

The Lucid Dream Exchange

~ Number 22 ~

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, lucid dream related articles, book reviews 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. A variety of lucid 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.

Send your submissions via e-mail to Lucy: lucy_gillis@hotmail.com (please include the word "lucid" or "LDE" in the subject line.)

or via snail mail to Robert at: PO Box 11 Ames, IA 50010 [Submissions are published at the discretion of the editors.]

Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 23 is **May 15 2002**; mailing date is June 1 2002.

Subscription Info

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

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A bit of humor on the hypnagogic horizon:

Protesting Buddhist monks demonstrating/chanting:

"What do we want??"

"Now!!"

"When do we want it??"

"Now!!"

; -> Keelin

DreamSpeak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

In future issues of LDE, co-editor Robert Waggoner will be interviewing lucid dreamers, discussing their experiences and interests. I thought it only fair that Robert, a long time lucid dreamer himself, be interviewed first!

Robert Waggoner has been lucid dreaming for the past 25 years. Besides assisting with the LDE, he speaks at conferences and occasionally writes on lucid dreaming. He's a strong supporter of the Association for the Study of Dreams, and encourages lucid dreamers to check them out at www.asdreams.org. When not dreaming, he lives in Ames, IA with his wife, Wendy, and two cats.

<L> How long have you been lucid dreaming?

I began lucid dreaming in the spring of 1975 after reading *Journey to Ixtlan* by Carlos Castaneda. It seemed quite simple to use the method taught in the book to "set up dreaming". Carlos was told by his teacher don Juan that, "Tonight in your dreams you must look at your hands." He clarified it a bit and said, "But pick one thing in advance and find it in your dreams. I said your hands because they will always be there." Don Juan advised Carlos that when he saw his hands in his dreams then he would naturally realize he was dreaming.

I interpreted all of this to mean that before going to sleep I should look at my hands and suggest to myself to see them in the dream state. In the dream, seeing one's hands would then be the cue to become conscious or lucid within the dream - just like some conditioned response, in which a stimulus elicits a certain response.

<L> How did that technique turn out?

Within a few days of trying this practice each night, I had my first actively sought lucid dream at age 17. It was incredible!

<L> What was your first lucid dream like?

The first lucid dream began simply enough. In it, I was walking in the hallways of my High School, at the junction of B and C halls. As I prepared to push the door open, I suddenly felt like the world had become brighter somehow. Suddenly my hands flew up in front of my face which made me realize, "This is a dream! This is a dream!" I walked a few feet towards the Administration Building with a great feeling of euphoria and energy, welling up inside. I decided to look back down at my hands and this time I became totally absorbed in them. I saw each fingerprint, each line, as if it were a giant flesh-toned canyon that I hovered above and within. I felt like the world was now my palmprint, and that I could spend eternity moving about its vast canyons and gullies

and whorls. I no longer saw a hand, I saw cream colored canyon-like walls of varying undulations surround me, through which my perception seemed to float. I was ecstatic and joyous, filled with awe. I wondered how this could be. Then, my vision popped back to normal proportions and I saw again that I was standing in front of the Administration Building with my hands outstretched. I thought about what to do, and felt this incredible urge to fly, to fly! I became airborne heading straight up for the sunny sky. At this point the overwhelming feelings of elation had reached their maximum pitch and the lucid dream ended and I awoke, astounded with my heart pounding.

<L> What did you think about that?

I had never felt such intense feelings of elation, energy and utter freedom. I was amazed to realize that my hands literally flew up to my face as if propelled by some magical force in the dream state. Still it seemed so paradoxical - to become conscious when dreaming - to become conscious in the unconscious!? What a concept!

So each night before I went to sleep, I would look at my hands and remind myself that I wanted to see my hands in my dreams. I found it an extremely easy technique to follow. At the time (1975) it was the only technique that I was aware of. I think it was 1980 when I learned of LaBerge's MILD technique, and I had excellent success with it.

<L> Why do you think the Castaneda technique is not more popular?

Well, there are two reasons. First, some people think it is extraordinarily boring. That's true of course, but I think that is one reason the technique works -- my belief is that when your "ego" gets bored and sleepy as you look at your hands before going to sleep, the lack of ego focus allows the intent of lucidity to reach your inner self. It's like the ego is a sentry at the gates to the unconscious, and only when it is bored or sleepy, can the idea of one's intent to lucid dream move over to the inner self.

The other reason for the lack of popularity is probably the concerns about Castaneda's veracity. The books have some incredible stories that defy rational explanations and some have suggested that Castaneda took eastern techniques and wove them into a shamanic fictional story. I don't know what the truth is - I just liked the practical technique.

<L> Do you still use the Castaneda technique to achieve lucidity?

No. Nowadays, I am much more likely to become lucid by simply noticing something odd in the dream - fish swimming in the air, my deceased father talking to me, a shimmering surface, etc. And on those nights when I'm consciously trying to have a lucid dream, I am much more likely to use LaBerge's MILD technique, the CRAM technique (my self-created Constant Repetition - Affirming Message in which I clear my mind and constantly repeat my intention to become lucid), or wake up for 10 minutes in the early morning hours and concentrate on lucid dreaming before going back to sleep.

"I had never felt such intense feelings of elation, energy, and utter freedom."

<L> How did your lucid dreaming progress?

Like most people, I assume, I initially was caught up in the basics of prolonging the lucid dream, exploring the lucid environment and its verisimilitude to the waking state, flying and trying to interact with characters in the dream. Though on another level, one could say that I was actually learning to use my "will" and "intent" and "expectation" in a psychological environment.

One of my fortunate encounters was getting an invitation to join Linda Magallon's "Lucidity Project" in which lucid dreamers were given a monthly goal or challenge to achieve in their lucid dreaming. For me, having a challenge was essential to progressing as a lucid dreamer.

<L> What were some of the lucid dream challenges?

They varied. One month it was to find out what the symbols in the dream meant - and so I had a wonderful lucid dream of asking a dream character what he represented whereupon a voice boomed out of the sky with a response, followed by me asking for a clarification and the voice booming out the clarified response. It was simultaneously hilarious and insightful. Other challenges were things like developing a self affirmation in a lucid dream or getting precognitive information in a lucid dream.

The value of these challenges were twofold: first, I learned how to take a waking task into the lucid environment, experiment with it and retrieve the information, and second, I learned that the realm of lucid dreaming was much, much deeper than I previously supposed and called into question many ordinary suppositions about one's daily (and often unquestioned) reality.

<L> And since then, what lucid dream interests have you investigated?

I got into various things. On one level, I was very interested in the apparent workings of the mind, while lucid in a dream. It seemed to me that if one became lucid and just observed, one could see the principles of the unconscious mind (assuming of course that dreaming and lucid dreaming take place in the unconscious). Personally, as I did this, I developed the idea that the detached lucid dreamer was seeing the unconscious in a state of Associational Entropy. Entropy is a term from physics that is defined as "the measure of a system to undergo spontaneous change". Association is a term used in psychology to suggest "a mental connection or relation between thoughts, feelings, ideas or sensations." As the dream events unfolded there seemed to be associational linkages amongst the objects or symbols in the observed lucid dream.

When you stop in a lucid dream and simply observe, in my experience, things continue to happen. Cars move. People walk. All of this happens without the lucid dreamer "willing" it or "controlling" it (by the way, I really dislike people saying lucid dreaming is about "controlling" dreams; it is more accurate to say that lucid dreaming is about directing one's awareness in the dream). Since things continue to happen, it made me assume that

there are underlying mental processes and that they likely follow certain principles. It reminded me of being in 8th grade science class, when we learned about "Brownian movement" or the continuing currents of movement in a 'still' glass of liquid water. The unconscious seems to be involved in its own Brownian movement, and one would suppose that there are some basic underlying principles that account for that. It seems to me that lucid dreamers could shed light on these issues of psychology and psychological mechanisms - perhaps better than many other approaches that come to mind!

<L> What else?

Well, I also explored various things like precognition while lucid dreaming. On my first try with this, I ended up lucid and then thinking, "How can I precognate, when I am cognating now?" Upon waking, I could see that I would have to plan to have the precognitive information be "apart" from me. That is, I would have to get it from a dream character or suggest that it would appear somehow. I felt that my precognitive lucid dreaming experiences were quite successful. Yet, I learned that one often has to translate that lucid dream data or response - and therefore if you screw up the translation or interpretation, then you may be disappointed.

I also worked on other issues like mutual lucid dreaming with some excellent lucid dreamers, like Ed Kellogg and Linda Magallon. Basically, we set up a scientific protocol in which each person randomly selected a code word from a group of 100 words and a gesture from a group of 10 gestures. On a predetermined night, we were to become lucid and find the other

individuals, and pass on our code word and gesture and receive their code word and gesture while taking observations about the lucid dream environment, and then wake up and send all of this to a third party "fair witness" for analysis. Here again, I feel we had some success, and learned a lot about mutual dreaming and telepathy and all. It was quite amazing actually. It also made me wonder why one doesn't hear more about experimentation with lucid dreaming.

<L> Do you feel that lucid dreaming is a personal, subjective event or a larger, mutual event?

Since I grew up in the Midwest and didn't have lucid dreamers to talk to, it surprised me that when I joined the Association for the Study of Dreams that other lucid dreamers and I had apparent commonalities of lucid experiences. These "commonalities" suggest that lucid dreaming may be less subjective or entirely intra-personal than normally supposed. While I could argue that there is an element of mutuality in some lucid dreams, it is a very complicated issue. For example, many of us lucid dreamers could talk about the common features of being in another's dream - how it differs and what it is like - and an objective observer would have a hard time denying the similarities - but explaining the whys and hows boggles the mind.

"...I learned that the realm of lucid dreaming was much, much deeper than I previously supposed..."

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"LOW LEVEL" LUCIDS AND MISSED CUES

Katie
12/27/01
False Alarm

I dreamt that I had a hard bulge in my belly. I thought, holy cow, I'm pregnant! I told Steve, and he and Patty and Mom and I got in the car to go to the doctor's office. It all has the feeling of being teenagers, Steve & Patty being friends from those years, Mom driving, an unstated grimness from her about being pregnant at that age.

