

Number 33 • December 2004

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

A Lucid Mutual Dream During Dreams¹⁰

**Thought-forms, Automaton, and Active
Initiators: Residents in Lucid Dreaming**

**Sleep Paralysis: If You Can't Avoid its
Occurrence, Can You Change the
Experience?**

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Cover Art

Guitar on the Sandbar

© Laura Atkinson

Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles.

Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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

Submissions

Send your submissions via e-mail to lucy_gillis@hotmail.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

Subscriptions

The print copy of LDE is \$5.00 per issue to cover printing and postage costs. Contact Robert at Dreambob@aol.com if you wish to purchase print copies. To receive LDE for free (via e-mail) send a blank email to:

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Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 34 is February 5 2004.
Publication date is March 2005.

Website

www.dreaminglucid.com

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"Guitars on the Dunes"

A dream within a dream

By Laura Atkinson

It's late in the summer, and I am sitting on a large wool blanket in the dunes. I am staring out to the horizon, watching the sun go down against the ocean, and the sky turning into a mixture of colors. The sky turns to brilliant hues of pink, orange, and purple. It is low tide, and there is a distinct sandbar that is still visible. I begin to hear the sounds of someone on the other side of the dune-practicing guitar. The melodies begin to hypnotize me as if this person was playing a lullaby. I hear the combination of the melody, and the gentle rhythm of the waves lapping against the shoreline.

I wrap the wool blanket around my shoulders and fall asleep on the sand, wishing I knew how to play guitar. I drift off to sleep and begin to dream about writing a book with a quill pen and intricate, wooden craft stamps. My sister who has tapped me on the shoulder awakens me. I can only see her silhouette because of the position of the sunset. I turn my head around to the dunes to try to find the person who was playing the guitar, but there is no one to be found. She begins to laugh with a knowing look on her face, possibly because I fell asleep on the beach, or else she knew who the guitar player was. She extends her hand to me to help me off the sand, and tells me "It's time to come home."



A Lucid Mutual Dream During Dreams¹⁰

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The first formal mutual dream project I ever joined was called "Dreams to the Tenth Power" or "Dreams¹⁰." The "10" referred to the number of members on each team. Dreams¹⁰ was sponsored by the Poseidia Institute of Virginia Beach. Its director, Jean Campbell, invited me and other dream researchers to participate. Unlike the previous two projects, this third in the Dreams¹⁰ series actually had 20 members, but they were divided into two teams of 10, each with its own facilitator. My team leader was Kitra; the other leader was Pat (most names in this article are pseudonyms, to protect confidentiality).

Our Dreams¹⁰ project lasted for seven months during 1984. Once a month, we sent in dreams to Poseidia, where each team leader reviewed them, wrote a commentary and returned Xerox copies of the team's dreams to us, so we'd have all of them to read before the next goal date. Both teams had been given the same dream dates and project goals, but since the facilitators kept the information to themselves, Team 1 never knew what Team 2 was dreaming, and vice versa. I'd been trading letters with only one member of my team and knew a few more just by name, but most were total strangers to me. I knew nobody on the other team.

Several confirmed "psychic hits" of team members occurred in the first couple of months, when we still knew one another so very little. Five years after the project ended, I finally obtained copies of the other team's dreams. Only then did I realize how much "cross-dreaming" we had done. Some of my dreams had little to do with my team, but they did resonate with the dreams of the other team. Some dreams corresponded to both teams.

This lucid dream with a Spanish flair is a good example of co-dreaming with the members of my team (1) and the other team (2). I incubated it for the very first goal date. The goal was simply, "Get acquainted with team members, say hello." My dream is a good example of how literal and "un" literal cross-connections can be. It's how dream telepathy actually works for the great majority of people, for the great majority of their mutual dreams.

Tía-Lámo
4/28/84

As I become aware that I'm dreaming, I find that I am looking upward, viewing the blue sky and the tops of trees. I affirm to myself, "I am lucid," and begin walking forward. The day is bright and sunny. On my left, **a smiling man with short dark hair** is gazing toward the right across the rectangular outdoor **swimming pool**. The area is surrounded by buildings and foliage and there are several people in and around the pool.

As I walk, I call out, "'Hello, Dreams¹⁰, I'm Linda, but my dream name is **Casey**." I stop by the side of the pool and ask the woman with dark hair on my right, "What's your name?" She replies by using a **first name that starts with a "D"** and reminds me of **the Spanish word for "sugar."** I turn to the light-haired woman in the water below us. She responds, "Florencita." "Oh," I exclaim. "What sweet names!"

"What did you say your name was?" asks a voice from the pool. "Linda," I reply, "but my dream name is Casey." "Linda Casey," the voice repeats.

A young man on my left tells me, "I think we have a mutual friend—**David Yensen**." "David Jensen?" I ask, thinking of the actor by that name. "No, David Yensen," he replies emphatically, accenting the first syllable of the last name. "Oh," I say, "I don't think I know him. Did we meet in a parallel existence?" As I am speaking, the young man lies down, flattens out and fades away, leaving a slight depression in the ground. It's as if he's relaxed and returned to sleep.

To the right of the pool is another young man with curly hair. "Where are we?" I ask him, looking about at the houses which surround the area. Some have façades with scalloped edges (like mission adobe style). "Do you know?" Peering intently at me, he replies, slowly and deliberately, "Tía-lámo" (pronounced with a Spanish accent).

The dream begins to fade at one point, but I look downward, concentrating hard to bring it back into focus. Another, older man requests, "Will you come with me?" **I follow him** to a single story

building at the right of the pool. We walk through a doorway and turn immediately to the right down a passageway lined with doors on both sides. As we again turn toward the right to enter a room, I think momentarily that there should be no space for a room in that direction. Just as quickly, I reaffirm that this is a dream and decide to go along with it. The room looks like an old government **office**: high doorjambs and a balustrade that separates the public from the work area. The man indicates I should take a seat on the opposite side of his desk. It looks like a combination **bicycle** seat and secretarial chair. I do so, though the seat has a rip in its cover.

Leaning back in his chair, the man tells me I'll have to wait just a bit for his assistant to bring the information for my "inheritance," which has been or is being supplied by my mother and father. I tell him, "I'll be happy to give you that information." He replies something to the effect that there must be more than one source for backup. I feel confident that their information will confirm my own so I respond agreeably, "Whatever it takes."

The Smiling Man: Literal Clairvoyance

The Dreams¹⁰ members lived across the United States, in Europe and in Canada. During the first couple of dream dates, a few folks were able to identify team members in their literal forms. Although we'd been sent the names of the entire roster, we had no inkling of the physical characteristics of unknown people. A member of the other team, David (2), had a direct telepathic hit: "The first person to introduce herself to me calls herself Barbara Shor (2). The image I have for her is middle aged, short curly blonde hair (the color of straw), a little heavy." This description of his team member was right on target.

Xerox copies of our team photos were eventually sent to us, but not until several months into the project. At the time, I decided that the smiling stranger of my dream was probably Warren (1). My teammate Quilla (1) identified him, too: "I have a fleeting impression of a man who is 35-45, perhaps average height and build, medium brown rather straight hair, brown eyes. He seems to be glancing over someone's shoulder and smiling approval of how this other person has depicted

him in a portrait." Our team leader, Kitra (1), specifically stated that she thought her dream character was Warren, "There was a slender man, perhaps about 5'9" in beige slacks and an off-white shirt...he had medium brown hair, straight and slightly long." Obviously, she could have gleaned that information from Warren's photo, since she already had seen it. However, her dream report also stated that he was "standing sort of outside the rest of the group observing." This turned out to be prophetic of Warren's contributions: few dreams shared but much analytical commentary in their stead. For the most part, he remained an outside observer, not an active participant.

My Dream Name: Slurs and Condensations

"Casey" is an imaginary name, a name for the aspect of me that can fly. I called myself both "Linda" and "Casey" in my lucid dream, because I wasn't sure which "self" my teammates would recognize! When I looked at the copies of the other team's dreams, I discovered that, in her dream report, Barbara Shor (2) thought the name "**Dacy**." Her word combined my "**first name that starts with a 'D'**" with "**Casey**." This result is common in dream telepathy: condensation of two or more elements into one. Telepathy often "slurs" sounds together, which is exactly what happened in my dream, too. My dream woman used a name that "reminds me of **the Spanish word for 'sugar.'**" The Spanish word is "dulce" (**dulce/Dacy**); it also means "sweet" or "pleasant." Barbara's last name slurs the English word sugar (**sugar/Shor**). Like sugar cubes, sweet dreams can pack a lot of material into a small space!

"Dacy" isn't Barbara's name, awake or asleep. It's something she was thinking about while she was dreaming. I've had this happen to me more than once. I'll ask a dream character a question, who will answer something that seems odd or totally off the point. Later, I'll discover that what I heard in my dream actually applies to my partner's dream, or to his waking life. It's as if, in sleep, my partner's mind is wandering (either with or without pictures to accompany what he is thinking). He is on "automatic," especially if he is having a non-lucid dream or mental monologue. His dream

character simply mouths whatever's on his mind when I ask the question. At best, he is only peripherally aware of my presence. He is so "self-centered" that my character probably won't even appear in his dream.

When I typed out my dream report, I left off the word "Casey" and used a blank line instead. I was hoping that my own team members would eventually pick up my secret name telepathically, but they never did. So, when I sent in my goal sheet, I simply "thought" the name to them, I didn't write it down. I think it's interesting that Barbara "thought" the name "Dacy," she didn't say it aloud.

