

# LDE

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# LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



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**Statement of Purpose**

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

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**Submissions**

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

**Subscriptions**

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**June 2026 Theme: Lucid Dreams of the Deceased**  
Submission Deadline: May 15, 2026

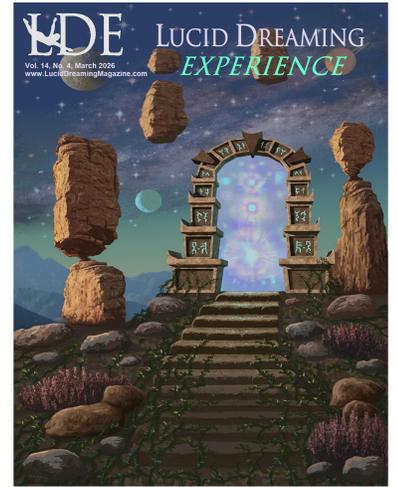
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# dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2026

## DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH LEE IRWIN

Lucid dreamer,  
author, and  
scholar  
Lee Irwin  
shares some  
insights  
along his  
dreaming  
path

*Lee, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life.*

I did not get involved with recording dreams until I was in college in my early twenties. However, before that I did have memorable altered states as a child which were rather dream-like or trance-like. I remember one day sitting in the woods near our house and watching the sun move through the sky from about 1:00 to 3:00 PM over a period that seemed to last about ten minutes. The sun was just moving through the sky while I watched and suddenly it was late afternoon.

I mention this because dreaming has been a condition in which I experience similar altered states and having had such states for some years I realized that in dreams I also had such states and began to record my dreams around 1967 (age 23). By that time I had been aware of dreaming states, images, and contents for several years but after a particular vivid series of dreams, I decided to record my dreams in a dream journal, which I am still doing at 81! The early series of dreams culminated in the following dream:

*Dreams of an exploding sky, one of the most powerful dreams—forms a repeating pattern: I am alone under sky, looking at stars outside, suddenly the entire sky explodes, all the stars burst like cosmic fireworks, into huge suns, multicolored, but predominantly pink; often the stars move and form new patterns in night sky. These patterns change and stars continue to move, sometimes becoming spacecraft, but always signaling some fantastic change on this world, a new age, the end of the old order. The most powerful of these dreams concerns a very brief, immensely intense experience—standing under sky, looking up, sudden explosion—huge pink suns, whole sky becomes brilliant pink, then fades into darker blue. One star grows in size, the others recede. Then this one huge pink sun slowly begins to separate into two suns, two suns brilliantly burning in the heavens, I awake stunned, in a powerfully altered state.*

The issue of spacecraft was also relevant because my earlier dreams tended to have various spacecraft, visiting earth, guided by strange

alien creatures. I would talk with some of these aliens who were always friendly and fascinating to interact with—they were studying earth cultures and the evolution of humanity. Also, another core theme was the paranormal aspects of dreaming, in which such perceptions as telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition seemed fairly common in dreams and sometimes highly accurate. All this was enough to attract my interest and become a mainstream practice of remembering, recording, and reflecting on what I called “non-ordinary dreams” (NOD) which I distinguished from normal dreaming due to different states and contents that seemed strange and beyond normal. My dream journals are filled with these unique types of non-ordinary dreaming.

### ***When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?***

I became aware of lucid dreaming through flying dreams that led to a state of lucidity in my early 20s. I would estimate that since beginning the dream journal I have had, on average, one or two lucid dreams per month; thus I would say I have had close to a thousand lucid dreams during the last fifty years, most of which are unrecorded. Ironically, I did not consider lucid dreaming to be very “non-ordinary” as I was familiar with such dreaming before I started the dream journal, and my truly non-ordinary dreams seemed to be on a completely different scale than the typical lucid dream. Because my non-ordinary dreams were so powerful subjectively, lucid dreaming was not in the forefront of my thinking about dreams. I understood immediately that “lucid” was in fact a variable “state” whose contents were radically diverse. After recording many lucid dreams, I realized that it was an important state/content that related to gaining some intentional control of dreaming. I also had waking lucid states, like a visionary waking dream that occurred while relaxing in my living room, and then suddenly finding myself in a dream-like state in which I could shape the dream direction and outcome at will.

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

I did not make any attempt at lucid dreaming in the discreet sense, though I did experiment with several techniques, like repeatedly telling myself that I could “wake up” while dreaming or when I saw my hands it would trigger a response that I was in a dream state. Overall, these techniques did not work that well, primarily because I was spontaneously going into lucid dreaming without any intention or effort. I thought of lucidity as an aspect of self-reflection; I was very self-reflective about my waking states and so, in dreaming, lucidity was like a form of enhanced self-reflection, a characteristic of consciousness, a natural attribute.

By recording my dreams and thinking about them, I was bringing lucidity to dream work, heightening my awareness of the value and purpose of dreams, so it seemed natural that this heightened interest would manifest as lucid dreaming, a kind of hyper-awareness that allowed me to be self-reflective in the act of dreaming. Like reading a novel, one is absorbed into the story and yet still conscious of being distinct from the story. The lucid state allowed me to break free of the story (the dream) and be aware that the dreaming was a creative aspect of my awareness which was itself distinct from the dreaming content.

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

Fairly early on, I realized that I did not want to control the process of lucid dreaming but would encourage and heighten my lucidity and then allow the dream to play out its contents without trying to determine any outcome or goal. Why? Because I was convinced that dreaming was a truly creative act of soulful awareness and that my conscious mind did not have sufficient awareness to determine the best outcome—the dreaming, soulful mind seemed far more capable of guiding my conscious awareness to outcomes that I could not imagine.

Here is an example of how the dream leads to experience that is both paranormal and mythically transpersonal.

*I become lucid by flying, an event that induces lucid awareness. In the dream, I am in a very transparent state of almost egoless consciousness; I fly to the apartment of two unrecognized women and I pick up a book lying on a table, open it, and see that the pages are shining with light while sparks shoot out from the book, altering*

*my consciousness into a very profound state—and yet, at the same time, I sense that I am seeing something of my own writing produced in the future and not yet written, a kind of clairvoyant affirmation.*

This lucid dream has several interesting elements. One was that flying in dreams often led to lucidity; that is still current in the present for me. Second, there is a sense of the need for feminine presence, less control and more conversation and openness to what occurs. Third, my consciousness altered beyond lucidity to something much more transpersonal. What I discovered was that lucid dreaming could lead to transpersonal experiences of a more psychic or mystical sense. Here is another example.

*I am very lucid and flying through the sky (going wherever the flying leads me) and as I fly through various “levels” (or domains) the quality of my consciousness shifts according to the domain of flight to reveal some facets of the dream unseen until the shift. In one shift, I see into the future; in another shift, I see into the far past; in another shift, I see into a subtle domain where spirit beings exist; then I meet a spiritual teacher who explains how, in a ritual fashion, to “open the third eye” which results in a tremendous shift in which a vast multitude of atemporal subtle realms become apparent to me.*

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

Lucid dreaming was only one among many diverse states of dreaming, but after experiencing many lucid dreams I began to realize that lucidity in dreams was a common aspect of intelligent self-awareness. Are we lucid right now? Are some people more lucid than others? Is lucidity a quality of being-awareness that functions in the everyday sense? I would answer yes to these questions. Lucidity is not a unique quality of dreaming but a unique quality of self-awareness, an intrinsic property of consciousness itself (for more on this see Irwin reference below).

Lucid dreaming highlights the capacity for lucidity but I started to note that many dreams had a quality of lucidity that was not marked as “lucid dreaming” in any special sense, but more a quality of dreams overall. I bring varying degrees of lucidity to my dreams every night, to some modest degree. In the special case, the dreaming become fully lucid but then I just observe and let happen—so in some ways this is a state of “observer consciousness,” that is, a state of mental clarity observing the world without projections or predeterminations.

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

I am not a “technique” based dreamer, I am more of a “go with the flow” kind of dreamer and a student of altered states as an attentive participant-observer. Flying in dreams does seem to trigger a state of self-awareness that, “Oh yes, I do not fly in waking life so I must be dreaming—then becoming lucid through an intuitive insight that this is a non-ordinary state of dreaming. Also, I practice being lucid while awake, perhaps heightened by over 50 years of daily meditation, which leads to heightened self-awareness and lucid attention to events and happenings.

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

It’s an interesting question. Perhaps the deeper question is, does consciousness have rules? Actually I am not sure what the word “rules” means—predetermined and necessary outcomes based on distinct causal

*“Lucidity is not a unique quality of dreaming  
but a unique quality of self-awareness,  
an intrinsic property of consciousness itself.”*

influences? If that is the meaning, then I would map lucid dreaming to the “laws of consciousness” in terms of whatever causes may produce specific results. One such cause would be self-reflection; a desire to engage in lucid dreaming might well be a causal influence. Another cause might be pressing psychological needs for some degree of lucidity based in conditional states of mind. Not so much the desire for lucidity as the need for lucidity as an alternative resource for shaping waking and dreaming mentality.

In contrast, I think that chaos and random influences do act upon the dreaming mind, both as a subconscious and hyperconscious impact driven by latent needs and desires and untapped inner potential. Lucid dreaming may be a spiritual call for greater awareness, an awakening of soul and heart to the deeper core of reality, including parapsychic awareness and mythic and mystical aspects of consciousness. However, that call can take very chaotic forms, be surreal and strange, chaotic and fragmentary in attempting to express under-actualized psychic capacities. So both some rules and also some chaos!

***Speaking of psychic capacities, your chapter in volume 1 of Lucid Dreaming: New Perspectives on Consciousness in Sleep (edited by Ryan Hurd and Kelly Bulkeley, vol.1, 103-126. Berkeley: Praeger) notes that your “first real written record of lucid dreaming starts with a past life dream”. What happened? How did it suggest a past life?***

Here is the original dream:

*I am dreaming, but then, I experience my consciousness leaving my body (OBE), flying in a lucid state into the cloudy Spring sky. There is a tremendous feeling of relief and exhilaration. I fly very high into the sky and see the earth far below. My flight stabilizes, I enjoy the movement and freedom of appearing “out of body” and I recall many such experiences in the past. I start to come down toward the ground and after considerable flight, I land back in ancient Rome (which I have experienced before)!*

*I am a very young and attractive boy of about 13-14 years of age, and I am aware, in that life, of having experiences of astral projection as the young Roman boy. I am feeling confused (as that boy) but I am aware that there is “another consciousness” present (me in this lifetime), a higher, more integrated self of the future, who is present observing my past self.*

*I go down to my father’s room, it is night and I rouse him from bed; he gets up and lights some oil lamps around the room, it is still dark. I sit in a chair and we talk; while I am talking with him, I “fade” in and out of consciousness, being aware of a) dreaming (lucid state), b) living in a past life in Rome, c) of my body lying in bed in the present. There are very powerful “waves” of energy, and I am sweating lightly, the oscillations between perspectives gradual subside and I stabilize in Rome. My father is asking, “Are you alright?” I say yes and ask about the time, he says casually, “Oh about 4:30 in the morning.” I apologize for waking him, but he replies that he does not mind as it is our habit to talk each morning and for him to read the philosophers before the activities of the day begin.*

*I go down to the lavatory, feeling dizzy and weak. I see a green foam coming up from the drains in the urinals that covers the floor and my feet. I know this is a sign of impending disaster and danger to me and to Rome in general. I go back to my father, wanting to tell him about my experiences, my visions, my altering consciousness, yet I cannot find the words (as the boy) to explain my perceptions.... My consciousness fades into my present identity, sleeping in my room. I am feeling very altered, nothing seems very real, these feelings last for about half an hour, finally I normalize (Rome Again, March 1979).*

The dream combines the three perspectives as an integral phenomena—lucid dreaming, out of body awareness, and past life memory. It is worth noting that the “lucid dream” aspect was current throughout the entire dream, and I was simultaneously aware of both being the boy in Rome and being the lucid dreamer lying in bed in the present while dreaming. So lucidity in this sense was a property of awareness that was sustained through the dream scenario and it resulted in a double perspective—my dream self and my dreaming self as distinct and yet integrated. This phenomena made me think about lucidity in a new way, as a property of awareness that might carry over to past life experience and reassert itself as past life dreaming.

