

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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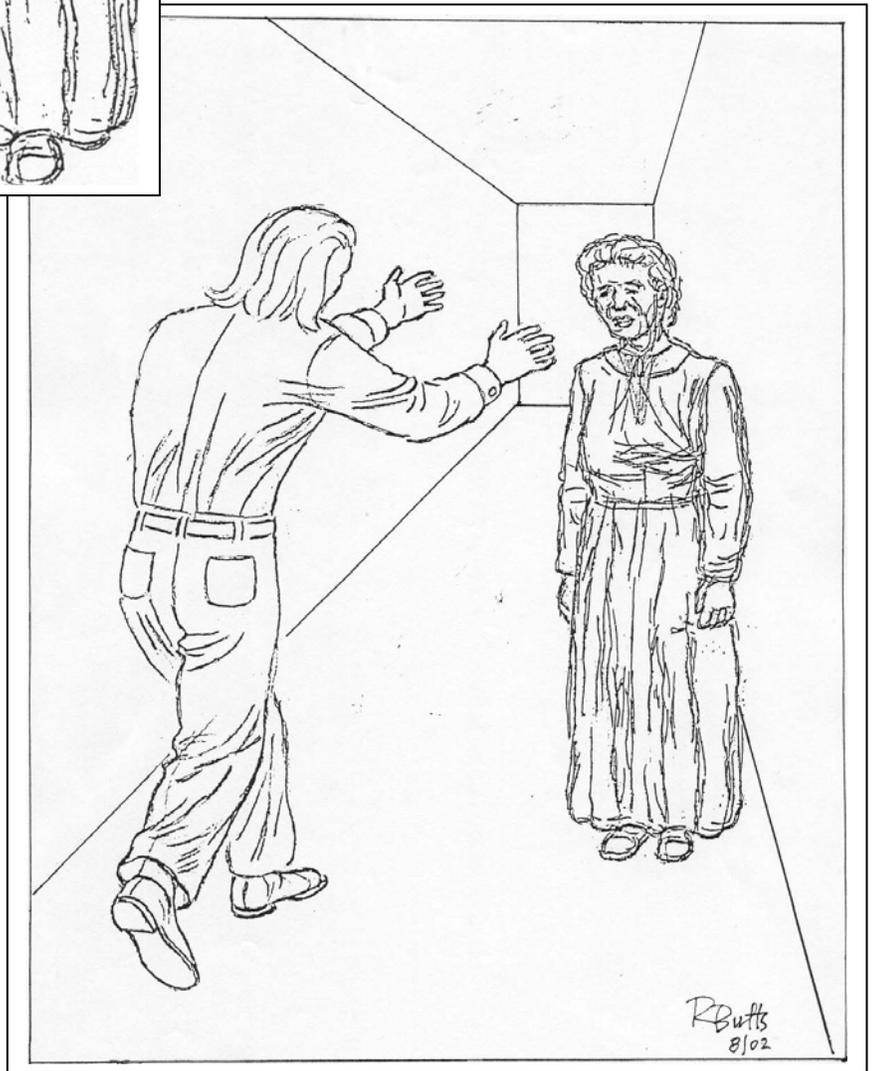
R. BUTTS
8/02



LUCY =

I SKETCHED MY DECEASED MOTHER AS I SAW HER IN MY DREAM OF AUG. 20/02. WILL BE A LARGER PAINTING, + MAY INCLUDE ME. SHE WAS ALL IN WHITE - DIDN'T SPEAK. WHEN I SAW HER IN THE DREAM I RAN TO HER + PUT MY ARMS AROUND HER. WE WERE IN A HALLWAY, WHICH TO ME IS A SYMBOLIC DEVICE FOR COMMUNICATION BETWEEN REALITIES.

Rob



The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange 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 via e-mail to lucy_gillis@hotmail.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.

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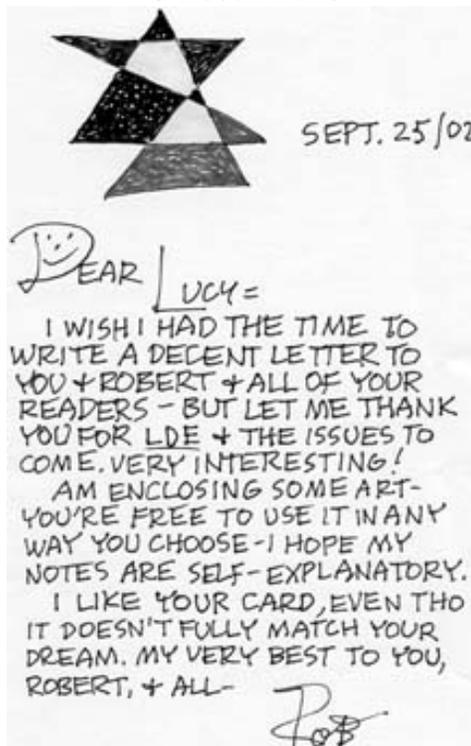
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On The Cover

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Dream

Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

(Due to computer problems, our hoped-for interviewee was unavailable. Co-editor, Robert Waggoner agreed to respond to a series of questions on lucid dreams and mental health and psychology. Although it may be a bit heavy for some readers, it gets to be quite humorous by the end.)

Lucy: You feel that lucid dreams have some reflection on mental health and psychology. How so?

Robert: Well, there are a number of responses here. Some lucid dreamers have reported that they have become lucid as a result of being chased in a dream.

Once lucid, they have had the presence of mind to stop and confront their chaser, and try to find out what it wants, what it means, or make peace with it. Incredibly, the chaser often explains to the lucid dreamer what the chase is all about. From the few published accounts, it seems that the chase normally involves a "fear" that the dreamer refuses to acknowledge or deal with -- in essence, he or she seems to be running from their "fear" or "shadow" (as Jung might say).

It is interesting that these lucid recognitions of the "fear" in symbolic form, seem to result in the cessation of recurrent nightmares. Just one lucid dream has ended the recurrence of a history of one set of frightening dreams. That, in itself, is quite amazing.

Lucy: So, you are saying that lucid dreams have a therapeutic use?

Robert: That seems to be the case, and I believe sports psychologists have used it to help athletes improve their performance. But there could be more to it. For example, if a psychologist collected all of the accounts of lucid dreams that were initiated by fearful stimuli, and then began to sort them by the action taken by the lucid dreamer and the resulting outcome in the lucid dreamer's life, ie., reduction of nightmares, increase in positive emotion, confidence, esteem, etc., one may be able to see a number of fascinating things.

For example, you might see which response resulted in the most positive outcome. Is it better to subdue the symbolic fear, attack the symbolic fear, or understand the symbolic fear? Or you may learn something about the nature of the "shadow" or dream fear. Is a recurrent dream "fear" different than a non-recurrent dream "fear"? Do reports of chasing "fears" differ from reports of surprise attack "fears" or scary location "fears"? And does that suggest some guidance about therapeutic modalities, the nature of symbolism, or the dreamer?

Lucy: That might be an interesting study, but when you read the LDE, you don't see many accounts of lucid dreams that begin with a chase scene or whatever. Most of the lucid dreams begin fairly calmly - don't you agree?

Robert: Yes, I do. That would be an interesting study, too; to take 500 lucid dreams, and see how they begin. I would bet that less than 5% have a negative or fearful beginning. Most lucid dreams seem to begin with a recognition that something is odd or unreal.

In my experience and those of others whom I have talked to, once we began to have lucid dreams, the number of nightmares decreased to near zero. Some of that may be that fearful scenarios triggered our lucid awareness and we stopped the progression of the dream into a potential nightmare. That brings up an interesting point: are there fewer nightmares in a lucid

Shirley McLaine, actress and author, writes in her book, *It's All in the Playing*, of a recurring childhood dream. In it, she is being chased by a gorilla to the edge of an abyss.

One night she stopped running and decided to confront her gorilla. Turning to him she asked, "What do I do now?"

Throwing up his hands, the gorilla responded, "I don't know kid, it's your dream!"

dreamer's dream life, because the dreamer is now different, or because the environment of the dream state is now different?

Lucy: Wait a second. Are you suggesting that the dreamer is different than the dream environment?

Robert: In some regards, yes. For me, it is certainly the case that the dreamer and even the lucid dreamer does not "control" the dream. As I have said before, the lucid dreamer obviously focuses and directs certain things, but he or she does not "control" every aspect of the dream. By that, I mean, the lucid dreamer doesn't think, "Okay, now I need grass, and I need it to be green and I need people walking in the park and now I need a sidewalk" - all of those things appear as a result of "some other" volition, while the lucid dreamer's volition is focused on flying or having sex or whatever.

Therefore, in that respect, the dreamer is definitely different than the dream. This may seem a subtle distinction, but one may have a mechanistic system in which the dream state operates under certain defined rules, and only the dreamer changes in some way. Or you may have a system in which the dream state changes in response to the evolution of the dreamer. That may suggest that the dream state has an awareness, or it may have an automatic response function.

Lucy: Are you calling this system the Unconscious or is the whole dream state the Unconscious?

Robert: Here again, we have the point: what is the nature of dreaming, and what does it have to say about the Unconscious? The value of lucid dreaming is that one is basically aware within the dream state and can perform experiments concocted in the waking state. By being able to experiment, one has an incredible opportunity to learn about the setting in which dreams occur. Unfortunately, it seems to me, that the Western world has developed a number of theories of dreams and of the psyche that may be limited or far too mechanistic.

