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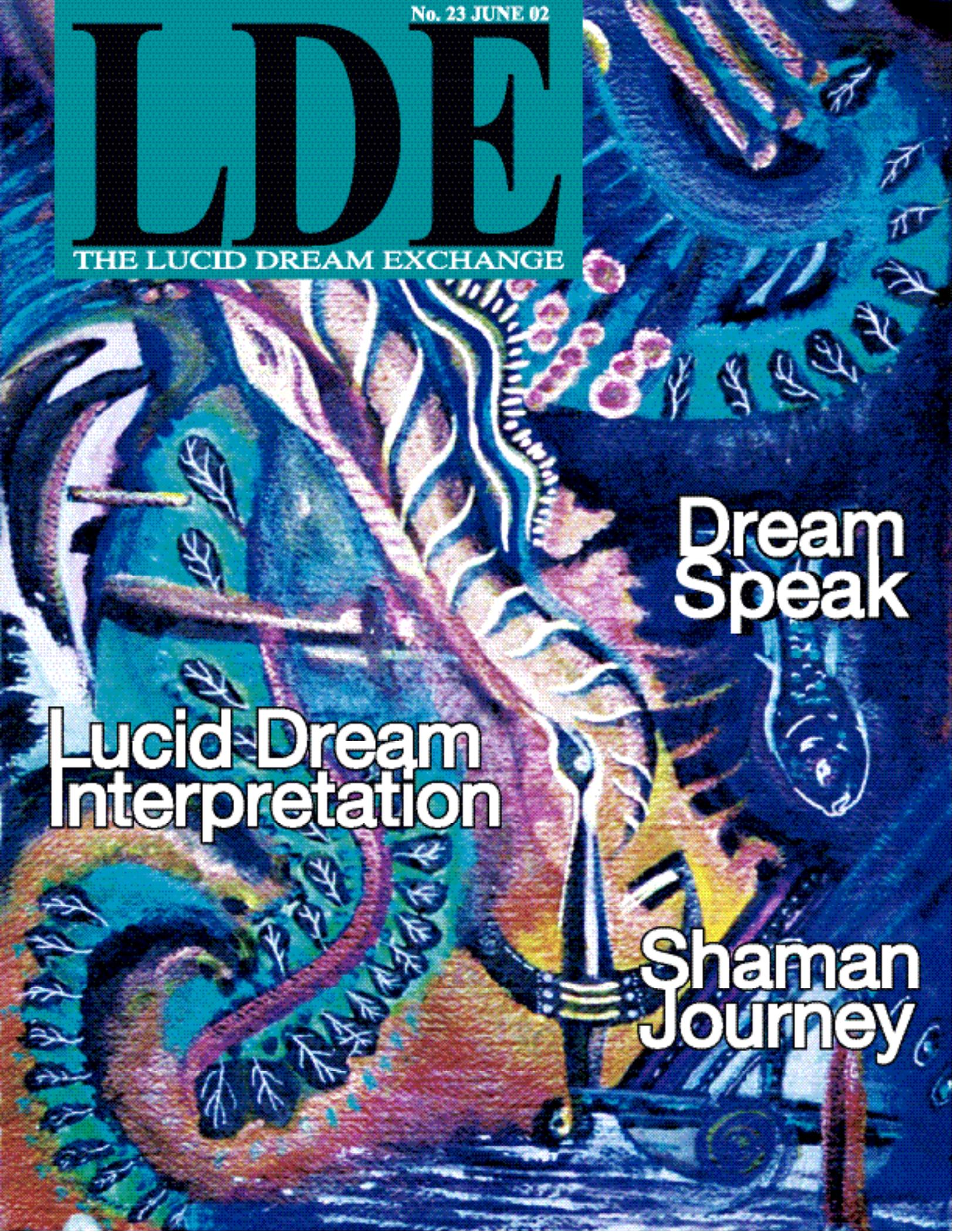
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THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

**Dream
Speak**

**Lucid Dream
Interpretation**

**Shaman
Journey**





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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.

Disclaimer

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An Excerpt From the Lucid Dream Exchange appears monthly in the on-line magazine Electric Dreams. No excerpts are printed without the permission of the individual author.

Submissions

Send your submissions via e-mail to Lucy: 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.

Next Deadline

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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!!*

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Dream Snippet

*I'm walking in a field.
I say "I'm dreaming."
I ask "How do you know you are dreaming?"
I answer "I just know."
I say "But how do you know you are dreaming?"
I get annoyed and say
"Would I be walking in this field if I weren't dreaming?"
C.S. December 24 1992*

Errata

In LDE 22 E.W. Kellogg's "AVirtual Reality Dream" begins with:
Vol. 47 p 148: 5/7/01 "I virtually ..." It should read: Vol. 47 p 148: 7/8/01 "I virtually ... "

A Letter From Lucy



No, you're not dreaming. The Lucid Dream Exchange has a new look. But go ahead and reality check if you still need convincing! The new look of LDE is due to the talents of Dream Studio owner and designer, Lori Goddard. See page 18 for more information

about Lori and her Dream Studio. Though our look and some of our format is changing, you will still see our regular features such as WILDs, OBEs, and Sleep Paralysis, Potpourri, The Dream C.A.G.E., DreamSpeak, Announcements and Links.

In the last issue of LDE, I interviewed Robert Waggoner for his column DreamSpeak - An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer. They say turn about is fair play, so in this issue Robert interviews me.

For those who may be having difficulty achieving lucidity or for those who'd like to try something a little different, Anne Masterson describes her Shaman Journey, a technique that she has had great success with when lucid dreaming seemed elusive.

Some lucid dreamers have shared their water dreams, and Katie describes her attempts at receiving messages from lucid dream answering machines, a suggestion from the C.A.G.E.

Also in this issue, two lucid dreamers respond to the question posed by Edith in LDE 22 regarding "whether contributors to the Exchange think that customary kinds of dream analysis are appropriate or useful when applied to lucid experiences?"

I hope you enjoy the new look of The Lucid Dream Exchange and will bear with us as it evolves over the next few issues. If you have any comments or suggestions please drop us a line. We'd love to hear from you!

Happy Dreaming, Lucy

Some C.A.G.E. suggestions that you might want to try

- 1 Try to reach a Higher Reality, attempt to go beyond your usual levels of lucidity and discover what lies there.
- 2 Try checking your answering machine in your lucid dream for a message just for you!
- 3 Walk on water.
- 4 Visit a past life.
- 5 Ask dream characters specific questions.
- 6 Step out of your body multiple times, each time looking back to see what or who is left behind (like replicating yourself).

Welcome to The Dream C.A.G.E.

Featuring: Challenges, Aims, Goals, & Experiments

Dream Telephony

© Katie

There was a suggestion (challenge) in the last LDE to check messages on your answering machine. I thought that was a great idea and tried to carry it out. I did manage to listen to an answering machine in my dreams that night, but there was no lucidity and the message fit in with the story of the dream.

March 08 2002

I dreamt I was standing in the backyard at 317 and saw a couple of tornadoes, thready, tightly twisted. I pointed them out with excitement to whoever I was with, then said, wait a minute, that's something that happens in my dreams! I tried to levitate, yup, I'm dreaming. Went inside to use the answering machine; somehow it seemed too difficult to listen to messages, like it would break up the dream, so instead I left an outgoing message, "Hi this is Katie and I'd love to hear from you!" In waking life I'd thought of the experiment as a chance to hear from "higher beings" or whatever, but in this dream I thought of the answering machine as a way for other lucid dreamers - specifically the folks who contribute to LDE - to communicate.

March 30 2002

Tried once again to answer the "dream challenge" from last LDE. Haven't made it yet, but am making a little progress. I'd like to call this series "Dream Telephony", kind of a pun on telepathy.

Got lucid, remembered dream challenge about the answering machine. Decided I wasn't really stable enough in the dream state to do that exactly, so instead I picked up the phone and said, "Hello, this is Katie. I'm calling for my messages," as if I were at a hotel or something. The receptionist sneeringly gave me a message about someone named Pat, perhaps that Pat was trying to get in touch with me? I don't have any strong associations with that name in waking life.

Editor's Note: "Pat" yourself on the back, Katie, for giving the dream challenge a try!

Shaman Journey

© Anne Masterson

See also the related section on Dream Guides by Robert Waggoner and C.S.

After several years of working with lucid dreaming with small success, I changed my focus and concentrated upon shaman journey. The journey is more natural for me to accomplish and provides a lucid projection of consciousness. I can physically be awake and aware of my physical surroundings, and aware of all the detail unfolding within the journey. I have noticed however, that if I am interrupted by someone, in the middle of a journey that I come slamming back into my body, and tremble for a while after the startled disruption. The journey takes on its own life. I can never predict how a journey will unfold, although I can set specific intentions to open non-ordinary pathways. Quite literally the shaman journey is "beyond my wildest dreams..."

The shaman journey is conducted via the resonance of a steady drumbeat-- either a live drum or a recording -- although the live drum music seems to work best. The drumbeats change the brainwave patterns to theta and the journey begins. The drum carries the consciousness into non-ordinary reality. I am aware of both the non-ordinary journey and my ordinary physical reality. I am not asleep. I become a walker between worlds.

I must set a specific intention in order to enter a journey, otherwise I just lay there and nothing happens except the drumbeat. The intention creates a purpose, opens a pathway and the journey unfolds before me. I never know what will happen within a journey or how it might unfold, however I can make decisions within the journey in consultation with my journey-dream characters. The journey characters are personal guides through the terrain of non-ordinary reality. The characters within my non-ordinary reality are familiar with these realms. The characters assist me to maneuver through complex terrain. After two years of practice I now have five eccentric people characters and five animal characters that show up in journeys when their particular talent is helpful. (I started the journey process with one animal guide. The other characters emerged from journey practice and specific intentions.) The journey characters reveal information or techniques to assist me within the journey. The journeys seem to evolve over time and practice. A growth in consciousness provides more ability within the journey.