Barbara Shor would eventually become one of the foremost researchers in the field of mutual dreaming. But we didn't meet until three years later. And then it took another two years to realize we'd been dreaming together, even *before* we met. Met in the waking state, that is.

David Yensen: A Prime Rhyme

From my list of team member names, I knew there was someone on the other team with the first name of "David" but, when I double checked, I discovered that his last name was something like "Symington." I wondered if I had just misremembered the name as Yensen while I was dreaming. Later, when I was able to look at the batch of dreams from the other team, I discovered something very intriguing. David (2) had been dreaming about "an art book story based on Japanese themes." (**Yen** is, of course, Japanese currency.) Incongruously, David reported that the woman who co-wrote his Japanese art book story was wearing "a shawl or mantilla" (an indication of my Spanish theme). "I sense some connection with the west coast," states David's dream report. Jean Campbell once jokingly called me Poseidia's "west coast representative." In all, 6 people on the other team were dreaming about Asian themes, specifically using words like "tsunami," "shiatsu" and "karate" in their reports. One member on my team was dreaming about the martial arts and another was dreaming about a "Japanese **pen** pal." Another telepathic sound clue involves words that rhyme. **Yen, sen, pen.** Truly, we were all "pen pals," whether we knew it or not.

Bicycle Office Repair: Parallel Dream Events and Puns

The strongest evidence for cross-dreaming were these parallel dream events. Note that the first two achieve the same frequency: lucid dreaming. To review, I (1) dreamt, "Another, older man requests, "Will you come with me?" **I follow him** to a single story building at the right of the pool. As we again turn toward the right to enter a room, I think momentarily that there should be no room in that direction. Just as quickly, I reaffirm that this is a dream and decide to go along with it. The room looks like an old government **office**...The man indicates I should take a seat (which) looks like a combination **bicycle** seat and secretary's chair. I do so, though the seat has a rip in its cover...The man leans backward in his chair...

On the other team, Konrad (2) dreamt, "Traveling by foot, up a hill, over by the west side, and I'm on my way to a party. I have my bike, though sometimes I'm riding, sometimes I'm walking. I get to a corner and there are some **people behind me going to the same place**...the administrator in my **office** is with them. I stop to fix my **bike**...then I remember I'm dreaming, and I said, 'Oh let it go, it's just a dream.'"

On his same team, Pat (2) dreamt, "...he invited me to a party...(he), I and an old friend...riding **bicycles**...We rode to two very steep roads where I walked my bike down while they rode down. We turned to the left at the bottom..."

Pat and Konrad had been exchanging dreams before the project began, with bicycles as their major theme. So it wasn't too surprising that they'd continue this line of thought into Dreams¹⁰. Of course, I knew nothing of this. Since Konrad and Pat had already formed a strong co-dreaming link with this shared symbol, I speculate that their core of connected energy attracted my attention in the dream state. However, we had to turn a lot of corners to get to one another! Mutual dreaming is not a straight and easy path.

I believe my dream contains a pun related to Konrad's dream. Konrad dreamt he traveled "up a hill." When I asked the name of the place where we were located, I was told, "Tía-lamo." "Tía," I knew, meant "aunt." "Lamo" made no sense until I

discovered another common telepathic quirk: reversal. The dream can mirror things or actually contain elements that trade places with one another. I think it did so in this case. Switch the vowels and you get "loma," which is Spanish for "hill." Put them together and you get aunt-hill...anthill! All of us busily scurrying around, this way and that, building dreams under the cover of night. Makes for an interesting picture of mutual dreaming, doesn't it?

The Swimming Pool: Recurring Place in Dream Space

The symbol of the swimming pool was one of the longest lived in the project. Sometimes the pool was implied by dream activities. On this dream date, Kelly (2) was on a karate/canoe trip, "...but I was not interested in the karate part...I saw others wearing bathing suits under their clothes...I would hate to miss swimming."

Her teammate, Pat (2), was by water, leaning on a fallen tree. She was interacting with several other people, including a man with dark hair (Warren, again). The "fallen tree" was Pat's version of a diving board. The same shape and position are the revealing clues.

Similarly, the "pool" sometimes wasn't a pool at all, but a rectangular plot of ground. Harold (2) saw a shiatsu type of person at the end of a sandpit where another person ran and jumped on a diving board (a diving board in the sand?). The following month, when the Dreams¹⁰ goal was "Build a dream platform or choose a meeting place," Harold would dream that his dream platform was "a great big raft made out of rubber, like a pool toy."

There were mentions of swimming and pools even later on. Evidently, quite a few of us liked to hang around swimming pools in the dream state. It is rather a fun place to meet in the waking state, too. I know, I've since held a lot of "Dream Play Days" in the summertime when the Bay Area Dream Group gathered in and around my pool. However, at the time of Dreams¹⁰, I had a circular above-ground pool. The rectangular in-ground pool wasn't to be built for another 10 years. And yes, it has a diving board.

Mutual dreams can be clairvoyant of physical imagery and telepathic of thoughts. But they can be precognitive, too.

<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html> (Dream Flights)



I don't know if anyone has mentioned this but *Waking Life* is an excellent movie that is basically about lucid dreaming. Even if someone is not into lucid dreaming, this film is great. I picked it up for the first time at Blockbuster, liked it so much that I bought it online. Nic



Lucid Dream Documentary Production in California

I am a student studying film at California State University Monterey Bay. This year I will be producing a short Documentary on Lucid Dreaming. I am looking for Oneironauts in California to interview about their experiences with Lucid Dreaming. If you are interested in being interviewed, or would like to learn more about this project please visit this website:

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary/

*Thank you for your help,
Richard.Hilton@csumb.edu*

DREAM SPEAK

An Interview with a Lucid
Dreamer

Returns in the next
issue
March 2005
Don't Miss It!

Thought-forms, Automaton, and Active Initiators: Residents in Lucid Dreaming

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In a lucid dream years ago, I found myself having sex with an attractive dream resident. While part of me enjoyed the physical thrill and building passion, another part lucidly wondered, "Is she merely a thought-form?" To resolve the question, I authoritatively announced, "All thought-forms must now disappear!"

Suddenly, she was gone.

As I lay there in the semi-darkness, hanging in a missionary position that had seemingly lost its mission, I wondered how someone apparently so real, so tactile and so responsive could be nothing but a thought-form.

Before I could ponder too long, another woman had taken her place! While not as captivating as the first, she seemed to know the part quite well, and we continued the scenario with passionate gusto. Again, I consciously felt her skin, touched her hair and pressed her lips, yet I had to wonder, "Could she be a thought-form?" With that, I declared that all thought-forms must disappear. Poof! She too vanished.

In the semi darkness of the lucid dream, I became alarmed. She had "felt" real, as real as my body felt in the dream. But she too disappeared.

How could one tell then? How could one distinguish between a dream resident as valid as one's self and a thought-form? Or are all dream residents merely thought-forms?

Before I could finish the questioning, a third woman lay underneath me now! Not as engaging as the first two and with a bit of an "attitude," she seemed intent on fulfilling the mission. But as I felt her skin, her bones, her muscles, seeking some imperfection that would clearly indicate her status in the dream state as either equivalent to mine or just a thought-form, I realized my sense's record of unreliability. Formulating the dreaded question, "All thought forms must now..." - she was gone before I could say - "disappear."

Shall we dreamers assume that all dream residents are simply thought-forms?

That seemed my unspoken assumption 29 years ago when I began lucid dreaming. The dream characters (note: I no longer prefer the term, dream character, as it suggests a pre-judgment that those who reside in the dream are merely "characters" in a drama or book), or dream residents seemed to exist only as projections of my dreaming

mind. So in my early lucid dreams, I interacted with the dream residents with complete confidence in my primary validity and their secondary status. They were projections, play things, automaton of my aware dreaming. In the lucid dream, I alone existed within a playground of dreamed imaginings.

That assumption began to change one night, as I lucidly flew above a crowd of dream residents. Laughing as I swooped down and knocked off the men's hats, a hand suddenly shot up and grabbed me in mid-flight. Shocked by this unimagined act, I wrestled free of the dream resident's grip, and continued my lucid activities.

Awake, I now wrestled with the meaning of a dream resident's apparent volition within "my" lucid dream. Can a mental projection possess volition? Purposeful action? If so, does this suggest an awareness apart from the lucid dreamer's? Can a dream resident be volitional, purposeful and aware? If the actions run counter to the lucid dreamer's expectations, what then?

Over the years, other incidents have fueled my wonder about the nature of dream residents. These are some abbreviated examples:

1) Driving down a mountain road, I realize I dream, and let go of the steering wheel. Coming to rest in a mountain stream, I lucidly laugh and call out to the night sky, "Pull me up stars!" Suddenly, I feel a firm grip on my wrist, pulling me up. A young woman dream resident introduces herself and tells me that she watches me in my dreaming and helps me. She explains various things about dreaming and tells me how to reenter the dream.

2) Aware in a dream, I recall my goal to get precognitive information. Seeing my brother, I lucidly ask, "So, D, a year from now, where will you be living?" Hearing his response, I then ask, "A year from now, will you be married?" Again he responds, but as he does so, a curious thing happens - behind him appears a virtual duplicate of him with a bit of a worried expression! (A year later, the answers are confirmed as correct.)

