“To Infinity and Beyond!”
Carl Jung, Lucid Dreamer

Lucid Recovery From the Automobile Nightmares
Lucid Nightmares, Sleep Paralysis, OBE Sensations
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“One of God’s greatest gifts are the nightly adventures he sends us on called lucid dreams. He even lets us use our beds as the magic carpets that take us there.”

Lisa Frederick

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Statement of Purpose
The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles.
Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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

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

*Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

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An Interview With Beverly D'Urso: A Lucid Dreamer - Part Three
© Beverly D'Urso
Questions by Robert Waggoner

Beverly D'Urso (formerly Beverly Kedzierski, and also Bev Heart) is an incredible lucid dreamer. She served as Stephen LaBerge's main lucid dream research subject in the early years of his research work, and helped provide key insights into lucid dreaming. Interviewed by magazines, national and local television, and other media, Beverly has promoted a greater understanding of lucid dreaming and "lucid living." The LDE is pleased to provide a multi-issue interview of this fascinating lucid dreamer.
Robert: How did your lucid dreaming develop after the birth of your son?

Beverly: My mom was feeling better during the years after my son Adrian was born. She visited us often, and we would go to Chicago to see her, as well. Adrian and she became best friends. In the year 2000, I had the biggest challenge of my life. Adrian had started kindergarten. I talked to my mom on the phone almost every day. She was still living in my childhood home, near Chicago. Six days before her planned trip to visit us in California for the holidays, she drove a friend to lunch. That night she told her neighbor that she was feeling good. I had a dream that night, which I shared with Chris and Adrian during breakfast. In the dream, I went to help a woman I loved, who was hanging on her house by her fingertips. Soon, I was hanging by my fingertips, as well. Chris told us that he dreamed we were going on a trip, and I was quickly getting ready.

That morning, in Chicago, my mother didn't answer her door, so her neighbor came in. She found my mom on the floor, next to her bed, unconscious. The doctors called me to say that my mom had had a sudden, massive stroke, and all four quadrants of her brain were instantly destroyed. She would only exist in a vegetative state. I needed to take her off life-support, as she requested in her living will. Chris, Adrian, and I flew to Chicago immediately. Needless to say, the next twelve days before Christmas were a very difficult and emotional time.

Robert: I remember the year before my father passed away, I had a number of lucid and apparently precognitive dreams giving me information - but on one level, nothing can prepare you for it. How did you deal with this?

Beverly: First, I needed to give the okay to remove her ventilator. Everyone thought that she would die at this point. The night before this was scheduled, I had a dream that my husband and I were at the edge of the beach. A tidal wave was coming. In the distance, we saw angels flying toward us in a "V" formation. We thought the tidal wave would demolish us, but instead, the angels flew right over our heads and protected us. This dream told me that I would be able to survive this ordeal. Coincidentally, the ventilator was removed at the exact time that her plane to California was scheduled to take off. However, she still lived, and we had more decisions to make. Do we give her an IV? Is glucose considered food? We did not want to prolong her life in this state. One time, I stayed up all night with her in the hospital. When I finally did go to bed, I had a dream of her. She said to me, "Get some sleep, I'll take care of the body."

Finally, it was Christmas Eve. My mom and I had been together almost every year of my life at midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, in my hometown church. Christmas Eve was her favorite day of the year. She always said, "If we are ever lost, let's meet on this night at our church, in our regular seats". My mother died right at midnight, officially Christmas Day morning.

After her funeral, I stayed alone in my childhood home for another few weeks, to go through fifty years of stuff that had been collected. I made the decision to rent out the house.

Robert: That must have been an extremely difficult and emotional time. Did dreaming help, or was that painful too?

Beverly: My life, as well as my dreams, was quite a struggle after this. In my dreams, I hated to see my mom, only to remember that she had died, which would happen when I was lucid. This was too much to handle. I didn't want to be reminded, once again, in the sleep state, that my mother had died. It was enough to deal with it while awake. I decided not to have lucid dreams for a while. I had a strong intent and a physical need for this to happen. I did have regular, non-lucid dreams of her.

At each stage of my grief, these non-lucid dreams of my mother evolved. First, I dreamed of her and I doing our usual activities. I could have enjoyed these dreams, if I didn't have to feel such shock when I woke up and remembered that she had indeed died. Next, I started dreaming that my mother did not die after all. Then, I had dreams in which she had died, but mysteriously came back to life. I didn't question this in the dreams.