As we're driving along, I suddenly realize that I can't be pregnant, I just had a hysterectomy a few months ago (which I did in RL). I sheepishly admit my mistake. No one says anything but they're thinking it; mom turns the car around. I lean over and whisper to Steve, "I should have just told them I was having a lucid dream."

Charmaine
26 May 1999

[I gave out-of-body suggestions before falling asleep.] I'm on a campus I recognize from previous dream visits. Morton (my younger brother in waking life) and I are leading Capt. Kirk, Spock, Uhura, and Dr. McCoy from the old Star Trek series to a medical lecture series in an alternate version of MacNider Hall [the medical school administration building at UNC-Chapel Hill, where I work in waking life at the time].

Morton and I jog and run, bouncing lightly and bouncing higher and higher with each step. This bouncing causes me to become partially lucid, and I get the idea to command, "Slow...slower...slow," with a progressively deepening voice each time, like a tape that's being slowed down. As I do this, time seems to expand and unroll. Everyone's motion becomes increasingly slow-motion-like, and once I slow down time enough, I'm flying rather than bouncing because I'm aloft for so long in between touchdowns. I fly feet first, slithering through the air -- up and down staircases and so forth. There's lots of red brick and black iron railings here. We lose the Star Trek crew -- they're moving too slowly to keep up with us, due to age?

After some time of this, Morton and I both feel aroused and this triggers my sudden understanding that in another lifetime he and I are lovers instead of siblings. Upon having this realization, I awaken.

Don
September 4 2001

[I had read Buhlman's book on OBE's before going to sleep and spent several hours keeping myself awake making suggestions about having an OOB.] I lay on a couch in an apartment of an old friend. I'm trying to go OOB and feel very close to doing so... then I feel that I've lifted out of my body a bit. I repeat this lifting out of body several times - thinking I'm doing so from the dream state and lucidly (as

per my suggestions).

I hear a radio playing and think it's too bad that this apartment is noisy. I know my friend said it wasn't, but I know her in-laws are staying downstairs. I decide that someone must be playing the piano and singing. Then I decide it must be my little radio and it must have come on due to the "weather alert" feature. I see the hall light is on too and wonder if a power surge made the weather alert go on. I'm not really lucid in this dream, but I had the distinct impression that I was lifting out of body many times as I snoozed on this couch.

[Ironically, the dream contained elements that Buhlman had suggested to use as OBE cues - such as the radio playing. When I read his book, my reaction to his statements about these cues was something like "that's silly" - although I often use lucidity cues.]

J
August 8 2001

Cindy and I were in a large room with about a dozen other people. We were sitting in chairs facing a TV. It was an LDE group meeting where people's lucid dreams were being shown on the television instead of being read in the newsletter. I felt a little uncomfortable and awkward because everybody seemed to know each other.

They were making comments about the dreams on the TV and one man even said, "I hate that dream!" I wondered what they would think when they saw my dream. Then I remembered that as far as I knew, my dream had not been video-taped or recorded. I was slightly puzzled. Eventually my attention was captured by a dream on TV, which was animated like Toy Story and those other computerized cartoons. It looked very similar to Star Wars, and I even heard James Earl Jones doing the voice of Darth Vader. I thought, "I can't believe how much work Lucy puts into LDE. This is amazing!"

I woke up and laughed at myself for forgetting to state-test during this surreal dream. **[Editor's note: See Bart S's dream "Stadium of the Mind" in the Potpourri section.]**

A Virtual Reality Dream

A Virtual Reality Dream:

And Now for Something Completely Different ...

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Vol. 47 p 148: 5/7/01 "I virtually drive a race car along a scenic and deserted race course - a fresh blacktop highway winds through nicely simulated New England scenery in early autumn - just a touch of color in a forest of trees and plants in the hills and valleys I drive through. A mostly visual experience though - not much in the way of kinesthetic sensation, only a vague sense of movement. I come to an intersection, and decide for fun to drive down it the wrong way. I immediately see a car heading towards me, and switch lanes, and then I see a group of cars by the side of the road, parked. This looks interesting - it looks like the entrance to a virtual country club. I see a sign that says "Restaurant and Guest Area", a place where visitors, tired of racing, can refresh themselves. I wonder what sort of experiences they've programmed inside, and get out of my car, and climb up some stone steps to find an outside bar near the entrance to the clubhouse. An odd sort of skinny "bartender" greets me - "Good day! What can I do for you sir?" I ask for something simple, to see if I can taste virtual food. I ask for a fruit, and he hands me something that looks like an old head of decayed romaine lettuce, the leaves yellow and wilted, with a sort of peeled "mango/pineapple" on top. I throw the "lettuce to the ground" where an odd looking "squirrel/monkey" "eats" it. Although the fruit looks to have decayed at the bottom, I decide to give it a try - no need to worry about bacteria with virtual food. I experience only a vague sensation of chewing, and no real taste, and tell the bartender, who now looks remarkably like a skinny frog.

My lack of sensation sets off some sort of alarm, and when I go inside a virtual "Doctor/Programmer" in a white coat, and two 'nurses' in loose white gowns greet me. The "man" looks 40 or so, the "nurses", both well built and attractive in a sort of generic way, about 30. They tell me that as a first time user, that they need to do some testing on me so that they can recalibrate the program. I sit on a sort of "hospital bed", while the nurses put food on precise areas of my "tongue", careful not to touch "my lips", trying to locate a particular taste bud, without success - I report only vague sensations as they place virtual foods on my tongue, and no taste. I joke that maybe I don't have that particular taste bud (designated by something like HMG 243). They reply that I do, but I must have it higher up, so they'll need to do a procedure on me to calibrate it, so that I can get the full sensory effect. I wonder if the fact that I do not virtually smell anything might account in part for the inadequacy of virtual taste. Also, I do not feel comfortable about this - although already this virtual reality program has gone far beyond my expectations, even for the programs of 2025 or so (when I believe this takes place), I do not like the idea that it might somehow modify my physical body. I don't understand how it could do so either - I vaguely remember myself as "hooked up", my physical body lying on a bed somewhere, but do not recall doing it in a hospital environment or even at a VR hookup institution. In fact if anything, I remember simply going online at home, perhaps wearing a helmet and goggles. But I can't remember details.

The "Doctor" comes over, using a spatula to place virtual food to different spots on the side of my tongue - I tell him that I feel that most of my taste receptors lie in the middle of my tongue and in the back, and that he should try there. The two nurses come in - one holds a glass with "banana" pieces in it - she plans to place it in the middle of my tongue to test what will happen. I convince them to let me try, and they reluctantly agree, telling me not to touch my lips with the glass or banana piece as I do so, as it will destroy the effect. I tip the glass over my mouth, and drop a piece in the middle of my tongue. As the piece passes my lips, I immediately feel an odd sensation - my lips feel hot, as if suffused on the inside with hot sauce. This sensation quickly passes. I begin to chew and the texture of the piece gets stronger and stronger, almost like in waking physical reality (**WPR**), at which point I begin to taste "banana" as well - at about 50% **WPR** intensity. I let them know and they feel pleased with my success. I lie down on the bed, and one of the nurses begins testing my sense of body sensation of touch, touching the sides of my abdomen and my chest. When I again report success, that this feels virtually real, she tells me to touch her. She crouches more or less on top of me as I do so, touching "her" on the sides and on the breasts - her "flesh" feels very firm, but also somehow cold, and somehow lifeless. When I touch her breasts, she tells me that when fully calibrated, clients can do anything that they want to with the virtual women, up to and including fully satisfying "sex". I feel intrigued - although "she" looks a bit generic and vacuous, her large "breasts" hang almost fully exposed to my view as she crouches over me. However, the coldness of her body, and the "no one at home" expression in her eyes (like the robot saloon girl in the movie "Westworld") puts me off. Also I wonder about where the data of the clients activities goes - and if one can depend on the company to keep the information reliably confidential. I decline her offer, but only tell her as a reason about the coldness of her body to the touch. They institute a procedure - a thermal wrap around my physical hand? - to correct this problem. It works - my right hand immediately feels very hot and flushed.

To celebrate my success, they take me to the "restaurant", where the maitre'd shows me to a table in a luxurious country club setting - lots of polished wood and an extensive menu. I wonder about eating the food here - although clearly I need not restrict myself to a vegetarian diet, I have no desire to try virtual meat dishes either, although that seems most of what they offer. "Two women" come over and ask if they can join me - one looks around 40, the other in her teens. They both present themselves as "real people", who have visited **VR** a few times but who still feel quite excited about it all. I ask the older one about her icon (**VR** body) - she comments she looks like this for variety, she could look like a teenager if she chose. She demonstrates this to me - as she brushes her hair back with her hand, she transforms her icon to 18 or so in appearance, but then she transforms her icon back to its original appearance. They tell me they feel really honored to sit with a "Professor", and I realize I have not seen my own icon yet. I look in the window glass - which makes a good mirror, and see myself - I look tall and thin, I have a full head of straight white hair more or less sticking up, and a pair of glasses with thick black frames. I laugh - I look like a Western scientist as portrayed in a Japanese cartoon! I appreciate the logic behind my icon choice, but respond with some dismay on my icon's thin arms and narrow shoulders. I grin as I ruefully tell the two women that all of that work at weight training and exercising

over the years in my **WPR** health club apparently seemed in vain . . . As I reflect on my own **VR** body, I also wonder about the two "women" with me, and what their physical bodies look like, if they really have physical bodies and do not seem especially well animated **VR** simulations.