Having had many past life dreams, I can say that for me lucidity is a property of past life dreaming. In past life dreams I often (not always) have a sense of lucid awareness that extends to being aware of my present existence while dreaming. So in this case, lucidity did not suggest a past life as much as manifest as a property of past life dreaming. This was my second dream of a life in Rome and I had several more; all these dreams (and other past lives) were lucid.

***When I began lucid dreaming as a teenager in the 1970's, I also began to have occasional past life dreams where I/Robert knowingly 'looked through the eyes' of the past life figure. Do you believe that past life lucid dreams occur due to the intent of one's inner awareness to awaken the lucid dreamer to a larger perspective of the self-across-time? Or does something else seem at play?***

One possibility might be the relationship between memory and lucidity. Research in memory recall describes it as “episodic simulation” in the sense that we vividly, lucidly remember certain incidents rather than the entire flow of past lived experience. Lucidity then might be a property of awareness that bring attention to episodic recall, thus lucidity might be a kind of heightened awareness of certain past events carried in soul memory from previous lives. If lucidity is a property of consciousness, not a special ability as much as a heightened natural property, then enhanced lucid dreaming might well be a trigger/catalyst for past life recall. Just as we recall events in this life, enhanced lucidity in dreaming may act as a stimulus for past life episodic simulation of soulful events in other lifetimes. If so, then lucid dreaming could function as an embodied state in which the dreaming mind has greater access to past life experiences across time through lucid dreams. These types of past life lucid dreams certainly act as a stimulus for altered awareness that expands current ideas about time into new frameworks related to multiple lives. We live in contracted time but we can dream in expanded time.

***Another non-ordinary aspect of lucid dreaming involves becoming lucidly aware when meeting a deceased dream figure. Have you lucidly engaged deceased dream figures? Tell us about that. Any new information that could be verified upon waking or afterwards?***

I have had quite a few encounter dreams with post-mortem others, some family members who have died, but also quite a number of encounters with post-mortem strangers. The lucid aspect in these cases is twofold—first, awareness that I am dreaming while in contact with others, and second, a lucid sense of being in an alternate space-time domain. The first aspect is heightened awareness of the fact that the other is a post-mortem individual, and the second is more a lucid sense of a domain populated by many post-mortem—an afterlife domain that is quite complex and multidimensional.

In terms of the first aspect, my interactions have occurred in a lucid state—that is, I am aware that I am dreaming and in communication with someone who is no longer in a physical body (but has some type of body form). In that state I have discovered that many of the post-mortem in the early stages of afterlife do not know they are dead and often choose to go directly to rebirth with no real exploration of the afterlife domain. As in waking, embodied life, they are following a collective urge or tendency for immediate rebirth, so the post-mortem are often not very lucid in the afterlife. Those with greater self-awareness seem to be able to choose among other domains in accord with collective preferences, drawn to like-minded others (Christians, Buddhist, vegetarians, materialists and so on) to enjoy a more lucid condition in afterlife with like-minded others before rebirth. Some smaller portion of post-mortem seem fully lucid and self-aware and may choose to explore afterlife and higher domains beyond collective subdomains.

In terms of the second aspect, lucidity has allowed me to question, interact and explore the more esoteric aspects of afterlife and being lucid is necessary to be recognized by other non-material spirits in accord with their degree of lucidity. Some spirits which I call “guardians” at the threshold between afterlife domains, require those approaching them to be fully lucid and self-aware in order to question them about motives for visiting certain more etheric domains. In several such dreams I had conversations with several guardians at the Akashic records of every soul's past life experiences and they would not let most people in to the “archive”. I was allowed in because I had the requisite degree of lucid awareness. Other higher realms seem to exist which I have not entered in dreaming.

*“We live in contracted time  
but we can dream in expanded time.”*

***Various authors have described deceased dream figures warning them of coming troubles or health issues, which later appeared. Obviously within a lucid dream and with the right mindset, you can explore this more directly. Do these lucid dreams suggest the deceased may seek to influence or inform those on the physical plane? Or does something else seem involved?***

My overview on this issue is that the degree of insight expressed by post-mortem individual is no greater than the degree of awareness that individual had in embodied life. I have seen this over and over—lower and mid-level post-mortem figures have some slight degree of clairvoyance and precognition but not that well developed. And most of their “wisdom” is based on conjecture and probability, as when they were embodied. Even more advanced spirits have fairly normative ideas and theories about current and future life. Also higher spirits do not, at least with me, discuss future probabilities, we discuss more philosophical or spiritual concerns.

On the other hand, I believe that post-mortem individuals do seek out known others to communicate with them and to offer advice and suggestions about the future, not in any profound sense but with love and genuine concern for the well-being of those select others. In contrast there are also figures I have met that do not have good intentions and are more trickster-like and willing to mislead almost as entertainment! I once met a spirit in a lucid OBE that insisted on showing me that their really were “failed worlds” in which the mass collective did not accept higher spiritual teachings and become worlds of violence and conflict. So the choice is there—we can grow into more awareness and greater lucidity or fall into contracted habits and closed mindedness leading to collective contraction. And the post-mortem reflects the entire spectrum of possible influences, not just good relations, though in a general sense they do seem positively disposed to help (but is that a historical condition or a spiritual influence?).

***Besides the deceased, lucid dreamers occasionally report other surprising transpersonal encounters. For example, meeting a being of light, meeting a geometric shape composed of light, etc. Have you experienced this? How has it influenced your thinking about the actual nature of reality?***

Yes, I have had quite a few such encounters both with beings of light and geometric forms, composed of light, energy, and many colors. For me there is a range of such beings—common spirits of nature, including animal spirits, more self-aware post-mortem others, non-material noetic spirits (by noetic I mean self-aware and motivated by personal intentions and desires), higher spirits like guardians, angles, or devas, and very profound “holy spirituals” (my terms) for beings like archangels or Aeons, as well as alien and non-human other forms. I do not have a hierarchic picture nor a fix rank theory, my view is more dynamic and process based, what manifests is what is appropriate for the percipient, a kind of life-unto-like context of paranormal and transpersonal encounter.

If the self or soul is ready, then the manifestation will reflect the current state or latent capacity of the lucid percipient. So what appears is what is real for that individual, promoting overall development but in an individuated path of development. I believe there are many domains (many rooms) that we do not recognize nor understand, and in an infinite universe of multidimensional becoming, we are only slowly growing into maturity concerning our inner potential for new, lucid understanding, I called this the “metaphysics of discovery” where all that is knowable is far from known or even recognized.

The nature of reality for me is fluid, transformative, dynamically creative and not fixed by any ontological stages or levels, that is old order thinking for me. The new metaphysics is in process becoming, adaptation,

creative discovery through alternate means, like lucid dreaming, parapsychic perceptions, and spiritual encounters with transpersonal aspects of becoming. We do not, I believe, discover what exists as much as create what becomes, the new ontology is one open to the infinite in which we as creative dreamers, visionaries, psychics, artists, and workers in science, motivated agents who seek to actualize possibilities in an infinite universe of vast becoming. All levels are heuristic, useful but not fixed or final in any way, just a creative possible arrangement quickly surpassed by other visionary tropes. Lucid dreaming is a creative capacity contributing to discovery, making real, making soul, making what might be into what is and then, moving on to yet new discovery.

I am sure there are many non-material beings and other entities whose nature is not by any means well understood. What after all is a 'being of light'? Is it a specific form or a type of being or is it a manifestation of the moment based on what is needed to communicate with the percipient? Entities I have encountered in lucid dreaming are sometimes strange and unfathomable, like the tall very slender beings I see rolling large hoops across the sky, of smaller entities like elves or fairies, which tend to act autonomously, or a variety of alien creatures very non-human in appearance. This plurality of beings suggests a vast cosmos of interactive becoming in the process of mutual exploration and discovery. Because it is dynamic and interactive the entities can act to create new realities, relations, and domains of experience. Why assume that the ontology of afterlife or transpersonal encounter is a fixed structure? I do not believe that it is fixed but evolutionary and transformative, and therefore each being of a possible encounter is an opening to possible new understandings even when the entities involved tend to shape themselves and the encounter in terms of old narratives—simply to make it more recognizable in an infinite universe of change!

***Have you used lucid dreaming for psychic development? If so, in what ways and to what ends? (this might involve meditating in a lucid dream, doing telepathic experiments, etc.)***

For me dreaming is a primary means for the development of parapsychic abilities, and I have written and published on this topic (Irwin 2022, *Dreams Beyond Time*). Psychic dreams are a primary expression of the emergence of psychic ability, a domain of dreaming in which we can practice such abilities as well as note how such activities relate to others. For example in dreaming I have had all the following, many times over: lucid dreaming, telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance, retrocognition, healing, psychometry, telekinesis, levitation, past-life recall, recall of past-lives of others, time travel to other times, past and future, encounters with aliens, UFO/UAP interactions, seeing and exploring other non-human worlds, alternate cultural immersions, usually associated with shamanism, Native American spirituality and particularly Mayan culture. This is not the full list, but it demonstrates how dreaming can provide very powerful encounters and psychic circumstances far removed for everyday dreaming, and in fact in my writings on dreams I have emphasized "non-ordinary" dreaming as my specific area of primary interest.

The 'how' of such non-ordinary dreaming is complex. I do not use dreaming for development in the sense of choosing a technique or practice to heightened parapsychic or spiritual abilities. Instead I choose to "let the dream be the teacher" by paying attention to dreams, recording them, reflecting on them, and constantly refining my awareness of dreaming potential by keeping my focus on the parapsychic and transpersonal aspects. I also have practiced daily meditation for over 50 years, so that brings a certain degree of lucidity and clarity to my dreaming; my dream journals are extensive and detailed, dated and titled in order to search themes and dream learning. I follow the dreams and the dreams teach me what to attend to, and the more I give attention to highlighted dream material, the more likely that such material will reiterate, expand, and develop. I trust the dreaming to guide me entirely.

***As a scholar of native indigenous cultures and their dreaming practices, how has their perspectives informed your personal lucid dream investigations? In my life, I have felt surprised by the lucid dreams I have had, while floating down the Grand Canyon and sleeping at places frequented by native tribes.***

My dissertation was on Greater Plains native dreaming practices (Irwin 1994, *The Dream Seekers*) where I discuss the phenomenology of native dreaming practices, interpretations, and actualizations in ritual. What I

valued most in this study, along with many conversations with native people, was the belief that dreams are crucial, central to spiritual life, and the primary source of spiritual guidance. I underwent a three day and night vision quest which was very successful and resulted in a remarkable lucid experience. After the vision quest ended, during which four elk, three female and one male, walked up to my dream circle where I was praying and fasting, I went to visit some friends on the Shoshone reservation. While there they offered me a cabin on the back of their property, facing the mountains, to rest; so I went to the small one room cabin and stood looking out the window at the nearby mountains.

Much to my surprise, or astonishment, while I was looking out the window I suddenly noticed there was a young male elk standing in the meadow behind the cabin staring at me as I stared through the window. This elk was very clear, seemingly material, young but very healthy. Very slowly this young elk walked toward the window showing no fear or hesitation, and then, to my complete shock, the elk walked *through* the wall and directly into my body. When the elk crossed over, I felt an intense shock in my heart center and fell unconscious onto the bed directly behind me. After several minutes I woke up and felt a subtle energy throughout my body, I had been given the gift of elk power! Quite the experience! Totally unexpected!