I had many dreams of my childhood home during this time, as well. I did not get lucid, even with great clues, such as when house was changed in impossible ways. Things were very bizarre. Other people were living there, as was now the case with
the renters, in reality. I felt angry and confused. I went to grief therapy for over a year. Using peer counseling and group sharing, I demonstrated more and more acceptance of my mother's death. Little by little, I took the knowledge of her death into my dreams and began to explain it to other dream characters. Finally, after explaining my mother's death to my "father" in a dream, I was able to interact with my "mother," and actually discuss her death. At this point, I had a significant degree of lucidity, and my dreams felt more comfortable, and sometimes enlightening.

Robert: I recall that a month after my father's death, I became lucid and insisted on seeing my father. Amazingly, the dream characters told me that "no, it is too soon". So instead, I had a fascinating conversation with them. After that my dream characters in lucid dreams were quite supportive and caring, and I did go on to have lucid conversations with my deceased father. How did your lucid dreaming progress?

Beverly: In the spring of the year 2002, a year and a half after my mother's death, the lease was up on my childhood home. I needed to sell the house. But could I? Spontaneously, I dreamed that I found the witches in my childhood home. I surrendered to them, and they pulled me under the closet door, where they came from. I merged with the witches. The biggest fears of my childhood were resolved. In my dreams, my fear was to go with the witches. In life, my fear was my mother's death. At last, I could sell the house easily, and I felt that I had healed quite a bit. In the last dream I had of my childhood home, I flew out the picture window like a powerful witch.

After this, I would bring my mother into my dreams. We would embrace and I'd say, "I love you and I miss you, mom." Sometimes, in my dreams, I am still convincing her that she really died. This tells me that some level of grief still exists. One time, in a dream, I said to my mom, "You are safe now, you are in heaven!" I heard the message for myself, as I see my mother as part of my higher self, the Dreamer of life. I presented my grief dreams in a paper at ASD2003 called, "Witches, the House, and Grief: Developing and Avoiding Lucid Dreaming." I was now in a place to get on with discussing my work on "lucid living!"

Robert: Yes, please tell us about lucid living.

Beverly: Before I discuss lucid living, I need to define a few more terms. When discussing a non-lucid dream while awake, I refer to my dream self as "me" or "I," (as in: "I was flying") and I refer to my physical self (or part of my physical self's "mind") as the one who creates the dream, whom I call the dreamer. By definition then, I can not call my dream self the dreamer, although I recognize that some people do. Note, that I do not feel my physical self's brain contains my physical self's mind. I also assume that a "mind" is not physical. In a lucid dream, although I also refer to my dream self as "I", I can sense my connection to the dreamer, and I feel like a "larger, expanded self." Sometimes I even feel connected to what I'll later describe as the "Dreamer of life."

Robert: So in a regular dream, you consider the dream creator as apart from the dream actor. But in a lucid dream, you are aware that the dream creator is also a portion of the dream actor, and in that sense, the awareness is expanded. Right?

Beverly: Yes, but I'd clarify that in a regular, non-lucid dream, from the "perspective" of the dream actor, the dream creator seems to be separate or actually never even considered.

Although I usually say that my dream exists in my physical self's mind, it usually feels as though my dream self, whom you have called the dream actor, and my physical self exist in separate dimensions, and when I "wake up", I change dimensions (or perspectives.) Most importantly, when I become lucid, I feel that my thoughts definitely do not come from my dream self's mind.
or brain, but from my physical self's mind. For example, my dream self will often have a different life, history, motivations, and goals than my physical self.

So, to summarize, in a lucid dream I usually experience myself in a 3-dimensional, vivid world that I believe my physical self's mind has created. Therefore, I feel safe because I feel I exist in my physical self's mind and not in physical reality (where my physical body resides). Because I see the dream as being created by my physical self's mind, I also know that anything I (the dreamer) can imagine can happen. By believing that everyone and everything around me in the dream, including my dream self and other dream characters, exists in my physical self's mind, I experience everyone as "one", or "made of the same substance" and all "parts of a whole."

Robert: Okay, I think I am following you. How does this relate to lucid living?