"Are you a first timer?" the "older woman" asks. I tell her not exactly, the friend who recommended the program to me (Steve S.) had told me quite a bit about it, and I have had extensive experiences in another kind of virtual reality as an adept lucid dreamer. They look puzzled so I explain lucid dreaming to them, "knowing that you dream while you dream", fully conscious in the "original virtual world". Further, I explain how the phenomenological *epoché*, has just as much relevance here in this virtual reality as it does in dream reality. That by focusing on your direct experience, and suspending judgment in the assumptions that you make about what you experience, you can perceive more clearly. For example, here in **VR** you don't know if you deal with "real" people - **WPR** people manifesting through icons, or with "virtual people". Because of my own phenomenological attitude, I realized from the outset that I did not know into which category I should place them, and that the same situation applied for them in respect to me. With a laugh they respond, "Well, you already know more than we do!"

A sort of alarm goes off, and the "Doctor" shows up at our table, telling us that all guests have to exit the program, as some sort of problem has come up. In the background I hear a rumor that some boy has died online. I feel unhappy and frustrated that I have to leave just as I'd begun to get the hang of this program, but move towards the lobby, where a "woman" directs "guests/**WPR** people" to go to one side of the room, and virtual people to the other. I see with some interest, that the two "women" who had sat at the table with me go to the "virtual people" side of the room. I call to them that they might want to try exiting through the "real people" portal. The woman directing guests says "Any virtual people who try to leave by the guest gate will not survive, they will disintegrate." One of the "women", now an attractive honey blonde looks at me questioningly. I tell her "Who knows what will happen if you try to leave by the guest portal? You may make it across to physical reality, or you may indeed get destroyed. You have to choose." She decides to try going through the guest portal, and to chance dissolution. I tell her "I can offer no guarantee, you may in fact disintegrate, but if you do make it through, I'll look after you." We go into a large elevator like room. (As we wait for it to activate, in the background I see a boy, who wears a rather undersized scrawny icon, complaining to his father that he lost his fat/mass allotment to his sister during the transition when they entered this virtual reality program because of a computer glitch. She likes the result, which gave her a better body, and refuses to give the mass back. The father patiently reminds the boy - obviously for the third or fourth time, that the computer people agreed to keep the settings that way, and he had already agreed to it.) The elevator activates, I sense movement and see lights flashing, and for a moment my blond companion looks like she'll make it. But then I see her begin to evaporate before my eyes, until nothing more than a conical wedge of pseudo flesh remains, about a foot long and shrinking rapidly. I pick it up, and as it disappears I wonder if virtual people have souls, and if so, where they go. Feeling a bit saddened, and hoping that she still exists in some form, I wish "her" well.

Suddenly, with a small shock I find myself in an enormous room, at the top of some giant stairs, feeling quite disoriented. I feel pain as if something like a claw had just slashed my leg, but looking around I see nothing. I assume I still seem in **VR**, but somehow dumped into another program. I then see a huge "lion" 10 feet high stalking me. I jump, and find myself near the ceiling, 40 feet up or so. The cat nearly slashes me again as I go down, chasing me as I jump around. Finally, I wonder if my lucid dreaming skills might work, as the program must have some sort of hook up with my mind and my beliefs, so on the next jump I call out "Up! Up!" and achieve a sort of unstable levitation - just high enough to avoid the cat. But now that I have the leisure to look, I see that the "lion" actually looks like a big orange housecat. As I continue to levitate, I increase in size until I now fit my surroundings - in an analogue of my usual human size, in an ordinary house, with an ordinary orange housecat. The housecat now ignores me, and I see another virtual animal - a Labrador retriever with a red coat. I pat it on the head, wondering just how attached one could become to these virtual animals, which somehow still seem sort of empty, despite the realistic detail." **RWPR**

Comments: After awakening I felt greatly disoriented and uncoordinated, and could hardly navigate around the room to get a pen and notepad. Everything felt unreal. I also felt a strange tingling sensation in my body, and felt absolutely amazed that I could have had such a completely different "dream" from any I had experienced before - with over 15,000 recorded! I'd eaten and done nothing unusual to account for the dream - and had not even taken a B vitamin before retiring at about 2 AM. I also had no overt day residue to account for it, although I did see a movie titled "Chain Reaction" with Keanu Reeves (who starred in *The Matrix*) earlier that evening. Also, some of the background details may have come from Tad Williams' *Otherland*, the last volume in a series of books set mostly in a detailed virtual reality which I'd read about two months ago.

During the experience, although fully lucid in both thought and in perception, I remained almost entirely cut off from any memories of my actual waking physical reality situation. Instead, I had a false set of memories, in which I remembered trying out a **VR** racing car simulation on the recommendation of a friend, sometime around 2025 C.E., which I remembered as "now". I had some difficulty remembering details during the experience, but with everything else going on, I did not have the leisure to reflect on the few inconsistencies that puzzled me. Only at the very end, after successfully levitating in the air to escape the claws of the housecat/lion, did I even vaguely consider the possibility that I might actually dream the experience - but with the false memory I had as a foundation, the **VR** explanation appeared far more congruent and convincing.

In point of fact, my assumption that I experienced a virtual reality *and not* a dream as such, facilitated a mindset that made me **more** critically and continuously aware of discrepancies than in even fully lucid dreams. In fully lucid dreams I now take it for granted - in a general way - that dream objects have bizarre attributes. Because of this attitude, I only occasionally look at specific dream objects in a critical way to see how they compare with their waking physical reality counterparts.

Continued on page 19

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

A. Dreamer
January 24 2002
(WILD-Local Lucid)

It takes me about a half an hour to get back to sleep in the middle of the night. I lie in bed trying to sleep for awhile and then, when sleep doesn't come fast, trying to imagine my body switching to the dream image, rather than my physical body. Pretty soon I sense that happening so I get this "second body" out of bed. Covers are tangled at my feet, trailing as I walk. I can't seem to step out of them so I decide to ignore the feeling. With my attention turned elsewhere, they soon dissolve. It is duskish in

my room. I walk to my apartment door and push it open, planning to "visit" Apt. 8 across the hall. I stop a moment and think what do I wish the dream Apt. to be like. Then I say, "I'll find someone interesting in Apt. 8 and a pretty scene when I go outside." Taking that moment to think has taken my mind off the hallway. When I again take notice of the scenery, I find there is a long hall between me and the apartment across from me. The building looks totally different now. I go down this new hall, hoping to enter the apartment at the end of it but disappointed Apt. 8 is gone. As I come close to the end of the hall, I wake up.

Janice
11/19/2001
Partial OBE

I felt sleepy so I dozed off while sitting on the couch in the living room. My husband was sitting next to me reading and occasionally watching TV. At first I was just half asleep, hearing the TV but blanked out and not really processing what I heard. Finally I had a little innocuous dream. I tried to say something in the dream, but started to wake up. It felt like my vocal cords were moving and I was making little sounds, like I was trying to speak physically but couldn't. I thought I heard my husband ask what I was saying, but as I was obviously in SP [Sleep Paralysis] and couldn't move my mouth, I shut up. Since I was in SP I figured I may as well pay attention to how I felt. I didn't feel any vibes or currents, though I felt a sort of light buzzy feeling. My ears were buzzing a bit as well, and I thought I could hear my pulse swishing in the left one, like I've had to put up with when I've had an ear infection with fluid built up in the middle ear. This was annoying so I stopped paying attention to it and thought I'd try for an OBE.

My arms were crossed over my chest. Very slowly, I struggled to pull apart the "astral" versions of my arms, and finally they "separated"--I was able to hold them out and move them around freely while still aware of the sensation of unmoving arms on my chest. Couldn't get anything else going worth a damn, but this was enough to experiment with. The perception of having light duplicate arms was extremely convincing although they felt a little numb. I reached over and touched my husband's leg and arm; I felt no reaction from him. I touched my bare right "astral" forearm with my left "astral" hand and could feel little hairs there in great realistic detail. The texture of the t-shirt that my physical body seemed to be wearing was realistic also. I felt the neckline of the shirt and noticed that it was folded under; I made a mental note of that since it was something I could check on when I woke up to see if I got it right. Unfortunately I could never get my eyes open more than a crack throughout this experiment, even when I tried prying open the lids of my "astral" eyes; I could see that the room was well lit, which I knew it was, but couldn't make anything else out.

Finally I felt the paralysis lifting, and figured I was waking up, so I moved a bit to test this, and found that I moved quite easily. But then suddenly I woke up for real and found that I hadn't moved at all. As has so often happened, what I took to be my real body during the OBE was itself a dream body. Not only had I moved it just prior to waking, it was, if you recall, wearing a t-shirt, whereas I was in fact wearing a long-sleeved shirt (because I didn't remember during the OBE that I had been wearing a long-sleeved shirt, I took the evidence of my "senses" for granted and assumed that I was indeed wearing a t-shirt, so I got a surprise when I woke up). And the neckline was perfectly flat, not folded under at all. I told my husband I'd done a partial OBE while napping there and asked if he'd felt me touch him; he hadn't. Nor had he heard me try to talk--even that was an illusion.

Karl B
December 21 2001
Rock Talk

As I fall asleep, I reach a point where I suddenly realize I'm asleep. I don't see anything specific, just a hazy pink field of vision. I focus on perceiving clearly. The pink field slowly resolves into a pink geometric crystalline or stone being that looks something like a compass rose or an Aztec calendar. It has no face and doesn't move, but I sense immediately that it is alive. The being is intelligent, and it communicates directly with my mind somehow, in a nonlinguistic, nonlinear manner, in a way that my

waking mind cannot comprehend. I get the impression it is very old, very massive, and very patient. It seems to be curious about me, but very detached. When our conversation is over, I gradually lose lucidity, and the dream fades. [Editor's note: Even though Karl didn't specify that this is a WILD, I include it here since it seems to fit the definition.]

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

Featuring Challenges, Aims, Goals, and Experiments

Arverv100
January 2002

Hi, Just wanted to share a suggestion for lucid dreams. This task has given me interesting insights: Try checking your answering machine in your next lucid dream. It may have a very interesting message (or answer) for you.