From this experience I learned firsthand that the vision quest rite was a powerful invocation of spirit presence, and that doing it with full ritual preparation (which I did), could result in the accumulation of new abilities. After this my psychic senses seemed far more active and my dreaming became increasingly non-ordinary, as predicted by the medicine traditions on vision quest. Since then, I have had many dream encounters with native medicine teachers, both male and female, and many animal empowerment dreams, which seem to enhance my psychic and spiritual awareness.

***Where can LDE readers learn more about you and your work?***

The best single source is: <https://cofc.academia.edu/Leelrwin>

For my published books, visit: <https://www.amazon.com/stores/Leelrwin/author/>

For a more detailed discussion of lucid dreaming see: Lee Irwin. 2014. "On Lucid Dreaming: Memory, Meaning, and Imagination." In *Lucid Dreaming: New Perspectives on Consciousness in Sleep*, edited by Ryan Hurd and Kelly Bulkeley, vol.1, 103-126. Berkeley: Praeger. ▲

***Theme for the JUNE 2026 issue:  
\* Lucid Dreams of the Deceased \****



Have you ever had a lucid dream experience with a deceased loved one? Or a beloved pet? What happened in the dream? We invite you to share your experience with the LDE.

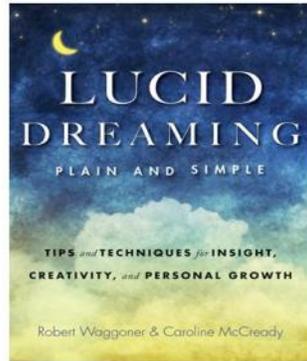
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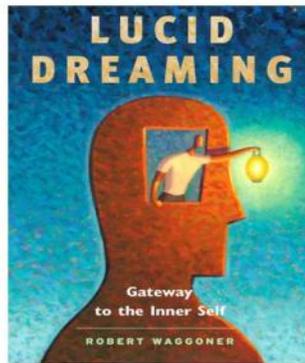
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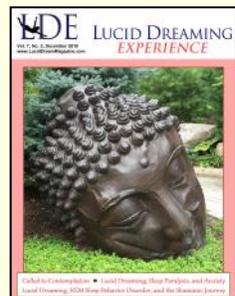
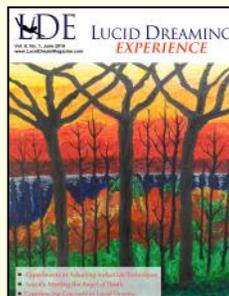
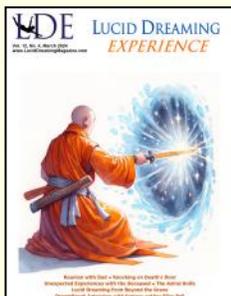
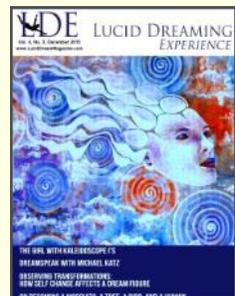
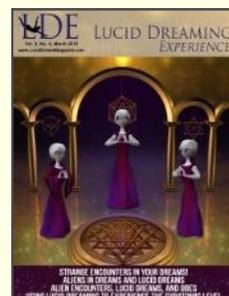
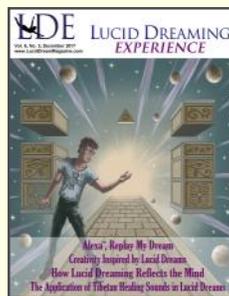
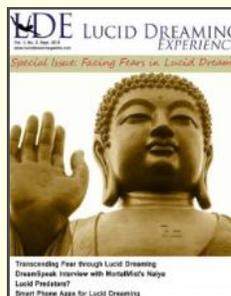
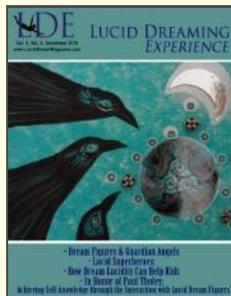
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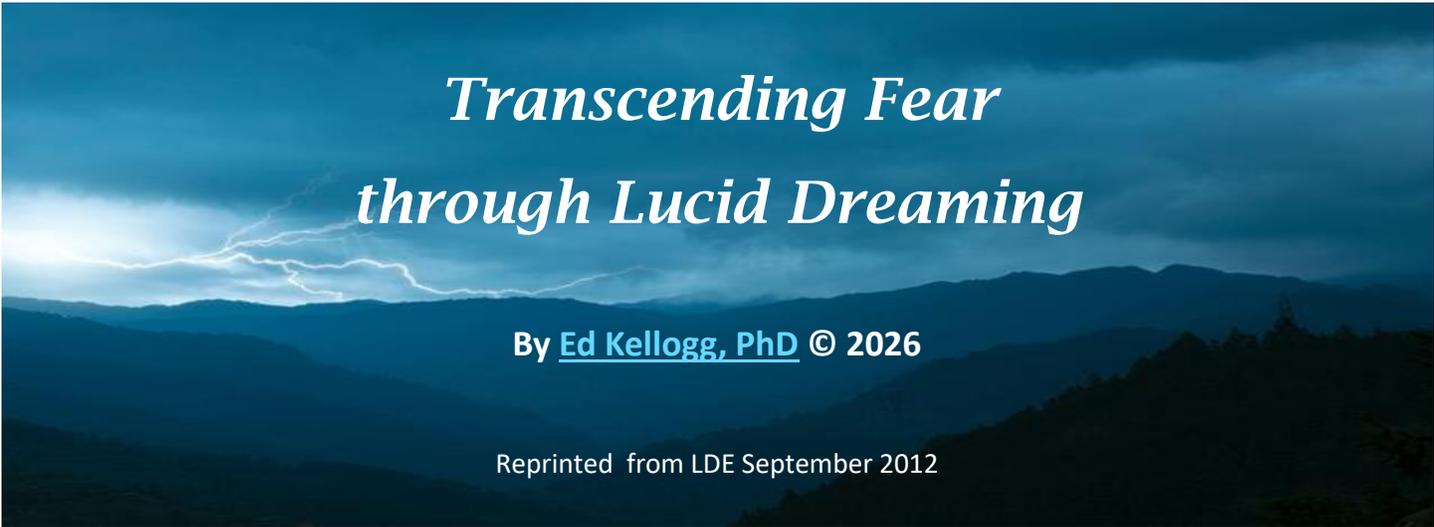


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# *Transcending Fear through Lucid Dreaming*

By [Ed Kellogg, PhD](#) © 2026

Reprinted from LDE September 2012

*The whole secret of existence is to have no fear.  
Never fear what will become of you, depend on no one.  
Only the moment you reject all help are you freed. — Buddha*

**On the night before Halloween** in my sophomore year in college, I dreamed that a demon chased me. At first I ran from it in fear, but as I ran the panic subsided and I became lucid, at which point I turned around and faced the demon. It looked almost comically surprised and shocked. I felt not only lucid but confident in my power over it, and in a turnabout, I started to chase the demon, but then woke up before I could catch it. I went back to sleep, and had a dream where another monster chased me. Again I became lucid, confronted the monster, started to chase it, but woke up. This happened again and again, and each time I became lucid more quickly. After that series of dreams, which amounted to a type of training, I had gained a skill. If a monster shows up in my dreams, I almost always become lucid, just by reflex. Since then I have had other profound trainings that focused on dealing with fear—for example my “Sword of Damocles” lucid dream.(1)

Lucid dreams provide extraordinary opportunities to deal with fear. Studies have shown that people can end nightmares by working through them in lucid dreams.(2) In the following example, although my thinking still seemed a bit clouded, I faced my fear and triumphed over adversity. I remember this dream with fondness, in that the choices I made had power, and depended upon my having an overt awareness of the dream state.

## **Steamroller**

**EWK 3/6/90** “... I see a huge (big as a house) steamroller, tank-car bearing down on me as I stand in the middle of the street. Knowing that I dream, I choose to face it and transform myself into a superhuman state: my forearms bulge whitely with strength, as I expand and densify—but the machine still dwarfs me. As the [machine] bears down on me I don't know if I have changed enough to stop it, but I stand resolute, and tear a hole right through it to the other side, walking through the mass of metal as if I went through paper maché.”

Most lucid dreamers deal with fear as I did in this potential nightmare by choosing to believe, and then act as if, nothing that happens in a dream could possibly harm them. This technique has advantages and disadvantages. The mechanism and logic, of what I'll call the “**Just a Dream**” technique, goes something like this:

1. The dreamer experiences a scary situation and feels afraid.
2. They realize that they dream.
3. They then sequentially think:
  - a. “This is a dream.”
  - b. “Dreams are unreal.”
  - c. “Nothing unreal can hurt me.”
  - d. “Therefore, I have nothing to feel afraid about, and I am perfectly safe.”

Although this technique works well for facing fears in dreams, it seems a less useful technique for facing fears in waking life:

1. The waker experiences a scary situation and feels afraid.
2. They realize that they don't dream.
3. They then sequentially think:
  - a. "This is not a dream."
  - b. "Dreams are unreal."
  - c. "This is real."
  - d. "HELP!!!."

Of course, a devout Hindu or Buddhist, who genuinely sees the world as an Illusion, can use something similar to the "Just a Dream Technique," which I'll call the "Just an Illusion" technique, if they subscribe to that metaphysical point of view wholeheartedly.

However, if they have an attachment to their physical lives, this technique may not prevent fear of loss. Because even if they believe that they will wake up to a greater life, rather than ceasing to exist, death still means that their physical lives and their physical experiences will end, just as a dream ends when you wake up in the morning.

I should point out that although many people assume that nothing in a dream can harm them, that this remains just an assumption. Many people still believe that dreams occur "all in their heads" and seem entirely subjective and imaginary, and as a result, almost entirely harmless. Psi-dreaming research has shown that dreams do not occur all in one's head, but in an intersubjective space. And of course mind-body research has shown that what occurs in the mind can have an effect on the physical body, for good, or for ill.

While the "Just a Dream" technique can minimize or dissipate fears, it does not actually seem a way of directly facing one's fears, but of defusing them through a denial of serious consequences, by replacing one set of assumptions about the nature of one's experienced reality with another. Even so, using this technique in lucid dreams can have positive effects in waking life, especially with respect to irrational fears, through desensitization. Some therapists use a similar approach in **WPR** using virtual reality set-ups—having someone with a fear of heights work through that fear virtually and so desensitize themselves. Both lucid dreaming and virtual reality training approaches have helped people develop skills that have carried over to the waking state. As VR therapy has demonstrated, repeated exposures to simulations of a fear-provoking situation in a safe setting can have dramatic positive effects. Similarly, someone with a fear of heights can transcend this fear by learning to fly—and even to enjoy flying—in lucid dreams.

But can one deal with fear without denying the possibility of serious consequences when confronted by a scary situation? Yes, by embracing an attitude of non-attachment.

In the following dream I'll share an example of how I've dealt with fear using a non-attachment technique that has worked for me in dealing with fearful situations in both my dreaming life and my waking life:

### **Cast Into the Pit**

**EWK 11/16/99** " . . . *Semi-lucid, I worry a bit about E. (a participant in my lucid dream group, who later validated the earlier part of this dream as apparently mutual) who I saw earlier in the dream, but who went off on her own. I try to find her, and arrive at a sort of grimy cult building—used books piled outside. E. may have gone into the building—I see the book she borrowed from me earlier in the dream on the pile. . . . I decide to find E., and use the chant/pulling technique. I arrive at a sort of gray concrete structure . . . I look for E. again, using the chant locator technique, which draws me into a dingy gray area.*

*As I fly down one dingy lit corridor, I see two girls, one about E.'s size. Seeing me, in apparent terror, they cry "Look! A Human Soul!" And race up some stairs. I follow, and enter into a large meeting hall—better lit, lots of chairs and people, but with a dingy puce green carpet and a very unpleasant feel. A man with a black suit—the leader comes up—a Mr. BMG. Uncomfortable in the restrictive atmosphere, and now fully lucid, I chant two Kabbalistic god-names. The people/beings/elementals keep their distance, but do not otherwise react.*

*The leader comes up to me, and tells me that as I come from Earth, they will have to operate on me, to re-*

move the “untruth-false ideas” that I have, so that I will see things his way, “The Truth.” Otherwise, they will throw me in a pit I see on one side of the room. I tell him, “If I have any defects, that I invite God to directly operate on me to remove the error.” All of them shrink back and hunch over when I say this.