3) In a gray setting, I see A, a post-doctoral student from a foreign country. He tells me that he would like to introduce me to his wife (whom I have never met). She steps forward, and I am very surprised, since she looks nothing like what I had expected. (A week later at a dinner party, some graduate students tell me that they finally met A's wife. I stop them and tell them that he introduced me to her in a dream! I describe her. One says that I'm joking and have obviously met her. Another says that she probably weighs 130 lbs. and not 125 lbs. as I estimated. The other says that it is simply impossible. A month later when I meet her in waking reality, she wears the same dress as in the dream.)

4) In a lucid dream, I announce that I want my higher self to take me to some place important for me. Immediately, the dream scene

changes to a desert environment. I drift down to the ground, touching the waxy leaf of an unfamiliar tree. Two women seem to wait for me. As I come to them, they begin to ask me a series of thoughtful questions. Lucidly aware, I respond. Finally they conclude, "You are not ready yet." I'm shocked to be judged by these dream residents.

5) In a gray setting, I see a golden wood ladder. I watch as someone comes down the ladder - it's my deceased father! I realize that I dream, and laugh at his inability to get a good haircut in the after-death state. Thinking that he may be a "thought-form", I decide to ask him questions about future events. He responds. Then he informs me that he has come "to tell me things." He suggests things to prepare for and then suggests that I quit judging a certain person, since I have no understanding of the trials in her life.

In these examples, one sees a sampling of lucid encounters with dream residents. In the first, an unexpected dream resident announces that she watches and helps me! She seems to possess knowledge that I do not. In the second, a dream resident responds correctly to questions about precognitive events. Oddly however, behind the dream resident appears a virtual copy; so is the first, the second, or both, a "thought-form" of mine? Does the apparently precognitive information come from a source like the collective unconscious, or from the mind of dream resident #1 or #2?

In the third example of being introduced to A's wife, shall one assume that A and his wife are thought-forms? Or have I met their equally valid dream selves in the dream state? Is the lucid dreamer the only valid self in the dream? In the fourth example, what can one

make of a lucid dreamer being judged (and in this case found wanting) by dream residents?

In the final lucid dream of meeting my deceased father, does it matter if he responds correctly to my questions seeking precognitive information? Does that prove that he is something other than a "thought-form"? How can a lucid dreamer prove the status of a dream resident? Even if a dream resident feels real and provides knowledge beyond the dreamer's capacity to know, does that provide sufficient evidence to give them validity equal to the dreamer's?

One of the beauties of lucid dreaming involves one's ability to question assumptions, conduct experiments and act creatively. My initial assumption that all dream characters are simply projections of my dreaming mind, now seems simplistic.

What do you think about the nature of dream residents? I invite your experiences, questions, comments, and look forward to a lively discussion.



LDE Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge

December, 2004

by Ed Kellogg

(© 2004 E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

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

THE LUCID DREAM INFORMATION TECHNIQUE

In a lucid dream in May of 1985 I finalized a Lucid Dream Information Technique (LDIT) that has worked quite well for me, as well as for others, in obtaining clear and easily understandable information on a variety of topics (Kellogg III, E. W. (1986). "A lucid dream incubation technique", Dream Network Bulletin, 5(4), 16).

"In a lucid dream I demonstrate an incubation technique using a silver bowl to a group of other [dreamers]. Basically the technique consisted of the following - First the lucid dreamer decides on a question, in which he or she asks for the information most needed at that time. After deciding on a specific question, the dreamer inverts the silver bowl and consciously focuses on the question. After waiting a few seconds for the answer to materialize, the dreamer then turns over the bowl to find a materialized note with the answer written on it. I took a number of my fellow [dreamers] through this incubation technique, and each received a clear and discrete answer. For myself I asked for a message from an official in a government agency about the possibilities of future research grants, and received the answer "Good bye!", which I clearly understood meant that I would receive no further funding from this agency (note: which incidentally, proved quite true). "

Since that time I've experimented with variations of the LDIT, which one can break down into four steps: 1. Finding a medium for the materialization of the answer (such as a closed drawer, or blank piece of paper); 2. Asking the question, waiting a few seconds (important!); 3. Opening the drawer (or turning over the paper, etc.) and seeing what has materialized, and finally; 4. Memorizing what you see, waking yourself up from LDR (Lucid Dream Reality) and then accurately and completely recording the information in WPR (Waking Physical Reality).

If I open a drawer, sometimes I find a written note or drawing, at other times an object or objects symbolizing the answer appears. And as for reading, I need to read it clearly the first time through, as rereading messages usually doesn't work very well for me. Some materializing mediums work far better than others, and the best give discrete, specific, answers, easily remembered in the transition from LDR to WPR.

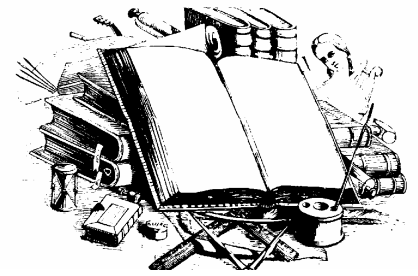
One can for example, ask the question and then turn over a piece of dream paper, open a dream book, turn on a dream television, or even type the question into a dream computer and press Enter to display the answer. Finding a suitable medium may require some ingenuity on your part - not every dreamscape has empty drawers, blank pieces of paper, or silver bowls lying about! In order to use the LDIT I need to maintain a clear headed lucidity throughout the incubation process, and then consciously retain and clearly recall the answer on returning to WPR.

As an oracle of information I've found the LDIT very useful, and the information received usually of a very high quality. This does not mean that I always get usable answers to the questions I ask! In one case, where I had requested investment information, I received my answer on a clay tablet in what looked like cuneiform! I've used the LDIT as a kind of dreamtime search engine to successfully access information of all kinds, from remote viewing targets to investment advice. However, to begin I suggest that you first use the LDIT to obtain information on improving health and healing, either for yourself, or for someone you care about.

Lucid Dreaming Task Using the LDIT to Obtain Healing Information

Before performing this task: incubate dreams for guidance on how to accomplish this week's task - what to ask about, which medium to use, etc. Record your experiences and / or the answers that you get in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - use illustrations to depict your experiences if appropriate. Use this information to better focus on the task for this week. Use different magical spells to incubate both lucid dreams, and dreams on specific topics that interest you. Keep a record of how well different procedures work.

When you next gain lucidity in a lucid dream (where you know that you dream while you dream) use the LDIT (Lucid Dream Information Technique) to generate an answer to one (or all) of the following questions: 1. Why do I have ____? 2. What can I do to cure ____? or, 2. What can I do (or take, or eat) to optimize my health? Alternatively, you can use the LDIT to ask for healing information for a friend who needs help, and who has given you permission to do so. Record your experiences and / or the answers that you get using the LDIT in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - use graphical illustrations to depict your answer if appropriate. Also, look for health and healing information in all of your dreams. Often, after rehearsing the LDIT as you go to sleep, the answers will show up in your dreams whether you become lucid in them or not.



To All Lucid

Dreaming

Writers and Artists:

I am a PhD researcher with the University of Leeds, England, investigating the link between lucid dreaming and the creative imagination.

I am looking for lucid dreamers who have produced some form of creative work to a professional standard, e.g. a published novel or short story, or an exhibition of paintings or sculptures.

If you fit into this category and would be willing to help me with my research, please email me on PhDcasestudies@hotmail.com and I will send you a research questionnaire. I'll be asking you for your opinion on the possibilities of lucid dreaming as a creative tool, its effectiveness in dissolving blocks, and its value as a source of inspiration in the creative arts.

*Thank you very much for your help,
Clare Johnson*

The Conscious Exploration Of Dreaming

*Discovering How We Create
and Control Our Dreams*

By Janice E. Brooks and Jay Vogelsong

ISBN 1 - 58500 -539 - 8

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Ilkin Meets the Challenge

From September's Lucid Dreaming Challenge

Tuning into Your Optimal Self/Branching Parallel Universes

(For more detailed information, refer to LDE Number 32.)

By Ilkin
October 16/17 2004

After a series of dreams: I am aware I am dreaming. I am sitting in a car beside my dreaming self. We are riding up a road. She is driving too fast. I am trying to warn her that there is a turning in front of us and we will go down a very straight slope. Before I can finish my words we are turning and driving down the hill, diving, falling down. I am getting relaxed when we manage easily. My dreaming (?) self sitting beside me doesn't seem to hear me or pay attention to what is happening. She looks like me, only thinner, as I looked two years before. We are entering a kind of open labyrinth. It is kind of surreal, both like open and closed. We are passing from corridors, opening doors but it seems like there is no ceiling above us. We enter a large room. There are some machines around. I am aware that I have to remember and look for something but I can't remember what it was.