Katie
12/31/01
Lucid New Year

I had lucid dreams last night. As usual, I don't recall what triggered the lucidity, but I was outdoors, there were folks around. I went around genially saying, "Hello, I'm having a lucid dream, are you?" One man gave me a clever and cheerful answer, but I can't recall it. **I considered flying, and talking to more people, but then I felt like I was tired of doing that sort of thing and tried to recall what it was I wanted to do when lucid.** Go into a tree came to mind (that's an old one, actually, and something I've done before with great rapture). So with some effort I went into a big tree near me. I can't say what kind it was, perhaps an elm? There was a deal of "faking it" kind of mental effort in here, urging myself to think myself into the role, "Leaves! Leaves!" but one spontaneous part was suddenly shooting up from my own height to the height of the tree, which was a large one. That was a lot of fun. Then I decided to go into some flowers, I think they were impatiens, a thick ground cover of them in different colors. I thought why not just go into one cell (I've done that in a dream before, spontaneously and non-lucidly, it was amazing). I don't know if I did that or not, but this transformation brought on one of those wonderful epiphanies. They're like orgasm, but not sexual, a rising almost unbearable joy, a feeling of arching your whole body up into the air like you're trying to fly right out of it. I also went into the body of a cat that was going off to die, trying to find a hiding place to do this. I also went into a large building, an office of some kind, perhaps a lab, and asked if there were any pregnant women. I found one and told her that I was having a lucid dream, and asked permission to go into her fetus to see what that was like. She was intrigued by the idea but said no. "That involves two of us, and only one of us can give our consent." I thought that was a pretty good way of looking at it. I did find another pregnant woman and she let me do it. Unfortunately I don't remember much about the experience except that like the cat, it was somewhat "constructed". While the mother and I were discussing it the baby was kicking inside her with unrealistically visible results.

Kacper
January 2002

I'm in the high school I used to go to, I have something to do there, I don't recall what. I move down to the gym chamber, to find that the lockers had been opened. I knew that it had something to do with a degenerate guy kept there. I walked up the stairs and realised - just like that - that I'm dreaming. I left the school and leapt to the sky...At first I seemed to fly through the streets of the city I live in presently. Then I passed near the bushes, which touched my skin in a rather unpleasant way. Then I flew even higher and spotted a UFO-like object. Immediately I began a pursuit - I chased the UFO for a short time, then flew higher. The scenery turned into some kind of hall with a glass roof and narrow bridges between both walls. **Through the dream I have been thinking of testing A. Ballabenes method of inducing OBE by imagining a rocking movement, and that was what I wanted to do when I would wake.** Upon reaching the roof of the hall, I seemed to wake - not in my bed, but in a back seat of a car. Then I tried to imagine a rocking movement, but I seemed to be moving my apparently real body - a dream body in fact. Then I woke for real.

Lucy
December 11 2001
I Hear Applause When I Fly

[Woke often through the night, then was awake from about 3:00 am - 5: something:] I get up out of bed and go into a living room [unlike the waking living room]. I find K there, reclining on a couch under a blanket. I tell her that I can't sleep. I look at my left arm and see two watches there. I KNOW I didn't put on my bangle watch. I mention this to K and say I must still be dreaming. I look at the [bangle] watch again and now it has become like a medic-alert bracelet. I mention this change to K and say that I must still be sleeping. K begins to talk about some of the people from her work place that have such bracelets. As she speaks I take a closer look at her and see that she is partly sitting up under the covers and her hair is in long-ish ringlets. I tell her that I will tell her waking self [when I wake] that her hair is permed in this dream [of mine]. I decide it's time to do something. I want to get outside. **I go to a window and attempt to poke my hands and arms through the glass. It is a bit difficult and the glass bows outwards at first, but it eventually works. Not satisfied that it worked well enough or quickly enough, I move to glass balcony doors and repeat the experiment.** It must have worked, because the next thing I know I am flying away from the balcony into the grey early morning outside. Either I sing, and/or hear music as I fly low over the green leaves of bushes and hedges. I somehow know that the bushes are thorny, and with that thought I begin to lose altitude. I know my loss of altitude is due to the limiting thought of the thorns and my expectation that a limiting thought will hamper my flying. However, I don't crash into the trees and bushes, but rather make a final swing upward and land standing on the balcony. K is there and we stand side by side. Suddenly I hear a lot of enthusiastic applause [from an unseen audience] for my flying. I see no one and wonder where it could be coming from. Either I wake briefly and slip back to sleep or the dream continues non lucidly. I wake later.

THE SECRET OF THE ASTRAL WIND

(c) 2001 Linda Lane Magallon

Astral Wind, 10/16/83

Lucid, I am reading a white sheet of paper with large black print. Words are listed in a column: "they," "them," etc. I purposely try to move my focus so that other words shift in and out of the page. The paper moves farther away, revealing unclear paragraphs. Then the scene blurs altogether.

I try to bring the picture back into focus by concentrating. I realize I am breathing in and out. The sound of rushing air increases and the scene gets darker. Suddenly, a great rushing wind hits the back of my head, parting my straight hair and rushing around both sides of me, down my outstretched arms to my hands and fingers. The blackness lights up intermittently as though an electrical charge were surrounding my body with a 3 to 4 inch aura.

I continue "breathing" in and out and hear a man say something. Because the words are in English, I think I'm on the right track to return to a visual dream. In front of me appears the silhouetted image of an older man's face. He has glasses and a beard. "Hello," I say. The image shifts to a woman's face, then fades out altogether as the scene brightens.

I find myself in an office. On the left-hand side of the door is a floor-to-ceiling bookcase with a window beyond it. A desk filled with books and papers is in front of me; behind is a desk or counter. Through the door I can see a square rotunda with light blue walls. At first there seem to be a couple of people, then just one woman with short dark hair, who moves to the side of me, then disappears. "Hallucination?" I wonder. The sound of the wind is lessening. I try to "breathe" more deeply but am unsuccessful.

At the desk, a phone is off the hook, the receiver down on the chair. I pick it up and ask, "Hello?" A dim woman's voice responds, "Linda V. Miller?"

"No," I say, "This is Linda Magallon." The woman replies, "She's in the hospital...stuck in the medical facilities."

I say, "No, I'm sorry," (and she repeats this with me) "you must have the wrong number."

My work assistant's maiden name was Miller. A year later, she was hospitalized, and I had to work double duty (mine plus hers: Linda plus Miller). As a result, I overstayed my time at a troublesome job. I was sorry I did. It was definitely the wrong thing for me to do.

The astral wind, however, I found very intriguing. The sensation was amazing - just like a roaring wind at my back. In some flying dreams, I'd lift my arms and let the wind buoy me up. But the sensation never had this sort of strength. Nor the visual effects. Could it have been a kundalini experience? Or something else? Searching for an explanation, my mind roamed free.

The Winds of Space, 1/31/85

What is this yearning, longing
That calls from infinity
What quasar pulses endlessly
In vibrations pitched to my inner harmony?

Inner beliefs sunthrob
Lighting my path
Enlightening my soul

Hold to the rhythm
Stand fast in the windstorm

The winds of space flow through me
Playing on the strings of my being
Vibrating my hopes, my wondering

From whence do they come?
Where do I go
To find them?
Surrounded soundless I question
Where
am
I?

Seven years passed. Then, in September of 1990, I had dreams, two days in a row. The first night, my dream bordered on lucidity.
Notice the title I gave it.

Hard To Fly Above The Eucalyptus, 9/10/90

In order to rise in the air, I flap my arms as I might scull from the depths to the surface of water. From a paved roadway, I veer diagonally, slightly to the right; then slightly left in order to compensate. To my relief, I discover that I have easily risen to the tops of the row of eucalyptus trees in front of me. But I look left and see, off in the distance, a cluster of eucalyptus trees that towers even higher than I am. When I flap my arms to move higher, straight up, the attempt is tiring. It feels as though there's a ceiling pressing down on my head. The effort causes me to lose the dream.

The sensations of this dream had a ready reason. I was suffering from a chest cold and sinus condition. It was, indeed, like "a ceiling pressing down on my head." The next night I dosed myself with extra medication. Then I had this series of lucid dreams.

Astral Wind Lifts Me Off The Bed, 9/11/90

From a roadway, I take off flying, Superman style. I am happy to see I'm making good forward progress. Also, I'm gradually rising above bush level, then above tree level and I make an extra

attempt to finally get above roof level of the houses, for the sake of people's privacy. Below, I would have been able to see into their upstairs windows.

But as I make the special attempt, I become aware it's associated with my breathing. As I inhale, there is pressure on my chest (it feels like compression), and I am suddenly driven back in the air. One more breath and it's certain: the inhalation/inward feeling causes me to fly backwards! Struggling to compensate and go forwards again, I wake, then return to sleep.

After a series of short lucid vignettes, I'm lying on the bed, with energy coursing through my body from head to toe. The energy shakes all of me, especially my legs. I will the energy to cause my feet to lift and, to my delight, they do so easily, as does my entire torso. With the vibrating energy, it's easy to lift myself; quite unlike the usual astral separation effort.

I let the flow of energy carry me up to it's natural height, just a few inches above the bed, then enjoy the feelings as I hover there. It's a wonderful, ecstatic feeling and lasts a very long time. Then, as the energy dissipates, I settle back into the bed. As I begin to awaken, the energy shifts to become a great rushing wind at the back of my head. The last sensation is of air rushing past my ears. What a thrill!

What was the medication I had used just before sleep? Vicks Vaporub. I smeared it on my upper lip for relief from my cold and, as a result I cleared up my ear passages. I could breathe easier, although breathing was still an effort and made a bit of a noise.

The active ingredients are menthol, camphor and...eucalyptus oil. After listening to all the metaphysical talk about peak experiences, it's quite a chuckle to realize that lucid ecstasy can be caused by a nasal decongestant! :)

POTPOURRI

~A Variety of Lucid Dreams~

Lucy
September 18 1998
I Touched the Cold Wind

[I believe that I was awake. I think I may have partially went out of body and connected with the "wind."] I am at S's place, the bedroom is very dark. I am laying on my right side, my right arm bent down over my face. All of a sudden my arm flies up, seemingly of its own accord, (I did not voluntarily move it) and encounters an icy cold stream of air, like a cold

wind in a narrow path. I am half sitting up when I retract my arm and lay back down. The coldness is so striking that it shocks me a bit. [I think all this happened out of body.] The rest of the room is warm, there are no windows open. I do not bother to check the time or turn the lights on. I feel around in the air for a while but do not find any more cold spots. I later fall asleep.