*I do not trust the man/being who styles himself as the Reverend BMG so when they move forward in a mass to force me into the pit, I grab the “Reverend” and pull him in with me. When he lands he becomes a pile of what looks like broken, rotten oranges. I feel in danger, but stay calm and fully lucid. I find myself in a dark room/tunnel/cave filled with ordure and filth. Bugs crawl all over everything in what looks and feels like a section of Hell. I chant **WS** to put up a shield of protection, and materialize a pair of gloves, but I feel that if I panic the possibility exists that I will not wake up, but will remain trapped here. I forge ahead, staying centered and confident in the invulnerability of my True Beingness and finally breaking out of the tunnel into the light.” **RWPR**.*

In this case I dealt with my fear by disidentifying with that part of me that feared, the dream self, and by identifying instead with my knowingness, expanding into my True Beingness, the Source Self beyond time and space. Jack Schwarz called this process non-attachment, by which he meant detaching from the little conscious self that fears, while attaching to the Greater Self that does not. I originally learned to achieve this change in perspective by practicing the well-known **Neti-Neti** (“Not this, not that”) meditation(3) in waking life.

In the **Cast into the Pit** dream I freed myself from fear, by achieving a state of indifference towards the possibility of harm, through consciously choosing to experience the situation from the perspective of my Greater Self.

As I see it, lucidity as a variable aspect of consciousness corresponds most closely with the increased freedom of choice that results from the overt awareness of previously unquestioned assumptions. When I become fully lucid, I overtly realize that “I dream this” also just seems an assumption. And I also consciously realize that even if I do dream, that I really don’t know what “dreaming” means. In this dream I did not transcend fear by assuming that nothing in the dream could harm me. To the contrary, given what I know about mind-body effects, and realizing all that I do not know about dreaming, I assumed that it could. Because I even accepted the possibility of physical death in the dream, transcending my fears required that I connect/identify with a deeper aspect of Self, where fear does not exist.

### Conclusion

I believe that learning to face one’s fears—and learning how to transcend them—constitutes one of the most important lessons that we need to learn in life.(4) As Buddha said, “*The whole secret of existence is to have no fear. Never fear what will become of you, depend on no one. Only the moment you reject all help are you freed.*”

Understanding fear, the mechanisms through which it operates(5), and how our fears affect us personally and culturally(6), to me seems an essential study for those who wish to transcend their current limitations.

In alchemical lore, we learn that the fabled philosopher’s stone can change lead into gold. In a way, fear does just the opposite—it can change gold into lead, joy into misery, freedom into slavery, and victory into defeat. Our fears serve as the bars of the cage that limits us, or as Morpheus described it in **The Matrix**, “. . . a prison that you cannot smell or taste or touch. A prison . . . for your mind.” To escape, you must “. . . let it all go . . . fear, doubt, and disbelief. *Free Your Mind.*”

Although our fears signal when we approach our limits, they also serve to enforce them, if we restrict our actions to those that keep us in our habitual comfort zones. Learning what we fear can provide invaluable information, and by lucidly facing our fears we can learn a lot about ourselves. Years ago, Patricia Sun gave this advice on how to deal with fear, that has stayed with me ever since:

*“When you’re fearful, you notice you’re afraid, and you know that the reason you’re afraid is because you believe a lie about yourself. And you try to figure out what the lie is.”(7)*

Lucid dreaming provides a valuable venue and many opportunities for exploring, recognizing, and transcending ones fears. Rather than automatically giving into our fears, we can consciously choose to de-limit ourselves, to expand our horizons and our perceptions, and to learn how to see through illusions and to perceive

deeper layers of reality beneath. Because of this, lucid dreamers might want to consider consciously choosing to engage, while dreaming, in the sort of activities that bring them anxiety in the waking state. Lucid dreamers have abilities and potentialities not available to their waking selves, so that facing fearful situations, will often prove much easier to do in lucid dreams. Success in transcending fears in dreams can have positive effects that carry over into one's waking life. As lucid dreamers and lucid wakers we need to face our fears, make informed and conscious choices, in order that we can move beyond them. As Richard Bach wrote, "Overcome fear, behold wonder." ▲

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4. **Note:** If you haven't already seen it, the movie *Defending Your Life* does a great job of presenting this concept in a very entertaining way.
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## *The Invisible Current – a Night Dive into Trust, Surrender, and Nonduality*



By Ivonne Freige © 2026

**In my early lucid dreams,** I used lucidity to fly, walk through walls, visit friends, and travel to impossible places. I did whatever I wanted, as if the dream was a private laboratory of freedom, which I exercised with an almost childlike lightness. Over time, something changed. After reading *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self* by Robert Waggoner, I began to use those moments not to act, but to inquire into deeper matters.

I developed a small ritual: when there are people in the dream, I ask them what they represent about me. The answers are illuminating or funny, but always revealing interesting information. When there is no one around, I look up at the sky and ask the dream to show me what I need to see or know. It is as if I am addressing a silent intelligence that organizes the scene, the characters, and the plot. What follows is usually a delicate transition: the scene dissolves and I wait for another one to appear, or I suddenly begin to float indefinitely until a new scene emerges; other times there is a sensation of suction, of traveling at great speed through a tunnel, sometimes with flashes of light, sometimes completely dark or gray.

On several occasions, when I have said, “Show me what I need to see or know,” the resulting scene was the same: I found myself floating high above the ocean at night. Below me, the water was a dark plain. As soon as I recognized the landscape, I thought with resignation, “Oh no, not the ocean thing again,” because I knew what would come next: a vertiginous fall toward the surface, with the intention of taking me down into the nocturnal depths.

Before even touching the water, the fear was so intense that I preferred to wake up. I was terrified by the hyper-reality of the dream: the idea of encountering predators in the depths, of being bitten by something invisible in the darkness. I knew I could not truly die, that in the worst case I would wake up abruptly. But sensations in lucid dreams can be intensely vivid—including pain—and I did not want to experience that.

Each time I woke up, I felt frustrated with myself for missing yet another opportunity to explore what it was that the subconscious insisted on showing me. I was also irritated by that insistence: why not take me to a field of flowers, to something peaceful, grand, beautiful? Why insist on the dark ocean floor? What could possibly be interesting about such a terrifying place? That resistance lasted for years. The scene did not always appear when I asked for guidance, but when it did, I chose to interrupt the dream.

One night, I decided to resist the impulse to wake up. As I fell toward the ocean, the sensation was that of a body without a parachute, plunging at great speed toward the surface. My dream body was not exactly a body; the sense of limbs was diffuse, but as I crossed the surface of the water, I perceived a clear change in density, as if space itself became thicker. I touched the ocean floor with a soft impact on the sand. I had no control over the dream or my body: it was as if I was only consciousness observing through a pair of eyes, floating passively and bouncing like a balloon against surfaces. The bottom was a pale, motionless expanse. From my visual field, I could see that in front of me—hidden in a darker area—was a giant scorpion, about 12-15 feet long. It approached slowly, and I could neither defend myself nor flee. I kept floating gently like a speck of dust in the air, without control over my dream body. I was terrified, and the temptation to wake up was overwhelming, but I told myself: I’m already here; this time I have to face the fear.

Just as the giant scorpion was almost over me, a gentle current lifted me and I floated above it, descending again onto the sand, far away. I felt a moment of relief before the terror returned; what if something else ap-

peared? I had barely finished that thought when a giant tarantula appeared beside me, moving towards me more quickly. Again, the current lifted me just enough so that it could not reach me. As I watched it beneath me, knowing it could not touch me, a certainty began to arise: I was being protected. It was not just an idea like “the universe protects me,” but an embodied, absolute conviction that nothing “bad” could happen to me. Although it was true that being there with giant monsters was not a joyful thing, what I experienced as “bad” felt like a mask over something that could not truly be bad.

As I floated gently, unable to intervene, something reorganized in the way I understood what was happening. The tarantula and the protective current were not opposing forces, but expressions of the same intelligence generating the scene. Threat and protection were gestures of a single source. It felt as if I were completely immersed in a primordial amniotic fluid from which everything arose, including myself, as the floating observer. There was no outside or inside: ocean, scorpion, tarantula, current, dream-consciousness, and “me” appeared as variations of the same field.

At that moment, the distinction between “good” and “bad” dissolved like salt in water. There was nothing that could harm me, because there was no “someone” separate from the scene—only a single consciousness playing at being many things. Within that revelation, the impulse to intervene lost its meaning. I didn’t need to do anything. The absence of bodily control—the impossibility of swimming frantically or defending myself—was part of the teaching: there was nothing to do, only to trust and let myself be carried.

Thousands of baby tarantulas began to appear, and I floated above them. The certainty of being protected felt like a warm, enveloping peace; fear disappeared, and I surrendered to that force that gently guided where I moved. In that moment of surrender, despite being at the bottom of the nocturnal sea, dawn gradually began to break. Sunlight filtered down, everything became more luminous, and I was drawn to the beauty of the light filtering through the water, creating a choreography of dancing shadows on the sand. At the same time, music with African rhythms began to play, like a soundtrack from *The Lion King*. The baby tarantulas transformed into baby lions, walking and playing on the illuminated seabed, while I observed the scene from a more distant perspective, floating upward until the scene dissolved and I woke up.

From that dream on, something changed in my waking life. The sense of being protected did not remain at the bottom of the oneiric ocean; it began to permeate my daily life.

When a problem arises that I don’t know how to solve, or when my mind spirals into overthinking—calculating scenarios, rehearsing conversations, trying to control every variable—I allow myself to let go. I trust that the same impersonal process (call it unconscious, process, or the universe) will resolve the situation in ways I do not need to anticipate. When I realize I’ve submerged again into everyday life, with its illusion of separation, I deliberately return to that scene: the invisible current lifting me above the predators, without effort, without struggle, in absolute calm. I breathe and imagine myself floating.

Yet what I return to is not only an image of safety, but the deeper intuition revealed in that amniotic immersion: that this “higher” force is not something separate from me, defending me from the outside world. It is not the prince rescuing the princess, but both prince and princess as expressions of the same source. And perhaps this is also true for waking life.

In a dream, it is obvious that everything that appears is created by the same mind: scorpion, ocean, protective current, and me as the observer. But what if this was also true in waking life? That everything that happens to us—robbery, unexpected gain, loss—was a single intelligence expressing itself, not with intention or purpose, but simply because that is what it is. Not an intelligence that “designs” experiences, but one that unfolds without fully knowing itself, without even a prior notion of good or bad.

And yet, for something to feel like “robbery” or “salvation,” an internal point of view is required: someone who experiences themselves as separate from the scene, as the recipient of what happens. The illusion of separation would then not be an error, but the condition that makes experience itself possible—the way that intelligence comes to know itself from the inside.

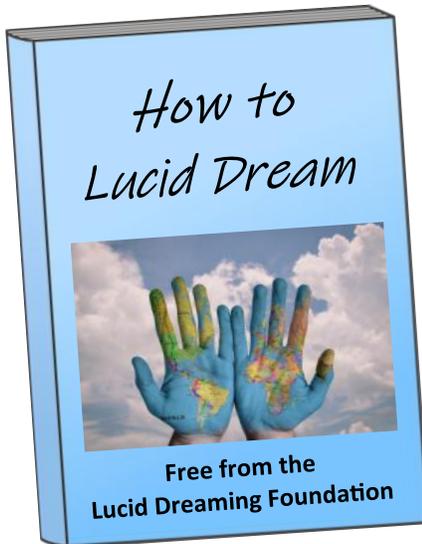
This experience transformed the way I inhabit uncertainty. Sometimes I close my eyes and return to that effortless floating, and I think that the invisible current belongs neither to dream nor to wakefulness, but to the background that sustains them both.