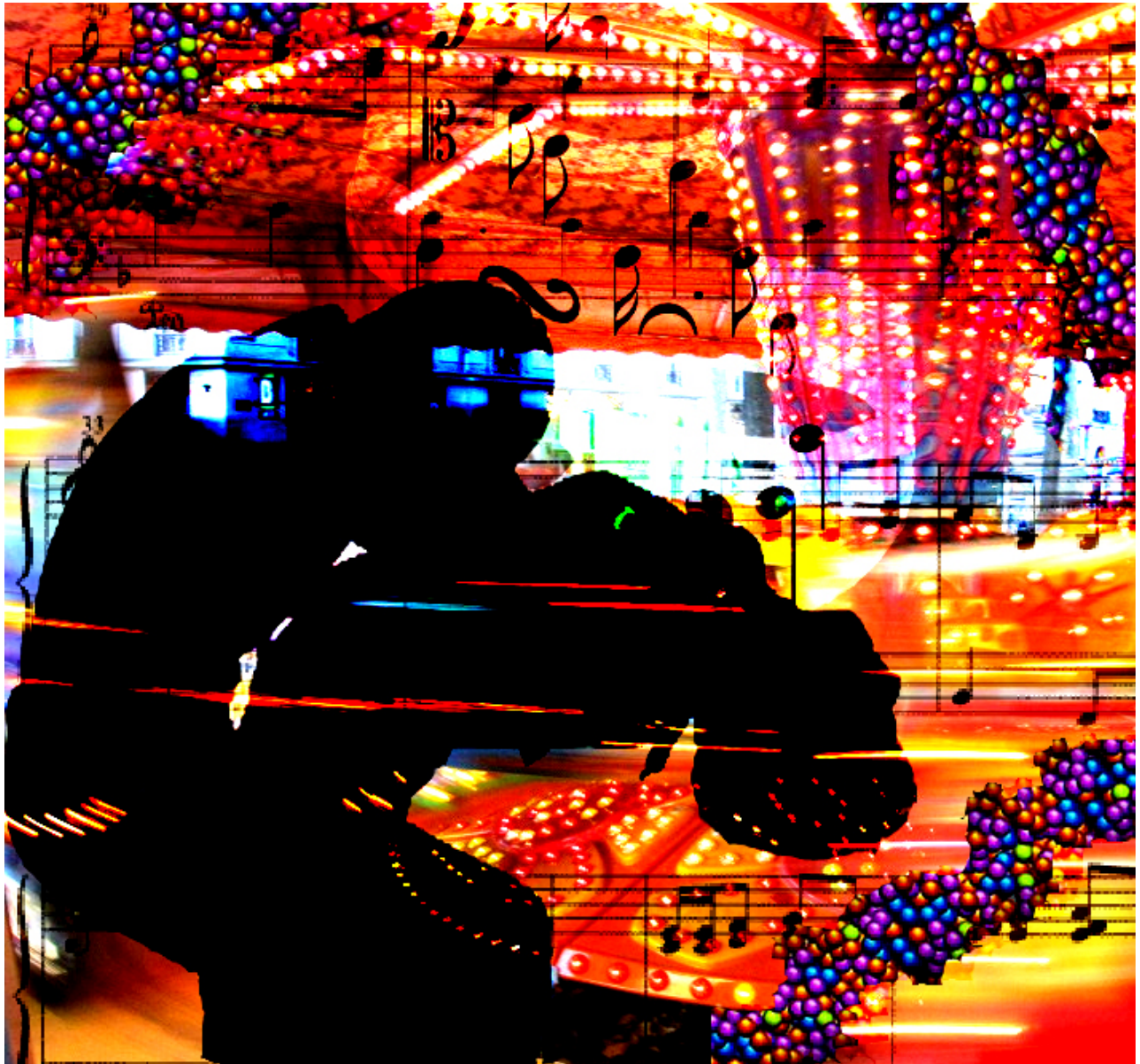
I am losing all my lucidity. I am in a big stadium. There are many people sitting in rows at the playing hall. I am (1 me) up in the seating area with others. I have to run away from there for some reason. Another me (2) is sitting between the people down below. I am thinking I have to warn her too after I get away safely. I find myself in a room, putting gold, etc., jewelry in my pockets, thinking they must be enough. I am back at the door of the stadium running in hurry.

There is another me (3) running in front of me. She is dropping gold tablets as she runs away. I think they may be for the other me (2) sitting inside. The gold tablets are as big as my palm or three fingers, with some writing on them in a language of shapes instead of letters. I am (1) collecting them on my way. (Now things are getting confusing) I am (1 or 4 ???) turning back to warn the other me (2) sitting in the row. I have left myself (1) safe but I am (1 or 4 ??) still there to help the other me (2). This me (2) looks too naive to help herself. No similarity with the other me (3) who runs away without looking back, only leaving the gold tablets behind to help. I think this is shit I have to deal with. I am pulling the other me (2), telling her to take the gold tablets and find her way out. (5 minutes; I woke up go to bathroom and returned back to sleep)

I am aware that I am dreaming. I am back in the labyrinth-like place in the first part of my dream. The dreaming me is trying to deal with some young men. I am watching them from behind. I am there, more like in spirit, a kind of thought. There is a young man; brunette, straight hair, some freckles on face, long and slim. He has a shadow-like/transparent-like twin behind him. He is trying to explain something to my dreaming self. There are 1-2 others in the room and they too have similar twins beside themselves, making different things. It is like they are acting in a different environment which we can not see. There are several machines around. Lights coming on and going off on machines.

My dreaming self is confused about the man's explanations. He is showing another man on the other side of the room and trying to explain to her. I am looking at the man who is on the other side of the room. He is standing in front of a human-sized mirror, holding it with his arms from both sides. I can't be sure if it is a mirror or a kind of gate to pass. I am trying to focus. He is a white, tanned, curly black haired, more handsome but kind of angry man. I am feeling that there is more peace at the other side but I can't be sure if the other side of the mirror is for all of us or only for him. Because he is the only one (other than me) who doesn't have a twin. The dreaming me doesn't seem to understand what is going on in front of him but thinks he is dangerous. I understand it is an opening in front of him but can't understand to what or why. She is opening doors and passing from rooms with the brunette man. I am following them, flying behind and observing.

In a room there lies two men on a Victorian bed. The dreaming me thinks they are the members of the gang of the dark man and they are gay, making love in the bed. They turn to us and I realize they are the same man, a man and his other self. Now things are making more sense. I am thinking that it must be me, (it must be my responsibility, or I have the ability etc.) to make them all able to see their other selves, make them to get in connection with other selves in other levels. But I can't be sure which me is that. I can only feel she wears white and is bolder than others. My fears from unknown/other worlds are passing from my mind, remembering my dad's visit at my brother's car accident night.



When the Sound Goes Out

© Laura Atkinson

I've started to become more aware of the moment in the process of falling asleep where I notice when my body goes still and my ears stop hearing external noises. I call this the phase: "When The Sound Goes Out". This dream happened on a night where I remembered the moment when I could no longer hear external noise.

Dream: I went spinning into a dream that began on a carousel at a fair. It's a warm summer evening in the town where I grew up. It was always the sign of the end of summer once their town fair arrived. I decide not to sit on one of the horses, rather I choose to remain standing up, and holding on to one of the metal poles. The ride seemed to begin spinning at a pretty fast pace, almost wildly, but not dangerously. The lights begin to flash and blur and the music is swirling in colors all around us, very 80s hair band metal music. I become aware that I am not alone on the ride. My friend R and I were taking turns grasping for the brass ring. We decide that he is going to wrap one arm around the pole, and one arm around me. He holds me as I bend over backwards reaching for the prize, and as I do, he begins kissing my abdomen. This tickles and I laugh, forgetting that the goal is to reach for the ring. We repeatedly spin around and around and it becomes a fun, repetitive, pseudo-sexual game of me grasping and bending backwards as he tickles, kisses and otherwise distracts me. I wake up in a generally happy mood for such an early morning because of what felt like a very fun, playful dream.

Sleep Paralysis: If You Can't Avoid its Occurrence, Can You Change the Experience?

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Sleep paralysis (SP) -- a normal, natural, part of the sleep cycle is largely an unknown phenomenon in today's culture. Let's face it, most people are not really interested in the mechanics of the human sleep cycle. During SP (that part of the sleep cycle when all but your eyes are paralyzed during the REM state) the individual is usually unconscious, fast asleep. However, sometimes consciousness can arise during sleep paralysis, so that the individual is conscious, believing himself to be awake, though his body is still paralyzed.

But this awareness, though it can feel like your everyday waking consciousness, is not fully awake in the sense that we consider everyday awareness in waking reality. In the "awareness during sleep paralysis" condition the individual can experience visual, auditory, and tactile hallucinations; in other words, dream-like phenomena.

Awareness during sleep paralysis may never occur to most individuals; once or twice in a lifetime to some, more frequently for others and, chronically -- nearly all the time -- for yet others. Some people learning to lucid dream or to have out-of-body experiences, will sometimes find themselves in this state. But because they are familiar with (and have an interest in) dreams, they can usually recognize the visual, auditory, and/or tactile hallucinations as "dream stuff."

Lucid dreamers, in particular those first learning to lucid dream, use techniques to help program themselves to recognize when they are dreaming. Lucid and non-lucid dreams can be incubated, (programmed) usually with the use of suggestion, repetition, intent, expectation, etc., with excellent results. Many psychologists suggest the use of lucid dreaming to help nightmare sufferers. They encourage their patients to learn to lucid dream so that they can either confront the "monsters in their dreams", conquer them, diminish them, understand them, transform them, etc. This also has proven to have very good results.

So, if we can influence our dream experiences by incubation techniques and suggestion, then it stands to reason that the dream-like qualities (hallucinations) seen and felt during "awareness during sleep paralysis" might also be influenced by similar techniques. I'm not talking about trying to induce the "awareness during sleep paralysis" phenomenon, rather, why not try to program, or at least influence, the accompanying experience?

For instance, if an individual, unaware of the sleep paralysis phenomenon, suddenly experiences it, he may find it to be a very frightening event. If the process continues over time, becomes more frequent, the individual may come to associate that experience with fearful imagery, noises, sensations, etc. so that these

phenomena are then expected to occur when SP awareness occurs. In effect, the individual conditions, or programs, his mind to create these fearful experiences when sleep paralysis is felt. In effect, he is doing what dream workers do when they want specific dreams: he is practicing dream incubation, programming his mind for a particular kind of dreaming experience.