A recent journey revealed a new technique: observing and participating in five (that number keeps occurring) probable realities simultaneously:

The journey begins. I am seated on a plateau that overlooks a 360-degree vista. My main journey character sits with me. He never verbally speaks. We watch a spectacular sunset. The guide

indicates to me through telepathic images, that I am to allow the busy thoughts of the day to be consumed within the setting sun (which always seems to be in constant sunset mode in my journeys). I feel the tension ease away from my physical body. Suddenly something totally different happens. Four other frames open. I am in all of the frame scenes simultaneously. I am with different journey characters in each frame, dealing with various topics. I'm aware of what happens in each frame and can process the information simultaneously.

The first main frame serves as an overview. From the main frame I watch the sunset with one guide and I also observe myself in the other frames that open. At the same time, I'm aware of myself participating in the activities that occur within the other frames.

I continue to watch the sunset with my main guide from the main frame. In the second frame I have a female relationship-guide providing advice I requested about a particular individual. In the third frame, I receive a thorough treatment from two healing guides. In the fourth frame, a diva/goddess character indicates information about prosperity and abundance. In the fifth frame, a shape shifter character - he changes from a person into a crow and back again. He informs me he will continue to assist me in my sleep to clear away some negative patterns I had taken upon myself while shamanically assisting a relative who recently passed away, to find his way to a more peaceful mental place.

The first frame remains open. I remain seated with my main guide watching the sunset. The other frames close. Telepathically, my main guide relays the information that the frame technique can be used in journeys for myself or for other people. Linear time is bypassed. I may experience several frames of reference simultaneously. All I need is specific intention to open the frames.

The journey ends.

Note: • *The journey took me longer to write than the amount of time spent in the journey.*

• *The frame technique continues to occur in some journeys but not all journeys. I find the frame method happens when I have a lot of questions or intentions, either for myself or when I do a journey for someone else.*

• *I literally save time because I may do several things in one journey via the multiple frames.*

• *The multiple frame technique has transferred to physical reality regarding problem solving and decisions. I see several probable solutions simultaneously. Prior to the journey techniques my thought process was more linear.*

Dream Speak

ROBERT WAGGONER

**Interview with a Lucid Dreamer:
Lucy Gillis, LDE Co-Editor**

Lucy Gillis grew up in Nova Scotia beside an ocean-fed lake in which she spent many summers frolicking, floating, and daydreaming. She has a Bachelors degree in astrophysics and worked for several years in the physics laboratories in an agricultural college. She currently works as an analyst for a scientific research company in British Columbia. When not at work, Lucy can be found in pubs with her local lucid dream group (that's where the best meetings are held!) or seated behind a very rich designer dessert at *Death By Chocolate*, hoping that, if she's dreaming, she won't wake until every last crumb is eaten!

Robert: So Lucy, how long have you been lucid dreaming? How did you begin?

Lucy: I've been remembering lucid dreams for almost 15 years now. I began after I read one of Jane Robert's Seth books in which Seth said that you could become conscious in your dream. I was fascinated by the idea and wondered if it could really be possible. Then a few months later I did it – spontaneously.

Robert: Tell us about your first lucid dream.

Lucy: It was very brief, and I became lucid only at the very end, seconds before I woke:

Meeting My Inner Shelf, December 14 1987.

A young woman and I are in a university dorm room, getting ready to go to a lecture on Edgar Cayce, when all of a sudden the features in the room are gone and the young woman has become sinister-looking. She is dressed in tight black leather and wears an elaborate ornamental headpiece. She now stands about two metres above me, holding a shining sword, raised and ready to strike. I discover I am now tangled among thick ropes, pinned against a wall, holding on tightly to keep from dropping. There is no floor below me, only a dark void. I know that with one slash of her sword, the ropes will break and I will fall into the nothingness below. She begins to chant something Satanic; one word over and over. I look down into the blackness and think "Shelf. I need a shelf." I release my grip and somehow know that a shelf will appear below me. It does so instantly. When I land, I look back up at the woman, with a slow triumphant smile. I know I'm dreaming. She begins to vanish, like mist, as I open my eyes to purposely end the dream.

Robert: What did you think when you woke up?

Lucy: To say I was excited is an understatement. I was ecstatic! I could feel a tremendous rush of excitement, like electricity coursing through my body. At the time I couldn't adequately articulate the new sense of freedom, and personal power I felt. It was almost overwhelming. I felt transformed, awakened. I became more and more interested in dreams and consciousness studies and began to read as much as I could on the subjects.

Robert: Did you know any other lucid dreamers at the time?

Lucy: No. Not one. But the Seth books were an incredible comfort and a great source of information as I explored my dream world. A few years later I read Stephen LaBerge's

Lucid Dreaming and I was hooked even more! I had no idea that there was a "name" for these conscious dreams and that they had been scientifically verified in sleep laboratories in England and the States. Through the Lucidity Institute I met and corresponded with other lucid dreamers and learned a tremendous amount from them.

Robert: What were your early goals in lucid dreaming?

Lucy: Well, basically just to get lucid! I participated in many Lucidity Institute experiments and therefore, at the time, my goals were determined by the instructions in the experiments. As for personal goals, I did what most other new lucid dreamers do; fly, walk on water, walk through solid objects, change scenes at will, do outrageous things that I'd never dream of doing while awake! (Pardon the pun.)

Robert: I recall reading about your use of singing to engage the lucid dream - tell us about that. How did that get started?

Lucy: That started ten years ago. Again, I have to refer back to Jane Roberts and the Seth books, but this time more specifically to Jane's husband, Rob. In one of the books, I read that when he first began trying out of body or projection experiments, he once found himself hovering above his sleeping body but he couldn't seem to move anywhere. He noticed that he could hear his physical body snoring and decided to use the sound of his snoring as a way to propel himself away from his body. I thought that was such a great idea! The next day I used his technique. Here is part of that dream:

Skates Flapping/Singing to Fly/Remembering Rob Butt's Technique, June 6 1992

...I hop up into the air trying to fly. I get up only a few centimetres. For some reason I am afraid to fly too high. I think of how I'd like to go into outer space but I'm nervous of trying that just yet. I don't even want to go higher than the buildings. I begin to sing "Aaah" as I jump. I take a breath, jump, and sing again. I recall reading yesterday that Robert Butts used the sound of his snoring to try to propel himself elsewhere while in the "astral state." So I sing louder, and sure enough, I can fly higher. I keep this up and soon I am flying down the street... I sing "aaah" as loud as I can, but know that my sleeping body is soundless. I can feel the head and throat area of my sleeping body; it is motionless. I marvel at this feeling of

duality; my solid sleeping body not moving while my lighter dream throat vibrates. I can't tell which throat is inside the other. At this point I know that I can go on with the dream or wake. I choose to wake so I can write this down immediately.

Now when I say I am moved by a particular piece of music - I really mean it!! I use singing mostly for flying (I begin to sing and simultaneously I'll rise higher in the air, and usually my control of flight becomes better). But mostly I will sing about what I see or do, maybe to the tune of a popular song, or a tune I make up. This sometimes helps me to remember the dream when I wake. I won't always recall the exact words I sung, but the images and events I sang about are easily remembered. Perhaps someone versed in brain physiology could explain if this has any scientific basis. I recall Stephen LaBerge wrote about his experiments with singing and counting in lucid dreams and the corresponding brainwave patterns. I was very fascinated by the results. I'd be interested to hear if there has been any more research in this area. I hope to do more personal experimentation with this. If sound can help me to fly, remember my dreams, keep the dream going, what other things could it do? What about self-healing? Could singing or producing particular sounds in a lucid dream stimulate healing, or memory?

Robert: What kind of songs would you sing - rock, pop, show tunes, Gordon Lightfoot ballads? (Note: Lucy is from Canada.)

Lucy: "*The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the big lake they call 'Gitchee Gume'*" Whew! Good thing you can't hear me belting out "*The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.*" while I type this up. I like some Gordon Lightfoot - I admit it! - but I've never sung any of his songs in my dreams. I grew up in the 70's listening to hard rock and metal, so I am more likely to sing songs from that era. Judas Priest, Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, etc. are always great to soar with! Sometimes I will just hum, or sing notes to the tune of a familiar song. For the requisite Canadian Content, (Canadian readers will know what I mean!) I have flown, swooping and soaring, while singing k.d. Lang's "Constant Craving." And of course the "Hockey Night in Canada" theme.....!!!

Robert: I also recall that in lucid dreams, you felt that you might be dealing with "probable" events? What do you

mean by "probable events" and what lucid dreams brought that idea up?

Lucy: This could take a long while to explain, but I'll try to be as concise as possible. Once again, I have to point back to the Seth books, for it is in those books that I learned about probable realities. Jane Robert's friend Sue Watkins had many lucid dreams of this nature, and it was in reading about her experiences in Robert's book *Seth, Dreams and Projection of Consciousness* that I got interested in this topic. (Several chapters were on the topic of dreams and probable realities.) As a very basic definition, think of a probable reality as a parallel reality, almost identical to this world but with some differences. Now think of an infinite amount of them. Seth spoke of the probable field as one in which events are "rehearsed" before they are materialized in physical reality - if they are chosen to materialize at all. Those that aren't materialized here, are actualized in another probable (parallel) reality. Of course this is not done at an ego awareness level, but by the inner or higher self. (I'm really generalizing here.)

Seth is not the only one to speak about ideas like these. Several theories of quantum physics support this too; the idea that for every decision made the alternate choices happen in other parallel realities. In other words, you walk down the street and chose to go right at the intersection. In some other reality, you have gone left. Any readers out there familiar with the British Comedy "Red Dwarf"? Ace Rimmer (what a guy!) is a probable version of Arnold Rimmer. The antics of the "Red Dwarf" crew often demonstrate beautifully some of the more interesting theories of quantum physics; time travel, parallel realities, multiple dimensions, consciousness creating reality, etc. But I digress... (however, in another probable reality, I just keep rambling on about "Red Dwarf" and about how brilliant the writers are, and how the episode with the dream recorder was so cool....!)

