

# The Lucid Dream Exchange

~ Number 21 ~

Compiled by Co-Editors Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner. [Views expressed are not necessarily those of the editors.]

## How it Works

The Lucid Dream Exchange (LDE) is a quarterly issue of lucid dreams, and lucid dream related articles and poetry submitted by readers who enjoy sharing their lucid experiences and learning from those of others. Sometimes common themes will be evident, and so several dreams may be grouped together, (for example, flying lucid dreams), or certain themes may be suggested for future issues. The themes that are indicated in LDE are not set in stone and may not appear in future issues, so please don't feel that you must send only dreams that "fit" a theme. Whether you are a novice or an experienced lucid dreamer, your dreams are always welcome and encouraged as they demonstrate the vast richness of the lucid dream world and the special uniqueness of each lucid dreamer's personal experience.

Lucid dreams can be submitted from any time in your personal history; you needn't feel you have to send in recent dreams. **(Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.)** All contributions remain the copyright of the individual author. You may use your name or a pseudonym if you prefer. It is not necessary to title your dreams, though many dreamers do so.

Comments, questions, etc. are always welcome as are suggestions for lucid dream themes or experiments. If you have lucid dream related information, like websites or general announcements, we would be pleased to publish them as well.

Please send your submissions via e-mail to Lucy: [lucy\\_gillis@hotmail.com](mailto:lucy_gillis@hotmail.com) or to Robert at: PO Box 11 Ames, IA 50010 [Submissions are published at the discretion of the editors.]

## Subscription Info

Please let us know in which medium you prefer to receive LDE. E-mail is free, whereas snail mail requires printing and postage costs of \$4.00 per issue.

## Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 22 is **February 15 2002**; mailing date is March 1 2002.

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The LDE can be found under Sciences>Social Sciences>Psychology>Sleep and Dreams.

Please email Lucy and let her know if you no longer want a printed copy.

# The Early History of the Lucid Dream Exchange

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Talking to a number of lucid dreamers, I discovered that when they read lucid dream newsletters, they especially liked the actual lucid dreams. I realized that there was no newsletter that concentrated on people's lucid dream reports. My idea was to present some of the variety of lucid dreams that people have. I felt that many dreamers could get into a rut; they might not think of all the possibilities of lucid dreaming. I thought they could learn from each other. They might want to try a different style of dreaming from their usual but it wouldn't occur to them unless they had exposure to others' lucid dreams.

Later, I added poetry and short articles to The Lucid Dream Exchange. The articles had to be brief because I wanted the bulk of the content to be people's actual dreams. Another important part of LDE was the experiments. This gave people a chance to try experiments they might not otherwise think of doing. It also showed the variety of responses to a particular suggestion. The person who suggested the experiment could compare his or her response with that of others.

In some issues I wrote a few sentences about aspects of lucid dreaming to de-mystify it, such as what exactly is a WILD or protodream - various explanations to clarify such terms and lessen people's confusion.

The later issues of LDE generally had a theme as well as presenting the variety of lucid dreams. Examples of themes were OBE-Related Dreams, Story Dreams and Dreams-Within-Dreams.

What I liked best about The Lucid Dream Exchange was presenting the variety of lucid dreams and lucid dreaming styles. I hope readers have found it valuable, too.

## Meditation and Lucid Dream Induction

By Kacper

The purpose of this short article is to describe several meditation techniques and the outcome of my experiments with inducing lucid dreams with these techniques. Let's first discuss the techniques I have found effective in inducing a meditative state (I'm omitting binaural beats here since I have discussed them in a previous article). [Editor's Note: See LDE 20.]

### 1. Meditation Techniques

- a. Staring Technique: It is extremely easy, as it doesn't require breathing exercises nor excessive concentration. Simply choose one point and fix a gaze on it. It can be done while standing or sitting. It may be more effective when used along with shifting awareness to body and imagining warmth or energies flowing through the body. If successful, the practitioner will enter a meditative trance within at least 10 minutes.

The state induced with this technique is characterized by relaxation, both muscular and mental, and mild difficulty with breaking this state. The consciousness of the practitioner can be partially disconnected from the external world (touch sense can be weakened). The difficulty in breaking the trance is not something to be afraid of – the difficulty itself is mild and is a sign of good progress. The after-effect of exercise is usually mental refreshment and better mood.

- b. Visualization Method: It differs from the visualization technique I have described previously in some features. First of all, this one is about visualizing whole places, and the best is to focus on the places you know – like the mall you are shopping in, familiar streets, your home, etc. That's all. When you realize that your breathing has calmed (it should slow down spontaneously) you can stop visualization. By this time you should be in a deep trance. The trance can be broken by simply opening your eyes or moving your muscles. Like the previous exercise, this one brings mental refreshment.

## 2. Experiments and Results

- a. Staring technique before going to sleep: Practiced before going to sleep, the staring technique can enhance your dreaming and clear your mind for the evening. I have found it effective in inducing WILDS:

Lucid dream induced by this method:

After doing mediation and some sleep, I awoke in the middle of the night. I got up to go to the bathroom and went back to bed, not hurrying to go back to sleep. I shut my eyes and could see vivid mental imagery, yet still not formed scenes nor dreams. I laid for some time with eyes open enjoying alert relaxation, then shut my eyes and tried to relax more. I have entered the dream-inducing state (hypnagogical sounds, flashes of light, etc.) and focussed on maintaining and deepening this state. Then it broke. I opened my eyes to see a cupboard standing on the edge of my bed (!). Then it dissolved, as it was only a hypnagogic hallucination superimposed on the real perception. I shut my eyes again and could enter the hypnagogic state by concentration. Then I materialized somewhere in town, but the "world" around me was unstable. I passed two humanoid creatures, went into some basement pub and spinned around, but to no avail – I woke. Then I shut my eyes again. This time I entered a vivid picture of a road running through the woods. I took a walk through the wooded terrain to some unknown town accompanied by some group of people. My lucidity was a bit weak in this one.

- b. Staring technique in the early morning: I've observed no side-effects, and in addition it was more difficult to focus than in the evening.

Lucid dream induced by this method:

After doing meditation in the early morning I got back to sleep. After some time I entered a WILD, but lucidity was very bad. I recall being blind and then (after gaining sight) watching TV. From that state I woke into a false awakening. I went to my window to see that outside, instead of the ordinary street I usually see when I look out, there were beautiful buildings – they looked like towers, like some fairy-tale buildings. They had white walls. They seemed to be moving. My first thought was that in some way I had been transported to another world. Then they faded into the sky. I became fully lucid.

I remember something about merging with another guy that looked like me. Then I flew out the window and landed on the street, which looked completely different than the one in the real world. I decided not to go to the mall on the left, but to go straight. To my right, on the road, there was a traffic jam. I remember there were jeeps among other cars. I started rubbing my hands as my grip on the reality of the dream weakened. Then I crossed the street and was standing before some library. I went inside. There was a sheet of paper with an arrow pointing in the direction of where Wordsworth's "Ode" was stored. That made me curious. Why did they put this pointer? I went downstairs, where the arrow was pointing, and found myself in a kind of underground corridor. I still rubbed my hands. Before me, at the end of the corridor there was what seemed to be an office – with desk, computer, and so on. The sunlight was coming through the window in the office (while the corridor seemed to be lying under the ground). Then I lost the dream and woke up.

- c. Visualization Technique: I did not achieve anything significant with this method. Practiced during daytime, it produced vivid auditory hallucinations when falling to sleep. Practiced in the evening and in the early morning it did not produce any interesting results. Maybe I simply haven't any luck with this one.

From my experimentation it seems that the staring technique is best for inducing lucid dreams. Maybe practicing it before bedtime and then in the early morning is most effective, I don't know. Meditation will surely speed up your progress because it acts on the pineal gland, as scientific experimentation proves (urinary levels of melatonin are higher in people practicing meditation, furthermore the meditation can raise the level of melatonin from 7 to 1000%, as pointed out by Ranjje Singh – for more details see [www.erowid.org/spirit/meditation/meditation\\_medial.shtml](http://www.erowid.org/spirit/meditation/meditation_medial.shtml)). Some other good meditation techniques can be found at Ballabene Astral Pages ([mailbox.univie.ac.at/~a8424mae/english/engindex.htm](mailto:mailbox.univie.ac.at/~a8424mae/english/engindex.htm)).

Happy experimentation!

Kacper

# Scared Stiff – Sleep Paralysis

## An Interview With Jorge Conesa, PhD.

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You wake up in bed, like you do every day, but something is wrong. Something doesn't feel right. It feels like there is someone or something in the room with you. You become nervous and decide to get up, but you can't. You're paralyzed! Fear rising, you struggle to move. It's hard to breathe and there is a force pressing down on your chest. A loud roaring and buzzing noise is building all around you and your panic increases. Inside you're screaming, but no sound passes your lips...

Many people endure experiences like this throughout their lives. For those who aren't aware of what is occurring it can be terrifying and have a profound effect on every day life. But for those who know what is happening, and who are not frightened by it, it can provide an opportunity to enter lucid dreams or OBE's.

Body paralysis is a natural part of the sleep cycle that we all undergo every night. We simply don't recognize it because we are asleep. However, conscious awareness during sleep paralysis can arise and it can feel like your mind is awake but your body is not. (Just like lucid dreaming.) Sleep paralysis researcher Jorge Conesa, PhD., has kindly agreed to help shed some light on this fascinating phenomena and point out how sleep paralysis can be connected with lucid dreaming..

**<LG> What first interested you in (SP) sleep paralysis?**

**<JC>** My interest in SP began with my own chronic experiences of SP, since I was 14 years old (I am 46 now). Many of the first-time experiences were frightening mostly because I did not know what was happening to me. For example, my very first SP experience occurred in conjunction with a so-called OBE (out-of-the-body-experience). I had lain down in my bed without being too sleepy and the next thing that I observed was a familiar texture about two inches from my eyes. I realized that this texture was the ceiling of my own bedroom!

I panicked thinking that the house had collapsed on top of me. Then I turned around, all the way around, and I saw "myself" sleeping in my own bed. The fright of seeing myself was so intense that I 'woke up' in a jolt. After that, similar experiences would follow a period of paralysis. Since then, I have run the gamut of hypnagogic phenomena, from being accosted by hairy beings, to flying, to nowadays, a situation of almost total control of the vision experience. Unfortunately, through all those early years I never told anyone about these events and did

not know about sleep paralysis until I read Hufford's (1982) classic on night terrors in 1985. I became interested in the scientific study of SP while in graduate school (1989-92). While working on my Ph.D. (short-term memory) I came across several references from leading dream researchers addressing the topic of dream recollection research. I was taken by a strong and sensible case for the need to establish long-term monitoring of dream content. Since my own SP experiences were concurrent with vivid and lucid dreams, I decided to conduct a long-term study (at first a single-subject study, now it has grown to include many subjects as well) on my dream recollections associated with chronic SP. This was an attempt at gathering basic SP data from a consistent subject.

**<LG> What exactly is SP? What is happening in the body when it occurs?**

**<JC>** Phenomenologically speaking, SP is the awareness that one's body is immobile while one is supposedly asleep. Although dream researchers may disagree about the exact correlation between dreaming and REM sleep in general, the fact that SP is about paralysis makes it a REM phenomenon. Part of the normal nighttime cycle of human sleep

includes roughly four periods of desynchronized sleep (D-sleep) accompanied by rapid eye movements (REM). During these periods the body is physiologically paralyzed, in order, some dream researchers argue, to prevent us from acting out our dreams. Some individuals can become aware of this normal state and report the paralysis and other accompanying phenomena. Because the period from being awake, to becoming drowsy and finally moving quickly into D-sleep consists of a very dynamic series of consciousness states, then in addition to the awareness of the normal paralysis the sleeper can experience any number of ideatic phenomena. These phenomena can include auditory hallucinations, the sense or feeling of a presence (FOP) in the sleeper's bedroom, somatosensory-acoustic phenomena such as tingling, crackling, vibrations, "sonic booms", bodily pain, wind-like rustling. Additionally, some subjects (myself included) report OBE's. Finally, in some subjects (myself included) these phenomena become secondary experiences to more creative and controlled forms of dreaming such as lucid dreaming. Some of these experiences can be accounted for neurophysiologically. In an important piece of research Takeuchi et al (1992) showed that, in addition to being a REM disorder, SP is accompanied by alpha waves. This is an important finding because it connects the phenomena with other types of "conscious ideation" (D. Foulkes) practices such as meditation.