As if the ocean had never disappeared. ▲



## LUCID DREAMERS UNITE!

By Robert Waggoner © 2025



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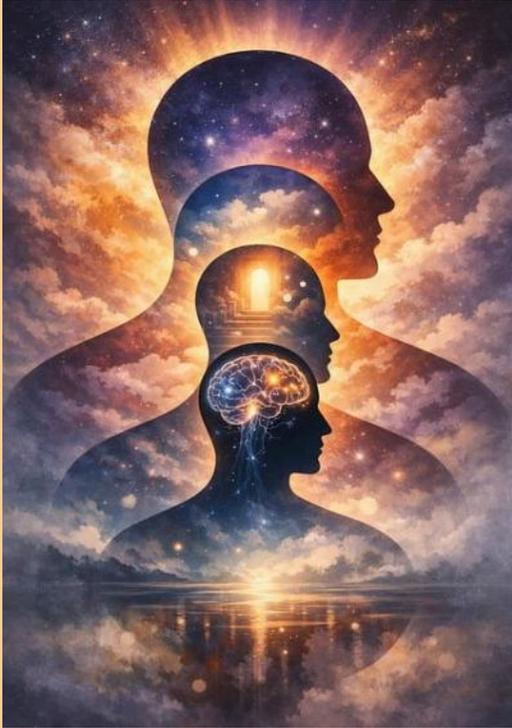
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# Layers of Lucidity:



# When Dreams Within Dreams Become Reality

By Giorgia Bettili © 2026

**While this particular dream** may not seem extraordinary, I believe it offers a fascinating glimpse into the layered nature of consciousness within the dream state. What makes it interesting is how it demonstrates that lucidity exists on a spectrum, even beyond the standard layers of lucidity such as 'semi-lucid', 'lucid', fully lucid' etc. This experience revealed to me how even in a state of full lucidity, where I could manipulate my environment at will, I remained unconscious about what constituted my actual waking reality.

## The Non-Lucid Beginning

The dream begins without any awareness that I am dreaming. I find myself approaching a porch, where a large white rat blocks my path. I am fearful it will bite. To pass safely, I grab it by the throat, preventing it from opening its jaws, and throw it aside. The rat doesn't bite me, but as I climb the stairs beyond the porch, I notice something troubling: a dark bruise has appeared on my right index finger where I held the animal.

Throughout the remainder of this non-lucid segment, I carry a worry about infection and the possible consequences of this injury.

## The Shift to Lucidity

The dream continues with many other events, and eventually I find myself in a park with other people. Then I simply have a shift in consciousness and suddenly know I am dreaming. With this recognition comes the impulse to fly and I lift into the air.

As I demonstrate my lucidity, the other characters begin to realize they are dreaming too. I watch them experiment with floating, their surprise and wonder as they discover the lack of gravity. Leaving them to their discoveries, I continue on my own lucid journey.

## Full Lucidity and Mastery

A breeze lifts me, carrying me horizontally along the road, faster and faster, floating above the ground. I am now fully lucid, and with this clarity comes some control. I begin to multiply and transform objects around me. This is a significant achievement for me, as such deliberate manipulation doesn't always work in my lucid dreams. Even if I am able to achieve many dream plans and have full memory, manipulation of objects is not an easy task.

For me, the ability to successfully multiply and alter objects serves as a benchmark of full lucidity. When I can do this consistently, I know I've reached a fully lucid state where my conscious will has substantial control over the dream environment.

## The Paradox: Lucid Yet Unaware

Here's where the experience becomes intriguing and reveals the layered complexity of dream consciousness.

In my fully lucid state, I begin thinking about completing a

dream plan, but somehow I cannot recollect my usual dream plans. And the only plan that emerges in my mind is to heal my right index finger.

But here's the remarkable paradox: in waking reality, there is absolutely nothing wrong with my right index finger. Yet somehow, in my lucid mind, I had carried forward a false memory from the earlier, non-lucid portion of my dream. I hadn't fully recognized that the rat encounter was *also* a dream. In my lucid consciousness, I was treating that earlier dream segment as though it were waking reality.

Despite being lucid enough to fly, multiply objects, and reshape my environment, I remained unconscious about the true nature of my waking state. The bruise, which had occurred in my previous non-lucid dream, had become part of what I mistakenly believed was my real, physical condition which needed healing.

This reveals something interesting to me: full lucidity in terms of dream control doesn't necessarily mean complete awareness of what constitutes actual waking reality.

### Healing the False Wound

I proceed to execute my dream plan, sending healing energy to my finger. No healing visible light appears so I am not sure my dream plan is actually working. However, eventually, a figure appears: a woman wearing a small golden crown, who informs me that the healing is complete. Shortly after, the lucid dream ended.

Upon waking, I find myself both amused and fascinated by this experience. How could a fully lucid mind capable of dream manipulation simultaneously maintain a false belief about waking reality? I had fooled myself into thinking I had an injury that needed healing, when in fact the injury itself was nothing more than a dream memory.

This experience sheds a light above the subtle layers of awareness available within the dream state. Consciousness operates across multiple dimensions.

### An Unexpected Connection

My curiosity about this dream experience didn't end upon waking. I found myself drawn to investigate the specific location of the bruise in my dream. I consulted acupuncture charts and discovered that the exact point where the dream rat had injured my finger corresponded to a midpoint between two acupuncture points: one related to the small intestine and the other to the large intestine channels.

Interestingly, these are indeed weak areas for me in waking reality and about which I've had health concerns. Could it be that my subconscious mind was using the dream narrative to draw my attention to an area that genuinely needed healing? Perhaps the dream healing I performed wasn't directed at a false wound after all, but rather at an energetic or physical imbalance that my deeper consciousness recognized.

This possibility opens up questions for me about the intelligence operating beneath our conscious awareness, and whether our dreams, even the confused, layered ones, might be working toward our healing and well-being in ways our waking mind cannot fully comprehend.

This dream experience served me as a reminder that lucid dreaming is far more complex than simply 'waking up' within a dream. The terrain of consciousness during sleep contains multiple layers, blind spots, and surprising intersections between lucidity and limitation.

The journey toward complete awareness is ongoing, and I am always curious to discover its mysterious workings and multilayered structure. ▲



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# ***Calcified Man?***

## ***A Lucid Dream Experience***

**By Robert Waggoner © 2026**

***A few weeks ago, I found myself*** in a relatively empty setting, save for the unusual structure in the center of the place. There stood a human-type form about six feet tall, apparently composed of calcium (or something similar). Looking at it, I noticed the open mouth as if it meant to make some sort of expression—a moan, a shriek, a cry for help—it seemed impossible to know. As I wondered about its expression, it occurred to me, “I am dreaming this,” and suddenly shifted over to that lucid realization.

Examining it with greater awareness, this image struck me as odd. A calcified human form trying to express itself but completely frozen or stuck! What?? I felt sorry for it and began to use lucid techniques to animate it or release it from this bondage. However, none of the techniques seemed to make any change. The calcified human form remained unmoved. Because of this, I began to wonder if this seemed a kind of message from my inner awareness? Something it wanted me to see and appreciate as important? In past lucid dreams I have noted that if something seemed completely unchangeable, it may serve as an inner message. I let it be, and woke.

In the morning, the image haunted me. ‘Calcified Man,’ I called it. But why this image? Why now?

Taking a shower, I noticed the small bit of calcium building up at the shower tip, and recalled how this builds up over time. Naturally in the water flow are tiny bits of minerals that begin to accumulate over time which ultimately constricts the water flow. This called forth another association where I also recalled how a week or so earlier, I had been snorkeling in the warm waters of the Caribbean and had seen areas of whited-out or bleached coral. I assumed the color meant it was dying.

As I played with the image of ‘Calcified Man,’ I noted that both associations had to do with water. In my personal symbology, water often connects with emotions. While emotions normally seem quite fluid and changeable, a rigidity or hardening can sometimes occur—much like the calcium buildup in the shower tips.

I have come to see that emotions become empowered by personal beliefs, expectations, and perspectives. And these often formed and shaped our personal experiences, which in turn often harden over time into our personal viewpoints or personal belief system. In fact, entire cultures can begin to focus upon a certain viewpoint or a certain belief pattern which then hardens over time and becomes their reality.

Was ‘Calcified Man’ an expression of this hardening of beliefs, but now seeking some sort of relief or change? Why would my inner awareness want to show this to me and why now?

My gut sense: Big changes seem coming in the next five years. Changes that will ask us for greater flexibility and fluidity than ever before. Change of this magnitude does not come easily, but it comes (I feel) in response to mankind’s desire for a New World.

May the year of the Fire Horse bless all of us, and usher in constructive changes for our greater good. ▲



May the Year of  
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## Where's Robert?

### Upcoming Events with Robert Waggoner

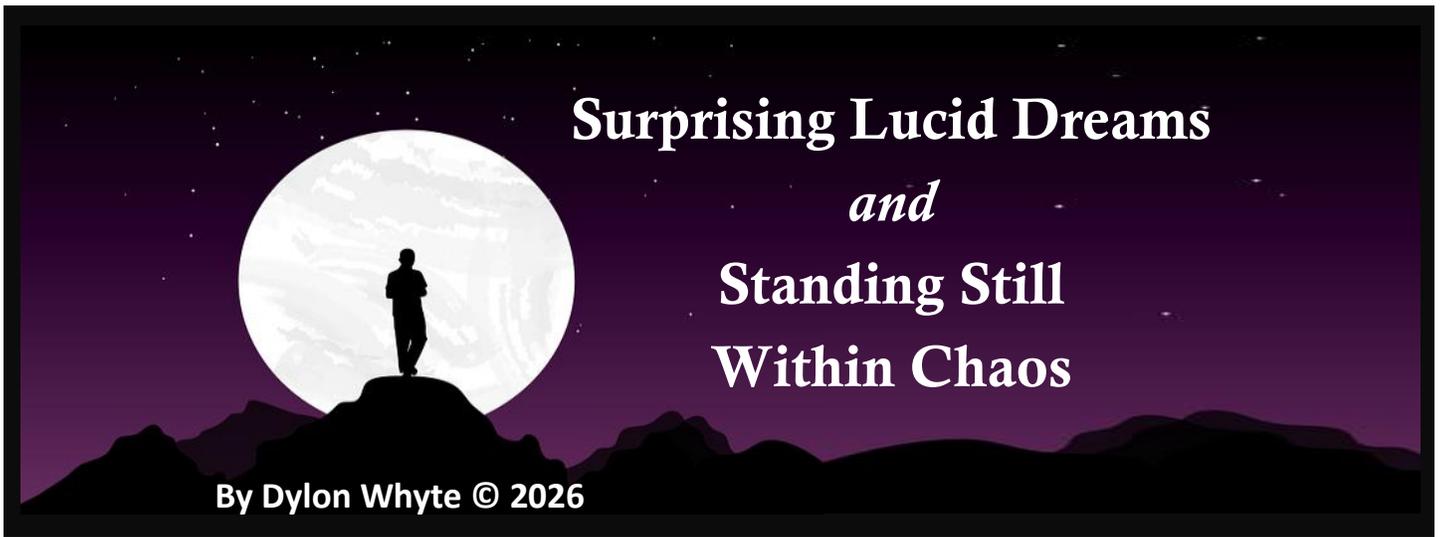
**June 13–17, 2026 — Ashland, Oregon**  
**International Assoc. for the Study of Dreams Conference**  
Robert and others will present at the 43rd Annual IASD Conference  
Details at: <https://iasdconferences.org/2026/>

**Ongoing — Monthly Webinars**  
**World of Lucid Dreaming presents Monthly Webinars with Robert!**  
Held on the first week of every month; see WOLD website for dates/Zoom links  
(please note a new link is needed for each month).  
Details at: <https://learn.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/robert-waggoner-webinar>

**Jung Platform Online Course**  
**“Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth”**  
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**“Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner”**  
A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!  
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Want  
to take a lucid  
dreaming class at  
your own pace? Check  
out Robert's online  
offerings!