In some lucids I have met probable versions of myself, and probable versions of family and some friends. It is kind of difficult to explain how I know that they are probable versions and not just "regular" dream characters. The dream feels different. It is just a knowing. Some probable events are quite easy to spot. For instance, in one of my lucids, I literally say that "we are re-doing the probability," as we (myself and other dream characters) make slight alterations to the sequence of

events, to see how simple changes can affect the outcome. In another instance, I watch as a building blows up, over and over again, each time I am in a different place, and wonder if I will survive or lose consciousness "this time."

According to Seth we enter the probable field all the time in dreams, and that is how some events in our waking world get "created." We just don't recognize that we do so. But in a lucid dream, we are much more alert, and therefore, I believe, more likely to "catch ourselves in the act."

Whether Seth and some of the quantum physicists are correct or not, makes no difference. These dreams are delightful and a heck of a lot of fun!!

Robert: Do you think that your interest in physics entered in here - or anywhere else - in your lucid dreaming?

Lucy: Absolutely. I've always been intrigued with some of the philosophical implications of quantum physics, particularly those that deal with parallel universes, or probable universes and how consciousness creates reality. If these theories are correct, (and I'd like to think they are!) then I feel that consciousness studies is the next step in discovering what we, and the universe(s) are all about. And what better way to study consciousness than from within the dream state? And, as an aside, astronomy has always intrigued me, and since it is highly unlikely that I will ever travel to distant worlds or galaxies, then from a purely aesthetic point of view, lucid dreaming allows me my flights of fancy (another pun to pardon) and the opportunity to see what the wonders of the universe(s) may look like.

Robert: Nowadays, what techniques do you use to become lucid, or is it most likely to happen naturally?

Lucy: Most likely it will happen spontaneously, but some gentle suggestions to myself throughout the day and just before sleeping have proved to be successful too. And it doesn't hurt to reality check once in a while. I can't count how many dreams in which I've done a reality check, out of habit, and been shocked and delighted to discover that I'm dreaming! Trying to read text or clocks is the usual check for me. Sometimes if there is no text or clock nearby I'll try poking my fingers through walls – but a lot of the time it doesn't work, so I'll assume I'm not dreaming. Funny, I never try poking my

fingers into walls when I'm awake, though!

Robert: What is it about lucid dreaming that intrigues you?

Lucy: That you can live in two (or more!) worlds at once. Consciousness fascinates me. How we can dream in such detail, such wonderful scenes and activities, never ceases to amaze me. As I mentioned, I believe that consciousness creates reality. I feel closer to this process when lucid dreaming. When I am lucid I feel as though I am about to be let in on some great secret. When I awaken from a lucid I feel like I have accomplished something very special. It is a real morale booster that leaves me energized and in high spirits for the rest of the day.

Robert: Tell us about one of your most personally interesting lucid dreams?

Lucy: Since you brought up probable dreams, I'll include my favourite probable dream below, as it appears in my dream journal:

The Probabilities Meeting, May 15 1998

[Order of events may not be correct. I am staying over at a friend's apartment. I have many false awakenings, but always catch myself and continue to dream lucidly.] I am in Mark's living room. I realize that I am dreaming. I go out into the small hallway by the kitchen. I float and fly up and down the small hallway, wondering what I should do next. I think about going outside, but I don't want to go out in the cold morning air. At some point I find a small round mirror and I look at my image and the room reflected in it [I did not notice if the reflection was accurate]. I try to get inside the mirror to see what I'll find there. After a few attempts I give up. Also at some point, a phone rings. I let the machine take the message, knowing it is from or about someone or something named Fabula Caprila.

I look back into Mark's living room. I am not surprised to see two Karen's, a few other me's, and one or two other people. I know that I am dreaming and am seeing probable versions of people, myself included [from probable realities]. I am not perturbed, when some of them pop in and out of existence. I don't let the "non-linearity" or "non consistency" bother me. I know that that is just an aspect of the state we are in. Then I am standing on or above a large round table. There are at least two me's, and two or more Karen's, and multiple other people as well as a couple; a man and a woman. The

man and woman seem to stand out in my perception. I am at a meeting, a probabilities meeting.

Expertly I quote from a Seth book, about learning to operate in the probability system. In my mind I "see" the title of the book as The Search for Seth, but smiling, I remind myself that in "my" reality those quotes come from a book titled Seth Speaks. Some of the other people here would have The Search for Seth in their reality.

I notice that the couple are not paying attention to me. They seem unaware that I'm here, or perhaps more accurately, unaware that they are here. Glancing around the table I become curious as to how many people here are aware that they are dreaming. I ask those who are listening how many of them realise that they are dreaming right now. I am pleased to see a few hands go up, pleased also to see a me with her hand up. The couple continue to talk between themselves, oblivious to their surroundings. I am satisfied that at least some of us are consciously present, and know that those who are not, are still learning and participating here on at least some level of their psyche.

At the "end" of the meeting someone falls. We seem to be in a conga line, dancing and having fun. [Does the line represent our going back to a linear-time based system?] Then it seems I am waking. As I look to my right, [I am sleeping on a couch] I see that the chair has different upholstery on it. Immediately I know that I am dreaming. At another time I "wake" to find yet a different upholstery on the chair, and again I know that I am dreaming. Once or twice I "awaken" to find no chair, and again I smile to myself, smug that I am catching myself each time. Once I "wake" up and everything looks as it should. But I bounce up off the couch and pick a book off of the bookshelf and try to read and reread a sentence. I'm thrilled and a bit surprised to find it distorting, again indicating that I am still dreaming. Once again, I "wake" and reach down to pick up a book in which to write out the dream. I don't have my dream journal handy, so I will write on the back empty pages of a SCI-FI novel I'm reading. I slide a bit back on the couch, getting more comfortable. I know it's still a dream, as I have a pencil by the book now, not a pen as I have in "real" life. Except for

the pencil, the room looks exactly as it does in "waking life." I am enjoying this. It is like playing a game! Next time I wake for real, pick up the pen and scribble out the dream in the back of the novel. [Could the many false awakenings be symbolic of many probable realities – almost identical to this reality, but with differences?]

Robert: What advice would you give to new or aspiring lucid dreamers?

*“Always honour
your dreams...
You are unique
and no one
can have the
dreams that you do
– it's impossible.”*

Lucy: Never give up! Always honour your dreams - lucid or otherwise – and never compare them to someone else's, or rate them as "poor" or "not good enough." You are unique and no one can have the dreams that you do – it's impossible. Some dreams might seem boring, or uneventful, but always remember that with each experience of lucidity you are expanding your conscious awareness and are growing with each new dream. As for just getting lucid, don't try too hard. I found that when I put too much pressure on myself I had the reverse effect and no lucidity would develop. Gentle, but firm suggestions to myself that I would be lucid in my dream, repeated throughout the day (plus some reality checking) and just before sleeping seemed to work the best for me. Find or develop whatever technique feels the most comfortable for you and go for it!

Robert: What plans do you have for the LDE?

Lucy: I have no specific plans at the moment, and am certainly open to suggestions. But in general, I'd like to see LDE grow and flourish and reach out to more lucid dreamers. It was my early contact with lucid dreamers and then with LDE, (when LDE founder, Ruth Sacksteder was publishing it) that greatly influenced and shaped my lucid dreaming experiences and ambitions. I learned so much from others and am very grateful to them all. I'm still learning from the readers of LDE. Lucid dreamers never cease to amaze me with their creativity and unique perspectives. I hope that LDE will continue to be a source of information, guidance, and entertainment for fellow dream explorers, and a friendly forum where dreams and opinions can be shared openly.

DREAM GUIDES

C.S., December 12 1992

Found myself in strange surroundings, heard strange noises. Knew I was dreaming, especially when the noises got louder. (It's my sign for a lucid dream.)

I felt excited and happy. I expressed it out loud. I also felt cold but told myself it would not wake me. I didn't know whether I should roll out of bed or stay with the visions. So I seemed to get up into the scene. I was in a courtyard with walls and no foliage - just dirt and brown, dark colours. I was walking on air. I didn't want to be there. I told myself to go where there are plants and flowers and life. I started to fly backwards. The scene changed to green plants and trees, blue skies and vivid colours. I felt wonderful. Then I saw a white bird in the sky coming toward me. (I was still moving backwards, looking where I had just been.) The bird changed into an all-white female angel with wings. She was alive but looked like a marble statue. I remembered I wanted to go to the Healing Room and to talk with the nun and explorer (parts of myself) but I decided to let this dream unfold as it will.

The angel and I walked forward together. We were discussing birth control. I paid strict attention to this conversation so that I could remember the information when I awoke. I kept repeating what she said, and ending it like this. I kept trying to pinpoint her words by saying "So you mean..." She would say "Not exactly, etc." Finally I said "You are being deliberately ambiguous. Are you telling me that there is no right or wrong? She said "That's right."

Then a man joined us. He also was all white and looked like a marble statue. They both were to my left - the man was holding my left hand. I had to look up; they were twice my size. I felt like a little child with my mother and father. It felt good.

We were in a public place that looked like an ancient Greek or Roman stone building with open areas and pillars. More and more people were walking around us.

I said the birth control issue is not important. I was there for a healing. The man was gone; the angel turned into an elderly, normal sized woman with her dark hair in a bun. She looked like Olga Worall, the well-documented healer. She said "I know." She took my right hand in hers. I could really feel it. However I could see she was touching a dark grey granite stone and I could see my right hand stretched out in front of me. The top of the hand was slightly closed into a fist. I knew people were staring at my strange action, but I didn't care. I knew I was getting a healing. I felt myself making the transition to waking as the scene slowly disappeared.