". . . these phenomena become secondary experiences to more creative and controlled forms of dreaming such as lucid dreaming."

**<LG> What causes SP?**

**<JC>** Actually, it would be fair to ask: what causes some individuals (normals, experiencing Isolated Sleep Paralysis) to be aware during normally occurring periods of paralysis associated with REM sleep? That is the million-dollar question. To my knowledge, no one has "the answer" to that question yet. I suspect that "the answer" would show a multitude of reasons causing a person to experience/report SP episodes. One way to an answer would be to say that during REM sleep our brain is closer to being awake than in any other sleep stage, and a segment of the population, or all of us at some point in our lives, are more aware of this particular state than others. That is, our studies show a relationship between the amount of awareness (higher arousal leading to higher awareness) that the sleeper brings to his nighttime rest periods and the incidence of SP. More specifically, others have reported (Takeuchi et al, 1992) that individuals who experience SP may exhibit sleep onset REM (SOREM) or the ability to slip into REM sleep while bypassing NON-REM sleep stages. However, it has not been explained why some sleepers exhibit SOREM. The phrase "the amount of awareness that the sleeper brings" includes: psychological anxiety, physical stress, physiological stress (illness), the ingestion of stimulants, and in our study, geophysical variables that could impact sensitive individuals. This grand variable, increased awareness prior to sleep, may be moderated in turn by a variety of culturally diverse sleeping situations and expectations, personality profiles, psychological states, and environmental circumstances. The complexity of the circumstances giving rise to SP opens the door to a multitude of studies. The bottom line is this: some individuals maintain self-awareness into sleep processes that are usually unconscious. The insatiable predormittal preoccupation with stressful events increases the probability of self-awareness during sleep. Unfortunately, Isolated Sleep Paralysis has not been researched comprehensively; therefore, much case-study work needs to be done in order to learn basic information about the personality and the environmental context of the sleep paralysis dreamer. Our own studies are aimed at initiating this basic research. We want to know as much about the context of the experience as possible.

**<LG> Can anything be done to prevent SP or ease the anxiety while it occurs?**

**<JC>** Great success has been reported in ways of preventing SP such as: altering sleeping posture (from supine to sleeping on one's side); reducing psychological or physiological stress (antidepressant drugs such as imipramine have been proven useful in treating SP); reducing the ingestion of stimulants prior to going to sleep; and allowing individuals simply to catch up on much needed rest. Four basic things are very useful in easing the anxiety that comes with the SP experience. One, the person must know that she/he will wake up at some point, that

the paralysis is a normal part of sleep. Second, people should calm themselves by breathing in a regular and rhythmic manner. Most of our subjects benefit greatly from learning how to breathe in a calm, relaxed manner. Thirdly, some individuals, in a calm and predetermined fashion, may attempt to move parts of their bodies (just trying to move the pinky or one of your toes works, without struggling). Finally, many subjects can ease their anxiety by combining these methods with a fourth: an attentional exercise. I recommend our subjects to focus their attention at a point two inches below their navel. By trying any of these techniques alone or in combination, the sleeper either naturally wakes up or moves on to dreaming.

**<LG> What is the connection between lucid dreaming (LD) and SP?**

**<JC>** There are two parts to the question. First, the electrophysiology of sleep suggests that SP and LD may have little in common. That is, there are reports that lucid dreaming seems to occur at the beginning or the end of S-sleep, whereas SP is a REM phenomenon. Having said that, and going back to my earlier point that sleep is a very dynamic series of processes, these electrophysiological boundaries may mean little to the person who experiences SP with LD. Many of the subjects who report SP also report LD. I have come to accept

". . . I know it to be a gateway to LD and beyond: I breathe calmly, I focus my attention on my navel area and there I go into some fantastic dreamscape. In this sense, to have SP is to have a gift."

the fact that self-awareness during sleep, no matter how it happens or when it occurs, is an extraordinary phenomenological event. Once a person finds himself/herself in SP, the probability increases (especially if they can control the transition from SP to LD) that they will experience a LD. In this sense, one can think of SP as a very

convenient launching pad toward LD. This is certainly the case in my own experiences. I hardly think of SP as an experience in itself; or if I do, I know it to be a gateway to LD and beyond: I breathe calmly, I focus my attention on my navel area and there I go into some fantastic dreamscape. In this sense, to have SP is to have a gift.

**<LG> Do you think that a person's cultural beliefs or folklore influences the SP experience?**

**<JC>** Yes, absolutely! Let me cite the case of The Night Marchers, a SP phenomena reported in the Hawaiian Islands. The vision of the "marchers" typically occurs after people have gone to bed and have experienced some of the classical symptoms of SP-as-incubus: a heaviness in the chest and the inability to move. Then folklore steps in and colors this classical SP experience by homogenizing, if you will, the SP experience with the anticipation of hearing warriors' thunderous footsteps marching near the sleeper's location. Many SP experiencers who have never heard of Hawaii's "Night Marchers" still hear thunderous footsteps marching near their beds. However, they may not interpret these acoustic hallucinations as marching Hawaiian warriors. Furthermore, to me it is interesting that these visions occur in certain parts of

the island. This is significant to my own geophysical hypothesis of SP in that it points to locations that may be geophysically (geomagnetically) active, where sensitive sleepers may be affected by these natural forces. Elsewhere (Conesa, J. (2000). Geomagnetic, Cross-cultural and Occupational Faces of Sleep Paralysis: An Ecological perspective. Sleep and Hypnosis, 2:105-111) I have made the case for a greater incidence in the reports of SP and in its folklore in the area generally called the Pacific Ring of Fire. Your question is also very relevant to our homespun, cultural version of SP: the so-called alien abduction phenomena. If a person reports an alien abduction while they are in bed, experiencing paralysis, and without credible witnesses to their abduction, then I am going to bet my scientific dollars that they are experiencing SP with concomitant hypnagogic hallucinations.

**<LG> How may geomagnetism and SP be related?**

**<JC>** The connection between SP and geomagnetism began as a suggestion by neurocognitive researcher Michael Persinger that so-called paranormal experiences can be explained by the reactivity of the human brain to electromagnetic fields. It also began after the discovery that cells in the pineal gland are affected by the introduction of fluctuating earth-strength magnetic fields. Finally, it began as a reasonable and parsimonious explanation of certain SP experiences when none of the usual triggers (anxiety, stress) were present. Some writers have commented that our geomagnetic hypothesis may not be useful once a genetic explanation for SP can be supported. Even if an argument can be made for a familial (genetic) history of SP, this fact alone does not explain away a purported geomagnetic effect, but only enhances it. What I mean is that a physiological reactivity to changing magnetic fields (SP) may confer an evolutionary advantage to an SP experiencer, especially if this human can predict atmospheric or geomagnetic phenomena. This advantage would pay off in terms of greater probability for survival if the same atmospheric or magnetic phenomena affects the creatures she hunts or he plants. What I mean is that SP and its imagery may only be a byproduct of other more important geophysical, natural sensitivities. It would be a bonus indeed if this natural sensitivity to geophysical variables translates into vivid imagery that can warn off the sleeper and create, in turn, rich folklore and practical superstition.

"The connection between SP and geomagnetism began as a suggestion by neurocognitive researcher Michael Persinger that so-called paranormal experiences can be explained by the reactivity of the human brain to electromagnetic fields."

**<LG> What are you currently studying/researching with regard to SP?**

**<JC>** There are many facets to our interest in SP. Our three main research goals are: 1) to pursue long-term naturalistic (case) studies of SP experiencers; b) to pursue an understanding of a possible role of geophysical variables in SP when other more obvious triggers are not relevant to the

subject's case; and c) to look closely at the interaction of these two emphases by examining cross-cultural varieties of SP in folklore narratives in epidemiological studies.

**<LG> What about current research in other institutions? Has there been any recent findings of note?**

**<JC>** I keep track of research coming out of the Stanford Sleep Laboratory. From the same laboratory came a comprehensive study of SP by Ohayon, et al (1999). (Prevalence and pathologic associations of sleep paralysis in the general population. Neurology, 52(6), 1194-1200.) If the reader is interested in cross-cultural accounts of SP I would recommend Arikawa's et al study (1999) looking at the Japanese version of SP, Kanashibari (The Structure and Correlates of Kanashibari. Journal of Psychology, 133(4), 369-375.) or Wing, et al's. (1994) Chinese study. Finally, our group published a review article in 2000 (Conesa, J. (2000). Geomagnetic, Cross-cultural and Occupational Faces of Sleep Paralysis: An Ecological perspective. Sleep and Hypnosis, 2:105-111). Next year, our group will release our decade-long SP study. To my knowledge, this is the only study so far to have monitored a single SP sufferer for that long (Kleitman's study lasted that long but it did not look at SP as the focus). Although we must be cautious making a generalization using single-subject case studies, our data may prove to be useful to sleep (SP) researchers.

**<LG> Do participants in your research sleep in your lab? If so, what is being monitored while they sleep? Can you tell, from the monitoring devices, when someone is experiencing SP hallucinations?**

**<JC>** N/A We are not a sleep laboratory. We are a cognitive laboratory trying to narrow down the many variables associated with SP. There is much in my research that obviously adheres to the adage "if life gives you lemons ..." Being a chronic SP sufferer may have its advantages when it comes to studying this phenomenon up close and personal. Additionally, and thanks to the world wide web, we have been able to collect hundreds of reports from subjects all over the world. This is an added benefit for scientific research if one is very careful about methodology and protocols. We also work closely with the Geological Survey of Canada (Dr. R. L. Coles) in order to obtain our geomagnetic (aa indices) flux data. Earlier in my scientific interest of SP I seriously considered doing work in a sleep research center. But I was persuaded by writers/researchers such as Cohen (1974), Gackenback (1991), and Hobson (1994), that sleep research needed more field observations in real-life settings if we wanted a comprehensive view of dream phenomena. It would be very difficult indeed to monitor a subject (myself) for ten years with wires hanging everywhere while the (this) subject plays the multiple roles of

family man, scientist, educator, hiker and didgeridoo player! It would be impossible to allow this hypothetical subject a LIFE if he was to spend ten years of his life inside of a sleep research facility. It is indisputable that EEG methodology is invaluable in tracking gross sleep events and concomitant behavior (narcolepsy for example). But I suspect that in the case of the SP experiencer the experiential context is larger than squiggly lines on a piece of paper can tell. If we isolate the SP dreamer from his/her rich cultural, natural, or familial context, we may miss the genesis of his/her condition.

**<LG> Is there a certain type of personality more susceptible to SP than others?**

**<JC>** Yes! A lot of our respondents describe periods of great personal conflict coinciding with their reported SP episodes. The bottom line is that these individuals report anxiety or are emotionally, physically or psychologically stressed. There are some marginal effects of dramatic life style, including, for example, moving to a new domicile or starting an intense (new) intimate (sexual) relationship. Some female respondents associate their menstrual periods with greater incidence of SP. Some subjects are involved in meditation or do self-hypnosis prior to sleeping. Some subjects who report having migraine headaches also report SP (it may have nothing to do with the actual migraine but with the resulting added vigilance due to the pain and/or lack of sleep). Lately, we have begun collecting data in our survey that includes questions about being a "weather witch". Meaning, some subjects (it happens to me) associate storm fronts with an increased frequency of reported SP (by the way, migraine sufferers do, too). There are lifespan effects as well. For example, SP reports increase during adolescence and peak around the mid to late twenties. I have argued earlier that this increase in reports concentrated around these ages is also associated with turbulent and highly dynamic

periods of human development. Individuals who work graveyard shifts in hospitals or factories also report SP frequently. This apparently chaotic list of circumstances can be summed up into two broad categories of susceptibles: One, individuals who are experiencing mild to high anxiety or emotional excitation who are likely to bring this increased sense of self-awareness into their sleep cycles. And two, individuals who are not getting enough sleep and who are likely to experience REM-rebound to catch up their lost D-sleep and consequently move too fast into REM with the recognition of paralysis.