Every lucid dream I've had has surprised me in some way. They always seem to raise more questions than they answer. One of the most striking experiences happened when I was walking down a garden path near my dream sanctum and was suddenly approached by a shape-shifting creature—part dog, part cat, part fox—with golden fur and a long tail. It ran up to me excitedly and exclaimed, “Vision! You're here!”

Confused, I responded, “I am? Do I know you?”

“YES! We used to talk all the time when you were younger,” the creature insisted. “I'm sorry, I don't remember...” I replied. It reminded me of a miniature Martin Tenbones from *The Sandman*, but before I could press for more details, the dream faded, leaving me with an even stronger sense of mystery.

Another time, I woke into a lucid dream standing stark naked on a familiar street corner in my hometown. I just knew I was magic, so I figured—why not try shooting lightning from my fingertips? Instead of the expected zapping arc, an electrifying energy surged through me, an overwhelming sensation that was as sensual as it was shocking. Definitely not what I had anticipated!

During my cancer treatment, I had a lucid dream about attending a special healing ceremony where people shared their stories. Inspired by the dream, I decided to do the same in waking life, creating a series of live broadcasts documenting my journey. I hadn't realized how uncommon it was for people to share their experiences so openly, and the response was incredibly positive. Also, I survived, which I consider a pretty great outcome.

That wasn't the only time I experienced dream healings. In one particularly bizarre instance, Terry Silver from *Cobra Kai* placed his mouth over my face and started making “VROOM VROOM VROOM” noises, which sent tingling waves through my body. I woke up buzzing, much like I have after experiencing “lightmare” dreams or episodes of exploding head syndrome. Dream Terry, however, was deeply unimpressed by the experience.

In another dream healing ceremony, an elder invited people to take on different names. When the role of “Rosy Cheeks” was offered, I impulsively accepted and ended up entertaining everyone by rolling around on the floor, speaking in funny voices and laughing uncontrollably. The dream carried a sense of unfiltered joy, as if humor itself was a form of healing.

Lucid dreams have allowed me to feel the entire emotional spectrum—first love, transcendent acceptance, terror, ecstasy, profound sadness, and pure ambivalence. The range is astonishing. I've found that embracing emotions fully, whether in dreams or waking life, seems to be a key to experiencing richer, deeper dreams.

Like many lucid dreamers, I've had encounters where facing fear directly transforms the experience. Once, I inherited a house in a dream and was giving friends a tour when we reached the basement—only to discover the most grotesque, over-the-top version of Dracula imaginable. Without hesitation, I walked up and gave him a big hug of unconditional love. He immediately exploded in a ridiculous, *Evil Dead*-style shower of blood and

## Surprising Lucid Dreams

rubber guts. I wiped my face, turned to my friends, and said, “Well, that’s my superpower. What’s yours?”

One of the most emotional lucid dreams I’ve ever had involved my mother, who passed away when I was six. I found her in a trading post surrounded by otherworldly versions of my father’s artwork. It had been over 39 years, but I recognized her instantly, even after all that time. She smiled, told me she loved me, and invited me upstairs to talk. Just as I was about to follow her up a spiraling metal staircase, I became aware of a repetitive beeping noise. Annoyed, she muttered, “I could kill whoever is making that noise.”

Then I woke up to the sound of snow removal equipment backing up outside my window. Overwhelmed with emotion, I went outside to photograph the sunrise. The entire town was covered in a breathtaking layer of hoarfrost, and even though I nearly froze my fingers off, it was the only thing that could ground me after such an intense dream.

Dream reentry, for me, happens most effectively through creative expression. While I’ve rarely been able to return to a dream directly, exploring them through writing, storytelling, and art has allowed me to reconnect with their energy. Strangely, in a more recent dream, I encountered my mother again, and this time, she described herself as a “psychographic projection of my schizophrenic mind.” Everyone else in the dream—including my father, my friends, and my current partner—seemed entirely supportive of this revelation. It was bizarrely reassuring.

Some lucid dreams blend seamlessly with waking life. In *The Amazing Bacon-Wrapped Chicken Dream*, I was simultaneously aware of a terrifying metal monster roaring in the distance, which I somehow recognized was just a snowplow outside my bedroom window doing its job at 3 a.m.



Other times, I’ve spoken directly with aspects of my own psyche. Once, I met a character who reminded me of someone I had shared a clown bootcamp with. I asked them, “What part of my psyche do you represent?”

They immediately replied, “I’m the Art Part!”

“The Art Part?” I echoed.

“Yes! And the thing you need to learn is to not be afraid of creating chaos.” Then the dream ended.

I’ve had similar encounters with other dream figures, including “My Gordness,” “Dekmas, A Friend,” “...Too Late, Keep Moving Forward,” “My Dangers (Literally things that make you go dang!)” and “My Knowledge and Wisdom of the Fifth Dimension.”

One time, I even spoke with my late grandfather and asked him the secret to being a great salesperson. His answer? “Sell them on all the wrong things.” That lesson has held true more times than I can count.

Lately, though, some dream characters have rejected the term “lucid dream” altogether. In a recent dream, my father appeared in my sanctum and refused to acknowledge that we were in a lucid dream. When I pressed him for an alternative explanation of our experience, he simply wouldn’t offer one. It’s left me wondering—what does that mean?

Ultimately, one of the most profound lessons my dreams have taught me is that there is no absolute, objective truth—only the mystery of our own experience. As one dream once advised me: “Trust only those who seek truth, never those who claim to have found it.”

Oh, and then there was the time I got stuck in a lucid dream. I knew I had to wake up to use the bathroom, but no matter what I tried, I couldn’t break free. Desperate, I found a dream version of my partner and explained my predicament. “I’m stuck in a lucid dream!” I confessed to her.

“Of course you are...” she smiled knowingly and led me to a workbench, where a humanoid machine—roughly my proportions but without a head—lay before us. It was an elegant construction of real-world tech-

nology, with a chest full of PC components.

She lifted its arm and attached a thin, dark tube filled with liquid to its wrist. When I asked what she was doing, she simply said, “A solution.”

I woke up immediately—and hastened straight to the bathroom.

This dream perfectly illustrates a strange characteristic I’ve noticed—dreams love double meanings. “A solution” referred both to the mysterious tube she connected to the machine and to the fact that she had literally solved my problem. It’s like that dream pillow made out of toruses. Or the time I saw a hemorrhoid in a lucid dream mirror and thought, “What a pain in the glass!”

One particularly intense lucid dream threw me into an unavoidable car crash, which then escalated into full-blown Armageddon. My entire world was consumed by an incomprehensible maelstrom. The only way out was surrender—once I let go, I woke up safely. At the time, I didn’t understand what the dream was warning me about. But a few months later, my personal life crumbled in ways I never could have anticipated. Remembering that dream helped me navigate the eternal storm.

Learning to stand still in the midst of chaos—whether in dreams or waking life—has become one of the most valuable lessons I’ve ever received.

And honestly, what could be better than that?

Visit Dylan’s website at: [Dylon Whyte WIZARD! – DIGITAL COLLAGE ARTIST](#) ▲

# **\* ANNOUNCING \*** **the Updated Online LDE Index**

## **VERSION 3**

The **LDE Index** for the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* was kindly created and maintained by Sue R. Williams until 2016. Now, building on the work that Sue initiated, Lucy Gillis has updated the index to the most recent issue.

The LDE Index includes articles, poetry, interviews and authors for quick searching of past issues from 2001 to 2025.

**Do you have a favorite LDE author?**

*Find their articles in the LDE Index!*

**Ever wonder who has been interviewed in DreamSpeak?**

*Find their names in the LDE Index!*

**Would you like to check out and try past Lucid Dream Challenges?**

*Find the LDE Challenges in the LDE Index*

**Locate the LDE Index online at the LDE website:**

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



### **Mina — *God is an Experience***

I had this lucid dream the night after I learned that my mother-in-law had passed away suddenly. That day I was in deep grief and shock.

I am lucid and I intend to fly to the Rigpa space that I go to during waking meditation practice. I gain momentum and instead of trying I am allowing and intending to fly upwards. I see clouds and sky. I arrive at the Rigpa space but I close my eyes when I get there and it causes me to come back to my physical body. This happens a couple of times.

Then I ask for my spiritual guides. I decide to keep my eyes open when I arrive. This time I'm fully open-eyed and I arrive at a floor that is pink. I enter and it's a 1970s style room (like the control room or bridge of the ships in Star Trek) with people dressed in red and cream outfits, 1970s Star Trek style.

I begin asking questions and they answer. I understand they oversee the creation of physical reality. They care about me and if I ask they provide an answer. There is one very kind man in particular who is black and has a small Afro. There is also a fair-skinned woman, I think she is Asian. When I have a question they bring me to another room and various people talk with me or show me the answer there.

I am asking about different aspects of physical existence. I am asking them why we have this or what certain things are. I'd finish one then ask a new question and I would float up through the ceiling to the next room. I feel myself going through glass or a wall or different styles of ceilings. It becomes easy to do. Then I say I'd like to try this other thing now, and float up again.

The only specific thing I remember is in one room I experience bliss/sexuality and experience what was like a whole body orgasm. Then I ask to meet God. They tell me God isn't really a person to meet, It is more of an experience to have. It can only be experienced.

They take me to another room. I began to see panels or square plates floating. I see a black panel and I begin to merge with it. I feel a little fear/hesitation but they tell me to relax and I let go and it becomes easy. It was like stepping into another reality or realm like VR.

A lot of what I experienced I cannot remember or explain because it was a totally different reality and unlike a usual perspective. The best I can put into words is I felt myself as everyone, each aspect, I became it. I was no longer just me but much, much larger. I felt immense love. The enormity of love was huge. I asked to remember it all. It said Okay. (But I know I remember only parts.)

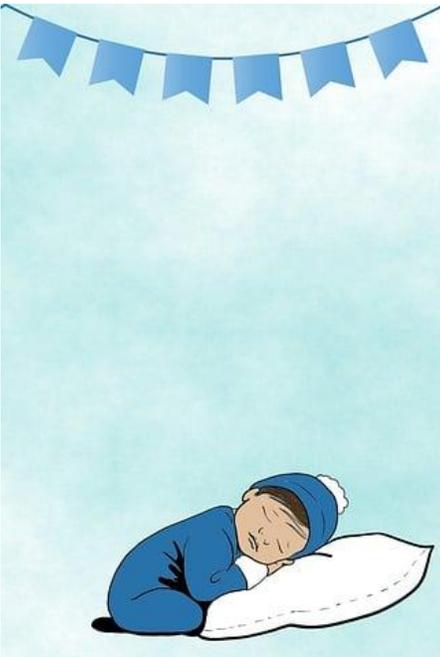
When I got back from the experience, I turned to someone with me (a guide?) and said with great excitement and enthusiasm, "Wow! Now I'd be happy to go back as anything! Even a spider!" I said this because during the experience I saw a light from Its love shining on all of earth and we could all feel it equally inside us all. And as I said "spider," my awareness zoomed into a spider, and it could feel that warm light inside itself as well. I understood that even though the physical reality of earth is so different from Ultimate Reality that I had

experienced as God, that Light/Love was still available to us here on earth and it is resonating in each of us.