Beverly: When I view my waking life as a dream, a dream in which I know I am dreaming (to various degrees, of course), I call this lucid living. Waking life may feel 'real' and unlike a 'dream,' merely because I lack lucidity, just as non-lucid dreams can feel like physical reality, until I become lucid. I try to view life as an "actual dream" and not to merely use lucid living as a therapy or philosophy. The assumptions that come from viewing life as a dream can be very powerful and can expand what we feel is possible in life.

If I look at waking life as a dream, then I can also use lucid dreaming techniques that I learned from my sleeping dream experiences, to more easily become lucid in my waking life. When lucid in waking life, I can become more "free", have fun, accomplish goals, feel connected, and maybe even experience magic in my waking life, as I have in my sleeping lucid dreams.

Robert: So you try to transpose the lessons and experiences of achieving results in lucid dreaming, to the world of waking reality. In so doing, you have used this knowledge and perception to support your experience of lucid living.

Beverly: In lucid living, I think of our physical selves as dream selves in a dream called "waking life." I also imagine a Dreamer who is dreaming our lives. Note the capital "D" to distinguish from the use of dreamer as part of a physical self's mind. Sometimes, I view this Dreamer as some "Being" asleep in a bed in another dimension. Other times, I view the Dreamer as a nonphysical "God" or an all-encompassing, collective "Mind." I guess there could be levels of Dreamers as well.

Either way, when I am lucid in waking life, I sense a connection to this Dreamer, whom I sometimes call my Higher-Self. I begin to respond to things from the perspective of this Dreamer. As in a lucid sleeping dream, I feel "safe," I believe in "limitless possibilities", and I see everyone in waking life as "one" or "parts of a whole."

Robert: So how do you suggest one go about achieving this state, and living waking life lucidly?

Beverly: Throughout my life, I have developed techniques for becoming lucid in my sleeping dreams, and I have found there are many uses for lucid dreaming. Some of these uses include: psychological development, trying new behaviors, healing, and more. I've found that all of my techniques, below, can apply, whether we find ourselves asleep or awake, i.e., in sleeping dreams or in waking life.

To become lucid in my sleeping dreams, or in my waking life, I often look for unusual or impossible situations. In my sleeping dreams, I will often see someone who has died and that will clue me that I am dreaming. At times, in my waking life, especially during tense situations, I look for the unusual and wonder if I am dreaming. Without knowing for sure, I begin to find more evidence, my reactions turn powerful, and I began to relax.

Robert: In other words, you use odd actions or events as a notice to step back from the event and become more broadly aware, just as we all do in lucid dreams. This is opposed to regular
dreams or regular waking life, where, unaware, we let ourselves get more drawn into the odd or fearful event. In lucid living, you act like your lucid dreaming self, right?

Beverly: Yes, sometimes I "act as if," or pretend I am dreaming. I often ask myself, or others, if I am dreaming. I also make sure to "test" if I am dreaming. An example of a test is when I try to float. If I do float, I know I am dreaming for sure, and I become lucid. I have not floated in my waking life, but I do not rule it out as an impossibility. I have become more open, for example, to stories of yogis levitating.

Another valuable technique is to review recurring dreams and nightmares and practice imagining myself having new reactions. I have learned to modify my reaction to a monster in a recurring sleep-state nightmare. I have also changed my response to friends at key times in waking life. The key involves viewing the monster as part of my physical self's mind, in the case of the nightmare. In the waking life situation, I view my friends as part of my Higher-Self, or the Dreamer of life.

When trying to become lucid in my sleeping dreams, and in my waking life, I find it valuable to get myself motivated. For example, I can teach or take a class on lucid dreaming or lucid living. It helps to record, share, and visualize my sleeping dreams and my waking life situations. I especially like to do exercises to help me become lucid in both sleeping dreams, and in waking life.

Robert: Could you tell us about a possible exercise to become more lucid in either state?

Beverly: Here is an example of an exercise. I stop and I ask myself if I could be dreaming several times a day, perhaps every time I wash my hands, or climb down steps, or do some activity that doesn't happen too often or too seldom. What I practice while awake, I eventually find myself doing in my sleeping dreams, so this technique helps me become lucid both in my waking and sleeping states.

One of the most valuable tools I have used for motivating me to become lucid in sleeping dreams involves setting goals. Sometimes, I become lucid and decide not to change the direction of my dream, in order to carry out a goal. In this case, I go with the flow of the dream. However, when I do have an interesting goal, I get motivated to become and remain lucid. In my lucid dreaming classes, I suggest that my students start with a simple goal to accomplish in their lucid dream. I ask them to decide the first steps that they can accomplish from wherever they might find themselves, and I tell them to decide this ahead of time, while awake. I find that a goal of "becoming lucid" does not work as well as a goal of doing something fun in the limitless world of dreams. This applies to waking life as well.