Note: I was on my right side. My left nostril was opened when I was attempting to fall asleep. My right nostril was opened when I woke up. Needed to change my consciousness to a more positive happy state so dwelled on pleasurable past experiences, programming myself to incorporate feelings into Lucid Dream. (I have fibromyalgia and multiple chemical hypersensitivities. Both are very disabling and painful.)

Robert Waggoner, March 21-22/02, Vicarage Day and the Guardians

I seem to be in a place like England in a neighborhood of walk up homes, outside on the steps. A man pulls up in a 1940-1950's car and asks me to take these 6 things to the Vicar on Vicarage Day. The six things are 2 small candle holders, two hub cap looking things and two other things. I take them from him and carry them up the steps and knock on the door. Even though the lady of the house is busy cleaning, she takes the items from me.

(Scene shift.) I am now having tea with a dark haired woman. I step out of the house, and walk past a car and around to the front. As I step into the sideyard and a bit of an English garden, it all begins to look "dreamy". Suddenly it occurs to me, "You know, this is a dream!" It takes a second but I begin to fly, slowly at first. Then I decide to really fly fast and start gaining speed and altitude.

As I look ahead, I see something odd like a Totem or totem pole, with figures standing on each other. I fly to it and then watch/realize that the top figure of a woman in a red silk outfit is actually alive. As she comes "to life" we begin to talk. She states that she is a type of "guardian". She says that she watches over us, and is there to help us. She has some other comments; one is she mentions something about the "deadman's day".

She then hands me another totem-like figure -- this one of a male priest-like figure with a red silk outfit and a red boxy hat with a tassel or feather on the right side (the outfit looked oriental). Suddenly, he too comes to life and becomes life size. We all then talk and have some tea. Two dogs show up.

At the conclusion, I decide to float up in the air, and announce to the dream this affirmation (reasoning that since I am in my unconscious, the affirmation will be particularly powerful). I look up to the sky and say, "May I find it easy to become lucid and may this dream help me become lucid in future dreams." I then see the visual scene as if I am looking through a crystal - small fractured perspectives like some Picasso.

WILDs, OBEs, & Sleep Paralysis

C.S., March 1 2002

I was taking a noon nap, thinking that I really needed to have a lucid dream. I was lying on my left side, on my left eye with my right eye open. I remembered that I wanted to tape a movie at 1:00 p.m. so I got out of bed and went to the TV. Strangely, I could only see out of my right eye since my pillow was attached to my left eye. This was too bizarre to be real so I assumed I was dreaming and jumped into the air for a reality test. Nothing happened so I got confused.

I was laying down again, listening to people talking. I knew that was one of my signs that I am going lucid so I attempted to get out of bed. However, I could not move, my body was paralyzed. I was determined to have a lucid dream so I relaxed and willed myself out of bed.

I went into a vivid, non lucid dream whereby I went to the window that overlooked the porch to determine why I heard voices there and talked with the owner of the house about my lease. I remembered all of that very intelligent conversation. I was listening to my words and commenting on my ability to stay calm and to speak with legal knowledge about my rights as a tenant to control who goes on my porch. I woke up on my left side with my eye crushed into the pillow.

A. Dreamer, March 7 2002, Floating with a Child

I awoken from a nonlucid dream and return to the dream semi lucid. I fly with a child on my shoulders, talking to him. He feels quite heavy. I decide to teach him to float

*WILD

Wake Initiated Lucid Dream

Entering the dream state (lucid) from the waking state without falling asleep first.

*DILD

Dream Initiated Lucid Dream

Becoming lucid during a dream.

*MILD

Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreaming

A method of dream recall/memory to improve the chances of becoming lucid in your next dream.

**TILD

Trance Induced Lucid Dream

Entering the dream state (lucid) from a trance state.

*Terms coined by Dr. Stephen LaBerge. For further information, see his book *Lucid Dreaming*.

**Suggested by F. Ghibellini.

on his own, so I put him down. I tell him and another boy to jump up and float. They simply jump up and come down so I demonstrate and finally they sort of get it. I wonder if I am making up this story or if the kids are really in my dream and will they remember it. I go into a larger room and relate to some people. Suddenly I am called away, or so I feel. I take my leave and go into another room. Now I have no idea why I was called away, but now that I am alone, I become fully lucid. I decide to lose the scene and go elsewhere by flying right into a cabinet. I fly through the cabinet and headlong at a very fast speed. I go even faster, my body vibrating. Things feel "out of control" like I'll never come down. I also realize that my nose is totally stuffed up and I'm having trouble breathing. I try to wake myself and now have a dual image of myself flying swiftly and also being on my stomach in my bed. I find I can move my hands and head and think I should be in sleep paralysis. I am still struggling to get enough air through my nose. I wake up further. Now I feel myself on my back, my true sleeping position, and I am in sleep paralysis now. I slowly come up through the sleep paralysis and wake up. My nose is pretty stuffed. Then the mucus drains out of one nostril and I can breathe.

Janice, April 18 2002

I had a partial OBE-type lucid dream during a brief nap. I dozed off and was having a little dream when suddenly I couldn't hear anything. I commented to my husband in the dream, "I can't hear

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Potpourri

A Variety of Lucid Dreams

A. Dreamer, February 9 2002, Lucid in a Strange House

I am in this house waiting for it to be morning and a certain time at which I believe I was supposed to go somewhere or do something. I look around the house, going past a first floor bathroom. Then I see this cute little bedroom I didn't know existed. Apparently tacitly lucid, I consider how I could make it my bedroom and have my stuff magically transported but then I realize the room is too small for all my stuff. I lie down on the bed a bit. A voice says it's 9:30 but I don't think it can be that late. Still, I get out of bed. Then I realize I'm dreaming and become lucid. I think I could check a clock but it doesn't really matter and anyway, the time could say anything. I go outside and ask the dream to take me where I need to be. I jump up and fly on my back head first. I can hear cars swishing below as I cross a freeway. I'm not very high yet. I soar higher and lose visuals for a while. I start to move a little faster. Finally I come down and skim along fairly close to the ground. Somehow I catch sight of this old railroad track and hope that I won't land there. I move on and land in this muddy, grassy area by a corn field. To the right of the cornfield is a grassy field where a kid's soccer game is going on. The kids kick the ball into the cornfield. I want to enter the field after they retrieve the ball, but I wake up first.

C.S., December 16 1992

I'm waiting for an elevator - the doors don't open wide enough. Then, there are no doors. I get on and think, "It doesn't matter anyway - I'm dreaming this." I get really excited and think, "I really am dreaming!"

I notice I'm in a hospital so I decide to see a doctor. I'm on the 15th floor. It's a large hospital with lots of people walking around. All the nurses are dressed in appropriate white uniforms, but their faces are painted pure white.

I look for someone to direct me to the doctor's office. I see a man behind a counter. I tell him I have a doctor's appointment and would like to know where he is located. He tells me no doctors are available at this time. I tell him I have an appointment. We have a discussion. However, there are no doctors there. I lose lucidity.

I'm in school. Carol says I flunked history. I'm concerned that

I won't get my high school diploma. However, I ask her for a sheet of 8 1/2 x 11 paper so I can write down my lucid dream before I forget it.

NOTE: Lying on my left side. The right side of my nose was open before and after the dream. I didn't program for a Lucid Dream because it was too early in the morning (didn't want to write it down then). Also, I didn't think I would have a lucid dream lying on my left side.

Arthur, March 10 2002, Flipping Out In the Library

I'm running around the crowded library, and I see a copy of Tim Leary's book "Design For Dying." When I first glance at it, it says "DEATH DESIGN" or "DEATH PLAN" - but when I look again the text has changed. It may be this which triggered lucidity, but unfortunately my recall of the beginning of the dream is murky. I was drifting in and out of sleep in the morning and I have a feeling it may have started lucid.

Then I'm running quickly around the library, wanting to make the most of my time. I rub my hands briskly together to help stay in the dream. A character catches my eye so I stop and say, "Is there anything you want to tell me?" We walk for a few minutes during which he advises me to mingle, talk to a few people, and have fun. Completely ignoring this advice, I run off again, to his amusement. I think, "I could do a cartwheel," and try flipping over; I end up flipping over and over in an uncontrolled way, my sense of the rest of the environment gone. The sensation is quite intense and enjoyable, but I'm afraid I'll lose the dream. Shortly after this thought I stop spinning and fairly quickly merge into my "actual" body lying face-down on a hard floor beside my bed. I have an interesting sensation of rapidly increasing heaviness as I "fall" into my body. I get up, failing to realize it is a false-awakening, and a short non-lucid dream occurs. Then I wake up for real.

[I believe my awareness was at a fairly low level in the dream. The most interesting feature of it for me was the intensity of the kinesthetic sensation when I was flipping.]

Klake, February 2002 What do I want?

Just when I decided to give up on the idea of having lucid dreams again, I have one. In the dream, it is a really beautiful, bright sunny day and I am hiking in a park that has a canyon. I see an ex-boyfriend

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Lucid Dream Interpretation

Interpreting Lucid Dreams: Letting the Symbols Speak

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In the last LDE, Edith raised a thought-provoking question, when she asked if, "...customary kinds of dream analysis are appropriate or useful when applied to lucid experiences?" So lucid dreamers, are lucid dreams open to normal dream analysis? Or do they fall in a special category? If so, how so?

One of my early joys in lucid dreaming was asking the dream characters what they or some dream object represented. Twenty years ago, I became lucid as I stood in a sunny snow covered yard:

As I turned, I saw dozens of gems on the steps of the porch where my friend Andrea stood looking down at me. Recalling my waking curiosity about dream symbolism, I picked up one gem and called to Andrea, "What does this represent?" She looked back at me and said with conviction, "Hope. And consciousness." I decided to wake up and write down this response. Upon waking, it seemed like such a wonderful concept - to become lucid and have the dream characters explain the symbolism! No more Jungian this or Freudian that - when lucid, you could get the symbolism straight from the dream!