**<LG> If people want to participate in your study or want further information, how can they contact you?**

**<JC>** We welcome the interest of anyone who is curious about SP. Interested parties can contact me directly by mail, phone or email at:

**Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.**  
**The Language and Cognition Lab**  
**The Northwest Language Center/EVCC**  
**2000 Tower St.**  
**Everett, WA 98201**  
**(425)388-9388**  
**jconesa@evcc.ctc.edu**  
**jorgeconesa@yahoo.com**

or they can visit our research and SP information web site at:  
<http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html>

Be sure to check out the following "WILDs OBEs and Sleep Paralysis" section for examples of SP and OBE sensations and experiences.

## WILDs, OBEs and Sleep Paralysis

**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.

\*All of these terms were coined by Dr. Stephen LaBerge. For further information, see his book **Lucid Dreaming**.

\*\*Suggested by F. Ghibellini

Hi, Dreamers!

I'm new to this exchange. I've been systematically working on LD for three years now and often post in the Lucidity Institute Forum.

I hope you enjoy the following posting, my first "Wake Induced Lucid Dream". It took place in September 2000.

Yours, Ralf



**Ralf**  
**September 2000**

I take my seven year old son to bed and sleep beside him from 22:30 to 23:30. I awake and do my RC [reality check], remembering yesterday's false awakening: Awake, but drowsy. I go in my own bed. I can't sleep, because my belly is aching. I decide to lie on my back and do the 61 - point exercise. It's hard to keep the track. It's a fight for awareness, I very like. At point 45 I hear this noise, just like in the onset of last "OBE". This time I'm not afraid. I decide to let it happen and to be aware. The noise stays loud. I feel my physical body lying in bed and something is turning around and around through this body. Feels like another body. I speculate about the anatomical and neurological connection between acoustical and vestibular afferences and their processing. Seems as if there may be some disturbance in both systems during sleep onset. I then decide to focus on the noise and on deeper relaxation. It works: I feel an abrupt shift between two perceptions:

1. My physical body lying on bed, now on the right side.
2. The other body hovering approximately three feet above the surface of the bed, lying on the back. Perception is shifting between 1. and 2. several times. I start counting: "One, I'm dreaming, two..." I can't count further. I'm torn into a fully blown up dream scenario. No picture, but a film. I'm fully aware, but soon I'm torn out of the dream again. Now, perception is shifting between 1., 2. and different short dreams several times. I'm sorry, but I can't recall the content of the dreams.

Now I decide to do some hand-rubbing to stabilise dream perception. Again, perception is shifting:

1. It feels just like I remember rubbing physical hands. Anatomical limits of skin and range of movement are respected. But I can't believe that I actually move my physical body. I don't want to open my eyes, because I'm sure this would be the end of this interesting state of perception.
2. It doesn't feel like normal hand-rubbing. Anatomical limits are not respective, rubbing is abnormally fast. I perceive a flow of energy. Feels ecstatic.

I do the same with my feet. Feet-rubbing. Feels like 1., but this time I'm sure, I don't move the physical body. In waking I'm not able to lie on my back, put the soles of my feet together with both knees touching the mattress. While writing, it dawns on me that my physical body was lying on the right side, not on the back! There is no visual perception while rubbing. After some time, perception is getting "normal" again. I open my eyes and do a state check. Now, I'm not dreaming. I feel very good. The pain inside my belly is gone. I'm very glad. I "achieved" my first WILD during sleep onset and experienced some interesting phenomena connected to vibratory state.

Interpretation:

I experienced three different "body - models":

1. A more accurate model similar to the memory of the physical body lying on bed on the right side or on the back.
2. From the physical point of view: A less accurate model. Maybe a memory of my body while doing the 61 point exercise. I'm lying on my back, hovering above the bed.
3. A more visual model, least accurate from the physical body's point of view.

**A. Dreamer**  
**August 20 2001**  
**(WILD)**

I am lying in bed and hear myself start snoring. I feel my body has changed to a dream image so I get myself out of bed. To prove I am dreaming, I jump up and float in the air. Glancing at my room as I walk toward Apt. 8, I note that everything looks pretty realistic and think how easy it is to get confused and imagine I am in my literal apartment in a second body rather than simply imagining a familiar place pretty accurately. After some difficulty, I push open my door. The door to Apt. 8 is open and there is a fictional apartment next to it. Soft light is coming from it so I decide to go inside. It is empty, however. A door opens to the outside. I go out. Outside, I exercise my bad leg by running, which I can't do in waking life. I feel no pain and don't get tired, but there are traffic lights and dream-traffic, which slows me down a bit. I run awhile, dutifully crossing at the lights. When I stop, I am in a boring city scene. I walk back the other way, looking for something interesting. I see a small chapel and decide

to go in. I see an inscription over the door. It starts out Hel, then the name of a poet that I can't recall and a third word all run together. I go in but it looks like a fairly ordinary chapel. I am back on my bed before I notice anything interesting.

I feel I am not completely awake so get out of bed and do a reality check. Floating across the room, I am sure I am still dreaming. I decide to examine a decorative table in my room on which I have rocks, shells, ceramics, and other objects. I want to see how accurate the portrayal of the objects is. Unfortunately my room is totally dark. No wonder - my eyes are closed. I open them carefully, hoping I won't accidentally open my waking eyes. It's still pretty dark. I go over to my light and turn it on without much hope that that will work -- only a tiny pop of light and then nothing. I say, "More light!" Gradually it gets duskish. On the table are some wildlife maps showing places birds and other animals can be found. I turn around and notice my mirror. I decide to go through and come back, if I can, once the scene is lighter. I get a running start to jump through but the mirror is stubbornly hard. It is lighter now anyway so I go back to the table. It has been cleared of maps. There is nothing on the table but I see some stones on my bed and a few other things. There are also a few clods of dirt looking a little like glorified caterpillar frass. I look for a certain stone but don't see it. I see another green stone that I really have at work. I put it, and the few other things I see, minus the frass onto the table, trying to set it up even though I don't have much to work with. In a moment, I am awake.

**A. Dreamer**  
**August 24 2001**  
**(WILD)**

I am lying on my back listening to myself snore. I must be falling asleep. I feel my body gradually switch to a dream body image. It is hard to move my limbs at first but I slowly get myself out of bed. I jump up and float, my usual reality test under these circumstances. I leave my apartment and try to push through a doorless wall. It bulges out as if it were made of flimsy material but is not really permeable. I go into Apt. 8. It is darkish in there and a terrible mess, clothes and things left all around. It starts to get lighter. I go outside. There is a backyard outside with hay strewn on the ground and bales of hay. In the foreground there is a small cairn of rocks. Growing out of the top is a tree with a bleached trunk and no leaves. I climb to the top and stand there. A boy waves to me and I say "Hi" back. I notice that there are more cairns now. I climb down. The hay is gone. I want to explore beyond the yard. I look back toward the apartment building, however, and notice a light on in one of the lower apartments. I think of going in but turn away from the apartment building instead. Everything has changed. I am entering a building though it's darkish inside. I'm in this rough hewn room, sort of barn like. I see nothing interesting. In a moment, I am awake.

**A. Dreamer**  
**October 4 2001**  
**Shifting Scenes (WILD)**

I woke up in the middle of the night, decided to take a shower, then drifted back to sleep. I find myself walking through a tunnel and am aware that I am dreaming. I pick up my pace, but find myself on my bed again. I am suddenly in a large building semi lucid. I become fully lucid and go outside. I see what looks like a lone pinyon pine on a dry stretch of land. I climb up the tree. It sways with me on it. As I look down, the dry seeming land has become a lake. I go in for a swim. Though someone says the water is warm, it feels cold to me. I swim much faster than I can in my waking life, without tiring. Suddenly I am on my bed again. Then I am in the building/lodge talking to people. This time I go out a different door and in a different direction. I see a wood of tall pine trees. I walk slightly uphill into the wood, keeping my eyes ahead, and not daring to look away for fear the scene will shift. It is the ground that shifts. I am suddenly in a swamp. There is water all around though the trees don't change much. I am on my bed, then in the lodge semi-lucid, relating to people. I become more lucid and leave the lodge. I go out by the same door as the second time. There is a similar forest. This time the water is in the air in the form of a very misty rain. I feel sort of cold through much of the dream but don't want to wake myself up. After a brief walk in the rain, I find myself once more lying in my bed. I return to the lodge, again relate to the people, become more lucid and go out. This time there is a stream running between the trees. I walk by it briefly until the scene changes. The dream goes on but much of it was spent in a semi-lucidity talking to people in the lodge with brief forays outside and into more full lucidity. A few times when I went outside there were great green lawns rather than the woods



**Janice**  
**Autumn 2001**

I've had a couple of OBE/false awakening hybrids recently. In one such false awakening it seemed that my husband came into the room and started speaking, from a point behind my back (I was on my left side). I knew this couldn't really be happening because he had already gone to work, so I said as much and that this guy wasn't really my husband, just using my husband's voice. At that whatever he had said was repeated in a high-pitched voice, mocking me. I was irritated and made a grab behind me to grapple the nut but there was no dream character present. Although I had been able to move my dream body well enough to do that, when I decided to get up in the dream I could only do so with great difficulty, as if I were moving through a force field--typical of many of my OBEs. As usual though once I got outside I could move freely. I stopped by one of my habitual "local lucid" dream sites and noticed that it had returned to normal after a recent bizarre mutation into a cave with cheese stalactites.

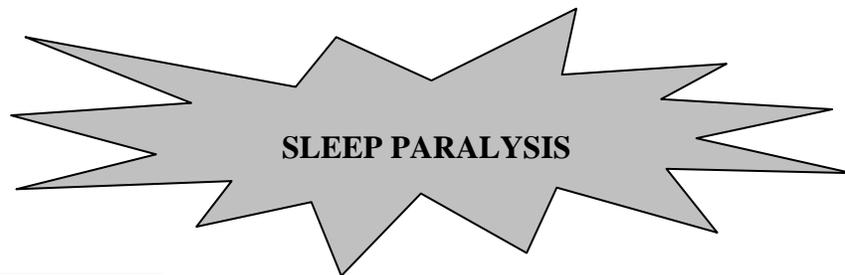
In the second instance I had a false awakening (the second in a series actually, the first of which was set in a former bedroom) and realized that my ears were buzzing--an SP symptom I haven't had in years. I seemed to hear my fan, which may have been partially to blame but the sensation seemed to be a bit more than that. I also felt slightly "vibey." Although I really didn't feel like it I decided I should go for an OBE in this state. This time I didn't have any trouble getting up and moving my dream body. I couldn't see too well at first but my nightlight was bright and vivid. I walked through the house flipping light switches as I went, none of which worked. Although at the time I was sleeping my husband was downstairs watching TV, with lights on, the house was dark in my dream, except for one light in the laundry room. After passing this by I wondered idly if it was illuminating something I was "supposed" to give attention to, so I backtracked and noticed that the cart holding our old 286 computer, which my husband still uses but not in the laundry room, was located under the light. While I was checking this out two or three tall men appeared in the room. They seemed very intent on some conflict they wanted to get involved with outside, and were not responsive to my questions, which was irksome. I went outside too and, noticing a shadowy figure near my fence, jumped up and kicked him in the gut with both feet. He doubled over but recovered quickly and didn't seem offended. After that things became extremely bizarre and dreamlike, although I retained high lucidity, and I had another false awakening afterwards that was very similar.