What if this individual were to change his expectations and beliefs? Easier said than done perhaps, when one has been suffering sleep paralysis for years. But why not try anyway? What would he lose? For most healthy, normal, individuals this may be one way to reduce the anxiety associated with SP. (For those with mental illness, depression, anxiety disorders, insomnia, etc. it is strongly advised to seek professional medical advice before trying this or any similar task.)

Perhaps by "reprogramming" his expectations, beliefs, etc. the individual would be able to effectively create neutral, or at best even pleasant dream-like experiences to occur during SP. If successful, the individual might eventually move beyond his fear and may decide to use the sleep paralysis state to an advantage. He may decide to use the SP state as a means to induce lucid dreams. For in effect, the sleep paralysis "sufferer" already has an edge that lucid dreamers strive for -- awareness during sleep.

When the individual discovers he's in SP, instead of struggling to wake up, he could attempt to go deeper into sleep, into the dream state, maintaining his lucidity. From there, he could go on to wonderful, exciting, lucid dream adventures. He could even attempt to continue to program his dreaming consciousness while still in the dream state, to create positive, pleasant SP experiences, or even to minimize or rid the awareness during sleep paralysis occurrence. (Sounds contradictory doesn't it?

Programming yourself to use the SP condition to initiate lucid dreaming, and then using the lucid dreaming state to program yourself to not have awareness during SP!!)

You may not achieve your desired results overnight (then again, maybe you can!!). Remember that each person's SP experiences, interpretations (of the event), and history are unique. Not everyone will proceed in the same way, or have the same results. But I do believe that with determination and focus, and by changing your beliefs, thoughts, and expectations about SP, and by using suggestion (or any technique you are comfortable with) that you can program yourself for a different, positive, experience. You might then even use the sleep paralysis state itself as a gateway into lucid dreaming, where you can continue your dreaming adventures in a more pleasant, productive, and joyful way.

Sleep Paralysis Experiences

Jennifer
October 2004

I had just lied down to sleep when the lucid dream occurred. I was lying on my back when all of a sudden I could not move anything. It felt like I had a huge pressure in my body. I remember my eyes wide open looking at the ceiling and trying to yell for help. Even trying to make a sound to come out was very difficult. When I was finally able to call out my Husband's name, which was faint, I regained control of my motions. I dream very easily and talk in my sleep all the time. This was my first incident with Sleep Paralysis. I don't know what may have triggered this to occur.

Aurora
November 2004

I have had sleep paralysis for about 14 years now. I have had blankets pulled off of me, something try to hug me, and try to have sex with me. But when I wake none of this has happened: e.g. my blankets have not moved.

I also see people in my room. I have seen children, that I believe are ghosts, talk to me. I have left my body and seen light turn into liquid. When I try to control it I am able to leave my body but things happen; like when I said light turns into liquid and my feet sink into the floor and I cant leave the room.

I don't mind the human spirits. But I believe whatever is trying to have sex with me is not human. I have become used to it. But it takes a lot of will-power to stop it. I have to summon up a lot of strength to rid it.

I have never met a person that has gone through what I have. Only chance has led me to this site. I went to the doctor for this when I was 18. He told me that it's skipping sleep patterns straight to REM, if you may. He said he did it all the way through med school.

But it never leaves me even if I if I have rest and I'm not stressed. I guess I want some answers. I just want to sleep.

The Dream Wizard
Scared Stiff
October 7 2004

I had my fourth weird and unexplainable sleeping experience today. I was leaning toward the idea of someone in another dimension trying to contact me, and of course, alien abduction crossed my mind.

I typed in "dreams scared stiff" into the search window on my computer and came up with SP. The definition described my experience to a T. What a relief!!

The first time it happened I didn't think I was asleep yet. I heard a noise like God had fallen asleep and the TV station went off the air leaving only a LOUD static sound...while at the same time an extremely bright light shined in my face. I was aware that I was just lying there stiff and paralyzed. I was seeing myself freaking out and screaming and frantically trying to wake up my Wife.

After about 20 seconds or so the static and the light was gone, leaving me awake, conscious and very scared. I asked my wife if she had heard a noise and she didn't. I explained the experience to her and we both dismissed it as being strange. Although, it got deposited as being scary-as-hell in my memory bank for later withdraw.

Then, about two years later I had three similar experiences which all included the same paralyzing sensation. This last time my heart was racing when I awakened. I remember screaming at the "loud noise" (a screeching sound) and demanding it to tell me what it wanted from me.

I have never in my life experienced that kind of fear and helplessness. However, with the knowledge of SP and "the belly button trick" I can begin using SP as the gateway to LD. Thank you ALL for sharing.

Yours Truly,
The Dream Wizard

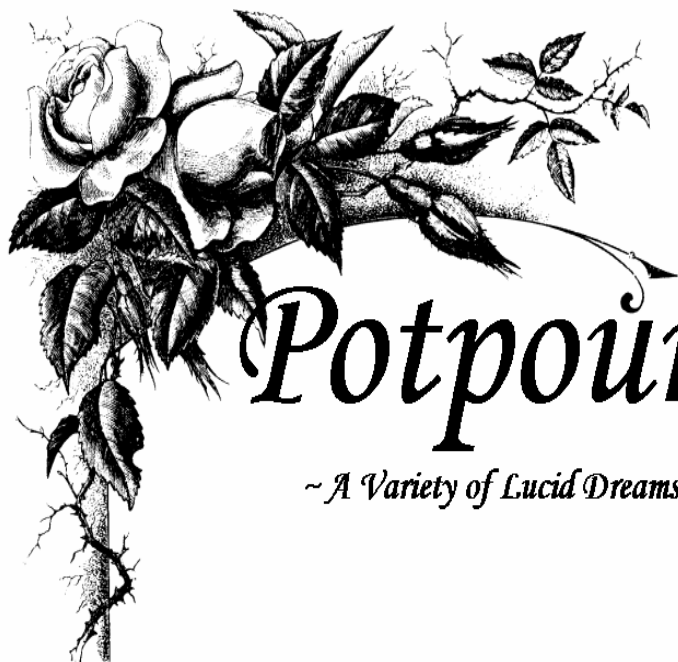
Wrestling with Ghosts:

A Personal and Scientific Account of Sleep Paralysis

By Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.

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Potpourri

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

J. Ahring
September 8 2004

I had a dream last night, and it was very strange. I was in a parked car with my mom and she was in the driver's seat lecturing me about something. I was looking off at this city that was vacated, listening.

Then I looked at her eyes and her right one was HUGE and the other one was all white with a little black pupil. The color was missing. Then I realized "You're not my Mom! This is a dream!"

Then I thought - just like I am now - what could I do? So I looked at my hands, deleted her from the car, studied my hands, then looked at all the buildings around me. They had numbers on all the buildings and I couldn't focus on them! It was impossible.

Then I said "I'm hungry!" Then I was in a huge sunroom house with an Italian family. I mean gangster women with a pound of makeup on - Italian.

Then I went into a backroom with a grocery store row of food. A little foreign boy came up to me and said "Feed them a healthy diet or they become poisonous." So I looked down and grasshopper-size kangaroos were everywhere! So I fed them wheat thins. That is all I remember.

Miguel G.
October 2004

First, my mother passed away on Dec. 24 2002. Ever since then I dream about her, just about every night. I don't believe in the supernatural, I know she no longer exists. But I dream about her. After reading the info. about lucid dreams, a lot of things make sense.

I don't trust the dream, therefore, it isn't real in a lot of aspects. Like I've told her this in my dream and she doesn't respond. But the thing that really bothers me is that it has a theme, night after night. It follows a pattern.

This has been going on for months. Finally two nights ago, I said to her, "Let's cut to the chase, this isn't really you. So who are you?"

She replied, "I'm the image of your mother that's in your head. You need me, so why do you fight me?"

I hesitated, and thought, wait I'm asleep. Then I realized even though I was sleeping, I wasn't, - I was in control, EVERY STEP OF THE WAY !!!! I always was.

Just like this, I have other dreams that I can return to anytime I want night after night.



Sharon Benum

June 2001

In June of 2001, one night I realized that I was having a lucid dream. I remembered reading that one was in touch with the collective consciousness when one was in the dream state. So I asked what was going to happen in the future. It showed me a children's park, deserted. I asked when this would happen and it said Sept 25th. So then, I asked what year? And it said...Sunday....there hasn't been a Sept 25th Sunday until...????? 2005....I have had premonitions before but never in dream form...does it have me worried?...yes...but I haven't a clue what is supposed to happen. I've been trying to have another lucid dream since then to ask it to be more specific...but, it hasn't happened since. :*(

Sylvia Wilson

Dead Preacher

November 1 2004

This dream was several years ago but it triggered my interest in lucid dreaming. I was dreaming of an old dead Pentecostal preacher that I knew as a child. I loved him a great deal and was very glad to see him. We were talking at my old home place. Suddenly I realized that I was talking to a dead person and IMMEDIATELY the colors became more immense and clear and I was awake and talking to a dead man. Needless to say, I was very surprised to be talking to a real dead man. The preacher just gave me this funny look like 'we're not supposed to be doing this'. He is so clear and so real, but then he starts disappearing from the feet up so I realize I don't have much more time with him and I ask him quickly, "What message do you want me to give to your wife?" He says, "Tell her, if she has the big picture of me, it is not me!"