At the end, as I was leaving, I said, "Wait, I need to apologize to Donny," (my ex) as I searched through stuff in a box in the control room. As I started to come back, I told him I forgive him and said I was sorry. When I awoke, I felt confident and secure. I felt this immense love in me and in everything. I was even blissed out! I knew all was well and everything was okay. I felt peace and great joy. I had a complete 180 from the place of loss I was in the day before.

This experience has since become a touchstone for me when I get into that more limited perspective that can come with being in physical reality. I just touch that shining warm Light radiating inside me and I feel Love and merge with that Ultimate Reality. Then I remember again that All is Well!

### **Simona Tuchtasunová — *Increasing Milk Production for Baby***



With my first child, a daughter, I had big problems with breastfeeding. I won the fight, but my production was only about 30% of what she needed. I did all the courses so I wouldn't repeat the same mistakes with my second child. I had him in July and I was convinced that this time I would have enough milk, but alas, my body just didn't want to produce enough, maybe because of the hyperprolactinemia for which I had taken medication in the past. I tried everything: breastfeeding and pumping nonstop, taking herbs, but my milk production stayed around 60%.

One night, six weeks after birth, I became lucidly aware in a dream while walking in a city. I was so happy, because since getting pregnant I hadn't been able to lucid dream anymore. I think I was just too tired for it. I immediately started flying and enjoying ecstatic vibrations throughout my whole body. I looked at the city below, thinking that since I grew up in a city, my mind tends to place all my dreams in an urban landscape. I was observing how the houses and details looked so real when I remembered that I had a task: to try to increase my milk production.

In the dream it didn't seem very important, but I waved my hands over my chest anyway with the thought: Just make more milk, okay? Then I continued enjoying my flight.

During the next two weeks my production increased to 80–100%, so I only needed to add extra milk occasionally. I am still amazed by how our mind can influence bodily reactions through dreams.

### **Paul Sauers — *An Unusual Feast***

I went to bed early after reading *Dreaming While Awake* for several hours and took 50mg of Galantamine since we just had a full moon. I incubated: "I will realize I'm dreaming when I'm dreaming and become lucid." I whispered this to myself several times.

In the dream I was counseling an old friend, Keith, a rug merchant who had come to me at the behest of his wife who felt he was experiencing some stress in his life. He must have been a physician in a former life since I was discussing medical issues with him.

After about 2 hours we went into his country store which seemed to be back in the 1800s and he carried a lot of 'unusual food' (from the Amazon?) which interested me. I suddenly realized that Keith didn't have a country store and became lucid.

I was looking over an array of interesting foods: a snake pâté with relish, sardines, roasted chicken with herbs and a variety of unusual vegetables. His wife Shirley encouraged me to try the roasted tomatoes which she had prepared herself. As I was taking a few items, they kept piling more into a box—Shirley adding some dried fruits. They put this in the back of my vehicle and I mentioned paying for them, and she just smiled at

me. I remembered I'd talked to Keith about taking a boat trip to relieve his stress and we hurried off since he had just some 45 minutes to make it to the boat.

I awoke and explained the dream to my wife. The 'feeling' of the dream was very pleasurable, like a short story of visiting with old friends.

### Abram Katz — *The Tipping Point*

Heavy rain gouges the barren mountain-side above me as a pitiless ocean consumes the jagged rocks below. The car's interior fills with the black-purple shades of night. Unsurprisingly, the muddy cliff where I'm parked begins to give way. *Ugh!* I start up the engine to make my escape, but the lights won't turn on. I know they will once I commit to driving away. And they do.

"I'm so sick of this shit!" I bellow to everyone and no one, to myself. "When have my headlights *E-V-E-R* not turned on? Right now? Right when I need them to?!"

As if in response to my antics, the brakes go out. My car careens down the wet slant of pavement at top speed. Frantically dodging oncoming traffic, I smash my foot down and skid to a stop.

"Seriously?! This is fucking RIDICULOUS!!" I cry out into the now-sunny beach town neighborhood. I wrench the door open, hurl myself out, and slam it hard behind me.

Off in the distance I see an idyllic beachfront, people surfing, families lounging, kids digging holes and chasing seagulls. Steeped in adrenaline and impunity, I hop a rickety wooden fence and stumble through someone's backyard. *Screw people owning land and telling me what to do!* In a coach's stance, one foot up on a cartoon fish-painted kiddie pool, I suddenly feel a chill as a breeze blows through my nether region. Aaaaand, I have no pants. "Seriously?!!"

Right at this point, I become lucid. Raging at the constancy and predictability of my classic anxiety dreams, I raise my fist to the sky and bellow, "SHORTS. NOW." I look down and a pair of stylish, black Billabong boardshorts appear on my body—the ones I always wanted as a kid but were too expensive to buy. "o-KAY now," I say with authority, "that's better."

Feeling emboldened and on-a-mission to conquer my fears, I walk toward a haunted house with no doorknob and try to enter it—*since I'm lucid I can do anything I want, right?* Responding to my own thoughts: *Really? You can do anything in the world and you're going into a haunted house with no way out? Why do you choose these kinds of experiences for yourself?* I agree [with myself] and decide instead to fly around the neighborhood. I launch into the air, attempt to fly over a tall tree, but I only reach the upper branches. I recall hearing Robert Waggoner talking about 'expectations,' and how they govern what we experience in our dreams. For now, I feel satisfied with this perceived limitation. My focus softens and I wake up, refreshed and excited to explore the potential of unwinding more of my patterns through conscious dreaming.

### Thomas — *I Had Full Control*

Last night I had the most clear and vivid lucid dream. This is the second time I have had one.

The first time I realised I was dreaming, I tried to break a door—and it worked, but I got so excited that everything started to vibrate and I woke up. After this I read a few articles on lucid dreaming and read that if you get



too excited you need to calm down or you will wake. That was about two years ago.

Last night I saw something odd and thought, 'I think I'm dreaming,' and almost immediately everything started to vibrate. So I sat down and tried to relax and it worked! Everything settled down but it felt like I had woken up, but when I looked at my hand it was distorted and my fingers looked weird.

After seeing my fingers look so strange I realised I was still dreaming. I thought, 'Well passing through walls is impossible so if I'm dreaming, I might be able to do it.' I then pressed my head into the wall and started to pass through. It felt strange—the only way I can describe it is like the same sensation from sucking a penny, kind of like an electrical tingling sensation.

Next, I tried flying but it didn't work straight away. At first, I was like a hovercraft just barely above the ground, but after a while I felt pressure on my chest and I could go higher, but as soon as I felt like was going to fall I would come back down to floating like a hovercraft again.

I was also able to punch through walls and even manifest other people but for some reason I did not think to try to change the scenario. I don't think the people had faces or I can't remember them.

I felt like I woke up a few times during all this but every time I checked my fingers they were distorted again, so I knew I was still dreaming.

In the dream it felt like a really long time had passed. It was an unbelievable experience and one I did not try to have on purpose; but what's more strange to me is this happened last night and I can still recall almost all of it clearly!



### Hector — *Beauty Awakens Me*

"What an incredibly beautiful cathedral," I think to myself as I look closely at all the exquisite details of the art and architecture surrounding me. The dark interior of the church is illuminated by the sun's rays that partially pierce through the enormous stained-glass windows to my left.

"This looks like St. Peter's Basilica," I continue. "Actually, it is EXACTLY like St. Peter's."

I pause and wonder to myself, "Am I in St. Peter's Basilica??"

Immediately I realize that that is impossible—I was just in my bedroom not more than an hour ago. Then it hits me: I must be in a dream! And with that realization, suddenly I have full and complete awareness. I become fully conscious!

My subtle body disappears and I am left with no body—I am simply a point of awareness floating around the inner space of the cathedral, admiring everything, including and especially the state that I am in. I feel more conscious than when I am awake! I become completely absorbed in the magnificent beauty of the palatial structure.

This lucidity lasted a minute or two before I wandered off to pursue a much more routine, mundane thing, like picking up my kids from school.

**Joseph Kemeny — *Along for the Ride***

In a dream, my wife Kim and I were driving along a freeway in a minivan-like vehicle. (Neither one of us drive a minivan in waking life.) Kim was driving but she was seated on the right-hand side of the vehicle, like they do in England. Eventually the freeway ended, the minivan disappeared, and we went flying through the air. This was very frightening because the ground was far below!

We ended up landing on what appeared to be broken pieces of a freeway bridge with support structures still holding them up. We seemed to be in a very dangerous situation and I was quite frightened.

It was then that I thought to myself how silly this situation was, and I became aware that I was dreaming.

As usual, when I become aware in a dream, the environment became much more vivid. I decided to have a little fun and escape from the platform by flying. We both jumped into the air and flew away (I find it interesting that my wife’s dream figure was still participating in the dream).

Although I did not request it, we appeared to be riding on little flat “trays” as we flew. We cruised ahead for a while, enjoying the sensation of flying. Then I decided to attempt to fly faster. This did not work, and I continued floating at the same speed.

I next found myself far above a large city that had tall buildings and rows of streetlights. As I admired the beauty of the city lights, my tray slowly drifted downward towards the ground. I soon found myself awake in bed and disappointed that the experience had ended.

For the remainder of the day, I had that happy “glow” with me, and I was excited that I had accomplished another lucid dream. This lucid dream is a good example of how we do have some control over the dream but we are also “literally” along for the ride!

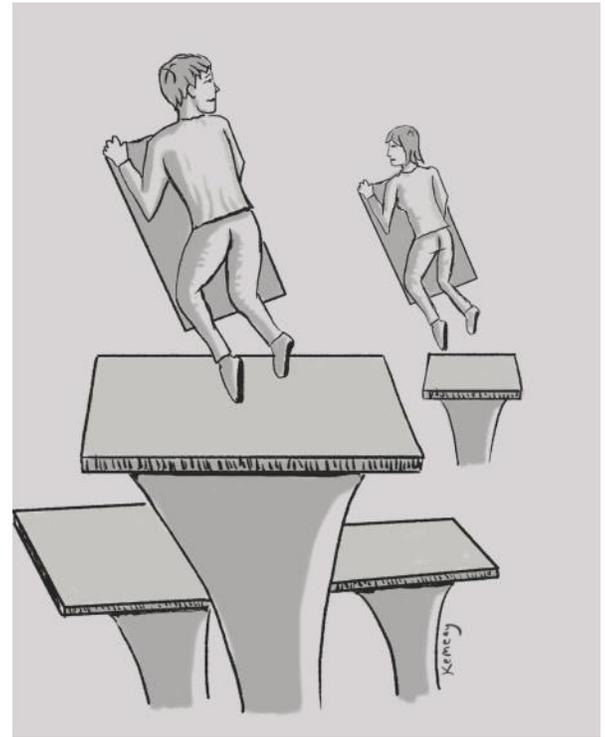


Image: *Flying Dream* by Joseph Kemeny © 2026



- **Amrit Ratnanda — *White Lady Transforms into Black Lady***
- 
- Hello from Nepal!
- 
- My 2026 goal is to have lucid dreams. After one month and 12 days of practices to induce lucid dreaming, I had a lucid dream.
- 
- I had been very tired while listening to a podcast of Mr. Robert Waggoner, and was trying to sleep on the right side of the prayer room. Within five minutes, I fell asleep and a dream came.
- 
- Prior to the podcast, I had been watching a healing video of a Reiki Master, who is a white lady. This same lady came into my dream and then transformed into a black lady. At the same time as this happened, I recognized that it was a dream! I couldn’t stabilize the dream for very long, and in about 30 seconds I awoke.
- 
- Now I need to learn how to stabilize dreams.
- My practise continues.
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### **RickM — *A Plea to Heaven***

My cousin, who is in her early fifties, has been in our nightly prayers since we first learned of her cancer diagnosis back in August of 2024. Two brain surgeries and chemotherapy did little to prevent a third recurrence that was deemed inoperable. After recently completing a round of radiation treatments, she continues to maintain an extraordinarily positive and courageous attitude, despite a disease with a near-zero cure rate (glioblastoma).