**RobN**  
**Sat 8/1/2000**  
**"Buzzzzz"**

I lay down for an afternoon nap after a couple of hours reading. After a while of drifting in and out of sleep I notice the slight ringing in my left ear (due to a mild case of tinnitus) get a little louder. My right ear then starts ringing with a slightly different tone. The two together cause quite a loud buzzing noise. By moving my jaw I seem to be able to "tune" the ringing/buzzing into what feels like a strong vibration in my head and tingling in my body. I get quite excited as I realise that this may be the onset of some type of out-of-body type experience. Unfortunately the excitement seems to cause the vibrations to stop and I wake up.

Over the following couple of months I had many similar experiences of buzzing in my head and body - sometimes so strong that I felt as if my teeth would almost shatter. It seemed that if I could relax into the "buzzing" it would become stronger, but if thoughts or anticipations came into my head it would fade.

On one occasion, the buzzing suddenly stopped then I felt a pull at my stomach and felt myself roll to the right and fall from my bed to the floor, somehow hitting the wall on the way. I stood up feeling a little confused, looked at the bed to see myself lying there. I touched the foot of the "sleeping me", who then woke and looked directly at the conscious me. We kissed quite passionately then I woke feeling a little stunned.



**Lucy**  
**August 31 1995**  
**I Feel My Body Turning To Stone**  
**(Sleep Paralysis)**

[Was awake for most of the night, (at least I think I was awake, the periods of waking that I observed throughout the night could have been false awakenings). I would doze off a lot. Had many short lucids and false awakenings, was nervous, possibly due to extreme fatigue.]

I fly and twist and turn in a room. The room is all grey, and made of stone. There is no furniture. I feel I am waking. I close my eyes and try spinning when I think of the Nightlight experiment [for the Lucidity Institute]. I can't get the sensation of spinning. I try to visualize the sensation since I don't feel myself able to actually spin my dream body. I open my eyes slightly and see the same grey stone walls. I close my eyes again and try spinning in the other direction. I try harder to visualize the spinning but it doesn't work. I feel a shift to the right and know I am awake. [Estimate that I was trying to spin for 60 seconds.]

[Another lucid:] I am in a cartoon scene. I am up in the air above a cartoon "stage," as though I am up among ropes, cables, sandbags, etc. Way below me I see "Yosemite Sam." [I may be a small cartoon figure, I'm not sure.] I fly down above his head as he goes down a huge ladder and I keep above him as he goes out across the stage. Then I am in a dust cloud behind him. Others are then around. I am a cartoon in a scene before this too. I marvel at the colours in the cartoon scenery and the vividness of sound. I "think" (to make happen) the sounds that the "Roadrunner" makes and am impressed by how accurate they are.

[As I try to sleep I feel a weird sensation, as though my whole body is turning to stone. It is especially noticeable on my face. I feel the muscles tighten, my lip twitches and I feel a pulling sensation, as though someone is pulling my lip. It also feels like there is a thickening, like a thigh between my legs [probably the pillow, I sometimes sleep with a pillow between my knees]. I begin to get nervous even though I know this must be sleep paralysis coming on. I struggle to wake up. I open my eyes (dream eyes?) slightly. I can't do it, it's so hard to move. I know I should just relax into it and so I take a deep breath and try to do so. Soon though, I am struggling again. Once more I try relaxing and it feels much better. During this time I hear a rushing, like wind, passing all around my body but I don't feel the sensation of wind ON my body. This lasts for quite a while. I finally pull myself out of it and go into a false awakening. [Now forgotten.]

At one point, while awake, [at least it definitely felt like I was awake but I can't prove it] I heard a loud buzzing/crackling noise outside my bedroom window. I have no idea what it was and I was too nervous to get up and look out.

My sister is in the bed with me [in the dream, not in real life]. It's time to get up. She gets up and goes out the door. I go to the clock to see the time. I can't see any numbers, but a dull glare from horizontal lines. I think the power must have gone out. I put my hand around the display in order to reduce the glare. I had looked at the clock at first to see if I was dreaming. Judging by how the clock is acting I think that I could be. I am then in the bathroom. I hear J. and B. come upstairs. I call out and ask them if they heard that noise before [the one I heard outside the window]. B. says it was someone dropping off a lawyer.

I get into a few dream scenes but am afraid of creating fearful imagery and frightening myself so I pull myself out of them.

**J**  
**November 20 Morning**

I was lying on my stomach, paying attention to my hypnagogic images when I began hearing voices. After about a minute, the voices changed into music, quite clear and nice sounding. I was just starting to enjoy myself. Suddenly the music "zoomed" in on my left ear. It wasn't pleasant. My body began to vibrate and I felt as though I was letting out waves of heat. My heart was pounding away in my chest and I was slightly afraid of having a heart attack. At one point, I was worried that the woman in the apartment below would complain about the massive vibrating. I realized that this was a sleep-paralysis / alien abduction-type scenario and hoped that it would lead into a lucid dream. I tried to prolong it, but eventually my body returned to normal and I state-tested by looking at the clock radio. No lucid dream!

**Lucy**  
**March 13 1996 1:47 AM**  
**Spooky Military Jet**  
**(Sleep Paralysis)**

I am in a trailer-like place. There is a "soldier" staying there. A guy and a girl and other army people are around too. People are upset by a low-flying jet-like object in the sky. Looking out at it at night it seems to be over the pond at Dad's. I hear a radio report about it. It is black, triangular, like a long piece of pie, with a dull red/orange glow at the corners. Dad is in the bathroom getting ready to go somewhere. I'm with M. in the living room. I want her with me. I'm nervous, but I'm trying not to be. I tell myself that it is just a jet, that I'd seen it years before.

I wonder why it is out again and what the army is using it for.

The guy (from before) has to break off with the girl. It is his "Dad's" (army's?) orders, or it is expected of him. There is a couch-like bed in the living room. I write on a piece of paper what the young man says to the girl. I think I'd keep it for a souvenir if he wrote it. It seems poignant. He had been playing guitar (classical?) before she was there. She knocked on the door or rung the bell and he carried his guitar and played a few notes as he walked to the door. I remarked or thought about his eyes. So focussed, squinted small when he played, like the music came out through his gaze and focussed on someone.

At some point I know I am dreaming. I am yelling to myself "Wake up!" over and over while I clap my hands at an angle (the left hand up to the left diagonally, the right hand down to the right). It seems this is the only motion I am capable of. I see what is like a "fold" of the scene, the grey space I am in, almost coming down over me, or rolling up my chest. It feels like an invisible force is behind it. For some reason it scares me. I know I'm really not yet awake. Then I try to calm myself, knowing that it will help. I stop yelling and struggling. Immediately I feel calm and the force is gone. I begin to rise, or float. All I see is grey space enclosing me, other objects are becoming clouded over.

I think I am awake from the lucid. I am energized and feel good. I'm tidying up and wondering about the "plane" or jet from the dream. I hope it has nothing to do with aliens as I don't want to scare myself. Then I "feel" a dog's paw on a couch. I don't see it though. Soon I wake for real, laying on the bed on my back. My arms are above my head and are sore. I can't move. I assume it is sleep paralysis so I just wait it out. Also I "see" what I think are longish glands behind my ears. They are black but filled with bubbling golden bubbles [like sparkling champagne]. I can feel the bubbles rushing behind my ears. After a few moments the sensation fades and I feel I am laying on my (real) back.

**Janice  
11/8/01**

I got very sleepy early last night (for me, that is) and took a nap, leaving both the light and my glasses on, which may be why I woke up frequently. In any case, when I was trying to go back to sleep on one occasion, I thought I heard someone talking downstairs, and tried to answer, but could not make much of a sound. I wasn't too lucid, because I didn't realize that there wouldn't be anybody downstairs at that hour, but I did conclude that I was in sleep paralysis. It felt quite cozy, with the usual mild and pleasant vibes I get, and I was simply going to try to finish falling asleep. But then I thought that was a waste of an opportunity to have an OBE and, hence, something to tell my friends about.

So I got "out"; I think it was basically by the "roll out" method. I couldn't see well (the OBE room was dark even though the real room was well lit) but made my way to the window, which I proceeded to dismantle and throw to the ground, listening to the faint tinkle of the breaking "glass." Then I jumped out the window and headed for the 7-11 next door. I still couldn't see well so I decided to go past the glass storefront to a little enclosed area and try to focus closely on the bricks to see if that would bring things in clearer. It didn't; I ended up just seeing an image like a red blob against my eyelids. So I backtracked and went inside the store. Now I could finally see a little better, though parts of my field of vision were cut off. The dream store had lots and lots of snacks in it, even more than the real store. But I passed those by and headed through the door into the "Dream Learning Center" recurrent site that I maintain in the dream version of the building.

I walked through the lobby, opened the door to the conference room/archive where I usually go, and riffled through the filing cabinet. First I looked idly for a file on an online friend, vaguely remembering an intention from way back when of doing so, but didn't find one. I did find a lot of files with what seemed to be old exams I'd taken, which reminded me of another online friend and the study library he had maintained in his own lucid dreams in college. My lucidity still wasn't what it could be, since I wondered if these files really were in effect memory snapshots of tests I'd taken in college, not even recognizing that they seemed to be about subjects I'd never studied and certain other tipoffs. In any case, I don't remember if anything else happened in that scenario.

The next thing I remember is waking up yet again, and yet again staying put since I was so comfortable. Suddenly I found myself standing on my backyard fence! This was a dual awareness type of experience; I simultaneously felt myself standing on the fence and lying in bed. The visuals were clear but pale this time. I willed myself to float over to the next yard's fence and landed there. Then I tried for the fence on the opposite side of that yard but had trouble with the visualization; I seemed to be moving without the fence coming closer as fast as it should. But eventually I did get there. I decided just to fly around town. This was compromised a bit by the dual awareness business--I could feel my legs stretched out in bed, which conflicted with the image of me flying in an upright position, so I decided to flap the legs of my flying dream body back and forth from time to time, like one might do on a swing, to propel me along in an effort to make some use of the intruding sensation.

I flew around some of my usual "local lucid" haunts, just taking them in for fun, but when I decided to go into a particular interesting but unstabilized region I found I couldn't sustain the imagery; I ended up with hypnagogia of cartoonish pink unicorns and such. I tried to veer off into more familiar turf with some success, but woke and finally decided to get up.

**Lucy  
October 18 1999 Nap 4:45 - 6:50 pm  
Liquid/Mist Body (Sleep Paralysis)**

[Sleep Paralysis and Out-of-Body Sensations. It was hard to fall asleep. Lots of day dreaming, my mind racing.]

I am sitting on a bed in my childhood bedroom. The bed used to be part of a bunk bed set. It is nighttime. I get up and look out the west-facing window, craning my head to be able to see Grammas' place up on the hill. It is all in darkness up there. I know it must be around 6:00 p.m. and I guess that they are in the livingroom watching the news and haven't turned on the kitchen lights yet. I look up into the sky at the brilliant stars. Then it seems I am laying in the bed again. I get up, feeling groggy, and find it difficult to open my eyes. I touch my face and am startled to find it is swollen. My head feels numb. I put my hands to my head and discover that my whole head is swollen. I feel my swollen face, and my glasses, and I get a bit panicked, wondering briefly how I am able to breathe. I stumble into the hall trying to call for D. in the next room [I assume I have awakened from my nap], knowing he will get me to a hospital where I can get some help. I can't talk. My ears tingle, and I still can't open my eyes fully. I can just barely make out light paneled walls in the wide hallway when my eyes crack open for a split second. [The walls are not paneled here, and the hall is not wide.]

Then I slow down, and decide I must still be asleep and these sensations the result of sleep paralysis. I know that relaxing will reduce the sensations, and possibly eliminate them. Soon I get the sensation of laying in bed [the one I had really gone to sleep in, not the childhood bed I had dreamed of earlier] and I think to myself that this would be a good time to try for a lucid dream or out-of-body. But I feel so tired.