Then he absolutely disappears and I awaken in a shock. I feel absolutely certain I have talked to my old dead preacher. So the next morning, I try to hunt down the phone number of the preacher's wife who has since moved away. It's been about 5 years or more since I'd talked with her. When I finally get her on the phone, I tell her that she may not believe it, but I believe I talked with her dead husband. Then I tell her what his message was to her. This starts a huge bit of crying and she

explains. She said that she had a huge old picture of her husband that used to hang in the church and she had been crying and trying to pull him from the picture. So I guess the message to her was: that's not him anymore. Anyhow, that dream sure changed me. (I became lucid the minute I realized I was talking with a dead person and in waking life you can't do that.)

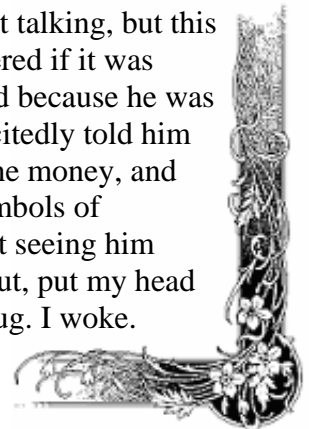
Lucy Gillis

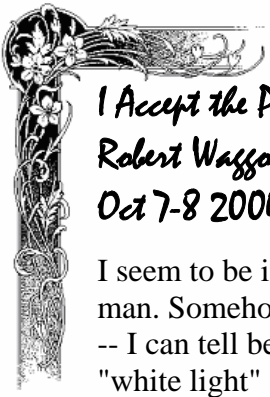
Ace of Diamonds, Dollars, and Dad

November 17 2004

I had many short lucids and false awakenings this morning. In one I was looking (while lucid) at a picture, like a painting of several (boxed) decks of cards in a field of hay. Then the picture changed and I was able to reach out and pick up the centre deck and hold it in my hand. On the cover of the deck box was the Ace of Diamonds. Then all of a sudden a rolled up wad of cash rose out from the back of the box. I was delighted at the great symbol and began unfolding the wad to look at the bills. I couldn't keep count (not that I tried very hard), as I looked at all the different-looking bills. Some were either Canadian or US 20's (mostly green), other's were of different colours (some slightly smaller than the others) and some, I assumed, represented foreign money since in the corners were numbers like 15 and 17. I assumed the 17- and 15-dollar bills were dream translations of some sort of foreign currency.

Soon I was at an open doorway, looking at my father standing on the threshold, a sunny country scene beyond him. (He is deceased in WPR.) I was so happy to see him. He was talking, fairly seriously, to me about something, but I was too excited to pay attention to his words. I was wondering if it was really him, or if I was creating an image of him. I told him to smile - he looked so serious - and he chuckled and kept talking, but this time with a smile. Again, I wondered if it was really him or if he so easily smiled because he was just my dream creation. I then excitedly told him about the Ace of Diamonds and the money, and how I thought they were great symbols of abundance. Then, my happiness at seeing him overcame me and I just reached out, put my head on his chest and gave him a big hug. I woke.





I Accept the Power

Robert Waggner

Oct 7-8 2004

I seem to be in a long narrow building with another man. Somehow, this unknown force keeps arriving -- I can tell because it comes to the place as a "white light" and I feel and hear the wind blowing, as if there is energy in the air. We both realize that this is okay. We are not worried.

Then I happen to see a deep rust colored copper helmet that is beginning to break open by the force of the white light. The intense light breaks open a vertical crack in the face of the helmet. I step away and stand between the two rooms, and look down into the foyer of the other room. As I do so, it all seems too odd, and I realize that I am dreaming.

Lucidly aware, I begin to sense all of the energy around me, and feel the movement of the air and the power behind the "dreaming". I begin to say very strongly, "I Accept the Power" and feel the power of the lucid dream starting to funnel towards me, like a vacuum.

Then I spontaneously say, "Nothing to Fear"as I recognize that the energy seems powerful, good, and natural. I then begin to announce these phrases boldly, as this funnel of energy is coming towards me and into my body, "I Accept the Power!! Nothing to Fear!!"

Over and over, I say this. I begin to notice that the palms of my hands feel very hot, and I feel that the power is becoming encased in me. It all seems odd but natural, like I have finally opened up to the enormity of lucid dreaming's source.

I feel more and more energetic, and begin to fly. As I do so, I know that I can fly at any speed, and blast forward into the darkness. Suddenly I seem to have entered a kind of gray space filled with small capsule-size bits of brilliant light (they seem to be about 90% brilliant white light with an end that glows orange-rust colored) that scatter around me. It seems beautiful like an abstract painting.

Note: The next night, I had a "midnight dream" (I have noticed in the last 10 years, that sometimes, I wake up exactly at midnight from an "odd" dream; odd in the sense that I rarely recall early night

dreams) -- so I wake up as an old Chinese dream master congratulates me on a dream; he seems enthused with lots of energy. I wake up, and look at the clock - it's midnight, and I think "how odd."

(It was only now as I look at my dream journal, that I see a connection between this midnight dream and the lucid dream of the night before.)

C.S.

July 27 2004

I woke up at 11 a.m. and could not fall asleep for about one hour.

Suddenly I was walking in a slum neighborhood. It was very congested with lots of buildings on both sides as high as I could see. All were very detailed and colorful. There was no previous dream. I seemed to really notice the scene and its particularities. I suddenly said "I'm dreaming!" with great excitement and joy, while jumping up and down and dancing. I immediately jumped into the air to fly. I wanted to get away from the ugly scene.

Then I was on the ground walking next to a young blond man with blue eyes, wearing a blue suit and tie. He was about 6 ft. tall with no expression on his round face. I was surprised at the vividness and constancy of his appearance, but knew if I stared at him too long, I would wake up.

I decided to have intercourse with him. I could feel his penis in me as I got sexually excited.

However, I couldn't stop analyzing the activity. I wondered if my bed sheet was actually wrapped around my thigh touching my clitoris, and this was causing the feeling.

I woke up discovering it was true. However, when I looked at the clock to check the time it wasn't there. So I realized I was experiencing a false awakening.

I recalled the dream and fell asleep.

I woke up about 3 AM and reinforced the memory of the dream. The sheet was not wrapped around me. This was a visually clear and colorful dream. Too much thinking about the dream shortened it.

*Craig Sim Webb,
Director of the DREAMS Foundation
Become a 'Whole in One' gold ball in steel cup
July 30 1996*

Outside my 'home' with M. and I bring our dog in because it's night. The dog is wearing something odd. Anyway, M. has a big plate, half-eaten of tortillas and salsa (which reminds me of R. & J.) I think I try a few tortillas and then bring the dog away from the door (he's trying to go out again). I return outside, apparently preparing to become lucid. The neighbor has a nice symphony playing (late at night), but I "change the scene" and slowly become lucid, flying past toilets and little signs, and smoky rooms, although I want to smell the smoke to see if it seems real. Then there's a big cigar and the smell is very real and beginning to get quite putrid.

I quickly turn off the smell and begin slipping/falling downward into an energized state where I become the darkness and accelerate in and around myself. Then I seem to fall into a steel cup and have these gold balls traveling up and down my arms, maybe even leaving something behind like electrician tape almost it seems. Then I *become* the gold ball in the cup (the image came to me, just before it appeared, as the most powerful thing that one can become -- a "whole in one"?). Anyway, I'm shortly propelled into wakefulness and get a hit of fear, though I'm not sure what about really, yet I quickly recognize it for what it is, don't let any thoughts grow around it, and just accept it. It quickly passes and feels like a powerful clearing of some sort.

*I Recognize the Black Dog
Robert Waggoner
October 14-15 2004*

I am walking down Rambler Road at night in my childhood neighborhood. I look to the right where some houses are. Suddenly a big black dog comes running right towards me (in a funny way, I seem to have expected this). The dog seems very menacing and dangerous. But somehow, this now seems very odd, and I even seem to "recognize" the mean black dog. I think, "This is nothing." I begin

to talk to the dog, and realize that this is a dream, and there is nothing to fear. Lucidly, I say sweet things to the dog, and then another dog appears. It is a wiener dog, a dachshund. Lucid, I begin to fly around the two dogs. Then I decide to take the wiener dog flying. I swoop down very low and grab it. Feeling it in my hands, I begin to fly higher, but wake up.

*Lucy Gillis
Trying to Get Outside
November 3 2004*

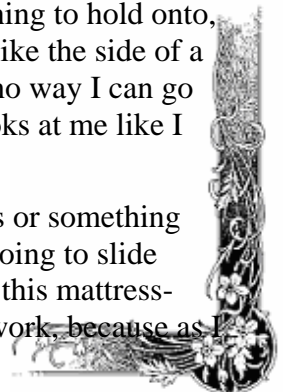
I am in a building with some people from work. We are on our way to a party or dance of some kind. For some reason I have left a set of keys behind.

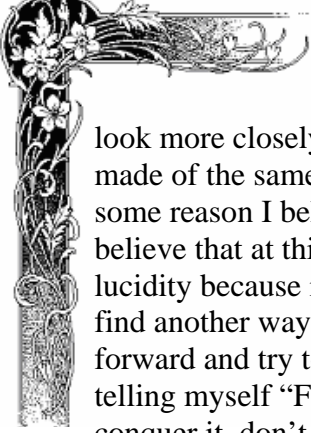
I think about it over and over and decide that I shouldn't have left the keys behind. I don't want to be late, but I'm going to go back and get them, then come back and continue on with the people that I'm with. As I go, it seems to be quarter after nine at night so I figure I've got until 9:30. I should have enough time.