Katie
Monday, January 14, 2002
Telemarketers Interrupt More Than Dinner

Poor sleep last night because of pseudafed, but I had lucid dreams. Don't recall how lucidity started, as usual, but I was standing on Coolidge in front of work. I decided to go check out a house across the way. I believe I flew into it and asked the owner if she minded if I looked around. I think I told her I was having a lucid dream and just wanted to look around. She was a

little puzzled, but gave her consent. I looked around the first floor a while (she had a ton of couches) and then saw a staircase and asked if I could go upstairs. Again she seems a little startled by the request. I tell her I'm thinking of buying a house and want to get a sense of what this kind of house looks like inside. While we're upstairs the phone rings. I don't recall if I asked her if she wanted me to get it as I was closer, or if I just picked it up, but I answered, "Hello, lucid dreamer speaking!" I thought that would baffle the caller, but it's the phone company trying to sell me something so they don't care who I am! They tell me that they (Pacific Bell) and NEC have put up more satellites in this neighborhood. (Or amplifiers or something to improve signal.) I say, "Does this have any impact on me as a lucid dreamer?" They say oh yes! and go on with their spiel, but I laugh and interrupt, saying, "I don't need your devices or anyone else's to have lucid dreams!" and hang up on them. Next I recall I'm back at my house in my room with Suzanne. I've explained to her about the lucid thing, or else she's lucid too. Anyway, I decide we should explore the second floor of our place (non-existent in RL, not a dream distortion, but an active creation). We try to fly through the ceiling and get stuck; an image of us with our heads partway into the ceiling, dangling there like dummies. I decide to try another route and do a little abracadabra type stuff to make a stairway/rope ladder appear. It was difficult to climb. The only other moment of lucidity I recall in the dream was being alone, in a corridor I think, and calling out, "I'm lucid, can anyone help me?" with a twinkle in my eye, hoping to get some interesting dream characters to come by. I think someone answered but I woke up before they came into view.

Keelin
15 January 2002

I'm standing with my mother in the middle of the night in the middle of the road. When I noticed she is my age and healthy, I become lucid. Then I become worried. Am I having one of those dreams that people have at the very moment a loved one dies? In a worried whisper I ask, "Mom, did you die?" She smiles and replies in a perky voice, "No". We hold hands and spin around in a momentary dance, then I rise up to drift

about with all the stars that have come loose in the dark and beckoning sky.

Charmaine
14 May 1999

[I'm lucid throughout this dream but choose simply to observe. My point of view throughout is disembodied and "omniscient."] Very lucid, highly intense dream with the "punch" of super-reality: I observe a spacefaring culture which uses moons, ships, and singularities for transport. Most commonly, their ships fly into the center of a huge toroidal sort of "energy cushion" with a singularity in the middle of the "doughnut hole," and the singularity causes the cushion to deposit them wherever they want to go. I experience loads of data about matter-energy transport and motion. This culture is very emotionally intense -- the energy of their emotions seems to radiate densely from them -- feels something like a strong gravitational field emanating from each emotion. The beings seem vaguely humanoid; they generally wear black attire with tiny sparkling silver decorations on their clothing. The decorations are meant to glisten in imitation of the stars. These folks are all about the stars and emotion.

Lucy
January 29 2002 5:50 am
Lucid Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds

I see S sitting at a round table, outside in an area that "feels" like a field near my grandmother's home. I move to sit and chat with him. I notice an open newspaper in front of him on the table. There is a large circle printed in one of the corners. I ask him something [now forgotten]. He tells me he might book a hotel, just to get away. I tell him about a place I booked and how nice and convenient it was. I then

notice, on another table beside S, a large piece of ground meat in a roll, (like a huge sausage roll). I know the plate belongs to S and I wonder if he has given up red meat, as it appears he ate whatever else was on the plate but left the meat.

Either the scene changes or I wake briefly and the next thing I know I am in a mountain cave. The area is in the same "space" that S and I were just in moments before. [Also, I have dreamed of this "space" before, just within this month, but it housed an apartment/hotel complex.] In the cave I am hiding, I'm a fugitive, and I "know" I am on another planet and that a robot probe is hunting me. I am not fearful or excited - just a little nervous - as I have some idea that this is not physical reality. I am aware that I am safe and cannot get hurt here. [Glimmerings of lucidity here, but I don't yet use the word "dream."]

It is dark in the cave and the atmosphere beyond the narrow jagged opening I can see through is a very dark black-red. I see an even blacker gun (robot controlled) point its muzzle into the cave, but I know it can't yet detect me as it is pointing just beside me and not directly at me. I begin to imagine how this story could unfold and in my mind I see myself (as the character in this story) running through a system of caves inside the mountain to get out on the other side of the mountain. I see in my mind's eye a cross-section of the mountain and the path I could take. At first I imagine one that takes me down to ground level, but I don't like that, I'd rather a path that leads me out of the upper part of the mountain, perhaps onto a rocky ledge. The image in my mind changes and the path is now in the upper parts of the mountain. I imagine that I could possibly find a spaceship and escape from the planet that way.

I am then outside, no longer thinking about the fugitive story, and start rising into the air. It is a bright sunny day. I seem to still be in the same "space" as the previous S-scene, but now it is the field between Gramma's driveway and the gulley. I am hovering in the air above the field, close to the driveway. I turn and look at Gramma's place and see other houses crowding close. I also note a lot of junk outside, and a red swing set. I turn back and look down at Dad's place and think with some relief that outside our (Dad's) place is not as messy, it is much cleaner. I am aware that this is a dream version of Gramma's place as I turn to look at Dad's. [Lucidity getting "stronger" but still I don't yet say to myself that I am dreaming.]

I feel good. I am in a good mood. As I hover over the field at Gramma's I can see a few people on the beach. I see a man walking out on the point of V's beach and I assume it must be my uncle. There is dark vegetation there, perhaps the grass was burnt in the early spring. It feels like it is late spring or early summer. I fly forward a bit. My flight is slow and I don't gain any altitude. It feels more like drifting in the air than like controlled flying. I sing that I am "floating, and gliding, and flying, and sliding" in the air [to the tune of "Wishing and Hoping and Praying" - I don't know if that is the name of the tune, or even if it was a tune, it may have been an old jingle]. I then begin to drift to the ground. I land with a bump, but it doesn't hurt. I barely feel it.

Then I am back in the air above and I (literally) shake myself into fully realizing that this is a dream. I say happily "I'm Lucid Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds!" and I look at my fingers and am pleased (and feel smug!) to see several diamond rings on my fingers - manifesting just as I expected they would. I feel like I am close to waking as I briefly pose in the air in a position that I am sure is identical to the one my sleeping body is in.

I begin to feel myself in bed. I don't want the dream to end. I try more flying and singing. I then rise up higher into the air and hover with my arms outstretched so that I resemble a cross. I think about spinning, but for some odd reason I am not comfortable with the idea of spinning while I look like a cross. I drift back downward. Suddenly I find myself in a kitchen (resembles Dad's kitchen) and see J walk briskly and cheerfully by. I say to her "You're still here" or "You're back" (in the dream). I know that she was in an earlier part of the dream [I can't recall the scene now]. I want to keep the dream going, so I run and jump over a kitchen chair, trying to keep my focus on the dream and not on waking.

I want to get outside so I try to fly through the kitchen wall. I fly through a grey space for a moment, on my back and then I can make out a kitchen wall in the grey. There is no colour here. Then I am flying faster, still on my back, through the wall, head first, over and over again, through endless walls. I recall that something similar to this has happened before in other dreams [flying

through multiple images]. I keep thinking of the word "lucid" and the phrase "lucid - it's a lucid dream" in the hopes that I will go deeper into the dream instead of waking. But very soon a noise (possibly in the apartment building or outside) wakes me more fully and though I lie still and try to imagine dream scenes, I know I am too awake; the visuals are gone and I am now IMAGINING doing things, and am not actually doing them.

A. Dreamer
October 14 2001

[This is a local lucid but one that I had not at my own home but that of a friend who is also a lucid dreamer.] Some people including kids, come into the room where I am sleeping. I get up and start to go downstairs. In the hall, it occurs to me that I could be dreaming. As a reality test, I jump up and float. From that point on, I am lucid.

I go downstairs but then I again feel myself in bed. There are people in my room so I know I am still dreaming. I go downstairs again and plan to go out and jump in the swimming pool for a "midnight dip". Outside I see my friend's husband and some children. I jump in the pool. The water feels cool and refreshing. I swim for awhile. Then once more I am in bed. Again there are people in my room so I know I am still dreaming. I float down the hall and then galumph down the stairs the way I did when I was a kid. That felt fun, since the range of motion in my left leg is limited in waking life due to an accident. I just get out the door and I am back in my bed again. I get up knowing I am still dreaming and go down the stairs more slowly and outside, this time exiting via the front door. I start down the street, looking about but soon find myself in bed again. There are lots of kids in the room. I go down the steps. The kitchen looks different from reality this time. There is a back door in a different place. I go out without expectations so find myself in this wooded area.

There are pine trees and a slight upward slope. It is light now. I plan how to take a walk without losing the scene, but find myself back in bed. My room is light now though I know it is the middle of the night. I get up and go downstairs and out the front door. Outside there are small trees with roughly heart-shaped green leaves. I walk further on and notice some similar leaves but more veined have turned yellow, manifesting the expected fall colors. Some leaves on that tree are light brown. I walk on until I find myself back in my bed. It is still light. I "get up" and go out to the pool again. The water is muddy with gunk in it but I don't care since it is a dream. I jump in but soon wake up -- I think. After this last, undetected, false awakening, I dream nonlucidly for awhile before truly awakening.

