaming! I'm lucid!

I instantly focused on my nightly goal to take a well-deserved vacation. Step 1 was to ask to see the high-rise condo (the Grand Venetian) we stayed at in Mexico behind me. I quickly turned squarely towards the high-rise under construction, thinking it would be easier to spawn the new high-rise in Mexico in the bit of empty field and stream area now directly behind me, as opposed to the large building with tons of people... it shouldn't matter, but for my first spawning of a tropical resort, I wanted to allow a vast and easier space for my upcoming request.



I then called out, “Dream Queen, let me see the Grand Venetian behind me!” and closed my eyes and turned. Oh crap, why did I close my eyes?!?!? That's a definite no-no for me in this state, and I was sure I'd collapse the dream. I found myself in darkness and wasn't sure I even had a dream body at this point...I seemed to be just a pair of eyes...and all I saw was black, stuck in a void, thinking I lost the scene and I'd wake up. How stupid of me!

But then I saw a faint building start to appear way up high in the 'sky' of darkness, if there was such thing as direction here...just a sort of neon-black line forming an outline at first, in another shade of black with maybe just enough faint light

## In Your Dreams!

somewhere along the edges enough to illuminate it. Then the outlines spread throughout the building as it was forming into a black translucent high-rise. I could see it was the outside of the Grand Venetian! I was relieved, thinking it seems to be working!

I waited as just a pair of eyes in the void for the high-rise in the “sky” (or at least above me) to finish its outlines, now outlining some more center areas still in blacks with faint light, and then once the outlines seemed to be completed the whole outlined building slammed down in front of me, to what appeared as ground level, as if dropped by the Heavens as requested, and quickly fully materialized into real colours and features. Behold, the Grand Venetian!

Sweet! As I marveled at the sight, I coined what just happened with a new term called “Dark-Spawning!”

At this point I should have waited a few more moments to let it finish rendering and then stabilize the dream, but I had a long list of goals and didn't know how long I had. I rushed into the main lobby and found it was different...much different. Right off the bat there was a small narrow hallway to the left, then I could see it cut to the right to 2' ahead of me...so I would have to go there and back, wasting time, plus had to get around a fairly large man in the narrow hallway.

Screw that! I seemed to see a shortcut and just popped out a strange little window that was directly in front of me. It fell to the ground without a sound. Hopping through, I made a bee-line to the rear pools. I didn't have to go far though, as it instantly opened up into a huge tropical paradise — well, not much for plants; it was quite urban — but had tons of pools and hot tubs all around me for as far as I could see, and was totally packed with tourists. I couldn't see the ceiling; I was not sure if it was inside or outside at that point... it was dimly lit.

It reminded me of when we went out to the pools at night in waking life. There were so many people. I walked slowly ahead, looking all around me deciding what to do. People were walking all around me, people to my right and left packed in pools and hot tubs and seating areas. I kept walking past the masses... wow, to my left, that hot tub's literally packed...I couldn't squeeze in there if I tried! This was amazing, but I was having trouble finding a nice quiet spot to relax in.

Then things started getting fuzzy; I thought, “Oh no, not already...Dream Queen, increase lucidity now!” I tried rubbing my hands and they felt slow and seemed to have the sleeves in between. I persisted though, rubbing my hands through the sleeves, and it slowly worked a bit. I stood there trying to out-rub my way to keep the scene. I took another 5-10 steps and tried stabilizing some more, then finally seemed to be okay. I decided I better do something quick before it's over since the scene had already almost crumbled 2-3 times.

I saw yet another two hot tubs to my right, side by side, but they were again packed. “Dream Queen! Can you clear out this first hot tub?” The 5-6 occupants remained. I further stabilized and repeated my request, and although they took their sweet time to get out, they all finally climbed over the edges and left me a nice empty hot tub — the only one in this place of about 20 pools and hot tubs. Sweet!

Image: efes / Pixabay



I went in the empty hot tub, laid back, and relaxed. Ahh, now this is heaven! I sat in the hot tub for some time, enjoying the jets and the paradise atmosphere. Then a cute dream character came in to join me. She had rainbow makeup/decals all around her face like a sort of “raver-baby,” on her eyes, cheeks... the decals were peeling in the hot tub, but still beautiful.

She lay down beside me and we just relaxed. Then I caught her staring at me. Her face seemed to come closer and be more focused on me, with its cracked rainbow decals, me marveling at them despite their peeling imperfections: little stars, birds, maybe dolphins, rainbows. Her eyes and face were entirely dedicated to me, like when you stare at the moon and eventually only see the moon...until finally, the dream collapsed. What a nice vacation!

### **Peter Maich — *Brahma Lucid Dream, 10/4/2021***

Prior to this dream, I had been watching the last DVD of the *Andromeda* series and the battle between the Trance Gemini (a living avatar for the sun) and the Abyss.

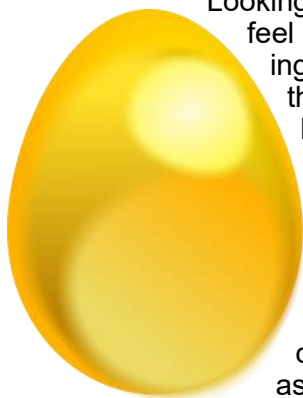
Entering the dream: it had been a while since I have had a fast roll out [of body] and it got me by surprise.

## In Your Dreams!

There was no action, but then the sheets got ripped off the bed and I was flung out onto the floor by my feet. This startled me and I came back to waking reality fast. After relaxing, I had another go and after a few attempts I am standing by my bed in a dark room.

It's messy at first. My brother is with me. We are both on the balcony after feeling my way through the glass doors. It is a stormy night in real life and I am standing balanced on the top handrail enjoying the rain, the wind, and the feel of these elements on my skin. I get shunted several times back to the bed or inside the doors and keep attempting to get out and see the night while preparing for an adventure.

I tell my brother that it's time to go our separate ways, and float myself off into the night sky. Rising gently without purpose, I gain height and am now looking down on a dark, barren area of ground. Feeling a presence beside me and a touch on the shoulder, I turn. There is a dark presence there. The entity starts to talk to me. I cannot understand the words; they are quiet but directed to me and focused. I listen for a while and this force fades away.



Looking down, I see three groups of dark-hooded characters and am aware they know of me. I feel their attention and some ill will towards me. Watching, I see their arms rising and pointing in my direction and some small points of light heading my way. I feel their thoughts, all the groups communicating as one, and all setting starbursts at me. I wait for the spots of light to converge to one big point and let it get closer. When it seems to be near and growing, I raise my arms, point my hands towards the bright light, and will it to return to them. I see it grow and then, in an instant, it has gone back and all the figures are gone. Dark spots are on the ground where they were.

I feel a warmth in the air around me and it heats up with a gentle white light. This grows in intensity, until I am flooded in this light and warmth. Voices start a gentle chant of "Brahma" or "Braham." I accept this; the light and warmth grows, and I am ascending inside a small sun. ▲

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**The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale**

<http://www.lid4all.com>

**Ed Kellogg**

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

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

<http://durso.org/beverly>

**Melinda Powell, née Ziemer**

[www.pathtolucidity.com](http://www.pathtolucidity.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/mondialart](http://www.cafepress.com/mondialart)

**Janice's Website, with links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites**

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

**Fariba Bogzaran**

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

**Robert Moss**

[www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.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**

<https://m.facebook.com/TheLucidHive/>

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

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