Lucy: You seem to suggest that lucid dreaming can tell us something about the nature of the psyche. What do you mean by that? And why is that important?

Robert: Well, I think the pivotal thing to consider is, "Where are you, when you are having a lucid dream?" It is easy to blow this point off and say, "I'm in bed" or "I'm in my head" or whatever - and refuse to consider it. But in many regards, it is a fundamentally important

issue for the science of psychology, and dream studies, and even consciousness studies.

Because in a lucid dream, you are in a unique and special psychological space. You can consciously change your surroundings, you can move and fly, you can deliberate, you can talk to others, you can create and experiment, and all sorts of things, while neurologically dreaming. Therefore, if this environment is the Unconscious or the psyche or the mind, then one could argue that these aspects are all related to the environment of the Unconscious - they tell us about the true nature of the Unconscious.

So if that creative, responsive to will and intent, fun and frequently joyful environment that I and many lucid dreamers encounter in lucid dreams is the Unconscious, then the Unconscious hardly seems devoted to being the repository of repressed emotions, internal conflicts, oedipal wishes and the Id. Those things seem to be a small, small part of the Unconscious!

Lucy: Do you think that Freud was wrong in his characterization of the Unconscious?

Robert: I'm hardly a Freud expert and "wrong" is probably too harsh a word. However, it appears to me that my conscious observation and exploration of the dream state does not correlate very well with popular conceptions of Freud's state of the Unconscious. As most people know, Freud was a medical doctor working on illnesses that have a psychological basis. He came to feel that dreams could express in symbolic form, the underlying issues through dreams' manifest and latent content. A central element of his theory was that dreams were a type of "wish-fulfillment" in which dreams expressed desires that were often repressed by our conscious mind and pushed into the Unconscious, where they surfaced again in the symbolic action of dreams.

Here are some quotes about the Unconscious from Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*:

"The Unconscious is the greater sphere that includes the smaller sphere of the Conscious; everything conscious has a prior stage that is unconscious....The Unconscious is the true reality of the psyche...."

He continues by saying that there are "two kinds of Unconscious" - the one called Unconscious which is "incapable of reaching consciousness" and the other called Preconscious which stands "like a partition screen" between the conscious and Unconscious.

But that may be the point! We may not be in the deep Unconscious when we are experiencing a dream or lucid dream. We may be in the Preconscious - or somewhere else in the Psyche. The deep Unconscious may be something else entirely.

Lucy: So when Freud states that dreams are "the royal road" to the Unconscious, you think he may be on the wrong road?

Robert: Well, if dreams are the royal road to the Unconscious, then maybe lucid dreamers are the tour guides along the royal road! By that, I mean that lucid dreams should be telling us something about the nature of the dream state or the Unconscious/Preconscious, and modifying our understanding.

Dr. Stephen LaBerge and others have done lab work with lucid dreams and discovered that when lucid dreaming, the dreamer's conception of time is quite similar to clock time, and that when the lucid dreamer is turning the dream to a sexual experience, the dreamer's physiological response changes accordingly. So some work has been done.

But on a conceptual level of understanding dreaming and its relation to the Unconscious or the Psyche, we still see the basic Freudian (not to mention, Jungian and other) concepts un-tested by lucid dreaming. It's like lucid dreaming is just some side thing, like sleepwalking, or insomnia that bears no relation to the environment of the Unconscious. It seems to me that lucid dreaming could be and should be an incredible tool of exploring the Unconscious or Psyche.

Lucy: How do you test something like these concepts in a lucid dream?

Robert: Well, many Freud scholars would say that Freud unveiled a fairly mechanistic system of psychological functions for dreams and the Conscious and Unconscious. On the face of it, bringing "conscious awareness" or lucidity into the dream state seems to overturn the assumption that the experience of the dream occurs in the deep Unconscious. By Freud's own words, it appears to be happening in the Preconscious aspect of the Unconscious, since consciousness can not seem to enter the Unconscious.

To me, it seems like that alone would stir the psychoanalysts from their slumber, and start to reconsider a model for the Psyche.

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A Look at Lucid Dreams and Healing

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Using lucid dreams to promote healing is a fascinating and broad topic. Some lucid dreamers have apparently used their lucid skills, and lucid, will to try to heal their own diseases or conditions with considerable success. Others have used lucid dreaming as a platform to gather information or understand the apparent underlying causes of a disease. Still others have suggested that their lucid dreaming allowed them to interact with another person's disease or condition in a constructive fashion (and of course usually with the person's foreknowledge and consent).

Examples of lucid dream healing, in turn, suggest some interesting observations about the nature of the dream state and lucid dreaming. Most of us would assume that a person could affect their own condition while lucid, because obviously one is involved in an intra-psychic field, in which lucid dream suggestions or actions are performed in one's dream state or unconscious that somehow alter one's disease or condition. In some respects, it could be likened to self-hypnosis; you get deep within your subconscious or unconscious and suggest or visualize a desired physical result. As we know from hypnosis studies, physical alterations can occur and be quite dramatic, particularly with "excellent" subjects.

Here is one example of an apparent intra-psychic or personal lucid dream healing, experienced by Ed Kellogg, Ph.D., taken from his article, "A Personal Experience in Lucid Dream Healing" (published in the *Lucidity Letter* 8(1), pp 6-7, 1989). Prior to the dream Ed had punctured a right tonsil with a wooden skewer from a fish shish-kebab. His tonsil had apparently become "horribly infected and swollen, looking about 3 times normal size, bright red, and with yellow lines of pus decorating the exterior." Using a "sensory awareness relaxation technique", Ed sought to have an OBE, but instead had a lucid dream:

"...walking through a house I wake to the lucid dream state, decide to try healing my throat. I look in a mirror

and my throat looks healthy, but the tonsils look more like the middle section (uvula) than like tonsils. So in my dream body my throat looks healthy, but different. I program for healing to occur (using affirmations), and my throat does feel much better on awakening."

Ed noted, "Subjectively I would estimate that less than an hour had passed between waking and sleeping, and the pain had almost entirely disappeared. The next morning my right tonsil looked and felt almost normal, only slightly red and swollen. At least 95% of the infection had disappeared in less than 12 hours."

Whether the mode of action is similar to suggestion/visualization, a deep hypnotic state or some other dynamic, examples like this anecdotally suggest that intra-psychic lucid dream healing is possible. But what of extra-psychic lucid dream healing? How can one explain the means by which a dreamer becomes lucid and seeks to influence another's illness in the lucid dream state? If valid, what would extra-psychic lucid dream healing suggest about the broader nature of the dream state?

A possible extra-psychic (or person to person) connection is illustrated by Ed Kellogg in his aforementioned article. His account begins: "...Fully lucid...(While staying at S's house in waking physical reality), I go into (S's and D's bedroom) and announce that we "dream". I ask (S), which knee needs healing, (S) says the right, but I want to see for myself. I have him pull up his pants to make sure. The left knee has a sort of metal plate, and on top of it a bump that (S) says needed healing (note left knee in waking physical reality needed healing not the right). I place my hand over the bump, and my left hand under the knee, I do HC chant for S's left knee, and both blue and green energy (bright, laserlike) comes out of my right hand. After 10 seconds or so, S says, "That's it" but light still comes out of my hands for a minute or so. I take my hands off and try applying this energy to myself, but I hear a phone ringing and return to waking physical reality."

In his comments, Ed notes that "S noticed marked improvement in the mobility and strength of his injured physical knee (the left one!), and a marked decrease in pain associated with the movement, on the day following the healing. S rated his knee for the week before the healing at about 4 out of a possible 10 (10 = the healthy knee), and for the week after the healing as 8 out of 10. The functional improvement has persisted, with continued physical therapy and exercise, S currently rates his left knee, now over 8 months later, at 9 out of 10." Now 7 years later, (in a personal conversation) Ed tells me that the knee continues at this level of health. (For more on Ed Kellogg's experiences with healing lucid dreams, go to www.asdreams.org and enter the site, click on "Member Pages" and then click on E.W. Kellogg; there you will find links to his reports of healing lucid dreams.)

While this lone example does not constitute "proof", the reader can see that extra-psyched lucid dream healing, if valid, suggests a revolutionary reappraisal of the nature of the dream state. It suggests that multiple dreamers or dream consciousnesses may interact within the dream state. It suggests that information and active intent can be transmitted in the dream state. It supports some aspects of dream telepathy, mutual dreaming, and psi-related dream states. And finally, it dramatically widens most dream theories beyond their limited frameworks, as well as the science of psychology and consciousness.

It is important to note, however, that not all attempts at lucid dream healing of one's self or others are successful. It may be that certain types of disease are more amenable to healing in the lucid state, while other diseases resist change due to additional factors.

In my analysis, the final function of lucid dream healing is gathering information or understanding on the nature of a disease or health. This can be seen in some examples from my own lucid dreams.

The first example is a bit sensitive, so please excuse me as I disguise the details. I became lucid in a dream and I seemed to be seeing a family member of a friend. I knew this family member had an odd illness. As I stood there observing in the lucid dream, I thought that there must be a "reason" why the family member has this odd illness. So I moved in very close and asked the person, "Why do you have this disease?" Immediately, the person

responded, "I have this for...(this reason)". That response really surprised me! It was hardly what I was expecting. I decided to wake up and write it down.