C.S.
January 14 2002 6 am

I got out of bed at 3 am and went back at 5 am for a nap. I suggested that I have a romantic, lucid dream. I rolled over to my left and fell out of bed. That seemed rather bizarre since I didn't hurt myself. I wondered if I were dreaming so I attempted to fly. I did get off the ground about one foot and flew around in the prone position. However, everything was dark.

Then, I felt like I was lying on my left side in bed. It seemed as though I was awake, but I didn't want to open my eyes to check. Instead, I rolled onto my back and went back into a dream.

I was sitting on top of a high brick wall, looking down. I saw my now dead boyfriend, DM. He was young and handsome. He seemed to be doing some kind of work. I remembered my wish to have a romantic dream, so I went to DM, hoping to kiss him. However, I remembered that in a recent non-lucid dream he would not romance me. He was fed up with the way I had treated him when we went together in our younger years.

Being lucid, I ran up to him and kissed him before he knew what was happening. It was on the lips but very fast and hardly touching. I wanted more so I held him in my arms and put one on. He spit in my mouth. Not because he was angry. It was just the way he kissed now. It was disgusting. I sure didn't want that in my mouth so it disappeared. Being determined to make this dream work for me, I gave him a French kiss. This didn't work either. He was unresponsive - like kissing wood. Then he said, "Is there some place we can be alone in the house?" I said, "Don't you ever want to hug someone?" We were sitting on the ground, and I had my arms around him with my head on his shoulder. This felt great! He said, "What are you doing for breakfast tomorrow?" I suddenly remembered that I had someone else in my life, and wondered if I was being fair to lead DM on again.

He asked me if I pulled the ball all the way. I told him "No, the men pulled it and I attached it at the end." At the same time we discussed this, I had a visual of a huge glass ball on a slab of wood being pulled up a hill. I attached it to the hook so that I couldn't break it. I woke up.

Charmaine
30 November 1998

I'm at a civic center complex after a concert. Jerry [my waking partner at the time] waits for me at the curb in a car while I search through the circuitous building complex looking for a bathroom. I finally emerge and find my way back toward Jerry but suddenly realize I'm naked now! I become embarrassed and try to cover myself with my hands so as not to offend others. This quandary triggers lucidity and I say to myself, "Wait -- I can fix this!" I then name each item of clothing in turn that I wish to reappear and then snap my fingers after naming each item -- whereupon it appears on my dreambody. When finished and fully dressed, I feel really smug and accomplished. It feels really good to change this dream experience for the better.

C.S.
January 27 2002 7:30 am

I got out of bed at 3am and went back for a nap at 6am. I didn't program for a lucid dream. I was looking at a stationary bike and asked Donald why it was there. He said he moved it from his mother's room. I asked him why he moved it, and he said it was cluttering the room. I told him if it bothered him, he should stay out of his mother's room so he decided I was right, and

he was going to put it back.

Then I noticed a bird and another very small, unrecognizable animal eating from the same dish. It seemed like I was lying down at the far end of a king-sized bed looking at objects on a colorful bedspread. Then I wondered why I see Baby in my dreams and not Samantha (cats). The word "dream" precipitated lucidity. I heard Donald talking to a woman about having an affair. I asked him if it were true. He said he had taken her to a motel. I thought, "I don't think so. This is just a dream." However my right eye was closed, and as much as I tried, I couldn't open it. I was confused. It felt so real, I thought, "Maybe I'm not dreaming." So, I decided to fly for a reality check.

I flew to the ceiling and could feel the transition to the waking state. I was lying on my right side with my left nostril open. My right eye was pressed onto the pillow so that I could not open it.

Anonymous
December 20-21 2001

I had a cool lucid dream last night: I was visiting a friend and as I walked through his house I turned into a room that wasn't his house. This confused me very much and I struggled to come up with an explanation. I concluded that I must be dreaming, but didn't really believe that. I said if I'm dreaming then I can put my hand through this wall. And then I put my hand through the wall. I leaned around the doorway and saw my hand coming through the other side of the wall. I was blown away. Everything was so incredibly real. I could feel very vividly the beams inside the wall and the pieces of the gyprock. And I reached in and felt the insides of other things too. Cool, really cool I thought. Then I figured that if I was dreaming I could do other stuff too. So I jumped up in the air and started flying/soaring around. I felt no weight under me and even my body felt weightless. It felt sort of like when my body feels like it is separating away when I meditate. I just flew off very happy.

C.S.
January 2 2002 2 am

I woke up at midnight. Neuropathy pain kept me awake until 1:30 am. I began thinking about seeing a doctor to get some pain medication. I was looking in a mirror. I was very young and blond and permanent wave curls fell down upon my forehead into my eyes. I wouldn't wear my hair like that so

I thought, "I must be dreaming." As a reality check, I jumped into the air to see if I could fly. I flew about one foot off the floor.

My first thought was to look for a doctor's office for a healing. I couldn't find one. However, I noticed a scientist surrounded by vials of chemicals. As I flew by, I grabbed two vials - one with blue liquid, the other filled with yellow liquid. I declared the liquids to be medicine and drank them. I noticed that the room changed into a department store, and I was flying in the jewelry department. I decided that I didn't want this scene so I was in the cosmetic department. I grabbed a bottle of perfume as I flew by and sprayed myself in the face, saying that it was a magic healing mist. It smelled terrible!

I was outside. It was dark and the scene was dreary. I didn't want to be there so changed it. I was in a bedroom thinking that I better make up the bed when my husband walked in carrying two large, whole salmon. He put them on the bed. I yelled, "What are you doing? How can you be so stupid?" I was so sick and tired. Now, I had to soak and wash all the bedding.

I was outside. I knew I was dreaming and wondered what that scene was trying to tell me. I looked up at the sky and prayed for an answer. It came to me that I should never speak to Donald in such a cruel manner with such a nasty tone. He just can't understand.

I woke up. I stayed in the same position, recalling my dream when I saw a most vivid scene. Everything was in different shades of green with perfect grass and shrubbery. I decided to go into the scene. I walked along until I came to a building where three girls were standing. I asked them if there was a doctor's office nearby. They looked at me with a stupid stare. I gave up, knowing that dream characters rarely give intelligent answers. I walked over to an area where people were working. A girl gave me a drink of something. She said she was sorry but they didn't have much food for the volunteers. I went over the counter and another girl gave me three muffins.

I decided the dream was boring, and I might as well have sex. I walked over to three young men (about 20 years old). They certainly weren't my type. However, I wasn't looking for romance - just unbridled sexual pleasure. I told the men, "Let's get it on!" and went into the building. It was a dump. A young girl was lying on a small bed. I told her to get off. I took off my clothes in front of a young man. He was quite impressed with my beautiful, firm breasts. I could feel his penis in me and became very stimulated.

Another young man came in and was sitting or standing next to my upper body. He used his hand to arouse me, and it was very effective and pleasurable. I put my hand on his penis and felt it getting harder and bigger. As soon as I had the thought that I wanted it, it was in the right spot, doing the right thing. I had a wonderful long orgasm and woke up. I didn't have a miraculous physical healing. However, my feeling of well-being returned, and I was able to function and cope effectively.

Bart
December 26 2001
(Passive Lucid) Thinking of Stratford

[I call the following passive lucids because they are lucid dreams that I choose to remain passive in and just collect information rather than try to control the dream. I like to examine "dream environments" and these two dreams focus on that topic.]

In this dream I was back at Lycoming in Stratford, toward the end, when the plant was slowly closing. This dream was probably prompted, by the fact that I have learned an aerospace museum will be opening at the site of Building 6. Thus bringing back old memories of working there.

During the dream I became passive-lucid as I was walking around the Electronic's Laboratory and test cells. I was totally blown-away that my mind could create a complete laboratory, filled with electronic measurement, calibration and test devices along with all supporting hardware. The dials and buttons on these machines were extremely detailed. There were boxes filled with cables and harnesses, with the boxes labeled for each engine model.

As usual, during one of my lucid dreams, I was extremely aware of the "dream environment" - one of my areas of study. As I made my way through each section of the building, there were wood sliding doors. As my hands were placed on each door to slide it to the side, I could feel the grain texture of the wood. I was also amazed that each room was finished complete when I entered it. I guess in our 'waking-life' we have to put-up with waiting for computers to load an image or web-page; but in the brain, it's all there waiting for you.

This makes me think whether the brain has this information already stored and is one step ahead of me, or, whether me as the dreamer and the brain are one in the same at every moment in the dream. In other words, if I open a drawer in a dream workshop and it is filled with tools, it is not that the brain was keeping one step ahead of me by putting the tools in the drawer, it is merely me and the brain together knowing that there will be tools in the drawer. The thinker IS the brain; we are not separate.

But then why does the brain put things in the dream that we are not thinking about? Why does it do such a good job at placing props and creating perfect environments above-and-beyond the psychological scope of the dream?

Another "out-there" theory I am thinking about is that the dreaming brain is really tapping into an external field of shared conscious energy by other life forms (mostly human), and our dreaming brain merely 'tunes-into' or 'shapes' this shared conscious energy. This may explain why dream characters exhibit such extreme independence and belief that they are real, worthy of respect. They, in effect, are our guests or extras. This theory reminds me of the movie "The Matrix", where the Matrix is merely a computer simulation of earth, created so enslaved human minds can feel calm and content, while in reality the earth they believe they know does not exist.

One other memory from the dream was walking through the test cells and seeing the technicians keeping the test cells in working order, when both them and I know there will be no more engines coming to be tested. They show up to work as long as the doors are open and there is a paycheck. They keep the test cells ready which is their job, but they know it is just a matter of time before the end. --- This reminds me of the situation I am in with my job currently. The program was cancelled, but I continue to work, because the lawyers have not settled between the parties, all the outstanding contractual requirements. So like the technicians in the dream; I wait for the end, but ready.

Bart S
January 11 2002
(Passive - Lucid) Stadium of the Mind

I'm here in Woodford, England on business, with my sleep-wake cycle all screwed up. Anyway, I had a passive lucid dream in which I was in a stadium with friends. Down on the field, it was night and we were there all alone (not there to watch an event). There were 12 huge TV screens around in a circle along the top perimeter

of the stadium. Each screen was displaying different moving images.