As a sleeping lucid dreamer, I learned to remain in my dreams, to wake up out of them, to change them, to go back into them, to become more lucid, and to accomplish intricate goals within them. I would like to do this in my waking state as well.

Robert: Well that sounds like something anyone could try. But what about lucid living?

Beverly: There are aspects of lucid dreaming that apply to lucid living and can help us live our lives more fully. In waking life, we may identify our physical bodies with our selves. The same thought occurs in non-lucid dreams, where we identify our dream bodies with our selves. We may believe that if our dream body dies, we die. We feel this way because we are not aware of our physical self in non-lucid dreams. We continue to feel this way until we wake up out of the dream and discover that the dream happened in our "mind" and not in "reality". We think, after the fact that we could have responded differently had we realized that we'd dreamed.
Of course, even in sleeping lucid dreams, we might not, for example, jump off a cliff, if we didn't feel positive that we were dreaming, and that we could, for example, merely fly away. We might just continue to dream that we had a very bad accident.

In general, after waking up from dreams, we don't think that our dream bodies have 'died,' but understand that we have merely switched focus. Will we someday wake up out of our lives and merely change focus as well?

Our goal, then, in lucid living, involves learning to respond differently, at times, and with less fear in our waking lives. We do not need to wait until 'after the fact' to realize that we could have responded more fully and with more freedom in our lives. Instead, we can 'wake up within our waking life!'

Robert: It's interesting in lucid dreaming, and perhaps this goes for lucid living as well, that a broader awareness leads to the realization of a new type of relationship with the so-called reality around you. In turn, the aware person begins to act in that so-called reality in a new way. In lucid living, are one's actions different?

Beverly: Yes. For example, lucid dreamers have experienced the amazing feeling of having an exciting goal for a dream and making it happen. We can experience the joy of making things happen more often in our waking state, by learning to become lucid in waking life and set upon accomplishing tasks with a new outlook that anything is possible. At the very least, we can probably gain an understanding of how we may block ourselves and try again, knowing we have endless possibilities.

An example, from an early stage of my sleeping lucid dream development, illustrates this point. In my dream, I could not fly to my destination because I kept hitting telephone poles. When I decided that "this is my dream," I was able to fly right through the poles. I also realized that it was my physical self's mind that created the telephone poles to begin with!

When we increase our lucidity in waking life, we can also feel a sense of oneness with everyone and everything. We can live as if our Higher-Self does indeed "create our own reality." We can experience an altered state of consciousness, and at the extreme, we can have what one might call "mystical experiences."

Beverly: In lucid dreams, I try to remember that all the dream characters make up parts of my dreamer's mind. Similarly, the next time we find ourselves in an undesirable situation in our waking life, we can take action with the belief that other people make up parts of our Higher-Self, the Dreamer.

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Lucid Nightmares,
Sleep Paralysis,
OBE Sensations

"Nowadays, for me, SP is hardly frozen panicky immobility, but a sign and signal that announces more interesting phenomena to come; and the lucid dreaming experiences that follow are mostly mind manifesting and creative encounters with the uncanny."

Jorge Conesa, Wrestling With Ghosts
A Personal and Scientific Study of Sleep Paralysis

whose face was shadowed, stepped over my bed. It was when I tried to call out for help did I realize I was once again stuck in a dream. My throat was harsh, barely a whisper, and his arm came near my upper body and I felt him slash a cold, sharp blade through my neck. When my body started to release me from the "dream", I came through with the feel of my blood draining from my neck, with my mouth choking to the taste of a liquid metal feeling in it.

Of course, as usual, when I could move my arms, I grasped my neck to make sure there was no gash to be found across my neck and searched my home for the shadowy figure that I knew did not exist.

The "dreams" are too real for my mind to handle so the fear factor always takes over, though I have been going through them for years. It always feels so real, but I know they are not. I just wonder why they have become so violent.

Erin Sapp
April 2004

This was a very simple occurrence, and one of the few times I have successfully lucid dreamt? dreamed?...anyway, there was a monster chasing me all over a big multi-story, wooden, ramshackle house. I realized it was a dream so I made a scalpel appear in my hand, I think it was my left hand, and I sliced my right forearm.