Oddly, a couple of months later, I had a dream in which the dream suggested that I tell this same friend about this dream and a few others. One evening, I did just that. Things were going quite well as I expressed the dreams, and the person responded about how the dreams had picked up on activities in his life, and various interesting hobbies, etc. Then I came to the above dream, and told it.

Stony silence. I quickly realized that I was in very sensitive territory, so I made a hasty advance to the next dream.

Years later, the friend saw me at a function and brought up the dream. He told me that the dream information was indeed correct and had picked up on a very sensitive situation that only people in the immediate family would know. He was quite surprised that a lucid dream could pick up the information accurately, and didn't know how to respond when I told the dream.

As I have reported in past issues of the LDE, I have become lucid upon seeing my deceased father, and in the dream asked him to predict health matters for a family member. In this case, the information that he provided has been indicated to be correct -- and it involved a medical condition that was unknown to me or the family member, and which showed up at the time indicated in the lucid dream (two years later). An example of a more general form of lucid dream knowledge comes from the following example:

". . . the reader can see that extra-psyched lucid dream healing, if valid, suggests a revolutionary reappraisal of the nature of the dream state."

Robert Waggoner

*Robert Waggoner
December 21-22 2002*

I am in a room with Wendy and two others. As we talk about some odd issue, it occurs to me that this is a dream.

I fly out of the room and into the street scene outside. It seems like dusk and also a bit foggy as I fly across a street and city park setting. A few people are there. I practice flying at various speeds, including extremely fast, and feel that I am in good form and highly lucid.

As I fly, I think, "What do I want to do?", and it occurs to me that I should dream about something for the next

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DREAM THEMES

~ HEALING ~

C.S.
The Magic Healing Liquid
November 30 1993

Note: I woke up just before midnight....A weather front, bringing extremely strong winds and some rain was moving in....I stayed in the kitchen over an hour before going back to sleep....I did not program for lucidity. I just wanted to sleep.

I was lying on my bed on my right side when I opened my eyes and saw a room very well lit and vivid. I thought, "I could be dreaming since the room doesn't look like my bedroom." I looked at all the beautiful furniture and came to a vanity with a white ruffle. I was sure this was not my bedroom. I knew I was dreaming. I got up and was delighted, because I could feel my body getting out of bed. I thought, this is a special lucid dream where I experience just as in waking life.

I thought I better fly just to be sure I was dreaming. At first, I didn't stay up. I was surprised and tried again. This time my feet came off the ground about one foot, and I moved forward quickly through the hall. I stopped in another room. To my right I saw the "magic healing liquid." It was on a table with a lot of other things. The effervescent liquid was a beautiful, unusual shade of pink (my favorite color). It looked like pink Perrier. It was in a closed jar about three inches wide and high. I was excited to find it. Then I realized that I was chewing gum that had a distinct flavor of peppermint. How wonderful to be able to taste! I wanted the healing liquid to be even more magical. I opened the jar and put in a pink powder, which caused the liquid to explode into pink smoke. I drank it quickly before it all evaporated. It tasted like Seven-up. "But maybe not, I haven't had Seven-up for over twenty years." I analyzed the taste carefully. "Was it lemon lime?" Everything was black. I didn't want to wake so I created a vision....

Then I was looking at a sunken room to my left in a house. The room's floors and walls were covered with a bright yellow shag carpeting. It seemed to be the style that people were covering their walls with carpets to match the floor. Then I noticed another room was orange....(regain lucidity). I went into a small room where other girls were sitting. We had a conversation

about two dogs that we could see outside the sliding door window. Then I said, "Do you girls know that you are dreaming?" The girls all said they were very aware that they were dreaming. I told them I wasn't going to waste my time talking with them. I wanted to have fun!

So I danced down the hall to some rock and roll music. Then I saw Gloria, from "All My Children", walking out of a room to my left. She was carrying beautiful roses. I grabbed them. She wouldn't let go. I told her that she was in my dream, but she would not let me have the roses. I hit her on the head and pulled the bouquet from her with all my strength. I still didn't get the roses. So, I decided I could make more if I wanted them.

I went up the stairs. I was in an exquisite hotel with wide halls and large, ornate doors. I was going to a room I had frequently visited previously. My lover stayed there. I found the room to my right. I could see under the door that he had another woman in the room. Since it was a dream, I didn't care. I'd get rid of her. The man inside was short, small-built, and ugly. He wasn't my lover. I asked him why he was there. He was just using the room. I told him and the woman to get lost....I opened the windows to get rid of the odor (of his after shave). It left.

Then Jon Paul, my lover, was there. He was a tall, dark, well-built man, middle aged with grey hair who was wearing a robe. He had a French accent. He said he was not going to make love to me, since I had been neglecting him, etc. He was playing with me like a hurt little boy. At this time he was lying on the floor, and I was just looking down at him. I told him it didn't matter. I'll just create someone else. I woke up quickly.

(By the way, there was no change in my waking physical health or in my consciousness from this dream sequence.)

Anonymous
June 1995

. . . (I notice an oddity in my immediate surroundings, inside a bus.) This really throws me and then I realize it must be a dream, it's the only explanation. I turn to K and say "It's a dream! We're dreaming!" She smiles and understands, which surprises me a little, as most dream

characters don't seem to believe me when I tell them it's a dream.

I say "Let's go flying!" I rise into the air, she does too for a moment, but as I turn to go out she drops behind and remains, just like I thought she might. I know she is not the real K and I let her go. I then seem to be in a house. I fly in swimming motions down a hallway past bedrooms to a back corner bedroom. I'm going to give some healing to my mother.

I fly into the dim room and I'm glad to see that she is in there, asleep. I hover, moving like an undulating wave above her. I quickly massage her back and legs. I'm not sure what to do. I try to materialize turquoise light over her by my will alone, for just a moment, but it doesn't appear. I continue to touch her through the blankets. I run my right hand up and down her spine. Then I settle to the floor, aware that my hovering there makes it a bit difficult to massage her. She stirs but doesn't wake.

I marvel at how real the blankets feel and look. I then notice that Mother's legs are outside of the blankets. I try to massage them and cover them up. She wakes and I say gently, "It's just me, I'm covering you up." She is a bit tangled in the sheets. I soon wake.

[Either in the dream and/or as I woke, I assumed that "my mother" represented an area of my psyche that needed some "healing;" perhaps that aspect associated with my relationship to my mother.]

C.S.

A Beautiful Vividly Colored Garden December 24 2002

I had awakened about 12:30 am. Pain and cold kept me awake until 1:00 am.

Then I saw Donald sitting on the floor, looking very ill. I debated whether I should call 911. As I continued to look at him, his appearance kept changing. I thought that I must be dreaming. So I put my hand into the air like Superman and flew up. I wasn't moving very fast or far, but enough to confirm this was a dream. I decided to have sex with Donald. However, I was cutting the hair off a man's chest. He yelled that I had hurt him. I could clearly see a man's hairy chest and a piece of red skin protruding that I had accidentally cut off. I felt very annoyed that I had done such a careless thing. A man's hairy chest was always very sexually arousing to me. Why would I want to get rid of it?

I woke up or had a false awakening. As I was committing the dream to memory, I recalled that the LDE wanted dreams about healing. Then I found myself in a beautiful, vividly colored garden in a courtyard.

Suddenly everything looked brighter with colors I've never seen previously. The glow was magical. I wondered about reality. Nothing was exactly like a waking garden. Plant stems were more like poles covered with pieces of tiny marble stones in colors and tones most unusual. I decided to check my senses in this dream. Touch was as I expected. I noticed one flower that had three petals. Its color was very odd - sort of green-ish gray. It stood out from all the others in its blandness when all else was so brilliant. I picked it up, smelled it and ate it. It had an unusual, neutral odor. I couldn't associate it with anything I had ever encountered in the past. It also had a different taste - I didn't like it or dislike it. It was just what it was.

I woke up with the pain gone. I felt very warm and snuggly. I committed the dream to memory and fell into a wonderful, restful sleep. The next day was very productive with less pain and more well-being. I wasn't healed, but I felt so much better for a long time. I was more at peace, contented, and functional.

Lucy Gillis November 8 1997

I become lucid earlier in the dream when I notice a bathroom I go into doesn't look right. I go outside into the night. I see the outline of a house. Next to it, down the hill a bit, is another small house or trailer, and outside that, is a party.

There are a lot of people seated at long white linen covered tables. They are watching me fly, I run, jump, and swim-fly over to them, singing tones. I'm so happy!

I see lots of food and drink and maybe candles on their tables. I pick up a knife, and hovering about, I move along the table, tapping the glassware, making music that I sing along to. Some of the quests are amused. I fly from seating to seating, singing nonsense sounds and tapping out a peppy beat. I wonder if it really sounds this good, or if I just think it does.

Then I leave them and go inside a building. I decide I want to go for a body healing (relaxation, rejuvenation, refreshing, etc.). I see M nearby. I recall that I had been rude to her earlier in the dream (before I became lucid). I go to her and apologise for my earlier behaviour. I'm not quite truly apologetic because I know this is a dream, but I feel the need to not be angry or dismissive of dream characters.