In the next instant I feel as though I am a black/dark purple, thick liquid/mist in the outline of a human body. [I feel I am in this body and yet I am observing it as though laying beside it.] I sit up, thinking about sitting and leaving my physical body laying down. It feels like I have done this. Then suddenly I hear the theme music and see a brief scene from the opening of the old TV show from the 70's "Love, American Style." Just as quickly as the music and scene appeared, it is gone and I begin to slowly rotate upwards (as though doing a backward somersault), my (liquid/mist) legs in the air first. With my legs still in the air and higher than the rest of me, I twist, like a corkscrew into my physical body, feeling then like a small dry mist, or smoke (light purple or mauve) curling inside the head and upper portion of the body, as I settle/dissolve into the physical body. [I don't maneuver like this intentionally, it is all very natural and automatic.] I wake, stretch and ensure that I am able to move my jaw and talk, my head feeling normal and not swollen anymore.

**Kacper**

A bit about my ASP [Awareness during Sleep Paralysis] experiences:

My ASP experiences began at the age of 14 or 15, (I don't remember which). I would wake up in the early morning or even earlier and, instead of going back to sleep, have feelings of sinking, vibrations and electric shocks going through my body. Often after such experiences I would find myself in some unknown environment, like an empty street or a hall with marble floors. These of course scared me and I often fought them as they appeared. In addition they made me doubt my sanity.

Later on, as I learned that these experiences were not harmful, nor insane, I began inducing them by visualization and meditation techniques and sleep interruption. But around this time I stopped having sleep paralysis - with two exceptions.

One winter night in 1999, after a period of insomnia I managed to fall asleep. Because I wasn't sure if I would go to sleep at all, I decided not to waste time and exercised visualization. I finally managed to fall asleep, woke in the morning, had two uninteresting lucid dreams, and when I woke after a second one...

[Let me preface what I will write below that it is the first time I have ever communicated the experience to anyone. For a long time I was too scared to tell anybody about it.]

When I woke, I saw a dot of golden light about 40 centimeters above the floor. This spark, or golden flame, spoke with a terrible voice, but I did not understand what it said. The words were in a language I don't know. I reached for my bedcover and pulled it over my head to occlude sight of the creature. But as soon as I did, I found myself lying in the same position as before I had moved. It made a disapproving growl, very loud, and spoke again. Then it was gone.

Upon his (its?) fading I realized that I shifted from one state to another - from a state of consciousness different from waking, the state I had while seeing the creature, to a normal state of consciousness when it was gone. But I still remembered having pulled the bedcover over my head. I thought it was too vivid to be a hallucination. Then I fell asleep and had series of extremely vivid dreams, some of them lucid.

About a year after the incident the creature returned. This time I could see it as a golden disc flying over my bed, and this time I could move only my eyes. I concentrated to wake up, and I did wake myself up - the creature faded.

One night, after having experimented with the pillar meditation - visualization of a stream of light coming down from above the head through the body to the ground beneath the feet - I woke up in the middle of the night and soon got into a vibrational state. I could feel vibrations, electricity, hear sounds - it was very unpleasant. In addition I have seen images, like a landscape seen from the window of passing truck and a scene from a computer game I used to play when I was younger - passing between asteroids in outer space. The sounds I have heard were from the game also. Instead of going into a lucid dream, I simply woke from that state.

Another time a lucid dream was preceded by feelings of dissociating from the body. I lost feeling of having a head, chest, arms, legs, etc. but the feeling of having feet remained. I focused to get rid of it and I did. I floated in a void in a disembodied condition for a short time and then entered a scene.

I hope that the material provided here will be of help in studying the phenomena of ASP.

**[Editor's Note: See "Who Else Has Used Lucid Dreaming?" for a description of sleep paralysis as experienced by physicist Richard Feynman.]**

# Twirling Sensation At The Edge of Sleep From "Psychic Dreaming" Class

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**{K:}** I'd like to ask you about another experience I had. I was fully awake. This has happened to me before but when it happened before, I've been much closer to falling asleep and thought, "Oh, that's interesting," and drifted away from it.

But this time I was quite awake. I was lying in bed preparing to go to sleep but I hadn't really drifted into sleep yet. The nearest I can describe it is it's definitely a sensation of motion. I'm lying in bed perfectly still, but my body feels like it's moving. The interesting thing about it is I feel like I'm moving up and down at once.

First I ascertain that this feels like motion. And then I think, "Well, what direction am I moving in?" Because my first time, I thought "Well, this is some kind of disorientation that has to do with drifting off to sleep." I realized that I had a perfect blend of the sensation of moving up and moving down and they're happening entirely equally at the same time and neither one is accurate, but both together come close to it. It has a resemblance to a very slow spin; no dizziness. I'm not dizzy at all.

This time I'm completely aware that I can stop it at any moment; if I move my body or if I take my attention away from it and think about something else or open my eyes and look around the room, it goes away. I did that once and then went back into it.

**{Linda:}** So you only do it with your eyes closed. You've never done it with your eyes open?

**{K:}** Right. My eyes are closed. When I open my eyes I'm immediately oriented in space and the sensation of motion ceases. With my eyes closed - I mean, I can almost do it now, after describing it so thoroughly. So what I did was decide to go along and really focus on it and see where it goes. All it did was continue, and it intensified just to the point of discomfort, which was really indescribable and then it started to back off and reduce itself.

**{Linda:}** The reason I was asking you about opening the eyes is that I can get myself into such a state, just lying on my bed with my eyes open. It does seem like there is spinning going on but the visual image is of everything turning and yet coming back at the same time.

**{K:}** Okay. Yeah, it's the same kind of thing then.

**{Linda:}** And to me it's wonderful to get into that state because it's just like, aahhhh. It's not dizzy or anything like that. It's very pleasurable. There is a lack of feeling or the feeling in my extremities is removed. I'm concentrating on the sensation so that I'm really in a very relaxed, comfortable, very happy state. And very, very aware of anything that's going on around me. I can form intentions and have conversations with myself, or whatever, during this particular state. I wondered whether it would go anywhere but it has never gone anywhere except during the last mutual dreaming experiment, the one where I was yelling (in my mind) at those squawking bluejays outside my house.

After the bluejays calmed down, I got myself into this spinning sensation and I was saying to myself, "This is really nice, but I'm not getting anywhere. I need to get somewhere with this thing." And it suddenly occurred to me that this business of creating the spinning sensation and this feeling of lightness, if I really pursued it, could be a prelude to an out-of-body.

So I formed that intent and kept it up. It's the first time it ever happened, the first time it ever did anything other than just let me lie there, which was wonderful in itself. But after trying, I did get an out-of-body.

**{K:}** That occurred to me. It felt, "Well, maybe this is some kind of preliminary tuning up."

**{B:}** It sounds like what Robert Monroe was talking about.

**{Linda:}** And perhaps he uses that particular one. I have heard of people using vortexes to go up towards the ceiling, which is not exactly the same.

**{K:}** No, it's not the same. It's a funny kind of thing. There's nothing really like it. It's frustrating not being able to find words for it.

**{Linda:}** We're going to have to create our own language.

I can tell you another thing about that particular sensation. I discovered I can induce it by twirling like a whirling dervish, then dropping onto the bed. I can get into that same sensation. Perhaps all that whirling dervish dancing was just doing the same thing except in a ritual.

I've also gotten there when I was ill and had a temperature. It is possible to get there, though, without the negatives. So go for it!

# Welcome To The Dream C.A.G.E.

## Featuring Challenges, Aims, Goals, and Experiments

C. S.  
May 3 1992 5:45 a.m.

I was lying in bed and heard children's voices outside my window. I was annoyed that they woke me. Then, it occurred to me that hearing voices in my room was a sign that I'm dreaming so I rolled over to the left and got out of bed. (I was on my back.) I went to the window and looked out. The window was in the normal position. I saw children leaning against the house, speaking loudly. I told them to get off my property. A lady with them said to let them rest - they were tired. I said "I don't care - get off immediately. I don't want children near my house! They can rest on the sidewalk." They left.

I was very happy so I danced. I wanted to see how I looked so I stood in front of my full-view mirror. I was wearing clothes (natural colored panties and a blouse). I looked great so I wiggled and danced like crazy, but I wanted to be naked.

Then, it occurred to me that as much as I wanted to have fun dancing, **I was supposed to look at my right hand so I did.** At first, it looked normal, (without details), but immediately got out of focus. I looked harder, and there were more than five fingers. I started to count them. I think there were seven, and I couldn't get any details. The hand was blurred and constantly changing.

I thought I needed a reality check so I looked around the room for my digital clock so I could see the time. The clock was in its normal location. However, it was a completely different style so I knew I was dreaming. (My normal clock was blue and white with white numbers. It was tall and more narrow and generally larger than my real clock.)

Someone came into the room and said that I should stop wasting time. I was needed in the other room. The room was very lovely with very expensive furniture. There was a large conference table - someone sat there. The person was explaining something very complicated. **I suddenly remembered that I'm supposed to look at my hand again.** I remembered that I had a previous dream in which I looked at my hand, and it was out of focus. I tried to remember how it looked then. It came to me that there were more than five fingers on my hand. I looked again at my right hand, and it surprised me because the back of it looked normal. Then, it changed. It swelled like a blown-up balloon. The swollen fingers became stubs (like they had been cut off). This was the clearest picture of all. It looked like a flesh-colored, blown-up balloon of a hand with fingers cut off at the knuckles. Then, the hand made a shadow on the mantle. The shadow did not look like a hand, but became a hard, black material (like coal). I picked the piece up and explained my theory of shadows to the people in the room.

**I then remembered that I must also snap my fingers.** I did, and I saw that my hand looked normal. I heard the sound exactly as when awake. I then touched my fingers together and touched my face. I became very joyous with the thought, "It feels exactly like when I'm awake! All my senses are working when I'm dreaming!" I felt so excited to be so aware in a dream.

I decided to check out the house. So I walked around, looking into rooms. There was a small room set up for dining. It was not my house so I looked for a reality test again.

I got distracted by someone explaining to me about a great fern. At this point I got interested in the dream and what was happening. So, I lost lucidity. Girls came in dressed in red and white. I examined the designs and colors of their outfits thoroughly. I can still see them in my mind.

Then, Mother and Dad and I were cooking on the same stove. We were in each other's way. I spilled out my liquid and was pouring more into the pot. I was annoyed that we all ate at the same time. I told them I will eat earlier. It was now after 5 p.m. and I prefer to eat earlier anyway. I also prefer to have the stove to myself so as not to have them in my way.

I woke up. It was after 5 a.m. - about 5:45 a.m., which is a little later than I normally wake. I was lying on my back, hands on my midriff.

Over the past weeks, I programmed for a Lucid Dream, but I couldn't get one. Then April 22 we had a 6.1 earthquake with thousands of aftershocks, some 3's and 4's. I didn't care if I had a Lucid Dream; I was just happy to have a good night's sleep. However, last night I looked at my hand quickly and snapped my fingers, touched them and thought I'll program for Lucid Dream about 3 or 4 a.m. I did wake at that time but was too tired to program dreams. I just went back to sleep without even thinking about my hand.

C.S.  
June 5 1992 5:00 am

I was lying on my right side and just had a short dream, which I was attempting to remember. I thought it was great that I finally fell asleep and dreamed. Then I heard people talking outside my North window. I realized this was my sign that I'm dreaming. I got really excited! I thought "Wow, I'm having a Lucid Dream! Don't get so excited or I'll wake up!" I turned to my left and got out of bed.

**I went to the table to look at the digital clock as I programmed.** I could touch it, and it felt normal, but I could not see anything. I was disappointed that I had no sight in this dream.

I felt a strong pull towards a sexual experience so I decided to go in that direction. I was lying down with strong sexual feelings in the vaginal area. I wondered what would happen if I kissed, I was amazed that I could really feel a tongue in my mouth and a French Kiss.

I saw a blonde man coming toward me. My cousin Carol, lying on my right, was pulling my arm and talking. I pulled my arm away from her and told her I don't want her in my dream.