Yet, for every insight that lucid dreaming seems to bring, a dozen questions seem to follow. A few years later, I was part of a lucid dream correspondence group headed by Linda Magallon, and one of our monthly lucid dream goals was to become lucid and find out what the characters represent. So one night, I became lucid walking across the parking lot at night in a dream:

I recalled the goal and followed a woman into a building. Once inside, I saw a reception area with a receptionist, another woman seated in a chair and a rather avuncular man in a three piece suit standing there, smiling. I mentally debated whom to ask and decided on the man. I walked up to him and said firmly, "What do you represent?" Suddenly, a voice boomed out of the space above him, "The unrecognized characteristics!!" I thought about that for a moment, somewhat shocked, and managed a retort, "The unrecognized characteristics of what?!!" Again, the energetic

voice boomed from above, "The unrecognized characteristics of the Happy Giver!!" With that, I told myself to wake up and write this down.

Two things stunned me. First, the "Voice" from above was a new development. Instead of a dream character responding in an expected manner, something completely unexpected had happened. Was the "Voice" my Superego? My Higher Self? The subliminal dream producer/narrator behind the dream? And what about all of the booming vocal energy? Moreover, what did that response mean, "The unrecognized characteristics of the Happy Giver!?" How was that response associated with the portly, avuncular, smiling man in the three piece suit with the gold watch chain?

The next day, it hit me - I understood the Voice's response, the connection with the dream's symbolism and how it was related to this waking event from the day before: Earlier that afternoon, I happened to meet a woman who was involved in a charity. As we talked, I was shocked by the woman's mean spirited insinuations about her donors' lack of generosity and dubious motives for giving. When I walked away, I mentally mused to myself a bit sardonically, "The lord loves a Happy Giver." - as a wry comment on this woman who seemed such an un-happy receiver. The waking event of talking with this woman had been the emotional highpoint of a so-so business day. So, in some incredible way, my dream/lucid dream seemed to be making comment on the day's "significant emotions" and was using a portly avuncular man in a three piece suit with a gold chained watch, as the epitome of the "Happy Giver".

Yet I wondered, what might have happened had I asked each dream character what they represented? What about the receptionist? Would she have displayed some symbolic aspect of "receiving" from others? And what about the woman seated in the chair? Was she the anima, the "female aspect" of the Happy Giver? Or did they play other roles? And what if I had ignored them all and walked past the receptionist into the rest of the office? What then? Would the emotional value of the Happy Giver symbolism recast itself in these new environments, under new forms?

A wonderful aspect of lucid dreaming is that when lucid, you can simply stop and marvel at the beauty, verisimilitude and procession of the dreaming world around you. If curious, you can simply stop and marvel at the process. When I have done this, I have become aware of the beautiful associational parade of symbols around me. Lucid, I pick up that the old green car (reminiscent of one from my childhood) should “naturally” be parked under that type of tree and is “obviously” followed by a boy on that old style of bicycle, which is related to that new symbol entering the dream (a battered skateboard) and on and on, in a wondrous, interlocking chain of associations - some expected and some not expected, some deep and some shallow - but all seeming to make a type of associational sense that only I, the dreamer, could ever follow or relate or explain.

Lest one leave this article thinking that “dreaming” is simply a parade of emotionally associated symbols and that “lucid dreaming” means gaining control over this simplistic process, then please consider this lucid dream:

I had become lucid and was having a blast taking some people through a university setting and flying about. At one point we came upon an open green campus space with a lovely bell tower in the distance. Lucid, I turned to my small group and told them, “Look! At the count of three, we will all make that bell ring! Okay?” Then, I counted “one”, but as I turned back towards the bell tower, I saw off to the right a small group assemble. And as I counted “two”, that small group suddenly seemed to have musical instruments! And as I yelled, “Three!” expecting the bell tower to ring wildly due to our collective willing, instead, this small group began to play their instruments at that exact moment.

In some odd way, I had made “noise” in the lucid dream, but not in the way my lucid intent was intending. How was it that my lucid intent was subverted? Did some unconscious associational process come into play, whereby a “band” is more likely to make noise than a bell tower? Did I use an emotionally or associationally charged word in the creation of my intentional statement, perhaps telling my group we will make “music”, and that initiated the creation of a band of music makers on the side? Whatever the reason, this incident expressed to me that even in lucid dreams we are largely riding the power and purpose of dreaming. When lucid, our freedom within the dreaming has grown considerably; nevertheless, we remain within the dreaming.

So Edith, in answer to your question, yes, “customary kinds of dream analysis” may be valid for “some” lucid dreaming. Yet lucid dreaming has the inherent capacity to trump “customary kinds of

dream analysis” when the lucid dreamer gets the analysis from the dream itself. Moreover, experiments and natural experiences in lucid dreaming may more clearly show the actual processes of symbol creation, association and meaning than any theoretical model of dream analysis, heretofore considered. In some ways, it is amazing that lucid dreaming and lucid dreamers have not already developed new theories of dream symbol process and meaning, because of their unique capacity for in situ observation and experimentation.

An excellent research opportunity for some graduate student would be an analysis of lucid dream symbolism, immediately prior to becoming lucid and immediately preceding the loss of lucid awareness and the return to normal dreaming (this is fairly common in beginning lucid dreamers). In my own lucid dreams, I finally began to notice that the dream symbolism before lucidity and the dream post-lucidity bore symbolic commonalities, as if the inertial direction of the dream interrupted by lucidity maintained its course, once the lucidity had disappeared.

In larger terms, however, lucid dreaming is simply a better and more probing tool from which to understand and comprehend the true immensity of the dreaming process. Given the

resources, lucid dreaming would show that dreaming involves even more than symbolic restatements of inner issues, wish fulfillments and emotional conflicts, etc. Given the resources, I feel lucid dreaming would show actual mental processes in the unconscious and aspects of the deeper identity upon which our puny awareness rides. Given the resources, I feel lucid dreaming would rework our understanding of the psyche and the collective aspects of the unconscious with which it communicates.

*“Dreamworkers
call dreams
“multi-layered,”
which means
that more than
one technique
can be applied
to any dream.”*

Linda Lane Magallon

Dream Definition Dialogue: Interpreting a Lucid Dream

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Dream Definition Dialogue is a systematic approach to dream analysis. Like all interpretive methods, it's the result of contributions by many dreamworkers (whether they admit it or not!). Only this time, I can name the major perpetrators. They include Gayle Delaney, John Sanford, Janice Baylis, Ilona Marshall, Kent Smith, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung and myself. However, this is not a method meant to beholden you to any dream professional. It's designed to help you interpret the dream for yourself.

Lucid Dream Interpretation

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Using the “3-D” method, you take the dream apart, separating it into words and phrases. Then you allow each component to stimulate a stream of associations so you may uncover the many possible meanings for you, personally (a technique called “free association”). But you don’t stop with that potpourri of reformatted bits and pieces, you integrate them. By selecting those meanings that are most compatible, and that best relate to the entirety, you combine them to form a complete translation.

In order to understand the “Union Square” dream and its interpretation, you’ll need to know what was happening in my waking life. At the time of the dream, Kent Smith and I were teaching the “Dream Definition Dialogue” method at the Dream Training Institute in San Francisco. Betty Benson and I were planning a workshop, which was held later that year. We entitled it “*Dream Dimensions: Enhancing Self-Esteem.*”

The first of each pair of paragraphs below is the original dream. The second paragraph (in parenthesis) is the interpretive re-write.

Union Square, 4/14/85

I am in the lobby of the Superior Court with [my super friend and colleague] Sandy. We are both dressed in our “super suits,” that is, white jumpsuits. I mentally make sure that they are not bulky. We are beginning to be recognized by the people surrounding us, so we stride outside.

(Kent Smith and I are in a superior space, appearing to the public as “moon-walking” onironauts. I make sure this image doesn’t overwhelm us. We can still maneuver easily, and using the image, we are recognized as adventurous dreamspace explorers.)

As I continue walking, I’m now in a shirt and jeans, and with a blonde woman, so the crowds don’t recognize us right away. I suddenly become lucid and realize with amazement that I am at San Francisco’s Union Square.

(I wear a more casual image when I’m with Betty Benson, because we have a more flexible approach for our presentation. I suddenly realize that I am at the heart of my “inner city,” a place of unity.)

First I think about plowing through the crowds because I feel an urgency to get somewhere, but decide to turn around and go back the way we came. We walk up the street and up the steps to the highest point in the square: a patio area surrounded by a low concrete wall. I take a deep breath and address the crowd, “Hello everyone. I am Linda Catherine Elizabeth Lane Magallon.” Those seated on the sloping grassy hill beneath me turn around to look my way.

(Forcing myself to use someone else’s method is a difficult way to become a dreamworker, so I decide to go back to the approach Betty and I used when we team-taught our career counseling

techniques class [it was the highest/most satisfying “point” in my teaching career]. I introduce myself as my fullest self to the world at large. I’m in a green, growing area [dreams], at a height where I have a clear perspective of the field.)

During this whole lucid episode, I’ve been aware of myself as being Casey [my super self], and the blonde woman as [my super friend] Jan. I turn to Jan, who has a pony tail, and gesture to her to continue the speech.

(I am aware of being my adventurous and courageous self; of Betty as being my close companion with youthful thoughts. We are team-teaching our presentation.)

Then I keep turning to look behind me. There is a row of women seated on the wall at the opposite side of this patio area. At the far end is a shy, sad young dark-haired woman. I “get” empathically that she is somewhat in awe of me and that she secretly wishes to talk to me [she has some thing or some idea to present]. I gesture magnanimously with my arm for her to come join me.