She mumbles something about it being OK. I pat her arm as I go. Grinning from ear to ear, I turn to M and say "When I come back I'll be a new person." I feel quite pleased that I know that the me that she next sees

will be a probable me, returning from the healing room,

I walk down a hall and go into a room on my right. I see women in red tights and tops (aerobic wear) with what looks like wooden headgear on, laying under what roughly resembles wooden coffee tables.

I go in and look around. I see another woman in black tights, and a dummy on the floor. I think about jumping over the dummy. One of the girls (young woman) gets up and asks me if she can help me. I tell her I think I'm in the wrong room. (I expected to see something more "technologically oriented," i.e. a bed or capsule where healing energies flow over you.)

After voicing that, I hear a noise and a chamber rises up from under the floor. Amused that I created this so quickly I say to the woman (regarding being in the wrong room) "or maybe not!"

She steps forward and is trying to upright the chamber. (It looks similar to a carnival ride chamber; the Zipper.) She wants to position it so I can walk into it and stand up. She has some difficulty and another girl comes to help. At this point I feel my focus change to my body on the bed. I'm a bit disappointed that I didn't get to enjoy my healing session.

I try, briefly, to get back to the dream, but soon decide to get up. And as I do so, I realize I was just about to slip into non-lucid dreaming.

[I tried to get back to the dream by imagining the feel of the crate-like chamber under my hands as I'd lean into it. I manifested no sensations, however.]

C.S.

In The Pool **April 8 1994**

I woke up twice previously but was too tired to recall my dreams. I wanted to do MILD* now, but I was still too tired. I was lying on my back with my feet crossed and my hands crossed over my lower abdomen. I suggested "I want to have a lucid dream, and will have a lucid dream." Immediately:

Energy flowed around me (my lucid sign), mostly at my sides, down around my feet and around my head. The noise associated with it, at this time, was low. I felt really happy so I sang a fast, joyous song. (I don't remember the words - I created it as I went along.) The energy came through my body with such intensity that I sang at the top of my voice. I thought I should uncross my feet since my circulation would be cut off, and I wanted to be comfortable. So, I did uncross them. (I

because "I" will wake up in another reality from hers. really felt myself doing this. However when I awoke they were still crossed.)

I decided to roll to the left and get out of bed. While standing up I decided to fly through the ceiling - hands first. The room was semi-lighted. I could see the ceiling, which was intricately and colorfully designed. I could also clearly see and feel my hands move easily through the thick, soft material. The ceiling opened wide, and I flew into a pool of water. I was very surprised! (I had visualized on a previous day that I would fly to an outside lake of healing water. Then I would be able to breathe under water as I swam.) I wanted the water to be warm, and I could feel my hands going into the wonderfully warm water. I thought "I must remember to tell Lucidity Institute about being able to feel warmth."

The pool was now turned around so it was normal (not above my head). I swam for awhile under water and was able to breathe. Then I noticed medicines and other medical supplies on a counter that was located along the border of the pool. Three males dressed in medical gowns were walking around. I assumed they were doctors or pharmacists. I was delighted with this scene. It's not what I expected but I thought it really works. The doctors wanted to see me. So I floated on top of the water in front of them, wearing no clothes. I turned over and moved so they could see all sides. I was so proud of my beautiful body and glad to show it off. Then I could feel a slow transition to waking. I didn't want to wake up but couldn't remember what to do to prevent it.

I was on my back with my legs and hands still crossed. As I was recalling this dream, I fell into a long non-lucid dream. There was no change in my physical health. However, I felt joy, wellbeing, and more energy during the next day.

*MILD: **Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreaming** A method of dream recall to improve the chances of becoming lucid in your next dream. Term coined by Dr. Stephen LaBerge. For further information, see his book *Lucid Dreaming*.

Lucy Gillis **December 6 1995**

(I had a lucid dream and then:) I feel I'm on the bed and I think I'm awake. I get up to write. My light switch doesn't work. I hear others in the house up and about. I get up and go to the wall switch. It too doesn't work. Briefly I wonder if I'm still dreaming. I see the lights are on in Y's room and in the kitchen. I decide to try to fly up to the ceiling - I feel a bit self-conscious, K is now with me. I then find a "puzzle" piece, like a little African doll, in my bed and know it's from the previous dream, so I must still be dreaming.

Continued on page 18

WELCOME TO THE DREAM C.A.G.E.

Featuring Challenges Aims Goals Experiments

Craig Webb

Lucid experiment: can I stop breathing? + mirror

Date: 2002-3-17

Incubation: I would like to try a lucid experiment to see if (a) I breathe in the dream, (b) I need to breathe in dreams.

Coming through the kitchen at my childhood home, I suddenly realize that I might be dreaming, though the scene seems so true to waking life that I can't seem to believe it. The dishwasher is in the middle of the floor there and so I leap over it to see, though I'm a little hesitant in case I come crashing down on the other side. No problem. I float nicely and feel so amazed. I bob around a bit.

I remember the experiment I wanted to try, and look how real the whole room feels. Amazing! **I feel that I am indeed breathing and that it's connected with my sleeping body in bed, so I'm too nervous to see if I can stop it.** I do however run my finger along the floor and feel its smooth finish ever so clearly. Amazing.

The hall mirror catches my attention and so I head over to really look at myself and see what I look like. I can see myself clearly from far away and I do indeed look like me, but as I near and try to look at my face close up, the eyes seem to be covered with this fog or mist on the mirror, no matter where I move. My nose seems larger than it should be with pronounced blackheads also. Odd. I turn my head sideways and the nose is still the same and I still can't see the eyes. Very interesting. I slowly awaken or shift into another dream.

Robert Waggoner

Mirror of Reincarnated Selves

January 29-30 2003

I believe earlier in the dream I was talking with Donald L. about his new position; he states that he wants to quit doing any work on his old position and devote himself entirely to the new one. I wonder if that will work.

I go into a room, and prepare to leave for a trip. There's a very large and complicated stereo system, which I turn off -- but it has three 'off' buttons for the various components. I get them turned off and head down the stairs. As I turn through the first room, there is a shapely young blonde in a royal blue dress at a school desk, who catches my eye. I turn, and it occurs to me, "This is a dream!"

For a moment, I get that amorous feeling, and begin to take off the gloves I'm wearing. I decide to ignore the feeling. I turn and start heading for the doorway, when I notice a blackboard-size mirror to my left. I stop and look at it, wondering how I look in this dream. **It is a bit fuzzy, so I decide to use this mirror to learn about past reincarnational selves.** I say, "Show me past incarnations of my self!" As I finish, two faces begin to emerge on the mirror; both in their 30's. The one on the right is a man with brown hair and a full beard - he looks directly at me and seems to be quite full of energy. To guess, I would say he is Spanish. The man on the left comes through, but he seems less energetic looking. He is balding and has very thin blonde hair on his more rounded, pale, face. I mentally encourage myself to remember these faces completely. I wonder if the pale face guy is a younger version of the "Dutch" man that I had seen in a previous lucid dream.

A third face is coming through on the far left, but it seems as if it is having a problem becoming concrete or focused. It fades away. I go back to the woman in blue, and ask her a question (I believe I ask her if she would like to see past incarnation selves). I begin to take off my gloves again. She responds, but the dream is slipping away. I wake.

(Note: The first face of the man with the beard seemed familiar. I believe his face is the one I saw in a lucid dream about 10 years ago in which "I" was sitting in a large ornate wooden chair that had a triangular mirror at the top. When I stopped and looked in the mirror, I was very surprised to see this bearded young man looking back at me. I had the feeling that he was involved in the church, somehow. He was pretty intense.

The second man looks quite a bit like a dream character that I have seen in normal and lucid dreams. I feel like he is a Dutch trader - much more sedate and contemplative, and balding! In a future dream, I hope to engage these characters in conversation and ask them questions.)

Katie
January 15 2003

I had a long dream about Maureen; some kind of hostility or threat that I eventually got away from. Then I'm looking at a window and it comes to me that it's a dream. I put my arm through the window to test it, yes, I'm dreaming. Delighted, I fly through. I fly over to my parent's house, there's a group of people standing around by the crapapple tree, maybe an impromptu party of family and neighbors. I tell them I'm dreaming and try to decide what to do.

I decide to die and ask for their help. We try hanging me from the crapapple tree but the limb is rotten and gives way. Mom tries whacking me over the head with a glass bottle but that doesn't work. I think it's Dad that comes up with the idea of carbon monoxide poisoning. We do the car in the garage with a hose in the tailpipe trick. It's a big old beige station wagon like we had when I was a kid. I lie down and wait, and eventually, deliciously, get sleepy and floaty.

I float up into the air in ecstasy; the clouds are a very big part of this, the beauty of them, soft fleecy transparent ones. I come to Heaven and float around enjoying the beauty. Lots of very tall buildings, like sandstone with dark green trim, but they're spaced far enough apart that everything is light and airy.

I'm enjoying this a lot but decide I'd like to see God. I spy a cluster of buildings, dominated by a pointy one, both off in the distance and higher up in the air. I do my trick where I determine a spot and arrive at it rather than physically fly (as I'd been doing earlier, flap-flap like a bird straight up). I do this in short increments rather than all at once.

Everything's bright and sunny. There's people around like a campus. At regular intervals on either side of the path are these translucent orange hemispheres about the size of an orange half. I ask no one in particular, "What are those?" and a man walking by answers me, naming some kind of food, and a woman coming the other way

says, "String cheese", so I take it that they're food that tastes like whatever you want it to (manna?).