The pain woke me up and I had to double check to make sure I wasn't actually bleeding (I wasn't). I'm sure this was inspired by A Nightmare on Elm Street where the main character, Nancy, burns her arm on a pipe to wake up from being chased through the boiler room by Freddy Krueger but hey, it really happened to me and it really worked.

Usually when I am having a nightmare (as I do pretty often) I have to wait til I moan or cry enough that my
I cut deep with my knife into the unresponsive body. I still go on thinking of the best ways to perfect the killing. An axe, yes, I have an axe now in my hands. The Hitler figure now lies on the belly in the dust, and I thrust the blade into the lower spine. Feel it is dull, but go on hammering on the body, until upper and lower body are entirely separated. I don't feel rage, but more a mindset saying I now do, what inevitably must be done. I think, this is an important point I must report to my people (of the WDPB).

I see threads of nerves, muscles and vessels, but no blood (which puzzles me, but doesn't bring me back to lucidity). This work diligently done, the scene shifts. I'm now sitting at a table with a man of secret service (no Nazi!). He says, in a casual way, my killing doesn't matter much. Baffled I reply: "You can restore the operating system?" He says: "Yes, within three days." And then he turns to the pictured catalogue in his hands. I try to catch a glimpse of what it is. Rows of thumbnail pictures, somewhat like advertisements, one of them, where he points his finger, has this old time (~Nazi) style of printing on it, some sentence, I can't clearly see, but it is propaganda.

The picture shows a young man. The secret agent says something like he will phone him, and within three days a new Hitler is installed. I feel a sense of futility, not like crying it out loud, but very deep within. Like something very fragile broke, which held before my sense of idealism. Something, which can never more be mended. I feel I have been duped all the time, all my life, I feel deeply frustrated.

Comment: This one must be seen in the frame of peace work we are doing at www.worlddreamspeacebridge. I'm not entirely clear about what the dream means now. But I guess on one layer it reflects loss of my "innocent" ideals in the face of worldwide war and terrorism. I'm thankful for that moment of lucidity, which allowed me to stay in the dream in spite of my deep fear and gain all the knowledge, even if it means confronting with a darker and aggressive side of me. And although this dream left me with a feeling of frustration, it shines a light on a depression I couldn't express and understand so clearly before the dream.

And I guess this is advice for sufferers of nightmares: Be brave and confront the shadow(s). Lucidity is very helpful in this regard. Must say I rarely have nightmarish dreams, so this one is outstanding, even among my lucid dreams. Warm light!

Lisa Eckelkamp
May 2004

I have been having the same experience for the past year. I explain it to my husband as if it is real, a sleep paralysis in which I cannot move. I have since been diagnosed with sleep paralysis.

Ralf Penderak
May 3 2004, Operating System Persists

I'm on a walk in the forest (looks like ours in Badendorf). In an opening I see a lectern, Swastika festooned. With a jolt I realise that Hitler will give a speech here in a minute. Without a question I must use the singular opportunity and kill him. I take a right turn and arrive at a strange mechanism. Mainly a tube with six inches lumen, but the rim of the tube is hollow, too, attached with some intersections to the inner rim. (Looks like a plastic model of a trunk, in a way.) This device has something to do with the forces of (political) resistance.

I have an amount of water with me, and now it is my turn to fill the liquid into the hollow rim of the tube, which stands, somewhat inclined in my direction. I think, there is not much space, soon I see the level of water closing in to the upper end. But my reservoir of water is empty now, I feel a sense of loss, as if I don't have enough of it, or as if I have sacrificed the most important part of it.

Then I go on to the opening. The closer I get, the more the region of opening turns to a threatening black and white scenario. Dark shapes are closing in on me. I feel I will lose my life in this action. I retreat somewhat, so do they then. But I must do it now, in the duty of humanity! I close again to the dark forces, full of fear and at the same time realise I'm dreaming. That takes away the fear, I get detached (also aloof) and watch the thing from above. Colors return. I feel close to waking up physical, but want to continue the dream. I think about different ways of killing Hitler now.