(Behind me, “waiting in the wings,” are other female Aspects, including that unhappy, timid young Linda-self who is both attracted to and afraid of the adventurous Casey-self. Even as a non-ideal self, I secretly feel that I have something to add to this association. My super self has plenty of self-esteem. She is generous and open, willing to share.)

No approach is unilateral. Dreamworkers call dreams “multi-layered,” which means that more than one technique can be applied to any dream. For instance, in this case, I didn’t just use 3-D analysis. I also decided to exercise my creative mind muscles. I made up a haiku and brought it to the self-esteem workshop to inspire other people to play with their dreams, too.

Dynamic Duo At the heart of Union Square Betty and Linda

Either the full Dream Definition Dialogue method or its core technique of free association *can* be applied to any dream (or daydream or waking life event or movie or Rorschach inkblot or group of clouds in the sky). It can. That doesn’t mean it should.

The “meaning” of the dream might be found in the feelings or sensations rather than in a cognitive analysis. The “meaning” might be literal. Or psychic. The “meaning” might be found in an appreciation of the dream story itself. Or in the reality of the dream world. Or you might make the dream “meaningful” by putting it to practical use. Not all methods are equally applicable to each and every dream. It’s up to you to pick and choose the optimum approach to your dream. Or to decide to leave it well enough alone.

Dream Themes

Water

Water Dreams

© A. Dreamer

I've had a number of lucid dreams in which swimming figured prominently and in waking life I enjoy the water. In some lucid dreams, I'll fly and suddenly feel wetness around me. Soon I'll be swimming instead of flying. I'll swim for awhile but often the water will become shallow, too shallow for swimming and mucky on the bottom. I think this is because where I lived as a teenager (Long Island Sound) during low tide the ocean was very mucky and not swimmable. In dreams where the water becomes shallow and/or mucky, I have to use dream control or will power to turn the water to normal, countering the automatic suggestion of low tide muck.

I think I've tried breathing under water a couple of times but don't recall the dreams.

I have enjoyed walking on water the few times that I've tried it. The first time was a number of years ago -- a dream in which I was back in the Midwest with my parents. I am sort of in conflict with them. Eventually we come out of a building. I notice that the sea is right outside. That, of course, would be impossible where I considered the dream to be taking place, so I become lucid. I go around a corner and see a man and a woman walking on the water. They are very friendly to me and tell me they are "dream dancers". They invite me to dance with them on the water. I walk out on the water and do so. There is a fun, ecstatic feeling as I dance on top of the water.

The most recent water dream experience I've had was a hypnogogic lucid protodream, a WILD that didn't quite happen:

April 7 2002

(I am staying overnight at a friend and fellow lucid dreamer's house.) I wake up slowly and drift into a dream. I see water all around me, a shimmer, light ripples in a dusky light. I slowly develop a sense of a dream body. As I look to the sides, I see two banks with grass and trees, so I realize I am standing in the middle of a river. I remember the LDE request for water dreams and think

that I'll try walking on the water. Unfortunately, I can't seem to move my dream body. Scene and dream body dissolve and I return to a sense of the bed. In a moment, I am wide awake.

Super By the Sea

© 2002 Linda Lane Magallon.

These dreams were anticipatory, maybe even precognitive, of the San Francisco Dream Festival. It was held during the autumn of 1987 at Fort Mason, in the north side of the city, on the edge of the bay.

As program chair, I had to juggle the needs and desires of the festival leaders plus all presenters in order to create the best schedule for us all. In the first dream, I struggle metaphorically with that challenge and lose my lucidity in the process. In the second, I'm more than triumphant, I'm euphoric. And then, downright amused.

Notice the fact that I'm lucid above the ocean waves but go nonlucid when I dive below the surface. Talk about the sea of unconscious!

Super Hero By the Sea, 6/1/87

Inside a house, with a few people of various ages, I gradually become lucid. I find myself talking to someone squeezed within the framework of a small door. This reminds me of a character framed by the edges of a Tarot card. The person is friendly but non-verbal.

I turn to my left and climb onto a shelf where a child is seated. "What can I bring back to waking reality?" I ask him. He hands me a wooden box filled with symbols (like the ones I used while playing "Madame Zora, the dream divination interpreter" at the Dream House opening). I pick up a gold or bronze flat metal piece and examine it, wondering what it is and how I can bring it back with me. It appears like an abstract of a human figure with something additional on its right side.

I go to the far side of the room, where there's a large table strewn with papers and pamphlets. Behind it sits a man and behind him is a row of windows overlooking the sea. I talk to him for a short while. Again, he's friendly and listens to me, but doesn't react verbally.

Dream Themes - Water

Continued from page 15

Then, as in response to some inner alarm, I dive through the windows and down, down, to the sea. I try to imagine myself diving into the sea and, in fact, project such an image, second hand. But I also feel myself to be riding along the top of the waves. My intent is to fly/swim underneath the water around to the shore so I won't be seen until the last moment. This struggle between the dual focus (of tactile feeling that doesn't match the visual picture) makes me lose my lucidity.

Now it seems I'm sneaking up under the water to rescue a woman. I surface near the shore beneath an overhanging structure, near some connected, floating wooden disks that people walk on. A young boy sees me, but that's all right. The real danger is within this structure with exposed girders (seems like a state fair exhibition hall). Inside, a young man is grabbing onto the woman.

From the roof, I fly inside the building, take hold of the young woman and fly us back to my original position. As I land, I see we're on a balcony opposite a row of windows.

I am aware that there is a dark-haired man (a politician?) inside the building. Because he's quickly coming to a deadline, he's going to sign a last-minute contract. It's nefarious--a payoff or shady deal, not for the good of me or society.

First, I must prevent him from signing the contract. Second, I'm aware that another Mafioso-type man has captured two women and I must go rescue them before he takes them away. Third, I still have a concern for the safety of the woman I just rescued.

I know I'm a super hero, but can I go rescue the women and be back in time to protect the other woman, plus prevent the politician from signing my life away? This is **really** going to tax my powers, but I think I can make it

One With The Waves, 6/21/87

I'm lucid and conversing with many people inside an upstairs room. Then I look out the window at a gorgeous landscape of turquoise blue ocean, shore, mountains and buildings. I see the scene in sections as if from three or four different vantage points. The sense is that I'm on the brink of perceiving from an Entity or multi-aware point of view (the Entity being the synergistic total of my past, probable and future selves). But would an Entity really appreciate how wonderfully sharp and clear a single individual perspective can be? "Oh, how beautiful!" I exclaim about the vivid tropical color of the ocean view.

Watching a water-skier against the turquoise backdrop, I project myself closer and closer, zooming like a camera into the scene, until I begin experiencing from the water-skier's perspective. But there's no body sense and I merge with the air and undulating waves until I become one with the motion of the ride

over the surface of the sea. I feel rich, luxurious and carefree, as if this were my royal birthright with no guilt or qualms attached. Completely unaware of the Linda left behind in the room, I'm enveloped in ecstasy. I am a flowing stream of consciousness in a turquoise universe of amazing warmth and beauty.

"Say, Linda," calls a female voice from behind me. I instantly relocate back to my body in the interior of the room. Turning, I see everyone is seated in a circle on the floor. "How would you classify a man who is a Hermes?" continues the speaker, a slender, energetic woman with flaming red hair. I realize I had given this group a writing task, which they have just completed. Now they're beginning to work on a new assignment for me.

As the woman continues her questions, I hear her repeat the word, "Hermes," and add "Aries" and "ESP" to her discourse. Evidently she has taken to heart some personality system that I've developed which seems to be a combination of astrological signs, mythological archetypes and the Jungian Myers-Briggs Personality Inventory! She's trying to take this fellow in whom she's romantically interested and fit him into the qualities of the gods described under the Aries sign. I smile, amused by her efforts. Hell, I think, if people don't fit into it, expand or change the damn system!

Running on the Water and Attempting to Take the Plunge

© Lucy Gillis

*August 23 1992,
Running on the Water*

... I am on a beach, M and G are with me. They go to sit on the sand, I stand near the water. I look out over the water. We are in some kind of cove; there are very steep fjord-like hills enclosing the beach. I think how pretty it is, then think about describing it to someone. I feel a little sad as I wonder if it is really here or if it is a dream. [This beach does not exist in my waking reality.] Then I realize that I am dreaming. I find I am holding a stick with wet yellow paint on it. I drop the stick and decide not to move about in a rush as I usually do; I force myself to be calm and just go with the dream. I look at the water and feel I want to walk on it. Dropping the calm attitude, I run out on the water. Part of the surface is darker than other parts. I feel a little apprehensive as I think that I may fall through if I don't concentrate on running on the surface. It, the surface, feels hard. I look down at my feet, see the water splash as I run, but I don't feel wet. There are black crab-like critters that knife up out of the water then dive back in. They are not near me. [It may have just been one critter, but if so then he covered a lot of territory!] All this time I have been

Dream Themes - Water

Continued from page 16

singing. I don't know what I will sing next but it always rhymes perfectly, as though I had been rehearsing. [Some of the lines dealt with the black crab-critters jumping out of the water: "It's my dream, my body sleeps, I'm running on the waves, the water is rippling" things like that.] I wonder [as usual] if I can be heard in the real world. I consider singing as loud as I can to see if M will hear me in the waking world. Then I try to fly a bit. I again use sound to fly; singing the theme song from *The Little Mermaid*. I don't get too high. The scene changes and the dream proceeds with no more emphasis on water walking.