The spacing of them and the size of them is just irregular enough to indicate that they're handmade and also set out by hand. I bite into one - it tastes like it looks, like a kind of orange-flavored, gelatin candy.

There's a lot of pigeons around too, the sun making their neck feathers glint green and purple. "All these pigeons and no bird shit," I say to myself, "this must be heaven!" I go in the pointy building. There's a huge set of double doors, unornamented but in a pretty wood like cherry.

I push through these and get to another, and another, and another, one of those annoying dream blocks I get when lucid. I break this by a verbal announcement that I want to get past, I think, and stepped up determination to get on with the dream.

I come to a corridor that goes off to my right; immediately off of this there's a large room with a lot of people around a table who stop what they're doing and look up at me in surprise. I say, "I'm new, where do I go to, uh, check in?" They tell me to go on down the hall. I think I'm calling for God, then I hear God calling, "Katie, is that you? Where are you?"

A little wandering around while the voice wanders too trying to meet up, ending up back near the conference room, whereupon I meet God, who is an infant Asian boy with gross motor disabilities. Either he's got deformed arms and legs, or else can't use them (he's in a one-piece red romper).

But what he can do, and does several times, is somehow use his muscles to spin in a complete circle so that he begins lying face up and ends lying face up, spinning around a vertical axis (parallel to floor). He's grinning and cheerful flipping himself around. I'm underwhelmed. I say to a bearded old man in a blue turban, "That's God?" Seeming alarmed that I'm not impressed, he offers me kits to make other Gods, Buddhist or Hindu, presumably whatever. The kits have sparkly beads and so on, arts and crafts kinds of things.

"So what you're trying to say," I summarized, "is that we make our own gods. In other words we are God." (My brother has been talking a lot about this perspective in real life lately and gave me a book to read on it, which I haven't started.) I was kind of bored and annoyed and disappointed and that's where the dream ended.

First Lucids of 2003

Katie
Lucid Fire Warning
January 2 2003

I dreamt I was at my parent's house in New York, sleeping on the basement floor. My mother came down and was puttering around talking to me. I was annoyed that she was disturbing me when I didn't have to get up yet. I thought it seemed odd to me that if she was up and around I didn't have to be yet.

She's wearing white slacks and that tan and white striped cotton shirt she used to have. I think I get up for a minute then go back to "bed". She asks me questions like, "Why haven't you washed that?" referring to the muddy throw rug I'm sleeping on and, "Is that my green sheet?" I say crossly, "Stop asking me rhetorical questions when I'm trying to sleep!" Looking at the motley assortment of bathmats and throw rugs and scraps that I'm using as a bed, she says sadly, "I wanted so much more for you." I want to tell her it's perfectly comfortable. She goes about her work and I settle down to sleep. Then I realize I already *am* asleep and that this is a lucid dream. For a moment I think, "I'm lucid, what should I do? Should I do something sexual?" but what I really want to do is continue this dream. I say to my mother, "Mom, I'm dreaming."

She understands what I mean and says thoughtfully, "You know, I had a dream last night about you. I dreamt that Jacoby Hall caught fire and the library burned down." (I consider telling her that these are two separate buildings but don't want to interrupt.) She says she went back to the office for some paperwork she had to do - referring here to her school campus, not mine.

I say, "Would you do something?"

"Tell another person my dream?" she asks.

I'm surprised she's thought of this. "That too, but write it down. I've never had a dream come true like that... well, sort of..." I trail off, thinking that I've had a lot of precognitive details come true.

She considers, "Who knows? With a holy dream like that."

I'm startled by her use of the word "holy", I didn't realize that she considered the dream to be of divine origin.

She says, "I want you to do something for me. Unhook your dryer at 3 o'clock on Wednesday."

"3 o'clock on Wednesday?"

"3 o'clock on Wednesday."

"My time or yours?"

"Yours."

"By unhook the dryer you mean unplug?"

"Well, you know." She makes vague gestures with her hands. She says something about "Your father and your brother may also be at risk," which I take to mean the dream may be about them and not me.

Even as I'm having this dream I'm surprised at how clear it is, the stability of the lucidity, and the absolute clarity of my awareness and thinking. Not all the details are right - early in the dream my mother behaves differently than my real mother would (nor would I be sleeping on the basement floor for that matter). At the end of the dream I see the phone and the wall plate is a different color than the phone, which doesn't strike me as incongruous. But the quality of my thinking is as clear as waking.

Karl B.
January 8 2003

I go down the hall to Roger's office and work at a cubicle. Roger falls asleep. I get up to leave, and I suddenly realize I'm dreaming. I go to the wall. I realize that since this is a dream, there might be a secret door in the wall. The wall swings open, and I go into a passageway filled with bright light. But I wind up back in the office. I guess I'm supposed to be here. Now my body begins to faint, although I'm still conscious and lucid. My body falls backward, but very slowly and gently. I lie on the floor, unable to move, and I gradually lose lucidity.

Rich Stammler
January 26 2003

Sandi and I are trying to get somewhere when we come upon a pond, or a stream that had a pond in it. I am aware there are fish in the stream and pond. (Water in my dreams always represents the unconscious or inner reality; fish represent inner ideas and goals. I have had past dreams where I pick up Japanese brown carp as large as puppy dogs and hold them over my arm while stroking them. I have also offered to share the fish with other members of the family and some have refused to hold them.)

I see the water level is at our eye level but is totally transparent. There are fish in the stream and, at one point in the dream, we see fish, not swimming but moving along at about eye level. The fish have large bodies like ornamental goldfish and tail fins that equal or double the length of the body. The fish are at eye level and are iridescent. The tail fins are totally translucent with small color patches that are translucent but at the same time very bright colors. The fish are colorful, transparent, and stunningly beautiful, magical.

Then Sandi and I are carrying some boxes with files, trying to go somewhere. We end up in this field and I am aware of people on the periphery who are hunting or something like that. I get the feeling they are what is pejoratively called rednecks or hillbillies. I didn't want them to see us, but they come directly toward us. They are upset we are there as if we are trespassing.

I then look down while one of them is yelling irately and I see a female with her feet not touching the ground, levitating. (I became lucid at that point but it is not what I think of as full lucidity. I'm beginning to realize that there are many shades of lucidity.) I tell Sandi "It's OK. We don't have to worry about them, they are dream characters." They then disappear.

We continue to where we have to go. I talk about the best way to launch, to fly astrally, to make the trip faster, and Don, a colleague from work appears. [Don is a very conservative, traditional southern gentleman.] There was weather here for the first time and dirt and kind of a cliff on the other side. I tell Don that what I need to do is jump off the cliff and then we will fly.

Lucy Gillis
Flying Underground
January 9 2003

I am in a huge home owned by a previous landlady and her husband. My Grandmother is with me. We explore the house, going down numerous levels in stone stairwells. We decide to stop and have a look at the rooms on one of the floors. As we step into a luxurious room, my Grandmother becomes my sister, but I don't notice the transition.

The room is decorated mostly in red, but does not look tacky. I can see that there are two more similar rooms off to the sides. We admire the room, while I try to keep track of where we've come from so we don't get lost down here. I can see steps leading up to another level where the bed is. My sister wants to explore further but I don't want us to get lost. However, I look around at how lovely everything is and I want to see more too. Soon though, we start to look for the way we came in.

I'm confused and not too sure - every doorway looks the same. Then there is an operating escalator with gold or brass railings coming up from somewhere below and into the room we are in. I tell my sister that I don't remember this, or was it in the first room that we had been in?

Then it dawns on us at the same time and we look at each other and shout in a sing-song voice "We're dreaming! We're dreaming!" We are very happy and we skip forward. A man is now there but we don't really acknowledge him. I say that we should fly. I run and jump/glide like Superman into the air, feeling the need to move away from her in order to maintain my lucidity. I'm pleased that I hover for a while, even though I had a fleeting thought that it would be difficult in a scene seemingly so far underground. I shout to my sister, happily saying we should try flips (gymnastics). I flip over and spin, while still in a hovering horizontal position.

The man has been sort of following me. Not saying anything, just watching. I flip and spin some more, but soon feel I'm thinking it more so than doing it, as I become aware that I'm waking and feel myself in my body in bed.

With Thanks

We'd like to offer a special thank you to all those who have advertised The Lucid Dream Exchange in their publications, e-mail announcements, and on their web sites, and to the supporters, contributors, and dreamers of LDE.

Thank you!

Styles of Flight

(c) 2003 Linda Lane Magallon

Recently, I was trying to dredge my past flying dreams up from the depths of long-term memory and it was proving to be quite a chore. I finally decided to create a computer database so I could review my airborne experiences more readily. Gathering information in one place made it easy to realize: flying is very versatile. There are so many possible styles of flight.

I can be floating just free of the ground or sweeping through the stratosphere. Winging my way at waist level, eye level, head level, ceiling level. Skimming the earth inches above the undulating hills or tracing the curvature of city skylines.

Headed towards the orange horizon, into the great hood of night. Orbiting our big Blue Marble as quickly as running my fingers across a classroom globe. Steering for the sun, rounding the moon, passing by planets, trekking beyond the stars into the black cosmos. Through wavering time barriers, shifting dimensions, into and out of walls, through earth and water and transparent force fields.