But as I leave I seem to be going through room after room after room, through buildings, and going into elevators, but it seems that where I have to go is very, very far below. Sometimes it's like I'm outside and I can see trees that are way off in the distance.

Then I meet up with a girl who is also going down to the bottom of this "hill". She's trying to get to either Metrotown or to West Vancouver, so I decide to travel with her, since we are going in approximately the same direction. At one point we get outside, it seems, but we are still up so very high. She starts walking down and I soon realize that the area that she's going to be walking on looks like yellowy-brown pieces or slivers of shale pointed upwards, and there is nothing to hold onto, the land is jagged and now looks like the side of a huge mountain. I tell her there is no way I can go down something like that. She looks at me like I shouldn't think like that.

Then she seems to have a mattress or something similar and it appears that she is going to slide down over the jutting rocks using this mattress-thing. I think that this just might work, because as I





look more closely I see that the mattress-thing is made of the same material as the rocks, and for some reason I believe this is a good thing. [I believe that at this point I slowly start to gain lucidity because instead of turning back or trying to find another way down, I do take a few steps forward and try to think of something else while telling myself “Face your fear, face your fear, conquer it, don’t let it be bigger than you are.”]

I do get lucid, I do know that I’m dreaming, and so I fly. I even take the girl flying with me. I put my arm around her, and we take off flying Superman-style. We go through several glass walls; penetrating the walls, to prove to her that this is a dream. We also go through houses, but soon I lose her, or more accurately, lose interest in her.

It then seems I’m being followed or I may be caught by someone, but I’m not all that worried about it because I know I’m dreaming. I don’t stay airborne as long as I want to, when I fly, but I think “It’s just a dream, it’s all illusion, I shouldn’t have to worry about that.” I go from room to room and I try not to frighten people.

At one point I see an older lady and I ask her what is the quickest way to go [wherever it was I wanted to go]. [Her reply is now forgotten].

She is ironing clothing, and something like a tie or sash, has a knot in it. She thinks she’ll have to put it back in the dryer, because if she opens the knot it will be wet inside. I tell her that she doesn’t have to do that, that the iron will dry it.

She has a dog there, sleeping, and she hopes it doesn’t wake up because it might bark at me, but it doesn’t. I go out a window and fly again. Even when I seem to be outside it resembles a large roofless building, but I do see trees way below me.

Then at some point I come through, (get out) and I recognize parts of the building behind me and I know that I’m near Metrotown or possibly near where I left before. Somebody else nearby confirms that for me.

Then I keep on moving and am soon in a large room, like a warehouse. There is a huge flag [no recognizable symbol on it] on one of the walls. I

know people are looking for me so I hover up behind the flag, and kind of hold onto it. Even though I feel I’m having difficulties flying, I try to ignore it so I won’t drift back to the floor.

Near me is a square window that I look through, but all I see is another room and I’m kind of disappointed by that, it seems I can’t get outside easily. Then there is a ledge beside me, and the flag that I’ve been kind of hanging on to is now more like a curtain or huge cloth that hangs on all the walls all around the room. I get up further behind it so I can hide, even though I know I’m dreaming and there is really nothing to hide from.

I forget about hiding and get distracted by ornaments and things on the ledge; glass bowls and glass candle holders, and candles, etc. I throw them down to the floor below, just to see them break. Some of them look like stuff – ornaments - we would have had growing up in the 70’s. I’m kind of aware of this, as I continue to smash them. Some things don’t break, so I throw other things like bottles down on them until they do.

Then my target on the floor becomes a big bowl with water in it, and I’m throwing apples and an orange, and a few other things into it. I know I’m making a mess, but again, it is just dream stuff, illusion, not real, so it doesn’t really matter.

Then a black woman in a mauve-y dress comes in and the proportions in the scene are all wrong. She looks much too large. If she’s come in through a door then she should be meters and metres and metres below me, because that’s where I was before when I first came in and saw the flag type thing, so I know the dream is distorting even more.

I don’t go along with the “story line” of “being found,” I don’t intend to create that “scenario.” She is calling to someone else, as though alerting them that she has found me. She isn’t threatening me, or anything like that; I’m not going to get “caught.” But I do find it curious that she doesn’t seem frightened or upset by someone who can fly.



Keelin

September 2004

When my best friend, whom I've known for nearly forty years, informed me that she would be needing exploratory surgery, I promised a dream on her behalf. Needless to say, my intentions were of the highest degree, so it was no surprise when, that very night, I had the lucid dream described below. When I shared it with her the next morning, she told me it brought her much comfort and that she would hold it in her mind as she went into surgery.

The accompanying imagery was created in photoshop. It doesn't even come near the truly fantastic quality of the lake as it appeared in my dream.



The Lake of Serenity

We are strolling together in the afternoon along the sidewalks of a quiet town. Glancing left for a moment, I catch sight of a small lake of shimmering greenblue that is so stunning in its beauty it interrupts my thoughts. After a few more steps, I look back and it's still there, this water of unbelievable radiance. It is now a slightly different hue -- a lighter green, with an irresistible, iridescent quality. And whatever I have been saying to you, I add with emphasis, "...like that!" and nod in its direction as if to make my point more clearly. And now I realize, this is a dream! An opportunity I have been waiting for all night. The perfect setting as well. A lake of healing water!

"Come with me," I say, taking your hand and leading us into the warm water. You do not hesitate one bit as I guide you to lie down for a watsu massage. Your head should rest in the crook of my arm, but you've tipped back too far and the water splashes over your face. "Hey, this isn't a baptism!" I joke with you, and cradle your head properly in my arm. The back of my left hand supports your lower back beneath the lake's surface, and you float gently and easily as I glide your body through the calm, shimmering liquid. You are wearing an expression of absolute serenity, the warm healing water, swirling all around you. At one point, because this is a dream, which makes it all so possible, I push off from the ground and we both float free, like a couple of babes in the womb. Nothing to ever hurt us here in this lake of serenity and healing.



Healing Attempt

A. Dreamer

July 21-22 2004

This was a long dream. It occurred after I was awake for a while in the middle of the night.

As I lie in bed my legs start to move of themselves. Then the bed starts to undulate from back to front, then side to side -- very good indicators I am in the protodream state. Since I have bad hip and back problems, I hope my legs aren't really moving. When all the weirdness settles down, I get out of bed, knowing it is my dreambody that is actually leaving the bed. I go into the apartment across the hall, fully lucid. In the apartment the light is dim. There are four Christmas trees in stands but not decorated. I see a partly grown calico kitten perched on a stool. I pick it up and pet it. It is adorable! I start to hold it like a baby. It doesn't care for that and meows then wiggles away. I find myself in bed.

Again I experience protodream phenomena (vibrations, undulating bed, etc.) so I know I'm not really awake. I get up and go back to the neighboring apartment. I eventually see a woman around my age with curly, blondish-white hair. She's a little heavy-set but not obese, rather tall. We talk and I follow her into a back bedroom. Her husband is there. I discover they have a number of cats. There are three in the bedroom and a couple more in the living room. I look for the little calico but don't see her. There is a larger calico and other grayish cats. The couple puts down food for the cats. I bring a small scruffy black-and-white cat in from the living room to eat. It protests when I pick it up. As I put it down by its food bowl I wake up, partway.

As I lie in bed I let myself go back into the dream. Eventually I get myself "out of bed" and decide to work at healing my left hip and back. I feel I can take my time with the healing since this dream is a long one.

I stand the middle of my (dream) bedroom. I rub my hands together to create healing energy. I apply the energized hands over my hip and back area on both sides. I feel a flash of light out of the corner of my left eye over the left hip area. Then I feel all

this energy and vibration in my hip and back area. I stay with the energy with my hands above the areas until the energy subsides. Finally I feel myself back on my bed.

Then I am fooled by a false awakening in which a well-known active dreamer is staying overnight in my living room. As I "wakeup" out of the sequence I realize it was a dream. I also realize I'm not really awake I get my dreambody up out of bed again.

I return to the apartment across the hall. In the back bedroom I see a couple in twin beds. They keep changing gender -- first one is the woman and then the other. I embrace the one who was a woman first. She wakes up. I asked if s/he is a woman or a man. She says she's a woman but she has gone through a lot in her life. She is pretty tall with darkish hair. She looks to be in her early forties. The other sleeper fades out of the picture. The woman and I talk. She talks about the reality one can sometimes perceive beyond the appearances of the world.

I look away from her and see a small alcove. Inside are a couple of statues, maybe three. They are glowing with a kind of life almost as if they are alive. It feels a bit uncanny so I move out a side door away from the statues.

Now I am in a very long hall. Leading off from it is room after room to explore. I am pleased thinking this is like dreams of old when houses would expand into room after room.

Finally I end up in the cafeteria. People are eating breakfast. I can't resist grabbing a piece of coffeecake, hoping to savor the no-calorie treat. Instead I wake up, completely, irrevocably this time.

Note: the healing felt very "realistic" with the energy in my hands, the flash of light, and a sense of energy and movement in my hip and back, but I woke up very sore, perhaps from lying wrong during the dream. Anyway, there wasn't any immediate effect from the dream healing attempt though the next two months my hip gradually got a little better, possibly from this and other healing attempts while in a dream, awake, or half awake. More likely though, the improvement came through work with an osteopath. My hip and back still have a very long way to go.