Attempting to Take the Plunge - Two Dreams,

December 5 1992

...It's a sunny summer day. I go out onto a huge wharf. The wharf is full of people. Some are just walking around, others are sitting at tables, some are standing in small groups. I decide to walk out among the people. After walking for a while, I start to skip down the wharf, feeling happy. I skip faster and decide I'd like to fly. I see the edge of the wharf. I run to the edge (which is at the same level as the surface of the water) and fly into the air. I soar slowly into the blue sky, spiraling higher and higher. I notice that just before I jumped in the air I saw the waves rise a little and the sea turn an angry grey. I refuse to let it stop or distract me. After flying around for a while I decide to come back down to the wharf. I keep circling and can't seem to get the control I want; my momentum keeps me moving against my will. I see a pink square (a towel?) on the side of the wharf. I waver a little as I try to use the square as a target to focus and concentrate on, in an effort to return to the wharf. I can't get immediate control so I drop the idea. I look below me and see the roof of a striped circus tent. Directly below me I see the gently rippling waves. On an impulse I decide to plunge down, head first into the water. I can't get hurt since this is my dream. The feeling is so thrilling as I see the water rushing up at me! At about twenty metres from the surface I feel a pulse of energy rise from my feet to my belly. I gasp at the thrilling, lurching feeling in my belly. As I do so I feel myself "rise" to wakefulness, gasping for breath, my chest heaving.

October 20 1993

...I am up on a steep bank/cliff with my sister. I have a large ball with me. We have been running from a blonde woman who has been chasing us. It is rainy and the ocean swells and crashes below us. Suddenly I realize I am dreaming. The woman, therefore, is no longer a threat. I clap my hands, close my eyes and say "Sunshine! Sunshine!" in an attempt to change the weather. When I open my eyes I see that the scene is still the same. I then

Continued on page 20

Potpourri

Continued from page 11

on the other side of the canyon, he looks unhappy and is struggling. For some reason, I suddenly know this is a dream and I am very calm about it. "If this is a dream," I think, "then that means I can fly, I don't have to walk, and everybody into lucid dreaming always tries to fly." So, I do fly but I don't have perfect control over it and it occurs to me that I don't because I don't have my heart in it. "That's what other people want, that's not what I want. What do I want?" Suddenly, I'm on a lawn, it is the same beautiful day and I am in a bathing suit with three dogs, and we are playing and I am spraying them and myself with a hose to cool ourselves off. At this point, I don't think I am lucid anymore, but I wake and think, interesting that I discover that I don't want to fly and I ask myself what I do want. I guess the answer is that I want the playful connection that you can have with animals (or people), especially dogs (best friends). Nice to be lucid dreaming again.

Robert, February 23 2002, Through the Windshield

I am in a van driving north on a highway to my brother's house. As I drive, I begin to think that this may be a dream (the light seemed odd somehow). Then I become convinced it is a dream as I think about it a bit more, since the landscape isn't precisely correct. I fly out of the windshield into the sky. I see my hands and they look kind of dusty-fuzzy in front of me. I get excited to see the incredible colors of the setting sun on the horizon with the clouds -- it's colors of cream, mixed with reds and light purples. I get too excited and wake up.

C.S., December 19 1992

I'm walking in a hotel hall looking at door numbers to find Donald's room. The numbers are not clear so I pay greater attention. Those numbers I can see are not consecutive. That's not logical so I must be dreaming.

I turned to a dull-blond, short, plain, thin, middle-aged woman dressed in a white print outfit. Her hair is stringy, slightly curly and down to her shoulders. I say "You're not real." She says "Yes I am." I say "You are in my dream; therefore you are not real!" She says "Yes I am." I say "This is my dream - notice that I am flying."

Next I am flying and then the woman is holding me on her lap while we both fly. I thought "This is great fun!" I look down at a lot of people. I say "I've never been the center of attention. I would like all those people down there to adulate me." So I tell them to sing "For she's a jolly good fellow, etc." They do and it is great fun! I also sing with them.

Then I am laying in bed on my back. I can feel my head and feet being touched. I think "Am I getting a healing or is there really an intruder in the room?" I figure if someone is really in the room, I should get up. So I do and find myself on a porch. An Asian man approaches me, saying that his children accidentally touched my feet with their airplane. I don't trust him. To protect myself I lie and say "I'm looking for Johnathan, my husband who is nearby." I go to look

Continued on page 20

Dream Studio

An interview with artist & designer Lori Goddard

Lucy: Would you tell us a bit about yourself and where you grew up?

Lori: Well, originally I come from the Canadian Prairies, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Then my family moved to the interior of British Columbia when I was 10, and later to the Lower Mainland of Vancouver, so I have spent most of my time in BC, except for a five-year stint while I was in Toronto. I studied Art at the *Ontario College of Art and Design* (OCAD). OCAD has a four-year program and I graduated in 1992. After I graduated I returned to BC. As a prairie girl, I was used to the cold winters, but I missed the mountains, the ocean, and early springs in BC. I have also completed a counselor-training program at a private institute in Vancouver. This is about the time that I was very interested in Jungian psychology and symbolism in art. I also completed a technical drafting program at the Vancouver Community College in the 80's.

Lucy: When did you first start having lucid dreams?

Lori: The first experience that I can recall with lucid dreaming was while I was at OCAD. I had an instructor, Dr. Barry Martin; he is a Ph.D. and psychotherapist. He offered a Myths, Dreams, and Symbols course in the Liberal Arts department. The structure of the course was to develop "connections" to our creative imagery using dreams as the reservoir of the collective unconscious. The content of the course was to develop access to the "right" brain using dreams, music, feelings, and spontaneous play. Barry incorporated many Jungian and Gestalt approaches to the exercises in class. He also introduced the Joseph Campbell tapes. There was one instance when he used a psycho-drama technique where students in the class acted as objects or characters of one person's dream. The 'dreamer' was the director and main character in the re-enactment. While it was very interesting to participate, the results seemed to have a profound affect on the dreamer. It was actually during this class that Barry suggested if

something or someone is chasing you in a dream to turn and ask a question of the pursuer. In a dream a few days later, I was running along a rustic, gravel path that was worn by vehicle tires. It was a sunny day and on either side of this mound was dry, golden grass. A golden fox was chasing me. In my dream, I had the lucid idea to turn and ask the fox a question. I asked the fox why it was chasing me. What ensued was very interesting. The animal morphed into a person. In my waking reality, I had met a stranger at an art gallery opening a few weeks previous. He was tall, very slender, dark and dressed in a tuxedo with rouge on his cheeks. He had been the entertainment, playing a ukulele and appeared as this in my dream, sans ukulele. We had what seemed a long, in-depth conversation, the details of which I could not recall upon awakening. However, it left me with a strong, intuitive sense that I had integrated important aspects of my Self. That was my first experience with lucidity.

Lucy: How did you get interested in lucid dreaming?

Lori: It was just in the last two years that I came across Stephen LaBerge's book on lucid dreaming. This rejuvenated my interest in dreams and the possibilities of what our brain can do. It has always fascinated me that humans only use a small portion of the brain. I began using the techniques described in his book and after some effort and a little intervention from malfunctioning machines, was able to create the conditions for a lucid dream.

One night I was awoken by a gas heater and shot out of bed to check on it. When I returned to sleep, I had my first lucid dream after reading LaBerge's book. It was an incredible experience. One I certainly want to keep experiencing. I was able to remain in the dream despite the excitement I was experiencing in the dream. I did the typical 'I am flying' realization to discover my lucidity. I then found myself floating down in a space ship. So my thought was, I can talk to anything in a dream, so I asked the spaceship walls, "Where am I"? There was no answer, so I asked again and still

received no answer. I floated down in time for a group of astronauts to tell me to buckle in for takeoff, but there was not much room for seating. I was then underground, in a subway and, it was quite funny, I was running around asking the dream characters 3 questions; who they were, what was their name, and what I needed to know from them. Most of my dream characters were reluctant to play this game. One thing that struck me was they were all black, subway characters.

Lucy: How did Dream Studio come into being?

Lori: I have always had an interest in dreams, and the name has developed from a few different aspects over a number of years. The concept of dreams or making dreams a reality is prevalent in the contemporary collective consciousness. You can see the concept of dreams more prevalent in film and advertising these days. When I first conjured up the Dream Studio concept, it was a goal I wanted to have manifest in my life. I have been working as a designer commercially for many years and wanted to reconnect with the artist side of myself. It began with the aspect of positive thinking and dreaming, using visualization to make the impossible possible. So, in waking life I dreamt of having my own studio. I had just begun to develop the freelance side of my design work. I needed a company name and I wanted to incorporate the artistic and creative aspects that apply to my work. I also wanted to include the aspect of conjuring up a creative concept, to percolate non-verbal ideas. I was reading in LaBerge's book of building a place in your dream state where you can manifest whatever it is that interests you, with this, the Dream Studio idea took on another dimension.

Lucy: Do you incorporate your dream images in your artwork?

Lori: Yes I do. Often a concept or a feeling I sense in a dream is one that I bring to an image to paint and it evolves from there. Then the elements of technique, medium, and other connections take place in the physical making of an image. I have had non-lucid dreams of meeting other artists and seeing their work. I realized after one dream in particular, that my unconscious had brought these images forth, and that I could attempt to recreate the images while awake. Often the details can be elusive so I try to work with what I can remember. (One difference I found in discussing lucid dreams with others, is that other lucid dreamers can dream of their daily environmental surroundings. This hasn't been the case with me. I am unsure as to whether it is because I

have such an active imagination or, that I just dream in surroundings that are foreign to my experience.) Another way to record dreams is visually pulling together the elements of colour, form, feelings, and symbols to represent associative relationships of the dream in a nonlinear, non-verbal way.

Lucy: Any advice for artists who use dreams as a source of inspiration? What inspires you?

Lori: I'd like to suggest a technique called "Mind Maps." Like many people, I lose detailed aspects, especially of conversations, in my dreams upon awakening. I have recorded many of my dreams and I get frustrated when I awaken and can't recall even a small impression of my dreams. Usually, I have tried writing my dreams in linear notes. Of course, I find my mind wanders, or the act of writing is slower than my memory/thought processes. Recently I have found another way of recording dreams that is supposed to engage both sides of the brain.