I told everybody there with me to look-up at each screen. I was passive-lucid, I told them that each screen was a projection of my dreaming mind. It was amazing how complex the detail of each colorful image was. Some images were like that of undersea coral reefs; some like fractals, some like computer-generated imagery, other screens were showing what looked like montage images like in music videos. I couldn't believe the level of detail I was seeing on each screen. Very complex images, each being displayed independently of each other, keeping in perfect form and sequence. In other words, you can look at one screen follow a pattern for a while, then come back to it after looking at another screen, and see the same image move along on the screen.

I jumped up and declared to everyone that I discovered how the mind does this. I said that the mind has something like 'eyes' or photo-receptors, each with a retina, like our own eye, looking back at itself. Then it decides what to display and what not to display. And this is why it is able to produce so many diverse-complex images at the same time. Then there was also the dream itself that I was in. A dream within a dream. Then the group and I proceeded to have a discussion on the brain's construction of dream environments and the power of the mind. [Editor's Note: See J's dream in "Low Level" Lucids and Missed Cues.]

**Arthur
Kalindi's Dream 5/6/98
"Nothing Matters!"**

[The following is a lucid dream that my girlfriend, Kalindi, had several years ago. She died last summer, and I found this report when I was going through her things. I found it written out on some post-it notes, in between the pages of "Exploring the World of Lucid Dreams" by LaBerge and Rheingold - specifically, in the chapter "Life is a Dream: Intimations of a Wider World." She and I met through our mutual interest in lucid dreams, so it seems very appropriate for me to have found this comforting and fascinating dream report following her death.]

I wake up and I am sitting in a bed in the middle of somewhere that looks similar to the entrance of the library, but everything is decorated in soft shades of pink and purple. I realize that I'm dreaming and I jump out of bed ready to leap out of my body into that blissful expansive feeling. Then I notice this strange little man. He's only about as tall as I am and he has the face of a fool - sort of distorted or deformed. I can tell he knows more than he seems to, his eyes are clear and sparkle like jewels.

"This isn't real!" I tell him. "It's only a dream, we can fly anywhere we want to."

"Are you sure this is a dream?" he asks, unconvinced.

"Of course it's a dream, I did a state test and the letters changed."

"Try it again, I want to see this."

"Sure," I reply, and I look at a sign, and then away, and then back...but it doesn't change. It continues to read, "Nothing is Real".
"Umm, it didn't change," I tell him.

"Then why do you think this is a dream?" he says, grinning.

"Because I can fly, see?" And I start to float in the air. You can't fly in real life.

"What is this obsession with 'reality'?"

"I don't know," I say. "I guess it's important for me to know what's real and what is a dream."

He laughs hard. "And how do you define 'reality'?"

"Something that exists?" I say, confused.

"Exists to who? To you? To me? To someone else? To God? Does God exist?"

I sit down on the edge of the bed. "It's hard to think cognitively in a dream."

"There you go again. How do you know this is a dream? Did you create all of this? Did you create me? Am I you? Or are you me? Am I dreaming you? Maybe this is all my dream, and when I wake up, you will cease to exist." I sigh and he laughs again, throwing his head back and closing his mischievous, glittering eyes. I slump my shoulders forward depressed. "Don't worry," he soothes, these are all just different planes of reality."

"So when you die, do all your realities die too?"

"Do you mean like a plane crash?" We both laugh at that one. "No, you just move on to different planes of reality."

"Are you sure we don't just cease to exist?"

"Are you afraid of death?" he asks.

"No."

"Then why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious."

"What will you care if I'm right or wrong? If you ceased to exist, then nothing would matter because you wouldn't exist."

"I guess you're right," I respond.

"Nothing matters," he says, grinning. And then he skips away like a child. "Nothing matters! Nothing matters! Nothing matters!"

**Edith
9-3-99**

As lucidity begins, the parents of a small boy, whom in the dream I seem to know, have gone away and left me with the boy. I tell the child, "Get out your little town game again." He does so; it is perhaps an old fashioned mini-town, little houses and so on. The whole atmosphere of the dream is pleasant, and I am delighted to find myself, apparently, an inhabitant of the town. A sense of sunlight, flowers, prettiness. I think to myself, "Now, how do I maintain this? By spinning?"

In my kitchen, in the town I anticipate the delivery of an old-fashioned coal stove, which will replace my contemporary one. In fact, it apparently arrives, for I enjoy lifting the neat round black lid of the rear left "burner" to enjoy the glow of the coals inside.

Comment on the above: In my long-ago childhood in a New England town, my mother cooked on a weird hybrid range that was part gas, part coal. The coal part was fascinating to a child, and comforting on a winter day, always kept at least warm. Stoves and hearths often show up in my semi lucid states, most likely because of their alchemical aspect, transmuting "reality"? With this stove, perhaps I am trying to preserve the dream, keep it "warm"? The miniaturization aspect is also a lucidity trait. Jean Houston in her book, *Mind Games*, suggests that people try to visualize themselves shrinking or growing like Alice in her wonderland. I sometimes see a person's face huge, like a screen close-up. If the dream had been more lucid, perhaps I would have wondered, "Did I grow small or the town big?" Patricia Garfield points out that doubling of images, actions or situations is a lucid trait; here, I ask the child to get out the game "again". In day life, I had gone to a work session of a group of people who, like myself, do some writing for children, and one of our members read us his fantasy tale about a village of bees.

I'd like very much to know whether contributors to the Exchange think that customary kinds of dream analysis are appropriate or useful when applied to lucid experiences?

**C.S.
September 11 1992 5 am**

I heard loud banging, and my bed was shaking. There was no reason for this to be happening so I knew I was dreaming. I rolled over to my left and got out of bed. I wanted to go into the Healing Room. I couldn't walk out the walls or windows - they were solid. I opened the door and walked out.

I was looking for the Healing Room in a rather large, empty-looking area. Then it looked like a medical facility. I approached the girl at the desk, who gave me a cup with two pills. I put them in my apron pocket to see if they would be there when I woke up. They were to be put in my urine or something. I was there to have tests. A tall, blonde medical man was telling me about my illness. I knew I was dreaming and needed to pay close attention to hear what he was saying so that I could remember it when I woke up. The harder I listened, the more he spoke in gibberish. I told him to speak more clearly because I wanted more than anything to understand, but he didn't. I left to continue looking for the Healing Room.

I walked into a narrow hole that went up. I could see the sky and large, colorful boulders flew across it. The sky was dark. Donald was with me. I mentioned how weird the sky was. We continued walking. I was now carrying BB, my deceased cat. We followed a child. She led us over some treacherous, opened floors. We were walking on narrow, wooden planks. I asked for the Healing Room, and then decided perhaps my dream would work better if I asked for the Healing Light.

I noticed I was holding BB with great love and tenderness, and my feelings were very loving. I said perhaps this is the Healing Light; that I'm back with BB and getting a healing about my painful loss of BB. So I continued to love and kiss BB and felt really good inside. I also noticed that Donald was with me at my side and how grateful I was for that and perhaps that was the Healing Light.

The scene changed, and we could see a city like New York City in front of us. All the buildings started to explode and fires started. It was a horrible conflagration and extremely vivid. Inasmuch as I was dreaming, I took Donald to fly over it. I thought I woke up and went to Donald's room to ask him if he remembered the dream we dreamed together. Then I really woke up. I was lying on my right side. **[Editor's Note: Please note the date of this dream and the final paragraph about NYC.]**

**Charmaine
7 October 1998**

I'm on a campus of some sort, at first driving down a path, then later walking and floating down into a valleylike area with stairs and railings. The floating triggers lucidity -- I become conscious that I'm projecting my consciousness, and I begin using my strong upper body to thrust my body vigorously around corners so that my feet never need to touch down. Feels kind of like being a balloon -- light and drifts, very free. There are several roads near the campus that I can read signs to, like "VALPARK RD." (There is a "Valley Park Rd." near where I live in waking life at the time of this dream). On campus, I see a large group of new trainees wearing hard fiberglass-like white armor pieces and hoods -- reminiscent of radiation suits. An instructor is timing them with a stopwatch as they move quickly down a given length of paved pathway, leaving two at a time in opposite directions. I know that they're being acclimated to the hazard (radiation?) involved with their working environment.

(Note: On 8 October, I receive my latest copy of Nucleus from the Union of Concerned Scientists and read an article expressing concern about rampant safety problems at nuclear power reactors all across the US that the NRC had not taken seriously or dealt with.)

QUESTIONS FROM DREAM GROUP LEADERS ON-LINE

(c) 1999 Linda Lane Magallon

{Q:} What is lucid dreaming? In Western culture, we are currently calling all "sleep" experiences in which someone is aware they are having the experience at the time they're having it "lucidity." Any number of other cultures, current or in history, have named this phenomenon, and others related to it, by different names.

{Linda:} And, what folks ARE calling "lucid" dreams very often aren't (per the standard use in the dream community). I've heard the term applied to visualizations in the waking state, to very vivid, coherent, colorful, real-seeming (but non-aware that one is dreaming) dreams. And (this is the tricky one), to lucid borderland experiences, especially when one is in a dreamy state of consciousness, purposely making up a story. What I call "imagineering" doesn't occur in a sleep state, because you are still aware of things like the pressure of your body on the bed and can so easily be disturbed by outside noises. Aware imagination, no matter how close to sleep, isn't a "lucid dream," in my book.

{Q:} So, are you really "re-entering" the dream when you visualize it again the waking state?

{Linda:} In my experience, there is a difference between the context of a waking visualization and that of a dream, even a lucid dream. The waking experience is much more likely to conform to waking ego expectation and sequential flow of logic. On the other hand, the dream might scene shift to someplace totally different and my dreaming self do things I'd never "dream" of doing, even resist doing while awake.

{Q:} Is there such a thing as "borderline"lucidity? Or are there "pre-lucid"experiences or near-lucid ones that people could be encouraged to become aware of?