C.S.

July 18 2004

I woke up and closed my eyes again. I began looking at a design of many flowers. As I attempted to look closer, the design began to change and I realized that I was dreaming. So I went through the design and wall. I could feel my hands, arms, and body penetrating matter. I went through quite easily. I was outside in the night, flying as I've never flown previously. I felt like a giant taking extremely large steps, above the ground and in the air. A very warm drizzle wet my face and body that made me feel good. As I looked down, I saw many beautiful red and pink azaleas. As I approached the ground, I noticed four women. I asked them if they knew they were dreaming. They agreed. I asked them if they realized that they were all in my dream. Again, agreement.

I noticed a yellow bird. As I approached it, it looked dried up, white, and dead.

I was lying in my bed and needed to turn around. I was awake. I never felt the transition from sleep to awakening.

Linda Lane Magallon

Lucid in the Mobile Dining Room,

October 29 1985

While singing a song in a large dining room, I become lucid. There are just a few people seated at the rectangular, white-tablecloth-covered tables surrounding the dance floor. I feel as if I'm holding a microphone but when I look to see it, it seems as though I'm forcing the image. Off to my right is the dance band, but they appear as people seated at tables rather than with musical instruments.

I hand the mike to a tall Black woman with short, curly, dark hair who continues to sing the song. It's about love and peace. I don't recognize it, but I try to remember the words as I walk away. It's too difficult: they don't rhyme.

(Semi-wake and immediately return to sleep.)

Now I'm seated at the end of one of the tables that are set in rows at a diagonal. There seem to be additional people, although the room is still more than half empty. The people I am talking to are all

women except for one dark-haired man on my left. I greet and reach over the corners of the table to hug a couple of the women and am impressed by how solid they feel. I think this must be a "real" place.

(Wake fully and think "Darn!" then make a concentrated effort to return to the same place.)

When I become aware again, I seem to be floating at the far end of the room. It's now almost completely full with people. I hurry up the aisle, exclaiming, "I did it! I'm back!" The people at my table look up at me with questioning faces.

"I'm dreaming!" I explain, "I'm out-of-body!" When they seem not to comprehend I ask, "Didn't you see how I reappeared?" Somehow I get the impression that they may not know what a "body" is.

"I'm from Earth," I continue. "It's next door to...(is it Alpha Centuri or Sirius? I wonder). Oh well, it's the third planet from the sun, from Sol." I tell them about how Earth's under the threat of nuclear destruction but that consciousness is being raised (especially among political leaders) so that it won't happen.

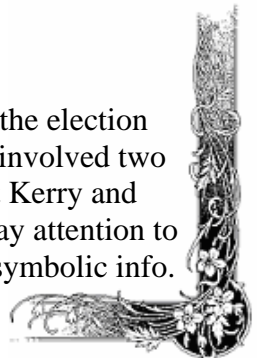
(Note: Each time I returned to sleep, I discovered that I had moved further down the room. The first time, it seemed as though my dream body had continued to move: during the short time I was awake, it walked over and sat down at the table. The second time, it felt as though I'd stayed more-or-less in the same place and the room had rotated! That's why I thought I was on another planet: it had shifted angle in relationship to Earth. This is one of those experiences where I got the distinct impression that life on the dream plane continues whether I am asleep or not.)

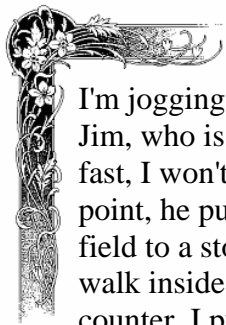
Remembering Suzanne

Robert Wassoner

November 2-3 2004

Note: I had stayed up late watching the election returns. My first dream of the night involved two boats overturned - I quickly felt that Kerry and Edwards had lost. I told myself to pay attention to my other dreams to check on other symbolic info.





I'm jogging down a roadway behind my brother, Jim, who is riding a bike. I tell him, "If you go too fast, I won't be able to keep up with you." At some point, he pulls ahead and I decide to run across a field to a store. Something seems odd, as I enter. I walk inside and see three women behind the counter. I purchase something.

Perhaps it is the gleam on the counter or the lights, but I realize "this is a dream!" I start to laugh, and as the woman begins to make change, I lucidly reach in and take all of the dollar bills from the cash register. The lady says something, and I reply, "This is a dream. Don't worry."

I go outside, laughing at the "real-ness" of the scene and feeling in good spirits. Then I see an odd symbol near a doorway - it looks like two silver people, each holding a four pointed circle star. I decide to investigate and knock on the door. A woman answers and invites me in. Two big Great Danes come, as does her husband and son. I talk to them, and admire their very nice house. Somehow, Wendy comes, and we leave.

Down the road, I see a black building with white writing - it's a coffee shop. I think about going in, but then wonder, "What should I be doing?" At that point, I recall, "I am supposed to be looking for Suzanne W.!" But then, I can feel that the dream seems to be fading. I feel bad that I didn't remember earlier to look for Suzanne. I wake.

Lucy Gillis

Singing on a Balcony

October 30 2004

. . . I go into a bathroom to brush my teeth. At first, when I look in the mirror, I notice that my teeth are not quite aligned as they should be. When next I look in the mirror there is gap between my teeth. Instantly I know that I must be dreaming, because the gap between my teeth just can't be that big, in fact I have no such gap at all. I purposely look down and away, and then look back at my teeth in the mirror. Now they're straight and back to normal.

I walk away, out to a room. I just want to break through the walls, the big windows, and fly. But for a split second I think, "Well what if I'm **not** dreaming?" So before I fly out, I stand at the wall

and thrust my arm through. I can plainly see that my arm goes through just fine, with little sense of resistance, so I walk through the wall. Outside now, I rise up into the air, and though I would like to go up into outer space, I just seem to be in mist the whole time and it doesn't feel like I fly very high.

At one point I ask out loud to go up to my "Highest", to the highest part of me. Immediately I feel myself rising, and it feels like someone is holding my hands. I grip the invisible hands tighter, and I can tell that I'm holding on tighter than they are. I sense that they want to let go. But I don't want to let go. As I try to hold even tighter, my hands seem to slip out of their hands and I grasp again. [I don't recall what happened next, but I assume that I just flew on my own and soon came down to the ground.]

I keep trying to fly out of the mist, and at some point I land on a balcony, and face outwards. I look at the mist and try to make it disappear by opening and closing my eyes. Then I turn 180 degrees, and then back and am pleased that the foggy mist is gone and I can now see a lot of buildings; a city off in the distance.

I have lots of energy and want to keep moving, to keep the dream stable, so I walk very quickly back and forth along the balcony, my attention going to the slats (2x4's) making up the floor. I forget about the city, and don't really notice it anymore.

I keep moving back and forth along the balcony, singing out loud, and almost dancing. I sing that I'm lucid, and may have been singing something like "I am Lucy in the sky with diamonds" or something like that.

I am a little bit self-conscious in case someone is watching me, but I still know I'm dreaming. I think at that point, I am basically just trying to think of something to do with my lucidity.

Soon I am with other people inside a room and my lucidity fades quickly until I am then dreaming non-lucidly until I wake.

Robert Waggoner

God is All

September 13-14 2004

I seem to be part of a scientific experiment that is beginning again for the second time. There are about 8 subjects, and a head, woman experimenter. I feel that the previous experiment ended, when the subjects felt that they might go crazy (or lose touch with reality).

We talk around a table outside of a large building. I begin to see that I have nothing to be concerned about - that it will all work out fine, and I simply have to trust. I express these ideas to one or two people near me.

The group breaks up and I walk to a parking lot. As I do so, I sense that "this is a dream." I am very happy and excited. Suddenly, I realize that "God is all" and that "God is love". I can feel that energy (and knowledge). I tell others nearby.

I then begin to use the "energy" to move things - I make a golf club levitate out of its bag, etc. This time, though, I "feel" the energy of the god-ness in it, and use that to manipulate items. I go flying and wake up.

Note: Since the ASD conference in late June, I haven't had a fully lucid dream, which seems odd. One thing that happened at the conference involved meeting a young man who had 5 false awakenings in a row, and felt that lucid dreams might be harmful to one's grip on reality. Even though, I didn't agree, I did feel for him and his experience. The beginning of this dream makes me think that I may have been more disturbed by his experience than I thought - and needed to get beyond that idea, in order to begin my lucid dreaming again.

Interesting in this dream, besides the direct, immediate awareness that "God is all" and "God is love," involves my feeling of the "energy" and "god-ness" of things. Instead of commanding things, I felt that I manipulated energy fibers involving the desire of the thing manipulated. In a funny way, I could feel the "intent" of things, and I assisted that. This made me aware of a certain sensitivity that I usually ignore in lucid dreams (and waking life).

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H. Roberta Ossana, Publisher
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Suite 22/PO Box 102
Moab UT 84532

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

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www.lucidity.com/forum

The Dream Explorer

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

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

Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website

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

Electric Dreams

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Lucid Dream Newsgroups

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

Alt.out-of-body Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

the5aint's website

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

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<http://www.spiritonline.com>

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

Lucid Dreaming Guild for the Physically Challenged

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

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

Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"

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

William Buhlman

www.williambuhlman.com

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.

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

Christoph Gassmann

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

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

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Reve Lucide

A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.

www.revelucide.com

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

www.durso.org

Lucid Dream Documentary in California

Contact Richard Hilton

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary/

Ilkin's Dream Discussion Group in Turkish:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/dream-ruyaTurkiye/>

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