Drifting leisurely like a balloon in a gentle breeze. Veering headlong back and forth, up and down through an obstacle course, trying to avoid sharp craggy rocks jutting out of the sea or those ubiquitous wires in the sky. Zero velocity while floating, hovering or sitting lotus style. Slow motion to observe details of the dreamscape. Zipping so fast that the scenery streaks, then dissolves and disappears.

Downwards in free-fall or directed flight. Diving into the liquid bed of the sea, throwing up jets of water and foam. Upwards like a leaf blown in the wind, an elevator or a rocket. Ascending in a fountain of water or in a fireworks fountain of light. Beamed up into a spaceship. Caught in a current, spreading arms, allowing the air to buoy me up. Forward, feet first. Backward, watching the scenery recede into infinity.

Swimming through the sky using the breaststroke or crawl. Sculling or treading air to stay up. Coasting like some solar surfer on the pressure waves of an invisible ocean. Using arms like wings, flapping arms like a bird, shifting arms, hands or full body to change directions. Using feet as if on skis, skates or skateboard, lifting the right foot to slide in that direction. Walking on air.

Flat-out akimbo with arms forward, arms back or arms like a fixed wing aircraft - straight out to the side. Hands on hips. One arm out, fist clenched, the other at my side. Straight legs, crooked legs, legs drooping. Curled or stiff-backed. Lying on my back or side. At an angle, feet higher than head, head higher than feet. Sitting, standing, upside down.

Hop-flying, jump-flying, bounce-flying as well as the common glide. Beeline or banking and doubling back. Back and forth, like swinging on a rope. Circumscribing lazy circles, making quick 90 degree turns. Somersaults and cartwheels. Back rolls, flips and loop-de-loops. Twisting like a silky, sinuous snake. Wriggling like a worm.

With props like a magic stick, rod or "hobble belt." Using tree branches as wings, or the canvas of a hang-glider. In a hot-air balloon, or James Bond style flying car-plane. As an airplane pilot or passenger. Standing atop a floating car or lying on an invisible force field. Straddling a missile, a person, Pegasus. Flown in the arms of another. Allowing a train to push my feet as I speed down the railroad track.

Clothed in funky bathrobes or special super-outfits. Glasses, goggles, or a floating scarf. As a pixie, sprite, Super Hero, male and female god. Sprouting hawk wings. Becoming a butterfly. As myself, in the body of another. As a spark of light. As a rectangle!

Of course, after all this aerial activity, it might be a treat to touch the steadfast earth again. I can float down gently or, if I've been speed-flying, crash into the ground or dive into the water. My favorite option is to screech to a halt a hairsbreadth before reaching the ground, then drop the last milli-distance to execute a perfect, two point landing.

<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>

Do you have any favourite lucid dream related quotes or short anecdotes to share like the sidebar on page 3? Send them in to LDE!

The Lucid Dream Exchange is pleased to announce a new reader-supported feature called "Tips and Techniques" where readers can help fellow lucid dreamers by sharing their tips and advice; from how to induce lucid dreams, to how to achieve specific goals in lucid dreams.

Beginner Lucid Dreamers

Near Misses. If you are trying to have a lucid dream, make note of your lucid dream "near misses." What's a lucid dream near miss? These are the dreams in which you speak or think about lucid dreaming to yourself or other dream characters. For example, you may have a dream in which you are reading a book on lucid dreams, or talking to a friend about lucid dreams. You may even say to yourself in the dream, "This reminds me of a dream" without becoming lucid and aware! Whatever the case, don't despair! These "near misses" suggest that you are making real progress in achieving lucidity. It indicates that your inner self has picked up on your waking interest in lucid dreaming. So keep trying! And pay attention to those near misses. They can show you where you need greater critical awareness.

Intermediate Lucid Dreamers

Lucid Trifecta. So, you wake up at 5 am, and can recall a lucid dream, and make notes in your dream journal - great! But don't stop there --- in my experience, once you have had one lucid dream in a night, the conditions are right to have two or three lucid dreams that same night. So write down your lucid dream, and think about a goal that you could have achieved with a little bit more awareness in that lucid dream, and then intend to have another lucid dream! Experience has taught me that when the conditions are right, keep going -- the probability of success is high.

Advanced Lucid Dreamers

Next Level. So, you are once again lucid. That's great. But this time, instead of flying, having an intimate rendezvous, or interacting with dream characters, announce to the dream that you want to go to "The Next Level." See what happens. In my experience, the lucid dream makes a complete shift on a number of levels. But, see for yourself. And, if you would, send your experiences to the Lucid Dream Exchange.

The above Tips and Techniques are courtesy of Robert Waggoner.

TIPS AND TECHNIQUES

Signs and Signals

Paying attention to, and taking advantage of "dream signals" is another way to trigger lucid dreaming. With practice you can learn to easily recognize your own personal dream signs, as C.S. does:

"I woke up twice previously but was too tired to recall my dreams. . . I suggested "I want to have a lucid dream, and will have a lucid dream." Immediately:

"Energy flowed around me (my lucid sign), mostly at my sides, down around my feet and around my head. The noise associated with it, at this time, was low. I felt really happy so I sang a fast, joyous song." (C.S.)

Tricks of the Trade

Some lucid dreamers have their own "tricks of the trade" when it comes to maneuvering within a lucid dream. For example, if you experience difficulty in flying to distant locations you may want to try what Katie and Christoph do:

". . . I spy a cluster of buildings, dominated by a pointy one, both off in the distance and higher up in the air. I do my trick where I determine a spot and arrive at it rather than physically fly (as I'd been doing earlier, flap-flap like a bird straight up). I do this in short increments rather than all at once." (Katie)

"There was a good wind in town and I decided to fly. I leaned against the wind and quickly gained height with my sailing technique." (Christoph Gassmann)

If you have any tips, tricks, techniques, or suggestions you'd like to share we'd love to hear from you!

POTPOURRI

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

Christoph Gassmann

I had several lucid or flying dreams where my lucidity or my capability of flying was not understood or accepted by the other dream characters. Here are two examples:

April 2000: Evening Flight

There was a good wind in town and I decided to fly. I leaned against the wind and quickly gained height with my sailing technique. It was a lovely warm evening at sunset and the thermal was good. Gaining height, I desperately asked myself if I was in a dream. But because everything was so real and my flying was absolutely natural I could not answer my question. Because I stretched my arms in a flying position, my muscles got a bit cramped, but the sight was outstanding.

The town was a mixture of Zurich (my native town) and an American town. An old American school bus was in my focus and caught my attention. Far below my position I then saw people moving in the streets. Two of them - a caretaker - and his son noticed me up in the sky and pointed towards me. Obviously I was creating a public nuisance in flying freely in the sky.

February 2001: In the Country of the Fools

I traveled with a group of old, school-time colleagues in a train. Suddenly I asked the others where we would go to. They did not know, as I did not in the beginning, till I realized that we were travelling in the dream world. I looked around and was again amazed about the realism of my surroundings - the interior of the railroad car and the passing landscape outside the windows.

I was furthermore in a pretty stable lucid state. I tried to make our state clear to my colleagues and recommended they look at their hands to realize that they were in a dream. But they did not follow my suggestion. I looked at my hands and saw them and my arms very clearly. Christian, my old friend mimicked me laughingly but did not understand at all.

As a demonstration I began to fly and hovered head first and diagonally in the railroad car. But again nobody realized what was going on and the meaning of it. Out of pure frustration I became again unconscious and continued to dream normally. Later I realized again the situation but now I was indifferent.

After the first dream I asked myself if in dreams it is possible to intrude in other worlds - mental worlds - where people are as ignorant of their state as people are in our world. The interesting thing in that world was, that it was not believed as impossible to fly - no - it was considered to be against the public conventions! - It was not decent to fly.

After the second dream my thoughts went more along personal considerations. The dream showed me that a part of my conditioning, which was represented by my old school friends who had a more materialistic point of view, did not understand at all the impact of lucid dreaming. The sad thing about that was that I accepted to become un-lucid because I could not convey to them the importance of the subject and because I did not want to be left alone with my insight. Here lays a personal obstacle to become lucid in dreams again. I wonder, how many dream flyers and lucid dreamers meet similar obstacles in their dreams?

Linda Lane Magallon **Oriental Bell** **9/5/84**

(Note: I was dreaming that I was in a room with my brother Ken. He was sitting against a window whose panes filled the entire wall. Looking out, I could see a view of San Francisco. I was aware there had been a series of dangers in the city and I was telling him, "I'm glad that the situation in San Francisco had passed. It's like the lifting of a dark cloud." Suddenly, there was a shift, and I found myself lucid within the city scene.)

With police (in their squad car?) I am chasing a car. When we catch up, I see that it is a brown beetle sports car with a young man driving and a young woman

accompanying him. They both drop their jaws in astonishment when I lift up their car (so they won't get away). Then I take off flying, carrying the car with one hand. I make sure no one falls out. We fly over city streets. At one point it is night and the city looks like piles of cartons filled with coke bottles.

Then it is day, or sunrise. Ahead is a structure with holes in it (a huge Oriental head). I think about flying through the holes, but they're too small for me and the car. So I go through a larger opening on the right (an eye?). Inside, it feels as if I'm under a huge dome, inside a bell. Just then the bell tolls, but the noise isn't as loud as I'd feared it would be.

I land on the ground. I'm at a street corner with a circular covering. Many people are coming and going. Some of the people are Asian in appearance and it does feel like I'm in San Francisco. City streets fan out in several directions. But as I begin to walk up one street, I think, "Inner City."