(Lucidity fades to lower levels after I made the decision to stay in the dream). I imagine thrusting a knife in his back, but not on the right side, it must be left, I think, where his heart is. After that I must cut his throat, to make the murder really complete, there must be no way for him to survive my attack. Dunno whether I'll have enough time. While thinking so, I'm drawn back into the scene and do the slaying. (The Hitler figure doesn't quite look like he did in real life, but it is a man in his early thirties, maybe, with blond hair and no beard). He doesn't resist at all, but - as long as he stands - just presents an indifferent smile, more like a crash test dummy.

And then he turns to the pictured catalogue in his hands. I try to catch a glimpse of what it is. Rows of thumbnail pictures, somewhat like advertisements, one of them, where he points his finger, has this old time (~Nazi) style of printing on it, some sentence, I can't clearly see, but it is propaganda.

The picture shows a young man. The secret agent says something like he will phone him, and within three days a new Hitler is installed. I feel a sense of futility, not like crying it out loud, but very deep within. Like something very fragile broke, which held before my sense of idealism. Something, which can never more be mended. I feel I have been duped all the time, all my life, I feel deeply frustrated.

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Lisa Eckelkamp
May 2004

I have been having the same experience for the past year. I explain it to my husband as if it is real, a sleep paralysis in which I cannot move. I have since been diagnosed with sleep paralysis.
The dream is almost the same every time. It occurs when I first fall to sleep. Especially when I am very tired or go to bed later than usual.

The dream is almost like a hallucination. I am paralyzed physically and yet I hear noises. The answer phone going off very loudly over and over, my two year old screaming on the monitor. I try to yell for help and yet only a whisper emerges. I fight it and finally I wake or my husband wakes me. It’s so frightening, one of the most frightening experiences I have ever had.

The scariest one yet occurred a few night ago. I could hear my son asking for mommy, I could hear his footsteps running across the wood floors in our bedroom but I could not open my eyes to see him. I was in the dark hearing this go on and I could do nothing.

The only way I release myself from this dreaming completely is to fight the dream until I awake and then get up and rinse my face with cold water. I can then return to normal sleep.

Jennifer Summerall
March 29 2004, Help Me

I am a 30 year old woman living in Denver, CO. Have had dreams like this in the past, but not in the recent past. This time was particularly frightening to me as there was an "entity" present.

It was around 3 am, I thought that I woke up because I could see everything around me including the alarm clock. But I couldn’t move. This has happened to me before so I was slightly aware of what was happening, but I couldn’t get myself to the point of total awareness.

It felt as though my muscles had tightened up, and I was pressing myself down into the bed. I was laying face up, which I normally don’t do. I could hear someone’s voice in my head saying "Help me" over and over again, but I could not see anyone. I had an overwhelming feeling of anxiousness, and felt like I began to vibrate from inside my stomach. I thought at that moment I was at the brink of having a seizure, which I have never had.

At this point I began to hear myself breathing heavily, and at the same time I could hear the other person saying "help me" it was almost coming from my mouth, but I couldn’t make myself scream, only air came out. At one point I believed that my husband rolled over to look at me, and that I felt his hand touch mine along side my body, and I tried to pinch him to get his attention to tell him that I couldn’t move.

But my husband has no recollection of that happening. I had an overwhelming feeling that I was being possessed. I was hot and began to sweat around my neck and on my back. There was a lot of pressure between my back and the bed, as if I were becoming heavier and heavier by the minute.

This felt like an eternity, and I do not remember at what point I fell asleep again, but when I woke up my muscles were sore, and I was anxious inside for most of the morning.

Richard H
April 2004

I had a lucid dream this morning. It's the first I've had for a long time. Here's what happened: It is nighttime, and I'm at a house I am not familiar with. Three cats that live at the house come running up. Every time I try to walk somewhere, one of the cats stands right in my way. When I try to move them, they attack me. I eventually throw each one of them in turn. Once each cat had been thrown, they tended to stay away from me.

Then a policeman with a mag light shows up. I decided to follow him around, because I don't feel safe. He walks outside, and I watch while I stand next to the house. He seems to be walking up to two or three zombie-looking figures. Then the policeman transforms into a zombie right before my eyes. The zombies all face me, and start to approach me. Zombies?? I think to myself. I must be dreaming! I become lucid, and it feels great. But the zombies are still approaching me. I don't have much time to react. Instead of becoming afraid, I become very positive, and feel very safe. I face the zombies, and even start to approach them. I collide with the first zombie head on. There is an explosion of lucidity and dramatic "Matrix" sounding music as I willfully remove the zombies out of existence.