"Mind Maps" is a technique that I came across in a book titled, *Catching Your Dreams* by Tony Buzan. In his book, he suggests that linear note taking is a very basic left-brained approach. That is, the basic principles of memory ordering are used by sequence and numbering. The "Mind Maps" approach is intended to engage both sides of the brain and utilize imagination, association, absurdity, and other non-verbal aspects of the brain. I was familiar with this technique from college, but I had never considered applying it to dreaming. The idea is to record key images, words, or secondary areas and themes from the dream content. He also has a book *Use Both Sides of Your Brain* for a more detailed look at his approach.

I would also encourage those who want to use their dreams in their work to join or start a dream group. Another source of inspiration for me is the lucid dream group we have formed in Vancouver. We are a diverse group and we meet regularly. The group is supportive and it is great to share dream experiences. It also helps me get through those slumps where I'm not having lucid dreams and experience very little dream recall.

Lori Goddard is an artist and designer who lives in Vancouver, BC. dream@dreamstudio.ca

for Johnathan. The Asian surreptitiously follows me. I enter a small corridor to a bakery, where people are purchasing delicious-looking pies and cakes. I buy one. Then I'm walking down a hallway of a hospital. A Caucasian man is following me with his nurse accomplice. I realize I'm in a spy thriller movie. The man drops a paper, I look at it. He doesn't know that I know his plans. It's exciting! After all I wrote the script.

Dream Themes - Water

Continued from page 17

decide to plunge into the water, for the rush it will hopefully give me. I jump, seem to hesitate, so I remind myself that it is a dream and that I can't be hurt. I jump again but unfortunately I wake before I can enter the water.

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anything!" then repeated myself more urgently, since he didn't seem to be paying attention. I could barely hear my own voice. Then it dawned on me that I had just been lying in bed a minute ago so I must be dreaming and the sudden hearing loss was probably an incorporation of the fact that my sense of hearing had indeed attenuated. The dream scene vanished and I found myself in dark sleep paralysis. Now I could quite distinctly hear the sound of my cat washing himself, so I knew my sense of hearing was most likely working now. I had a good "vibration" going, especially in my forearms, and thought I'd consequently have quite an energetic dream body to run around in, but I couldn't effect a complete "separation" so I decided to wait a bit. I could barely see but could make out the image of my cat washing himself while lying against my left hip, on his right side in a tight curl. I put my dream hand in front of his face to see if he'd lick it but he didn't (he hardly ever licks my hand anyway). Then suddenly I was awake. The cat was not where I saw his image in the OBE, but was washing himself while lying against my left knee on his left side in a loose curl, just where he'd been right before I fell asleep. So no disembodied glimpses of the physical world, as usual, which signifies to me that my "OBEs" are dreams.

Interesting that during the OBE I evidently heard sounds from the real world but did not feel the pressure of the cat against my knee, nor remember that that's where he had been.

Arthur, Persistent OBE April 29 2002

I'm lying on the couch napping when I start to feel the body heaviness and distortion that precede an OBE. I relax and start feeling floating sensations. I try to create the sensation of hand-rubbing or spinning to go deeper into the experience.

Most of the time I have no visuals but the feeling of motion becomes quite distinct, and I'm able to control my direction of motion to some extent. At one point I open my eyes and see a concrete wall next to me; I know that's not what my wall really looks like, so I'm still dreaming. I can't move, so I gaze at the wall, marveling at the detail and solidity of this image. Then my eyes close again and more floating/flying sensations occur, again without visuals. I manage to fly in a wide arc to the left, then gain a lot of altitude quickly - I know I'm going far and fast based on the sensations even though I can't see. I make swimming motions and find the sensation delightful and very reminiscent of water. A few times I want to wake up and write it down before I forget, but find myself unable to do so; at most I feel myself back in a lying position, with body distortion and floating sensations, still unable to get up, and unable to see. My cat starts biting my feet but I can't move! I try to shake him off or push him but then think, "Hey, my cat wouldn't be biting me, I must still be dreaming," and the sensation gradually changes into that of someone pulling at my feet, then waving and shaking my dreambody like a towel. Some brief dream sequences and loosely connected thoughts occur. I get up, open the door to my apartment, and see the same concrete wall, just as fictional this time. Still dreaming! I end up floating/flying again with no visuals.

[I think I've forgotten some details, but that they are all along the lines described above. I believe my mentation became more fuzzy and dreamlike as the experience progressed. The sensation of motion was fun and vivid. My inability to wake up is unusual - it is far more common for me to have difficulty maintaining these OBE-type dreams for long.]

Announcements

Experiment Deadline Extended

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 **July 17 2002**.

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!

From the Lucidity Institute Aloha, Oneironauts!

We are planning a return to the Big Island of Hawaii for the next **"Dreaming and Awakening Retreat",**

Friday to Sunday, July 19-28 2002!

Details, on-line registration and scholarship applications are available at: <http://www.lucidity.com/DAAK02/index.html>

We look forward to meeting and dreaming with those of you who can join us in creating yet another unique, inspiring and memorable retreat. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to contact us (you'll find a direct contact link on the web site). And if you're wondering what it might be like to be a participant, you'll find a variety of testimonials from our alumni also on the web site.

*If you are interested in being interviewed or
would like to submit an interview
please contact Robert at dreambob@aol.com*

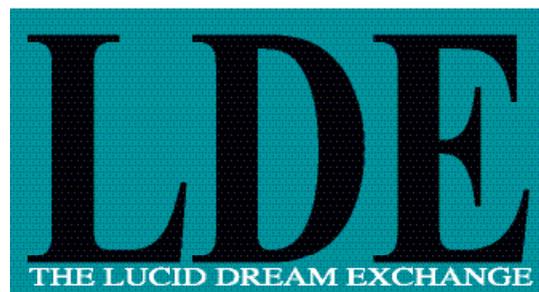
Send lucid dream content, articles, or dream art submissions via e-mail to Lucy: lucy_gillis@hotmail.com

Please include the word "lucid" or "LDE" in the subject line.

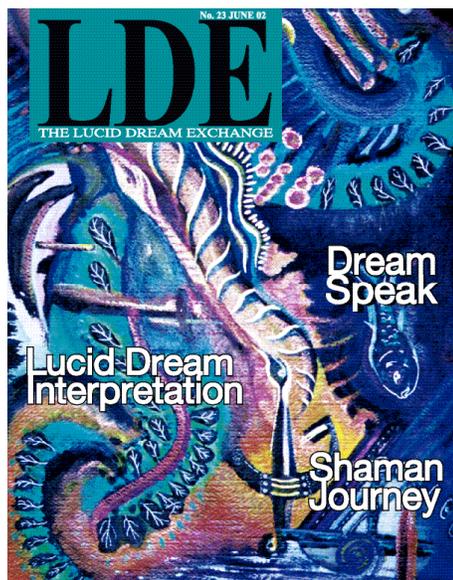
A Great New Look for The LDE

Including all the regular features and information that you dream about!

From co-editors Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner



The NEW LDE has all the dream articles you love to read



The LDE is a quarterly issue of lucid dream related articles, book reviews, poetry, and lucid dreams, submitted by readers interested in lucid dreaming. Your unique, personal lucid dream experiences represent the vast richness of the lucid dream world. Your submissions are welcomed and encouraged whether you are a novice or an experienced lucid dreamer.

Regular Features

WILDs, OBEs, and Sleep Paralysis - Readers send in their experiences. Dream C.A.G.E. - Challenges, Aims, Goals, and Experiments. See what lucid dreamers are experimenting with and discovering in their lucid dreams. DreamSpeak - Robert Waggoner interviews lucid dreamers. Potpourri - A variety of lucid dreams sent in by readers of LDE. Announcements - Find out what's happening in the world of lucid dreaming.

Past Articles

Scared Stiff - An interview with a Sleep Paralysis researcher; Accidental Lucidity, Astral Separation Tricks, Lucid Dreaming and Precognition, Dream Trips: Dream Drugs as Metaphor, Scribe Dream Journey, Trying To Reach Higher Reality, Meditation and Lucid Dream Induction, The Secret of the Astral Wind.

Book Reviews

The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep by Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche, Waking Up by Charles T. Tart, Stop Sleeping Through Your Dreams by Charles McPhee, Healing Dreams: Exploring The Dreams That Can Transform Your Life by Marc Ian Barasch, The Secret of the Soul by William Buhlman, Dreamgates: An Explorer's Guide to the Worlds of Soul, Imagination, and Life After Death by Robert Moss.

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Statement of Purpose

LDE 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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June 2002

THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Links

The Lucidity Institute

<http://www.lucidity.com>

Lucidity Institute Forum

<http://www.lucidity.com/forum>

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

The Dream Explorer

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

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

Electric Dreams

<http://www.dreamgate.com/electric-dreams>

Flying Dreams by Linda Magallon's

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

Check out the 5aint's

<http://www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html>

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

alt.dreams.lucid alt.out-of-body

Alt.out-of-body

<http://www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.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 DREAMS Foundation Lucidity & Techniques Page

www.crhsc.umontreal.ca/dreamsfoundation/lucid1.htm

reve, conscience, eveil

<http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr>

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

Sleep Paralysis & Lucid Dreaming Research

<http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html>

If you know of a lucid dream/OBE website that you think should be included in this list, please let us know.

In The Next Issue of

THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Have you had any lucid dreams that featured interesting sound effects? Singing? Noises? Music?

Is your voice different in a lucid dream from your waking voice?

Send in your sound/noise dreams!

Requesting book and movie reviews.

Have you read or seen anything lately with a lucid dream theme?

Tell us what you thought about it.

Do you know of any celebrities, authors, athletes, etc. that are lucid dreamers?

Your lucid dreams are always welcome and encouraged.

Copy Deadline August 15, 2002