Keelin

There is No River

A friend and I are being escorted through what appears to be the home of a wealthy couple. Passing by a picture window, I see a wide river of vibrant, deep blue in the near distance. The water has the look of taffeta, but oddly, there is no motion in it. When I point this out to my companion, he replies, "Of course not!" in a tone that suggests this is so because "There is no river!". His comment leads me to realize I dreaming. The scene shifts abruptly to outdoors and continues briefly in an enjoyable fashion.

Note: My friend's comment in the dream is reminiscent of that famous line from the *Matrix*, "There is no spoon." It's also personally familiar as a dream sign because I've heard him explain numerous times to students the reason why they can't find their missing car (or room or whatever it is they may be searching for in their dreams) because "There is no...!"

Later the same night:

Dream Egg

I'm at the Dreaming & Awakening retreat, wishing I'd brought along my ballet toe shoes. I have the notion that I could perform the impossibly slow pirouettes as I often do in dreams as a reality check opportunity for the retreat participants.

The scene shifts and I'm walking down a residential street. There are several dogs frolicking about and a man with a flame-thrower and spraying hose working on his car. I walk into a building with an open floor plan. A

woman who seems to be in charge of this place tells me I can stay there and shows me about. There are futons and a bathtub she refers to as the pool.

With no apparent reason, I become lucid and begin singing in two-part harmony, marveling at the spontaneous melody, the distinctly separate female voices. The lyrics rhyme, but only a few words from the chorus are recalled upon awakening. "I see that you've taken an ocean of time..."

After singing, I crack an egg that's suddenly appeared in my hand, somehow expecting it to act as hard-boiled, and surprised that it behaves as raw. I wonder about this as a dream experiment (perhaps something about expectation and dream control?). My hands are eggy, but I realize this is only an illusion. After all, there is no egg. I wake abruptly.

C.S.

March 24 1994

I had to get up early so I didn't plan or want a lucid dream when I went to bed. However, I woke up at 2:00 am and couldn't fall asleep. Finally, at 3:00 am I decided I had time for a lucid dream. So I suggested that I wanted a lucid dream and I would have one. I just reminded myself that I wanted to swim in the healing water, be with people and dance, and I knew all the rest. I said to myself "I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming..."

I really thought "I am dreaming." I was lying on my right side in bed. I felt I was falling out of bed to the right. I got concerned because a table and wall were located on that side. I never got out of bed that way. Then I remembered "I'm dreaming so it doesn't matter." I rolled out of bed to the right and I did feel that I bumped the table just slightly. I decided to fly to ascertain that I really was dreaming. I couldn't go through the hard ceiling, nor could I go through the hard wall. I figured I was having a very low-type lucid dream so why fight it.

I made it easy on myself and opened the bedroom door. I flew, lying on my back, to my mother's room. I had to be dreaming. Mother would never have the red printed wallpaper that was on the walls of the room. (Visions were much brighter and clearer now.) Also, mother had white tiny curlers all over her head, which would never happen in waking life. She complained about being very ill. I told her she would be fine. I knew this was a dream and mother would never behave this way. The scene was boring so I decided to leave the room.

I was flying upright. I decided to go into the bathroom, which was to my right. I knew my father or brother

might be in there, but I recalled I was dreaming and it wouldn't matter. I flew through a long hallway with blue-printed wallpaper. I entered a huge community bath. About five men were in a large, shallow pool, washing themselves and wearing all their clothes. I flew by them and was passing a man sitting down next to the washing area. He grabbed my hand and put it on his penis and then grabbed my breast with his other hand. I was very angry and pulled away saying "You creep, I don't want sex in this dream!"

I flew into a large room with lots of people. It was a hotel. I remembered I wanted to swim in the healing water. I always visualized the water outside, but I just didn't want to go outside in this dream - it was too cold. I decided to create a healing pool inside the hotel and looked for a sign saying, "Healing Pool." Then I remembered it didn't work when I used to look for a "Healing Room" in previous dreams so I dropped it.

Instead, I remembered I wanted to dance so I danced a little myself. Then I remembered I wanted to dance with people. So I went into another room. I needed music so someone put on a tape. A man approached me from my

backside and put his arms around my waist so that he was crushing my ribs. The pain was almost unbearable. (I had experienced bad pain in my side ribs before going to bed this night.) I thought I must remember this pain when I record this dream for the experiment. I told him to let go. I was furious! He only squeezed harder. I said "This is my dream. If one thing doesn't work, I'll just do something else!" I told him to look in the mirror and watch himself shrink. I could vividly see him in the mirror. He was very young - about 18 years old. I watched him get smaller and smaller, almost as if he were melting away.

I went into another room and saw three cats - two black (one a little larger than the other) and one completely gray. I was so happy! I had planned to be with my dead cats. I picked up the smaller black cat with such delight. It said, "Is it okay if I mate with BB?" I said, "Of course, are you a little girl?" he said, "No, I'm a male." This confused me because my cat, BB, was a male also. While I was trying to understand it, the vision slowly changed (I could feel the transition) as I woke up.

Healing Dreams - continued from page 9

I'm then in the hallway where I jump up and stay in the corner, my feet braced on the wall. I'm definitely certain now that I am dreaming. I fly around the hall a bit, then feel I'm waking. Again I feel myself in the bed. I reach up to the switch. AGAIN it doesn't work. I get frustrated and go to the wall switch - it doesn't work either. I wonder if I'm dreaming or if it's for real this time. I go downstairs. . .

We're Under Construction!

Visit

The Lucid Dream Exchange website at

www.dreaminglucid.com

Check out the new additions in the lucid dreaming section of Janice's website at

www.geocities.com/janice240obe/nook1.html

Sleep Paralysis

Isolated Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming: Ten-Year Longitudinal Case Study and Related Dream Frequencies, Types, and Categories

By Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.

www.sleepandhypnosis.com

. . . I get upstairs but my bedroom door is different; very old wood. I try to open it, suspecting that I'm dreaming, when it opens to another, and another, and another door. I KNOW I'm dreaming now. I fly down the hall to a huge room, full of mirrors on the walls. I see my reflections and I note the symbolism of parallel me's, probable me's. I call that out, excited, hoping the reflected images will "come alive" (not just be reflections). There is lots of movement and soon the room is full of moving people, but they don't all look like me anymore.

I try to spy a "pregnant me" (something that I refuse to be in this life). I see a pregnant woman with dark black curly ringlets. Then I see some people together in a group and I get the idea of groups of me's coming together to give each other healing, strength, share abilities, etc. I want other groups to form too. I see one such group coming up in front of me, people with their arms around each other. I don't get "absorbed" into the group like I'd like to be, but I feel I can join anyway, they'll make room.

Just as this is about to happen I wake, again I feel myself on the bed. I wait a moment, then try the light. It works this time and I get up and write. [For real!] I don't know if the dream had any "real" effect, but I felt exhilarated and energized when I awoke. That dream made my day!

But the other issue is that of the mechanistic nature of these states. Lucid dreaming seems to show that at least parts of the mechanism can be tweaked by conscious intent. As a lucid dreamer with an interest in psychology, I want to know how far can you tweak the mechanism of the Unconscious.

Lucy: Would you use a wrench for that? Or a screwdriver?

Robert: Yeah - I could see that in a lucid dream, using my handy 'screwdriver' to ratchet up my libido. Oh, okay - here it is - my rusty ol' libido, stuck on 3. I think I'll move it up to 6 and see what happens. Whoa! Whoa! I feel all tingly inside. Got to wake up and tell the wife! Yippee! <g>

Lucy: Seriously though, do you think a lucid dreamer could tweak the mechanism of their Unconscious?

Robert: Well, maybe, one could tweak the tweak-able parts. Don't you think?

Lucy: Do you think that would be a good idea?

Robert: We lucid dreamers tweak things all the time. I think I have a lucid dream in this issue in which I become lucid (after seeing a blonde in a blue dress), and though I momentarily have the desire to get physical or intimate (a libido function of the Unconscious, perhaps?), I decide to ignore that and do something else. Did I tweak the libido down in that instance? Maybe so. How did I do it? By conscious volition. So, it appears that the Id was tweaked by the ego or superego. A funny thing here, and I am not making this up, but last night, I dreamt I lost my I.D. (dream pun of Id), and I couldn't take my flight without it. Which is ironic, because Freud associated sex with flying - and in the dream I needed my Id to fly - and the Id is the instinctual part of the self, driven by the libido.

Lucy: It is starting to sound like maybe Freud was on to something!

Robert: Maybe.

Lucy: Any final thoughts?

Robert: Just that I hope lucid dreamers will think about lucid dreaming and psychology and mental health, because there is something important there.

(Robert Waggoner taught himself to lucid dream in 1975. He lives in Ames, IA with his wife and two cats.)

Freud citations taken from *The Interpretation of Dreams, Sigmund Freud*; a new translation by Joyce Crick, 1999, Oxford University Press, pages 405-7.

LDE on health and healing in lucid dreams. Flying along, I yell out, "What is the Key to Good Health!?" Almost immediately, I hear a voice reply (something like), "All things in Moderation" or "Moderation in All things."

I think I should wake up and write this down. Suddenly, I am writing down the lucid dream. I seem to be at a kitchen or dining room table. I am trying to recall the dream, when I notice that there are three tumblers of liquid on the table. I realize that we don't have tumblers like that. I wake up from the false awakening.