**I wanted to look at my clock as I had programmed so I went back to its location.** I saw it exactly as it looks in waking reality. I looked at it again, and it was changed. It now was more square-shaped and designed differently. I felt myself slowly making the transition to waking up.

## Who Else Has Used Lucid Dreams?

Lucy  
Writes:

Several years ago I read **Surely You're Joking Mr. Feynman** (by **Richard P. Feynman** as told to Ralph Leighton) and was delighted to discover that this Nobel Prize winning physicist had stumbled upon lucid dreaming while in university. He remembered a problem his father had put to him when he was a child: How would describe what it felt like to go to sleep to Martians (aliens) who never slept? Years later, intrigued by the question, he spent several weeks observing himself falling asleep. At first he noticed his internal dialogue, his "thinking by speaking to himself" and that he could imagine visual imagery. As he got more tired, he noticed that he could "think two things at once" and that ideas continued as he fell asleep, but became less and less logically connected.

Then, after weeks of observation:

"One night, while I was having a dream, I realized I was observing myself *in* the dream. I had gotten all the way down into the dream itself!"

In his dreams he discovered that you can feel fear and other emotions, move about, see color, and control the direction of the dream. He looked at and felt things in his dreams and compared them to waking reality.

Judging by his descriptions, Feynman experienced sleep paralysis and though he didn't know what exactly it was, he learned to go from fearing it to enjoying it:

"During the time of making observations in my dreams, the process of waking up was rather a fearful one. As you're beginning to wake up, there's a moment when you feel rigid and tied down, or underneath many layers of cotton batting. It's hard to explain, but there's a moment when you get the feeling you can't get out; you're not sure you can wake up. So I would have to tell myself – after I was awake – that this is ridiculous. There's no disease I know of where a person falls asleep naturally and can't wake up. You can always wake up. And after talking to myself many times like that, I became less and less afraid, and in fact I found the process of waking up rather thrilling – something like a roller coaster: After a while you're not so scared, and you begin to enjoy it a little bit."

Nita B.  
Writes:

I know **Frank Zane**, 3 x Mr. Universe, through some phone chats. Before getting to know him, I'd gone to a San Diego Whole Life Expo '92 at which he was appearing, but missed him at his booth. Bought copies of his **Fabulously Fit Forever** paperback book for my sons, but didn't read through them. The most rewarding moment was when my younger son, still living with us, came down the stairs enthusiastically pointing out to me Chapter 12 on lucid dreaming to build the body of your dreams!! It was a moment I'll never forget when he said, "Mom", I thought you were just weird, but Frank Zane talks about lucid dreaming too in his bodybuilding book! BTW, it a wonderful book which everyone who wants to have a healthy mind and body ought to take a look at!

# Lucid Humor

(c) 2001 Linda Lane Magallón

Dream characters are great. I like to play with them and ask them questions. They continually surprise me with what comes out of their mouths. I can wake up grinning or laugh out loud in the middle of a dream.

## **The Time Is Now!** 10/18/85

Lucid, I'm in a dark bedroom. I walk from this room into a lighted hallway which contains, older, smaller, squatter people-with jowly faces. I think, "Oh, no, what am I doing here with all these ugly people?"

Then I backtrack and think, no, it's all right. I should be kind to them, it's not their fault they're ugly. After all, this is my dream and I've had a hand in "projecting" them.

I walk on through into a kitchen where I read a calendar pinned to a bulletin board. "1967" it says. Then, just to confuse me, it changes to "1973." I ask aloud, "What date is this?" I'm trying to place the dream in context of my past.

At the far end of the kitchen two people are standing. One of them transforms into a young blonde-haired man. As we come towards each other, he looks me straight in the eye and says, "The time is now!"

I laugh, thinking-yep, it is always "now" in the dream state. :-)

## **Bikes, Kites and Cheap Jokes** 4/9/84

Lucid, I try to see myself in a bathroom mirror. It's too close and I lose focus. I move back and retrieve the dream.

Then I feel someone on my back and reach around to pull him or her off. It turns out to be a young woman wearing a bathing cap. I pull her around my shoulders and she lands, standing in the bathtub. "You're welcome to come with me, but don't get on my back!" I tell her. I hold on to her and, side by side, the two of us fly out the bathroom window.

"Let's fake out that motorcycle cop," I suggest. He's on a cycle, coming our way. I find myself holding a bike with the

young woman seated on it. Flying down a roadway lined with eucalyptus, we barely miss the head of the motorcycle policeman. This discombobulates him and he gets off his cycle. I place the girl and bike on the ground. I try to pick up the motorcycle to "show up" the cop but it's too heavy.

I go round the other side of the cycle and manage to lift it, but then I'm headed the wrong way. On the grass along the roadway, there are people having a picnic and watching us. I finally get the cycle to turn round the way I want it to, but it's an effort. Up, over the people I go. Will I miss their heads? I do. Barely. Up, I fly, over the city street towards the corner of a commercial building. I land on the roof of the building in great relief.

"Catch the kite on the women's wires!" yells a man from the ground. I notice there is, indeed, a kite tangled in some telephone wires nearby. "It's okay, I can get it. Don't panic," I call down to him.

"Panic," I think again, and the word gives me an idea. I jump down to only a foot or so off the ground and begin sliding around, just as if I were the sand being swished around in a gold rush pan. I'm "panning," as a real live-action pun.

The man gets it. "I have a joke, too," he says, and begins to tell a funny story. Well. At least he tries.

"There was this TV program (one of three TV programs) and the middle one was so cheap that it was even too cheap for waking reality!"

## **On A Journey East By Car** 2/10/00

I'm with a small group of people on a long car trip, traveling East through plains and short, rolling hills. I get lucid enough to wonder where we are. Even though the terrain looks flat, like the Mid-West, the word "Tennessee" pops into my mind. But I want to find out for sure.

At the next town, a girl is standing by the roadside. I stop and ask, "Where are we? What state is this?"

"The human state!" she replies.

# Potpourri

## ~A Variety of Lucid Dreams~

**C.S.**  
**May 11 2001 8:30 am**

I slept only 4 hours off and on during the night, and got out of bed at 3 am. I was experiencing so much pain that I finally took 1/2 of a regular Tylenol and went back to bed for a nap at 7 a.m. I awakened after one hour but decided to sleep some more.

I heard people talking outside my window. Since the window was open, I was concerned that they might be up to some mischief. Then, I remembered that hearing voices was a sign that I was going into a lucid dream. I decided to get out of bed. However, I fell to the floor. Feeling lousy, I could only crawl on the floor. I could see only a fraction; as if I were looking through a small hole. I continued to crawl into the hallway, trying to control the dream. My husband walked into the hall. I asked him for help. He looked down on me and said "Have I ever told you?" I said "What?" he said "How much you mean to me?"

Suddenly I was standing up and the room was in brilliant color. I was delighted and yelled "I'm lucid!" In an instant the darkness enveloped me as I looked down at my fingers which were covered with duct tape. Donald walked into the room and sat down. I sat next to him as I removed the tape and told him that I took some Tylenol and something has gone wrong in my brain. He yelled "Why did you take a Tylenol when you know we are going to see Dr. Levy and you need a clear head?" I said "I can't stand the pain any longer." I need to take something."

Fortunately, I woke up from this miserable dream. The pain was now tolerable, but I was feeling spacey. I rarely take any medicines since I am exquisitely hypersensitive to all drugs, which give serious side effects.

**Don**  
**August 26 2001**  
**Can You Answer My Question?**

[As I slept: I keep hearing voices outside or something knocking or hitting outside - possibly the shade expanding in the hot sun.] I awoke every few minutes 1/2 ill and 1/2 exhilarated and had several semi-lucid dreams.

I remember I want to ask my inner self what's going on with my relationship with Mary. After I recall this, I start to fly up over a town square. I tell myself to go with this scene rather than change it to something else and that maybe this is the answer to my question. I decide that flying up higher might help me understand this, so I do.

I'm trying to interpret the dream as I go. I fly higher and I see these fake-looking clouds (like a 2-D ceiling). When I get to that level, there's a hard, strong, cold wind blowing - only my head and face get that high because it's a sharp transition. I'm a bit afraid now. I'm riding and balancing on two shoe-sized supports and I'm afraid of falling off of them. I start to fall and a plastic bag fills with air and I briefly use it as a parachute. I tell myself that since this is a dream, I can't be hurt, so I let go and fall to the ground. I expect I'll hit at a high speed, but know I'll be fine. Instead, I slow as I fall.....

I see a carriage or a truck go by. On the side of it, I see kid (key) ic or kid (key) relic. The "key" was an icon of a key. I know my mother's name was Kidd and I think this might be some clue to my understanding of my relationship with Mary. [In a long conversation the previous day, I had joked with a friend about the influence of parents' beliefs on our present experiences.]

I follow the truck or carriage and see it go into a building. When I get there (flying after it), I can't see a door and so I fly right through the large window. I'm confident about doing this because I had done so in some of the semi-lucid dreamlets mentioned above. I did choose to fly through the glass rather than the wall. I get about 20 feet into the room and I'm mostly through the glass, but it bends around me like a membrane. Finally, it springs back to where it was.

I seem to be floating higher and higher in this room (where the carriage went). I decide to go where I'm dragged and see sculpture in the upper left-hand corner of the room. I'm guided here, but I try to interpret the meaning of the statue (with regard to my question) and decide this is too difficult. Very abstract sculpture - with flower-like bulbs on stalks, I think.

I continue going with the flow and float to the right. I see a door to a workshop open and know this guy restores old pianos in this shop. I go in... now outside and he's doing something in his carriage.

I tell him that I'm dreaming and I'd like to ask him a few questions to try to understand my relationship (or something like that). He asks if I followed someone in here on a horse. He starts telling me about this place and I think he's about to tell me that I couldn't have done that (followed a horse in here) because he's owned it all these years and they haven't had a horse, but the

former owner did. Then, I see he's in a carriage with his wife (and kid?) They're dressed up about to go somewhere and so I don't want to interrupt him more, so I back off.

He or someone gives me a phone and says I should call somewhere. I know this means for help in my question. This other person dials and hands the phone to me. I'm in contact with this company (like Avon?) and I tell her that I know I'm dreaming and want to know about my relationship with Mary. I can barely hear her reply. She doesn't get right to the answer and we get cut off or maybe I accidentally hit the wrong button on the phone. I start to call back again, but realize they didn't give me the number. I ask someone else and they plug in the number (maybe 697). Now I talk with a man with a Chinese? accent and I can't hear him very well either. [I awoke with my left arm numb and sore.]

**Katie**  
**October 30 2001**  
**Valley Revelation and a Halloween Dream**

This dream, at least the first part and the fragments before it, were "answer dreams" to some work I've been trying to do, and as such are quite comforting. The second part with the corpse reminds me of another dream I had about standing underwater on the floor of the St. Lawrence and encountering the devil.