{Linda:} Sure. Dreamworker Jill Gregory did a piece in *Dream Network Bulletin* describing various levels of lucidity. I helped her define the terms. Ed Kellogg has his own schema, very similar to Jill's, which has been in use during the last mutual lucid dreaming project.

{Q:} Has anyone encountered any information relating lucid dreaming to "non-first-person dreams" - that is, dreams in which the dreamer experiences dream events from the standpoint of another person or persons or animal or non-waking standpoint?

{Linda:} I've had plenty of lucid dreams in which I was not-Linda. I might have "seen another" and then "become the other." Or simply started the dream as another.

{Q:} Is there any evidence pro or con that introverts are more likely to have lucid dreams spontaneously? Do as many extroverts as introverts have lucid dreams?

{Linda:} Ernest Hartmann showed that "thick boundaried" people tend to recall their dreams less than "thin boundaried" people and there is a tendency for "thin boundaried" people to be

introverts. Thus, the population that remembers their dreams is already skewed in favor of the introverts.

{Q:} Do people of certain MBTI-types have lucid dreams and others not? Or do certain enneagram types?

{Linda:} Off the top of my head, I don't know of any Enneagram 3 and 8 lucid dreamers, but I can think of examples from the rest of the pack. I suspect it includes the entire spectrum, because a couple of years ago, LaBerge had his readership take Myers-Briggs exams and discovered that there were lucid dreamers from virtually every one of the 16 personality types.

{Q:} What do people want out of lucid dreaming?

{Linda:} My observation is that there is a correlation between a person's motivation for lucid dreaming and their personality trait indicators. In general, the Myers-Briggs "NF's" love meaning and significance while the "NT's" tend towards accomplishment (which can include becoming an accomplished dreamworker) and exploration. In general. There are always exceptions to this "rule."

{Q:} If you have a heart's desire and then you have the opportunity to obtain it through lucid dreaming, what happens then?

{Linda:} I have heard folks tell stories about being satiated by obtaining their heart's desire in a lucid dream and then getting bored by the whole thing. I would contend that whatever they attained wasn't a nourishing heart's desire. In my view, and unlike an addiction (being fed by cotton candy that doesn't really satisfy), a nourishing desire packs the vitamins and minerals that result in growth and change. I would call flying in dreams a nourishing desire. I've never tired of it and engaging in that activity continues to move me towards health.

{Q:} Do you know where I might find information about spontaneous lucid dreamers which either demonstrates a correlation between lucid dreaming and visual and/or other sensory disability on the part of the dreamers?

{Linda:} When I was reading and analyzing the letters in response to LaBerge's 1984 Parade magazine article, I found 5 people who claimed to use lucid dreaming as a substitute for physical outlet: a paraplegic, amputee, paralytic, a person in a body cast...and one who claimed to have been in a coma!

{J:} Linda, I knew you were helping with that (1984 LaBerge) information, but I didn't know you still had the data in your mind.

{Linda:} Ah, come on J., you didn't think I actually had that data in memory storage, did you? Me??? But I do have a pretty good filing system. Moon and rising sign in Virgo.

{Q:} If lucidity is something like reading - a thing we can learn to do - and it does seem it's a learned sort of thing, then why haven't more people learned?

{Linda:} Lack of motivation. No cultural support. Ergo, if you do it on your own, it can be quite a bit of work. Adults do not like to put out energy for something that doesn't have a practical payoff. If they do, it has to have intrinsic benefit for them, personally.

Didn't doing something for its own merit go out in the '60s? :-)

{Q:} Does recording your dreams help you obtain lucidity?

{Linda:} When I take advantage of a warmed-up base of energy and attention to dreams (via recall and recording), then the launch to lucidity from this higher platform takes less energy than from ground zero. However, lucidity still requires an extra jolt during the previous day plus reinforcement during the night.

{Q:} So, how do you get lucid?

{Linda:} In my experience, the success formula for encouraging the emergence of a lucid dream has three main requirements.

1) The exercise of cognition.

Stephen's MILD does this. But I've observed that to ask "Am I dreaming?" provokes you to question whether you actually are or not. As a result, there's an amazing number of false awakenings in the LaBerge lab. I think it's better to affirm "I am awake"...I am awake in the waking state...I am awake in the dream. There are other cognitive approaches to try after you use MILD.

2) The availability of energy.

This is why it's easier to achieve lucidity in the early morning hours: you've already gone through delta to recuperate from most of the previous day's toxins.

MILD plus early morning wakings and return to sleep is what I call "top-down" lucidity. Given my own depression/fatigue biochemistry, this approach is not nearly enough.

My trick is to use "bottom up" lucidity instead. Get the cooperation of the dreaming self. Energize the dreaming self. Give her fuel for a rise in consciousness. And her favorite/my favorite dream activity? Yep, you guessed it. Flying. I incubate flying dreams.

But, I don't just self-suggest. I nurture my dreaming self by 1) moving around during the day while thinking about flying and 2) "feeding" us with flying imagery, via TV, movies, videos.

Flying dreams = movement + imagery.

Then, after some days flying, my dreaming self has enough of an energy-base, enough gasoline to go lucid. She just might do it spontaneously. But usually, I still need to add the electric spark, the cognitive self-suggestion.

3. A dream focus that supports lucidity.

Here's the big bugaboo for most dream groups. You've spent so much time doing dreamwork on the heavy burdens of life, down in the dumps, and now, you want to rise to lucidity? Good luck.

For me, dreamwork and lucidity don't mix...until AFTER you are a skilled lucid dreamer. To go lucid and to do hard psychological work is too much to ask your novice dreaming self...who is first of all, your Inner Child. So, forget dreamwork for awhile. Focus on dreamplay.

And, when I say "dreamplay," I am NOT referring to art therapy on dreams-of-the-past. I mean focusing on dreams of the type that Abraham Maslow calls "growth level" or "self-actualization." The playful, creative, active, humorous, colorful, artistic, musical, delightful and peak experience dreams. Like singing a flying song or acting a bird or creating a flying Tarot deck to help INCUBATE such dreams-of-the-future.

What, you've never had growth level dreams? Make some up. Remember your dreams of childhood. Listen to group members' dreams. Read other people's examples. Create a new dream reality.

{Q:} Who Is Abraham Maslow?

{Linda:} A *very* under appreciated American psychologist, who wrote '60s-80's. Unlike Freud, et. al., who fixated on psychopathology, Maslow claimed that you can't appreciate the human psyche without including the best case scenario, too. He spent 20 years studying the human optimum.

But in terms of dreams, his most important contribution was the observation that there is a correlation between a person's dreams and a person's health (mental health, in particular). I agree: you can take the "temperature" of your psyche by paying attention to the content of your dream and comparing it with Maslow's scale of needs. (Is the dream a cry for love? A worry about safety and security? A response to indigestion? A blaze of illumination?)

However, in my opinion, looking at a single dream isn't as important as analyzing a series or group of dreams to determine your average (which requires keeping a dream journal). Further, your plateau of development (your average dream rating) can be raised as you grow towards self-actualization...by nurturing your dreaming self to greater and greater health and actualization of her latent potential.

Dreamspeak – continued from page 3

<L> What do you think is the future of lucid dreaming?

I hope that lucid dreaming will become even better known, due to movies like "Vanilla Sky" and the work of lucid dream proponents and researchers. I hope that people will go beyond lucid dreaming as an interesting curiosity and see lucid dreaming's potential to explore consciousness and effect our understanding of psychology, and our subjective reality and larger world.

Also, I imagine that individuals will begin to go deeper into lucid dreams and try to find some boundaries to lucid dreaming's depths. About 8 or 9 years ago, I ultimately decided to try and go "beyond lucid dreaming" - beyond symbolism, beyond preconceptions, beyond expectations. At first, I didn't realize what was happening, and I began to have some very unusual and special experiences, which are actually hard to verbalize. To sum it up, I think lucid dreaming has a "bright" future.

Robert Waggoner can be contacted at dreambob@aol.com

A Virtual Reality Dream – continued from page 6

In this **VR** scenario, I felt keenly interested in how well **VR** objects simulated the corresponding **WPR** objects, and consciously and continuously noted any of the discrepancies between what I saw, and the physical reality counterparts they "simulated". I made extensive use of quotation marks (" ") in the dream account above to indicate my continuous and overt awareness - even in minor details - that I experienced **VR** objects and not **WPR** objects. Because of this critical mindset, I looked at everything in the dreamscape with fresh eyes, trying to take nothing for granted. Even so, in a technical sense this dream does not qualify as a "lucid" because I did not realize that I dreamed. This occurred not through any lack of mental lucidity on my part, but because of a false 2025 "memory" which made the **VR** explanation a better fit for what I experienced than the dream explanation. This experience makes for some interesting speculations as to the relationships between lucidity, memory and personal identity.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

EXTENDED DEADLINE: June 28 2002

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

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

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

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

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

Subject: send nosex2.pdf

You will receive the file as an email attachment (named nosex2.pdf). Open and print the file with Adobe Acrobat 4.0 (earlier versions of Acrobat may not work). Please carefully read and follow the instructions, do the experiment, and return when finished. If you don't already have version 4.0 of Acrobat Reader, you can get it free from Adobe. If you are unable to download and print the file, you may request a printed copy by emailing your address to: Ouroboras@lycos.com We would like to have data returned by **June 28, 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!

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/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>

Check out **the5aint's** website 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

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.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Robert Waggoner interviews a lucid dreamer.

Regarding Edith's question, do you think that customary kinds of dream analysis are appropriate or useful when applied to lucid experiences? Send us your thoughts!

Please send in your water lucid dreams: swimming, boating, raining, walking on water, etc. And as usual, any and all lucid dreams are welcome!

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!

NEXT DEADLINE

Submission deadline for LDE 23 is **May 15 2002**; mailing date is June 1 2002. Please send your submissions to Lucy Gillis at: lucy_gillis@hotmail.com or to Robert Waggoner at PO Box 11, Ames IA 50010

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!!