She is a person of infectious enthusiasm and effervescence, and our extended family has always looked at her with great affection. This radiant personality also helped her rise to an executive management position within the financial industry.

With these thoughts in mind and prior to learning of her cancer type, I had the following dream this past December 2025.

My wife and I are walking in an unfamiliar city. We happen upon a contemporary building, several stories high, that is architecturally pleasing building. Looking up, we see the second floor consisted of clear glass walls wherein we could see antiques of all kinds. I said to my wife, "That place looks interesting, let's go up and have a look."

The scene changes. I'm now walking by myself through the outlet, presuming my wife is browsing in another section. The venue is very spacious. There's a single column in the center of the layout that is surrounded by glass display cases forming a square. Standing inside this perch and staring in my direction is a tidy-looking shopkeeper with a pencil mustache and angelic smile. We nod to each other as I pass by, and there's a warm feeling of welcoming.

Perusing the collection, everything suddenly becomes hyper-real. The crystal glassware nearby is sparkling as if made entirely of diamonds. The thought occurs, "This must be a dream, everything is too magical." Turning back to the gentleman, I seemingly tell him telepathically, "Sorry, I need to go!" The figure continues his genial expression as I launch backwards, travel through the glass wall, and up into the sky.

The idea is to find my cousin and pray with her, but the plan is hastily conceived, so the flight is instead halted in midair. Feeling time is short, I implore God to spare our cherished cousin. As I tried to describe this treasured soul as best I could, the dream fades slowly back into waking reality.

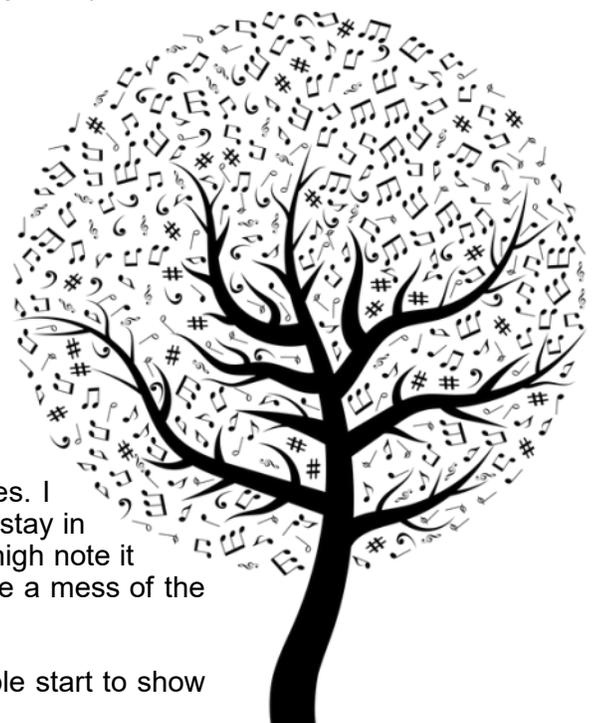
### **Lucy Gillis — *Musical Notes Hanging in the Air***

I look down a long hallway and something about the shine of the floor and walls gives it a slightly unreal look. I think to myself that I could make this into a lucid dream. With that thought I lift off and fly down the hall on my belly with my arms outstretched from my sides. I sing a single note, "Aaaaa," and the sound helps me to maintain altitude.

I can't hold the note for long and have to take a deep gasping breath before I can repeat it. It sounds and feels so clumsy. I decide to "leave my voice in the air."

When I stop to take a less laborious breath, the sound continues. I experiment with different notes, some high, some low. They all "stay in the air" and form a pretty harmony. When I try an exceptionally high note it comes out like a cross between a scream and a squawk. I make a mess of the very low notes too. The bad sounds do not remain in the air.

I continue to do this while flying up and down the hallway. People start to show



up, standing on the floor to either side of me (I am now hovering in the air), and they sing, too. Some sing out aggressively, as though they are competing with one another. I see S, a female friend, to my left and hear her beautiful voice carry the notes I couldn't produce. I assume these people are created (by my dreaming mind) to sing the parts that I can't. The "air" sounds wonderful. I soon wake. [Reprinted from LDE 24.]

### **Briana Paquin — *Morpheus***

This dream adventure occurred in three parts, but I think they're related. Two things I had been struggling with in waking life were chronic stomach issues and lack of musical creativity. I decided to try meditating before bed to induce lucid dreaming since I had success with that a few times when I was younger.

In July 2025, I found myself lucidly aware in a doctor's office. While waiting for the doctor to come in, I decided to ask the dream for help with healing. I felt a surge of calming electricity, my visual experience became glittering blue light, and I merged somewhat with these sensations, although I was still aware of being "me." When leaving the office, I saw a woman sitting behind the reception window and since I was still lucid, I asked the dream to play me some music I could create. The woman opened the window and handed me what looked like a school report card with the words "satisfactory" and "sincere" written on it. I was very annoyed because I heard no music!

In November 2025, I had a very vivid but non-lucid dream in which I was at a concert and was invited onstage with a friend to sing backup vocals for a song with a disco band. The chorus was "Dream On," over and over again, and we knew the words automatically. The harmonies were very layered and full, the music was electronic, and the visual backdrop was the outline of a face in neon colors. When I woke up I sang what I heard into my phone and it became a song called "Morpheus," which I finished in January. It sounds different from music I would normally choose to write, so that was cool!

A couple of weeks later I had another lucid dream where I realized I was dreaming while floating in an ocean at sunset. The sky and the waves were luminous with changing colors; every color in the rainbow. I heard a chorus sing, "Isn't it great?" When I woke up, I sang the chorus into my phone.

After the dreams, my stomach issues had mostly resolved, but I also became open to changing things in my health routine in waking life. Also, I always keep the words "satisfactory" and "sincere" in mind in regard to creativity now. That was a wild ride!



### **RB — *Loving the Universe***

During sleep, I simply became conscious that I was dreaming. Excited, I said to myself, "Now, what was it that I wanted to do when I realized I was dreaming?" Then recalled I have been wanting to fly in a lucid dream.

I went up (no wings or flapping of hands, just straight up) through the ceiling into the attic. It was dark. I could see the structure of the attic and the underside of the roof. I continued going up through the roof of the house into the sky. I continued going up farther and farther, looking up into the dark night and stars. I got very close to them and was in absolute awe. I wasn't afraid or worried and felt completely free.

I lay back, suspended in space, just taking it all in. I was in absolute ecstasy. I thought, "Now what?!" There was a pause and I realized, and said out loud, "I want to make love to the universe!" I was then on my back in a sexually charged, erotic mutual exchange and bonding that is indescribable. I was overcome with a sense of deep intimate union and oneness and loss of separateness.

I saw a light, a large round soft warm glowing orb to my right. I wondered if I was starting to wake up. I thought maybe there was a light on in the room where I was sleeping, or in the bathroom. I decided to go check it out. I felt my body going downwards. I started to feel a heaviness and then I felt myself slip back into bed with a sense of body gravity returning. I decided to wake up. I opened my eyes, looked around and saw that the room was completely dark. No light had been turned on and everything was completely pitch black.



### **Marie Humphreys — *The Nightmare is Mine to Control***

For many years, Pennywise has haunted me in my dreams. (Pennywise is the clown in the novel, *It*, written by Stephen King.)

One night something extraordinary took place. I found myself awake in a dream being chased by Pennywise, just like so many other nights. He was chasing me whilst holding a black axe in his right hand. I was running as fast as I could, my chest pounding with fear. He was getting closer and closer and I was screaming and crying. Then suddenly I stopped running, I stood perfectly still as Pennywise continued running towards me. As he approached, near to touching distance, I began to raise my hand out in front of me. I was no longer crying or terrified, just standing still with my palm out. Pennywise took a giant leap towards me. As he got closer, I calmly said, “Stop.” Pennywise froze, as though I had picked up my TV remote and pressed pause.

There I was standing in lucidity. I had taken control of the clown who had haunted me in so many dreams. My dream didn’t end there though. Standing in front of Pennywise, with him now on pause, I didn’t want to remain in that scene. I didn’t like the movie. I tried to change Pennywise into a fluffy teddy bear—it didn’t work, he was still paused. I realised that I needed to rewrite the script in order to leave this eerie dream. I felt my body pull. I left that dream and then felt as though I had gone back into my (sleeping) body. This wasn’t the end either, as I didn’t go back to sleep or into a normal dream.

In the nightmare, I had rewritten the script, but my body felt as though it was floating above itself. I was moving slowly across my room, passing over my husband’s body sleeping in bed, past my wardrobes and headed towards the bedroom door. Upon reaching the door, for a moment I knew I was going on a Journey.

In the blink of an eye I flew out my bedroom door and was now back in a lucid dream. I was free from the nightmare. I felt an unimaginable peace—there I was, just flying around New York City! I was lucid, and I was happy, but more importantly I had reached an unimaginable level of control. I made Pennywise fade away.

### **Peter Maich & Carl Maich — *In Each Others’ Dreams***

My brother Carl and I have been getting lucid every second Thursday and attempting to share images, find each other in the dream space and see how and what we can achieve. So far, some hits and misses as we experiment with differing ideas. We are both using Galantamine as that gives us near 100% of lucidity. This is the sixth time we have been lucid together. Here is our recent experience:

[Peter] I took 8 mg and waited for about 45 minutes as it starts to work at the 60-minute mark for me. On going to bed, I relaxed, slowed my breathing and waited. The familiar feelings arrived and, in an instant, I was lucid and fully aware of who I was and where I was.

Prior to sleeping, I was sketching a small yellow plastic duck that was on my desk and putting out thoughts and images to Carl. I took this into the dream space and sent thousands of yellow ducks his way—as many as I could conjure—wanting to bombard him with yellow ducks.

## In Your Dreams!

I was now in a city, older European in nature, and quite busy with a lot of people around me. I found Carl, said we were dreaming, and we both floated up into the air and settled about the top of the buildings, around two stories high. I was still quietly asking for ducks. Instead, a bird flew over to me—medium in size, and like a hawk in shape and feel. It landed on my forearm, and I passed it to Carl. It settled on him and then returned to me where it bit me hard on the hand, a good crunch, and then flew away.

Carl had now gone and I became aware of Marian in bed next to me. I was still dreaming and so I told her we were both asleep and dreaming. I projected some energy, made a light sabre and put on a bit of a show to convince her we were dreaming. No luck, so I left that scene, went back to the city and tried to find Carl again, but no luck. I sent out some more ducks and then decided to end the dream as it had been a long time. I started running, first in work clothes and gumboots, then that progressed to running naked across a wilderness scene and then I awakened.

[Carl] I took 8 mg of Galantamine before sleeping, around 3:00 a.m. I was projecting and sketching deer and clocks to Peter. Became aware when I was flying, that's my go-to, and a stable trigger to clicking that I am dreaming and lucid. I flew for a bit and then landed on top of a mountain and found Peter next to me. We started flying over and around the mountain. There were deer and clocks everywhere, all over the mountain as far as we could see. The next one we saw was too small, the second one was huge.

I wanted to fly into one of them and see where we ended up, but Peter said, "No." He grabbed my hand and we walked through the rock face and could see all the elements that made the rock structure. We came to a void in the mountain; the mechanics of the clocks were visible. The one I wanted to go through was like a petrol engine, with moving parts, and would have hurt or crushed us if we had tried to go through it. I was starting to wonder whose dream this was as we flew around. We saw one more digital clock in the mountains.

On waking and still in a semi-dream state, I got a crisp, clear image of a frog with a hat on its head. Later when we talked about the dreaming, it was close to the duck in nature that Peter had sketched. ▲

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**Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming**

<https://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/>

**The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale**

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<https://durso.org/beverly>

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

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