This dream starts with me split off with the woman whose consciousness I'm in. She's just finished something up, like dropping her son at school, and is now free to do whatever. She crosses the road to an open area, possibly a graveyard. In the third person is the thought, "She thinks she can fly." Me as ride-along-passenger, or sort of as her critical little voice, thinks jeeringly, yeah, all she has to do is kind of wait around for the higher powers to have use for her, something along those lines. Then she's looking out over a valley, there's people around. On the hillside rising on the other side of the valley are houses, some of which are painted in pink, terra cotta, red kind of faded colors, maybe yellow, they seem to be in the reddish spectrum anyway. Very lovely, mist and perhaps a body of water. At first seeing the valley she has the urge to fly across it, that way you get in lucid dreams when you see a really good flying vista even if you're not quite lucid. Then as she's looking at the lovely site her thoughts become less focussed, she's just enjoying the scene and then she has/I have a revelation; which sounds like a thought but is really first an emotion. A feeling of peace, joy, yes-ness, and the thought follows as she begins to understand what has happened. The unfocussed taking it all in with joy is the point; seeing the terrific opportunity to fly and using it is not the point. I don't think I can explain this very well, but it made sense to me and still does. After this moment passes she does indeed fly; the dream is less lucid at this point, the scenery changes to the St. Lawrence River. A split in consciousness again: the character goes down a long slide or somehow takes a big plunge into the river. My ride-along self thinks, my, she's brave, I'd be afraid of shallow water or something. I let myself feel the chill of the water. The St. Lawrence is very cold and I feel the joy of floating back up to the surface, my face breaking into the air just at the moment I need to breathe. Then the woman is standing on the muddy river floor underwater. There's not exactly a statement of lucidity, but she knows she can stand underwater and let things happen as they may, no harm will come to her and she can change things if she wants. She's wearing a white bathing suit, by the way. She has a happy, curious and slightly amused attitude. A corpse/skeleton man in rags of what were once black clothes approaches her, grasps her arm. For a moment I'm/she's worried, but again she seems to have the courage for both of us, and just waits to see what the guy will do. He tries to kiss her, she laughs and blows in his mouth, blowing his stinking corpse breath right back at him. He reels backwards, seeming appalled by the smell of his own breath, and a little amused at her spunk. He makes another attempt, she laughs and flings him away. Looking for entertainment now, she yells, "Restore!" and the corpse comes back to her as a man. He's a tall, heavily built man, swarthy, with a mustache, sort of 18th century dress, seems Spanish somehow. However he's still got the corpse's rotten teeth, so she flings him back and again yells "Restore!" or perhaps, "Restore as you were in life!" Here he comes again with his teeth as they were in life full of blackened cavities. Back he goes, and this time when he pops up his teeth are perfect. But they don't look real, they look like ivory dominos and in fact have little gold studs on some of them. I wake up as he comes up this final time.

**Clint**  
**3/5/2000, 7:50**  
**Flying Through A Valley With Colorful Flowers And Blooming Trees**

[I estimate this lucid dream lasted 15 to 20 minutes.] I'm on a small hillside when I think that I may be dreaming. I jump and when I fly I know that this is definitely a dream. I fly down into the valley and over a stream. The whole field is filled with brightly colored flowers; even the trees are filled with flowers and it is all very beautiful. I am flying using a swimming motion in order to stay in the dream. I fly down to a wide creek and follow it. I try to create some

waterfowl but I don't see any.

I fly away from the water and to my left. I believe that there may be a forest on that side of the valley. Instead, I find a cinderblock wall. I fly along the wall and enter a building. As I am flying around the building I pass a screen door - I touch it and can feel the texture of the screen. I find a way back to the outside and go back into the meadow or valley. It's very nice out here.

I see several different kinds of plants. There is one plant that looks like a giant aloe, perhaps ten feet tall, with very broad leaves. I start to touch it but see that it has some cactus needles on the leaves and decide not to touch it after all.

Looking to my right I see what appears to be a brightly colored parrot perched on the top of a dead tree trunk; it is about 100 feet away from me. I fly up to the bird and see that is not a parrot, I don't recognize what kind of bird it is but it is very colorful with red and purple plumage on its neck. I look around and there are lots of different kinds of birds flying around the area and they are all very brightly colored.

I find a small, maybe 3" x 4", piece of wood (it is gray, like driftwood) and it has some writing carved into it. I try to figure out what the writing says but the words don't make sense. I know the writing doesn't make sense because this is a dream. Using my fingernail, I carve the word "Rite" into the wood to see if the letters are stable. Just as I write the word I can read it but then the word disappears.

I continue flying around the area and enjoying the scenery. A young boy comes along and grabs onto me. I feel that he is trying to hold me back so I push him away but he keeps coming at me. Next I use an Aikido move on him but that doesn't stop him either. Finally, I push him away saying, "Be gone! Be gone!" and with that he disappears. I fly around for awhile longer before I wake up.

**C.S.**  
**August 16 1992 5 am**

I felt I was lying in bed on my stomach. Sounds of many men's voices were in my head, and energy was flowing from my head down my spine. It was annoying. I knew I was dreaming since no one was in my bedroom.

I rolled over and got out of bed. I was lying on the floor. A device like a black fan was attacking my face. I grabbed it and said, "This is my dream, and I don't want you in it!" It dissolved. I got up and remembered to go to the Healing Room. My husband just got up and I didn't want him to disturb me so I decided to look for the Healing Room outside. I walked through the window. I looked at all the buildings and couldn't find it. I continued to look for a building with a door saying "Healing Room". I couldn't find it. I said "This is my dream. I can create the Healing Room." However, I couldn't find it. So I decided to fly, which I did.

I got worried that my husband would wake me, because he was in my room, and I wouldn't be able to get back into my body so I went back to my room.

I lost lucidity. My husband was fixing the ceiling. I was lying on the bed instructing him. I saw a strange hole and wanted him to see it. Then I noticed a plant, which was in dirt on the floor (which really was the ground) needed watering. I couldn't figure out how to water the plant without making the room moldy. There were many plants all over the room in different spots on the ground.

Some guy entered the room. He was my blonde boyfriend. He wanted me to go with him. I couldn't find my slippers. There were lots of slippers but no pairs. Finally I found a matching pair that was blue and pink print. I was going with him when I remembered that I must wake up now. I seemed to wake up and started another dream. I got concerned about not getting back to my body and made a strong effort to really wake up. I woke up lying on my right side.

**C.S.**  
**August 20, 1992 5 am**

I was lying in bed when I heard the sound of a loud thumping noise like a heart beat. It was getting louder. Since I knew there was no reason for me to hear the noise, I realized I was dreaming.

I rolled to my left to get out of bed. I was on my back, flying back and forth, hitting my head or feet on the wall. I didn't want to do that so I went out the closed window and was outside. I flew around sitting on a man's lap. Everything was wet since it was raining slowly. I noticed my clothes were getting wet. I said, "I don't want to get wet. This is my dream, so stop raining." It did.

I looked for the Healing Room -- didn't find it. Inasmuch as I was falling off the man's lap, I got startled and woke up. I was really lying on my right side.

**Adastra**  
**November 12 2001 5:53 a.m.**  
**Endless Green Membrane**

I'm walking through a parking lot, holding in my hands a computerized device of some sort - about the size of one of the first calculators, very bulky. I have a fairly low level of lucidity at this point. I walk along, morphing the device by pressing and pulling it with my hands - making it thinner, the screen bigger etc. I try to make it very thin, but beyond a certain point it doesn't change. There is some strange handle on the back that I try to make disappear but it refuses no matter how hard I try, so I give up on that. I think to myself that dreams are a great place to

design things because you can change them around, and decide to mention this on the forum. Around this time I become more lucid - at first I think I was morphing the device "as if" I was dreaming. I come to the entrance of an amusement park, which I "remember" is a frequently occurring dream theme of late; however, now that I am physically awake I don't think that's true - I don't think I have ever before had such a dream. The entrance is a strange green substance that you go through, a circular door. "Usually" I just go through it quickly, but this time I decide to be very aware of the process itself. This extends it, so I am going on and on in this green membrane, never quite getting through. I think, "Come on, baby, let me in!" and see details of the room beyond, including a malevolent devil face. Then suddenly I am in a non-lucid dream, which carries on for a while before I wake up.

**Robert  
November 17-18 01  
Shooting Stars**

(The Leonid meteor shower was tonight, so when I awoke at 3 am, I got out of bed to look for shooting stars. It was a bit hazy here and after 10 minutes and three shooting stars, I decided to go back to bed. In bed, I told myself that I would have a lucid dream.)

I'm walking around my childhood home's backyard at night after having been on a trip with my brother and some others. It's dark and I look at the houses nearby - some have a light on. Finally I see my brother in a brown jacket in the kitchen window -- I tap on it and he comes to the back door to let me inside. I am surprised to see some gem stones and a cufflink in a small dish with a bit of tea or coffee. At this strange grouping, I become lucid.

I enjoy the feeling of flying around looking at everything. I touch various people as I pass. Then I decide to ask a precognitive type question, and say, "How many pages will Lucy have in the next Lucid Dream Exchange?" An answer comes to mind immediately (which I will send to a third party fair witness today and share with LDE readers later). The answer came so quickly and in a mental form - I wondered if it could be correct since normally I had projected answers outward to be seen or spoken by a dream character.

I decide that since tonight is the Leonid meteor shower that I want to see it from above the clouds. As I start to fly, a vocal chant comes to me (something with the word, "celestial") and I chant it as I fly higher and higher in the night sky through various layers of atmosphere. It takes a while.

Now I seem to be in a lecture room, where it occurs to me that some people can not see me. I grab a woman or two from behind and they don't say anything, but look startled. Someone to my left says that I should meet Dr. (hard to pronounce Arabic sounding name). I go up and shake the hand of a black woman and another black woman, who tells me that they can see me.

The group leaves and I follow them out. I touch the gold green wallpaper, and the fuzzy texture of a sweater, which helps to maintain my lucidity. We go outside and it seems quite cold with a rocky jagged ground surface - almost frosted. I look up and I can see thousands of stars, brilliantly lit up, as if I am much, much closer than earth. It's a fantastic, 'other-worldly' sight. It seems like I am right before the Milky Way, the stars are so dense.

There's a man there and we watch the shooting stars -- there is one about every 15 seconds. One goes by that is very big and glowing red, I say, "Look! A fireball!" He corrects me and says that I am mistaken to say that - I believe he says that it is not on fire. I ask him, "What is this place?" as I look around at the rocky dark landscape with buildings tilted at all angles. He says, "It exists in your future," and that is an asteroid observatory. Some others make comments. I marvel at the brilliant stars in the sky.

Suddenly a woman comes up...(I get into a long conversation with this woman). I try to think back through the dream and remember the important details. Then I decide to wake up and write it down."

Waking event: My wife wakes up and asks me what I'm doing. I tell her I am writing down a dream. She tells me that she just had a dream about looking at shooting stars.

**C. S.  
August 24 2001**

I woke up around midnight and couldn't fall back to sleep so programmed for a lucid dream. I kept saying, "I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming". I attempted to turn on the lamp on my bedroom table to no avail. So, I got out of bed and switched on the ceiling light, which also did not go on. It occurred to me that lights not going on is a sign that I was dreaming. However, I couldn't believe it since it all felt so real. I decided to fly anyway. Since I flew up to the ceiling, I knew I was dreaming. Wanting to go outside, I flew into the walls, hitting them hard. I knew all I had to do was to imagine myself wherever I wanted to be, and it would be so. The thought put me outside, flying into the desert night sky with thousands of stars and a crescent moon. I was in such awe of it all that I spaced out and woke up.

**C.S.**  
**June 15 2001**

I napped for about an hour, woke up, was still tired so turned onto my left side and then: I heard men talking in the other room. My husband was yelling. I thought some men must have invaded our house. I was very concerned and tried to get out of bed. I couldn't move. Then I remembered that hearing people talking was a sign that I was dreaming. I could see the ceiling so I decided to fly up to it as a reality check. I still couldn't move. I kept trying and finally felt myself moving upward so I was sure I was dreaming.

A man walked into my room. He kept repeating in a monotone voice, "I need to have it. I need to have it," etc. I thought he intended to rape me. Instantly I remembered I was dreaming so why not enjoy sex? With that thought, I felt penetration, instant arousal and full orgasm that woke me up. I was on my left side with my right nostril open. It was difficult to regain full consciousness. I remained groggy for a while.

**Katie**  
**11/5/01**  
**Gold Dust Woman**

I don't know what made me lucid; I was standing on a grassy hill and thought, hey, I can fly... a little tentatively at first. I can fly, can't I? I did an experimental hop and then, whee, off I went. I banked and flew for open water. When I was where I wanted to be I stopped "trying" and just let the wind buffet me here and there. Most of the times I just let myself relax, but occasionally I'd tense my body and "surf" the wind currents. It was a lot of fun; I decided that flying upside down - head toward the ground and feet up in the air - was the best, an extra element of dizziness. Then I was on the ground. I found some gold nugget shaped things (there's some foil wrapped chocolate like this in real life). I decided I'd break them open and whatever was inside I'd eat. Inside were some screws made of the same metal (I was building a bookcase last night). I thought, geez, that could be bad for your health eating those. But then I reasoned, hey, it's a dream, why not? So I ate them, and the nugget containers as well. I don't recall that they had any particular flavor, but they were fun to eat because of their hard chewiness.