Upon awakening, I could not recall the exact words that the voice said, but I knew I had the gist of it. Then I began to think that excesses or lacks were the cause of many diseases, and therefore "moderation" may be a key element in good health. I told my wife the lucid dream, and she said that the voice's response is the same or similar to a belief that she vaguely recalls the ancient Greeks or Romans had."

After reading this dream, a friend sent me the following quotes, pertaining to the above:

"Moderation is best in all things"
Theognis, 570-490 BCE (Greek Poet)

"Moderation in all things."
Benjamin Franklin

Although the idea may not be an 'original' one, at least it is one that has historic precedence and commonality with some deep thinkers in Western history. I believe that a more specific question in the lucid state would have elicited a more specific and personal response.

While I have had some dreams in which I attempted to influence my mood (with apparent success) and influence other's health (with mixed results), I feel that "disease" is a relatively complicated aspect of human life and involves physical, psychological, and even spiritual needs that one may not fully appreciate.

In that sense, I feel that lucid dream healing is much more involved than the casual reader would suspect. I do feel, though, that lucid dream healing points to the potential of consciousness and the nature of the broader psychic reality in which we seem to reside.

My thanks to Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. for the use of his lucid dreams in this article.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Experiment Deadline Extended June 2003

The Best Sleep Posture for Lucid Dreaming: A Revised Experiment Testing a Method of Tibetan Dream Yoga Sleep Posture, the Nasal Cycle, and Lucidity

For over 1,000 years, the Tibetan Buddhists have been practicing lucid dreaming as a means of approaching enlightenment. In this pursuit, they have developed elaborate techniques for inducing lucidity. Some of these are esoteric beyond the capacity of the uninitiated Western mind to conceive, let alone practice. However, others bear a striking resemblance to the techniques now employed by Western oneironauts, for example, frequent reflection throughout the day on the dreamlike nature of reality.

We are very grateful to the Fetzer Institute, which has provided us with funding to investigate the value of ancient Tibetan lucid dreaming induction techniques in the West. One such avenue which has been little explored to date is that of posture during sleep. Some Tibetan lore suggests that men and women should sleep on opposite sides, "because their energy channels are reversed." We would like to find out to what extent this is so. Previous Lucidity Institute studies on sleep posture, nasal laterality, and lucid dreaming have in fact yielded certain unexpected differences for men and women, but we need more participants to know whether those results were random variations or reproducible.

For the last year, we have offered a version of the experiment investigating sleep posture and nasal laterality (an ancient Yogic technique for influencing states of mind) requiring a series of early morning naps. Although the nap version of the experiment was designed to yield the highest rate of lucid dreaming, it evidently was too difficult for most people to schedule into their busy lives. Thus, we have modified the experiment once again, making it much easier to collect data in the course of one's usual sleeping schedule. If you have already started the previous version (LR3060.pdf) of the experiment, please finish it and send in your results. You may also participate in the new version of the experiment even if you have already completed a previous variation.

If you are interested in participating, please request a copy of the experiment via email by sending an email to nosex2@lucidity.com with "send nosex2.pdf" in the subject field (without the quote marks, and nothing else). The Subject line should look exactly like this:

Subject: send nosex2.pdf

You will receive the file as an email attachment (named nosex2.pdf). Open and print the file with Adobe Acrobat 4.0 (earlier versions of Acrobat may not work). Please carefully read and follow the instructions, do the experiment, and return when finished. If you don't already have version 4.0 of Acrobat Reader, you can get it free from Adobe.

If you are unable to download and print the file, you may request a printed copy by emailing your address to:

Ouroboras@lycos.com

We would like to have data returned by **June 2003**.

The more data we have the better we'll be able to reach reliable conclusions, so please contribute. We are especially in need of left-handed subjects but if you are right-handed, don't let that prevent you from participating!

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DREAM NETWORK

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Invitation

The Lucidity Institute invites all interested oneironauts to the upcoming

Dreaming and Awakening Retreat

May 9-18, 2003, on the Big Island of Hawaii. General information, registration, and scholarship applications are available on the web at:

<http://lucidity.com/daa/>

Article

February 2003 issue of *Esquire* magazine features Bucky McMahon's article "Adventures in My Bed" about his wonderful experiences at Lucidity Institute's Dreaming & Awakening Retreat and in dreamland last November.

Algonquin DreamQuest Canoe-Camping Adventure

(August 10-17 2003)

with instructor and guide: **Craig Webb**

Imagine paddling across a sheet of sparkling liquid diamond by day, tanning peacefully to a gentle dip-and-swing paddling rhythm. Then, imagine the wilderness laughter call of loons at sunset, and the welcome, gently wafting aroma of a sizzling campfire stir-fry while you discover by night how to navigate the tandem inner world of dreams.

Adventurers can expect a peaceful amount of paddling, an occasional portage, waterfall lunch-stops, and an excellent possibility of moose, loons, deer, beavers, otters, muskrats, mink, cormorants, and other wildlife (which often includes members of the camping party once the fetters of society are removed).

A flexible paddling schedule allows for private contemplation time, leisurely meals, stargazing, saunas, and plenty of lively group interaction. Some time will also be set aside daily to learn proven techniques for remembering, sharing and understanding dreams, and for stimulating lucid dreams, as well as methods for bringing about profound personal breakthroughs, truly beneficial interpersonal communication, and multi-level healing for greater fun, fulfillment and conscious awareness in this waking Dream (i.e. life).

The wilderness experience begins Sunday with dinner in the beautiful lake-side base camp at Northern Edge Retreat Center followed by a pre-trip welcoming and orientation to dreams and dreaming with Craig and your fellow travelers. After a restful night of freshly-sparked dreams in one of our forest cabins, wake to a nourishing buffet breakfast before packing the canoes and heading into Ontario's lush and breathtaking Algonquin Provincial Park for the adventure of your dreams.

Cost includes travel between downtown Toronto and base camp, all paddling gear, camping equipment (except sleeping bags), vegetarian food, as well as professional paddling, dream work, and *lucid living*TM training by experienced workshop leader, canoe guide, and certified national lifeguard Craig Webb.

It is not necessary that participants have previous paddling or camping experience. The level of physical exertion on the trip is not extreme and is also dependent on individual preference. However, any serious physical difficulties should be mentioned when booking.

"The Algonquin dream canoe trip was one of my most interesting trips into my inner soul and outer landscape, and was what I had been seeking. We were a nice small group, not knowing each other and with different backgrounds and expectations. At first our dreams were difficult to recall and share, as each of us wanted to keep our distance. The guide created an excellent safe space and had to use all his persuasive powers to encourage us to reveal ourselves. The group started to discuss their dreams openly, helping each other to understand and interpret them. Great trust was established and so I feel that the journey changed and empowered us and especially me. We each had a unique, rich experience, insight into our inner emotions, and some of us even had a vision into the future. We had profound quiet moments and wonderful talks over the glowing, crackling campfire, and the August nights, well known for their shooting stars, were scrutinized over and over by us dreamers thirsty for a connection with the spirit of nature and with the nature of our spirit."

-Vicky Eskénazi Lehouck, DreamQuest 2001 participant

Your Helmsman for the Adventure

Craig Webb, co-founder and Executive Director of the non-profit DREAMS Foundation (www.dreams.ca) since 1995, has written numerous dream-related articles and has spoken or appeared on/in such places as The Discovery Channel, AOL, CTV, San Francisco Examiner, The Learning Annex, many other TV, radio, and online mass media. Craig is also an avant-garde physicist, canoe guide, musician, Contributing Editor for Magical Blend magazine, and a founding member of *Making Contact* (a ground-breaking weekly radio show aired on over 150 stations worldwide). He has done pioneering dream and lucid dream research at Stanford University and at Montreal's Sacré-Coeur Hospital, and has spent over a dozen years, practicing, studying, writing, and teaching dream work, applied dreaming and Lucid LivingTM with a refreshing, enthusiastic style that blends soul, science, heart, and humor.

For a over a decade, Craig has led flat-water trips in Ontario's Algonquin and Temagami Parks, and white-water trips on various rivers in Quebec, keeping a balanced blend of safety, training, gourmet cooking, and fun (all materials provided except dream journal and sleeping bag).

Call 1-800-953-EDGE for information and registration

LUCID LINKS

The Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

A site featuring Dr. Keith Hearne's PhD thesis as well as other lucid dreaming firsts.

www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

The Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

Lucidity Institute Forum

A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.

www.lucidity.com/forum

The Dream Explorer

Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE:

<http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html>

Linda Magallon's Flying Dreams website

www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

alt.dreams.lucid

alt.out-of-body

Alt.out-of-body Website

www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html

the5aint's website

www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html

Dreams and Lucidity

<http://www.spiritonline.com>

The Lucid Dreamer's Reference Guide

<http://www.cris.com/~Mbreck/lucid.shtml>

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Dreaming Guild for the Physically Challenged

<http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html>

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

www.dreams.ca

reve, conscience, eveil

A site in France (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness:

www.florence.ghibellini.free.fr/

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"

<http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm>

Michel Gingras

www.lucid.tv

William Buhlman

www.williambuhlman.com

Christoph Gassmann

Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey

www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html

If you know of a link that should be included in this list, please let us know.

POTPOURRI

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THAT'S YOU!

Send in your lucid dreams!

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