**C.S.**  
**February 16 1992 5 am**

I was not watching my breathing and body except for occasional energy flows, 2 snorts and changes of breathing. I was very relaxed and had the feeling that I could fall asleep. Instead, I centered my attention on following my thoughts and visions. I tried not to remember and analyze them, but as soon as I was aware of them I came back. At times I consciously added to the thoughts and pictures.

Then, while lying on my right side - I was following a scene (don't remember what it was) - something like a shock or shift in my head altered my consciousness. I was still lying on my right side in bed but I knew I was dreaming. I rolled over to get out of bed. My body felt lighter than when awake but heavier than when having an OBE dream. I couldn't see well so was going to open my eyes more. However, I felt I was back in bed and really was opening my eyes so I stopped and was standing in my room. I wanted to fly, but I was too heavy. Noise like a motor was coming from across the bedroom. My bedroom was dark, but I could just make out something covered with an orange sheet. I didn't like the look or sound of it so chose to ignore it.

I wanted to go to the Healing Room, but I couldn't get out of my own bedroom. So I opened the door into the hall. I couldn't pass through it because I was so dense. I thought about calling my Mother so that I would feel more secure, knowing she was in the house. However, I yelled "Daddy, Daddy" instead. While walking in the hall, the scene looked just like it does in a movie when they are depicting people having a dream. The scene was dull, eerie and out of focus. Since I was analyzing this whole experience I said to myself "This is just like dream scenes on TV."

I was still calling "Daddy, Daddy." I wanted to see if he were awake and if he could see and hear me. He was not in the kitchen. So I went into the living room. (The rooms were exactly where they are located in my present house.) Daddy was lying on the floor with his feet on the chair (just like Mother does once a day). I talked with him. We said nothing profound. He could see and hear me. The room was dull and colorless. It was not like my present living room. My dog Pal, who was black, was lying on the floor. (Pal was my childhood friend and was long dead.) I felt like it was Christmas - I didn't see the Christmas tree but I felt it was in the spot we always set it when we lived on Marion St. in Scranton, PA when I was a child. I lay down next to Pal on the floor and hugged her and told he how happy I was to be with her. It felt good to be with the family. I thought I don't have a dog, I have a black cat. Slowly the scene faded and I felt a strange feeling in my head - my body became denser. I was in bed on my right side and in awake consciousness.

**C.S.**  
**August 10 2001**

I woke up at midnight and couldn't fall back to sleep. So after an hour passed, I decided it was favorable to program for a lucid dream. I decided I wanted to dance, fly and just have fun.

I attempted to turn on the light located on my bedroom table. Nothing happened so I pushed the switch again. The room remained dark. I realized this was one of my signs that I was dreaming. I turned over and was falling out of bed right onto my bedroom table. I remembered that I was dreaming so it didn't matter. I began flying in a prone position. It felt so good that I tried all kinds of swimming strokes. I thought, "This is great fun!" However, I couldn't see anything. I decided to spin around, suggesting that I was in the Learning Room. When I stopped, everything was black. I decided to open my eyes so that I could visualize the dream. That was a mistake because I opened my sleeping eyes and woke up.

## Dreams of the Deceased

**Edith**  
**October 17 2001**  
**Lucid Dream of the Deceased**

(My friend Laura dies in a nursing home at age 97. For some years, Suzy, another friend and I have shared responsibility for Laura's welfare. On the afternoon of the 17th, a few days after actual death, Suzy and I go through Laura's last possessions and give them away.)

I am mildly surprised to find myself at some kind of old age facility on Cape Cod (which in waking life is several hours drive from Concord, Laura's and my town of residence). However, Laura seems to be living there, and is seemingly giving some trouble to the staff. I prepare to drive her to Boston for treatment, she is in the back seat, Suzy in the front beside me. (Still non-lucid, but the car is missing its top. This should tip me off, for the roofless car is a lucid phenomenon, as if to give a better "view" of what happens inside it.)

Along our way I see an elderly couple emerge rather majestically from a doorway as if dressed, say, for the opera, lady in a mink cape, and so on. Rather an absurd sight, in that the dream weather is very very clear and sunny, and the surroundings open-air, seashore. Also their clothing has a faintly seedy look to it, bogus-impressive. The drive continues. I chat with Suzy, anecdotes, not quite accurate, of actual waking life occurrences.

Lucidity begins, the first time in a long time, and I am very happy, but do not keep my wits about me to prolong the experience. I become aware that I do not seem to have a passenger in the car, and I do not think clearly, at this point, that I started out with both Suzy and Laura in the car. This is perhaps because I am so pleased to be lucid, also, I am still enjoying the wonderfully clear sunlight, which gives a kind of joyful feeling tone to this whole dream, as does the sense of summer ocean nearby, sometimes glimpsed in inland bits of water.

Still lucid, driving slowly still towards home, rather as if I do not have a choice of stopping. Looking back, I see a woman standing still at an increasing distance. I call out, "You aren't Laura!" I think, "Then it must be Suzy." She does not reply. I say cheerfully, "We are lucid." And I think to myself consolingly, "Well, at least I am sort of exploring the situation." Meaning of course, the lucidity and my attempt to find out which of the two women it is I see from the car.

This dream was perhaps an attempt on my part to bring my friend back, "for treatment." Her death triggered memories of a woman in similar circumstances whose concerns I took care of years ago, and who had given instructions for her burial on the Cape.

The dream also reminded me, uncomfortably, that in my files is a manuscript, a memoir written long long ago by the father of the "Cape Cod lady" and that I should either make some literary use of it, or check to see if it is of value to some historical archives.

## Kundalini Dreaming

**Katie**  
**November 22 2001**  
**The Un-Birthing**

An amazing dream last night. I'm having a normal dream. I've got a new-ish job. I haven't been there very long but already I'm being introduced to a new boss, I've had something like five so far. I've met him before, he's been around for a couple of days at a training, but I can't remember his name. (It's Anthony Chan or something like that.) There's a couple of other odds and ends in the dream, but essentially the feeling of it is very flat; it's a good job, I make a decent amount of money, the people are nice enough, but I don't really enjoy it, it doesn't engage me. So the dream has this depressed, gray

feeling to it.

Then I'm looking at my mother through a round opening in a quilt, like I'm cuccooned in one. She's lying down and looks exhausted. I say, "You look really tired, what's wrong?" I think her lips move, but if she says anything I can't hear it. I seem to realize I'm dreaming at this point and think, hm, it's weird to dream of looking at my mother through a round aperture; that could be interpreted as a birthing image. Suddenly I realize that's exactly what's going on, and I'm being un-born. I'm being pulled backwards, the aperture closes and I'm drawn backwards (feet first as I lie on my face) through this tight tunnel which is still a quilt, the one on my bed, I think. I'm then drawn back into the womb (still a quilt) and squeezed smaller and smaller (painlessly). At first I'm fighting it, thinking, no, I don't want to disappear! But then it occurs to me that "disappearing" will actually be like dying, a re-connection with the spirit. As I disappear as an "embryo", I suddenly start going down another tunnel (still the quilt), but more slowly this time, head first. I'm very excited now, repeating the mantra "home", meaning enlightenment, at-one-ness, spiritual nirvana. I expect that when I emerge from this tunnel I'll have the experience I sometimes have in dreams of spiritual ecstasy, a feeling of rising and dissolving and pulsing, absolute wellbeing. I have also had tunnel dreams like this before that were very intense and significant. So I'm very anxious to finish my journey. But when the portal finally opens, I find myself simply awake in my bed in the frame dream again. The depressive gray atmosphere of that dream is still there despite the lucidity and

rising spiritual anticipation. And that frame dream continues non-lucidly from that point without reference to the tunnel experience.

The other weird thing is that while this was going on, I had a buzzing kind of feeling at the nape of my neck that went up my spine, along the back of my skull and out the top of my head. So I assume it was some kind of kundalini experience. But how weird for it to end that way!

I'd appreciate feedback from anyone who has insight into kundalini type dreams, I don't know much about it and the dream puzzles me. I had a very powerful dream the night before too, so I'm curious how to understand these.

## **Announcements**

### **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](mailto: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](mailto:Ouroboras@lycos.com) We would like to have data returned by January 31, 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!

# Poetry

A Poem by Joe Lamando

With the tensions in the Middle East risen again it reminded me of this dream experience. I had this intense dream before the Kuwait invasion in which I saw a line of people slowly marching across desert dunes.

They were passing by me and out into the distance. They were silent and very somber, like there was a sad and repetitious monotony about this march. They seemed to be leaders or emissaries.

The figures slowly morphed into barrels of oil. It was very intense but I was an unaffected observer so I wasn't frightened by it. This was before the invasion had happened and I didn't relate to it until afterwards.

I wrote "Reflections on a Prophetic Dream" after I realized the connection.

## REFLECTIONS ON A PROPHETIC DREAM AUGUST '90

Who were those figures  
Filing in my dream  
From past to present?  
Somber, faceless-  
Yet inwardly smiling  
At the eerie pleasure  
Of walking the brink's edge?

Strange, yet familiar  
Parade of priestly power---  
Emissarial doom impending?

Yet do I perceive it  
As a tidal but cyclic wave  
Historically crashing  
On this desert tale unending.

How many have drowned  
Hysterically thrashing  
In these tides?  
How many have  
Floated them out?

\* Dreamed ~ two weeks before Kuwait invasion by Hussein. Written after invasion.

# Lucid Dream Links

**The Lucidity Institute**  
<http://www.lucidity.com>

**Lucidity Institute Forum** - A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.  
<http://www.lucidity.com/forum>

**The Dream Explorer** - Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE:  
<http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html>

A club wherein **dream encounters with ETs, and Extraterrestrial cultures** can be shared, discussed and explored. <http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/dreamspangalactic>

**Lucid Dreaming Webring Homepage**  
<http://www.stanford.edu/~daric/lucid/index.html>

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

Check out Linda Magallon's **Flying Dreams** website at:  
<http://members.aol.com/caseflyer/flying/dreams.html>

**the5aint's** at:  
<http://www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html>

**Lucid Dream Newsgroups**  
alt.dreams.lucid  
alt.out-of-body

**Alt.out-of-body Website:**  
<http://www.geocities.com/janice240.obe/index.html>

**Dreams and Lucidity**  
<http://www.spiritonline.com/dreams>

**The Lucid Dreamer's Reference Guide**  
<http://www.cris.com/~Mbreck/lucid.shtml>

**Lucid Dreaming** (Dream Maker's lucid dreaming web production) <http://www.metro.net/anvil/lucid.html>

**Lucid Dreaming Links**  
<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

**Lucid Dreaming Guild for the Physically Challenged**  
<http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html>

**Bird's Lucid Dreaming Website**  
<http://members.xoom.com/thelucidbird/luciddreaming.html>

**The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation Lucidity and Techniques Page**  
[www.crhsc.umontreal.ca/dreamsfoundation/lucid1.htm](http://www.crhsc.umontreal.ca/dreamsfoundation/lucid1.htm)

**Reve, conscience, eveil:** A site in France (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness:  
<http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr>

**Sleep Paralysis and 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.

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**IN THE NEXT ISSUE**

LDE 22 will launch a new feature in which Robert Waggoner will interview long time lucid dreamers about their interest and insights into lucid dreaming.

If you have a suggestion for a particular theme you would like to see in LDE, please drop us a line, we'd love to hear from you!

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**NEXT DEADLINE**

Submission deadline for LDE 22 is **February 15 2002**; mailing date is March 1 2002. Please send your submissions to Lucy Gillis at: [lucy\\_gillis@hotmail.com](mailto:lucy_gillis@hotmail.com) or to Robert Waggoner at: PO Box 11 Ames, IA 50010

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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!!