Then I am standing at the top of the mountain the house is on, right before sunrise. There is a beautiful view of a lake, and a city around it. The water shimmers very realistically, and the rising sun makes it very beautiful. I study the water for a few minutes. It starts to look a little artificial, but still fully believable. The ripples are traveling in directional lines, and expanding circles. Then I fly down and look at the side of a building still blown away by the realism. I pick up an odd shaped piece off the side of the building. I run my hand over it. It's unlike any material I have ever seen, as if it's from the future. (Metallic/Plastic, smooth and shiny.) From there it gets fuzzy, and I have a false awakening before really waking up. It was a visually intense dream. I enjoyed it immensely.
I have had some horribly nightmarish lucid dreams before. It would be my pleasure to share my stories with you. I have used lucid dreams to control nightmares and it has worked nine times out of ten. How I did it was - well, I don't really know that. All I know is one minute I'm in a nightmare then the next I'm back in control. I suffered from massive nightmares from the time I was about six until I was twelve. One night after a very disturbing nightmare I awoke and vowed never to have a nightmare again. From there I began perfecting my ability to control my dreams. I have been in total control of my dreams for four years now. I have the ability to decide who I want in my dreams, where we are in my dreams, how old I am and they are in my dreams, and I also so have the ability to "pause" my dreams when I have to wake up and then resume the dream where I left off that night.

Although I still have some minor problems to work out I have been experiencing a new level where sometimes, but not all the time - depending on the act and/or setting, I can actually feel, taste, and smell. Example, I had a dream that I was walking on the beach with a chosen person and as we walked I could smell the ocean with the salty smell. I could feel the sand on my feet and if I picked up a shell from off the sand I could actually feel it in my hand - the texture, the imprints - as if I were actually holding that object.

My advice to those who are suffering from nightmares is "If you want them to stop you can do it if you put your mind to it and are really in tune with your mind. It will take a short while but if you work at it you can achieve it".

Lucy Gillis
May 6 2003 (OBE/Paralysis Sensations Auditory Hallucinations) Running Animal

After being awake for a while, still thinking about the previous dream I’ve just had: I feel like I’m lying sort of face down, my arms stretched out past my head, palms down on the bed. I wish I could get to sleep. I then hear two men talking outside. Briefly I think it could be so, then I think it may be sleep paralysis or pre-OBE auditory hallucinations.

Then I hear and feel a small animal like a squirrel or rat running rapidly back and forth either on the bed near my head, or just between the bed and the wall. It may be even on the floor but it feels more like it's on the bed. I'm pretty sure I'm in sleep paralysis -- besides, the pillow would be in the way so that the movement of the animal would not be so steady. At one point I hear it hiss. I ignore it. I don't try to move. I assume I'm still in sleep paralysis. Then, very slowly, it feels like my hands and arms are pulling back, rubbing over the sheet only a few millimeters, but I'm not even trying to move. I decide to try to open my eyes in a few seconds. The noise has stopped. I think I could try for an out of body experience, but I'm so tired, and frustrated that I can't sleep. I’d rather sleep. So I don't try for an OBE.

Soon I open my eyes to discover I'm on my right side, not in the face down position I thought I was in before. I'm very pleased I feel any fear during the whole SP experience.
I am the oldest of five siblings in what appeared, on the outside, to be a normal, middle class American family. But the placid exterior disguised a pressure cooker of interdynamic tension behind its closed doors. My brothers and I remember being in tears or having lumps in our throats virtually every waking day of our childhood. Emotional trauma, psychological mind-warping and physical abuse were the slap of lightning and the bark of thunder within the dreamstate and the despair of fear-drenched bodies when anxiety roused us from our traumatic slumber.

My brother Ken once described our childhood as being set adrift without oars in a leaky rowboat in the midst of a stormy sea. (He didn't have to add that our parents were the storm clouds.) Yes, I agreed, due to the constant buffeting by the wind, we grew up strong, but crooked and have been trying to straighten up ever since! Our continual struggle for individual footing meant we never bonded well: we five brothers and sisters have been quite independent of one another.

No wonder my dreams responded to the constant tension and coughed up rain of volcanic dust that blotted out the sun. I rarely had dreams with color. Seen through the glass darkly, my nightmares reflected a bizarro version of my waking world. I had a large variety of deeply troubling anxiety dreams and nightmares. One recurring theme involved traveling, and none too successfully, by automobile. These two dreams occurred between ages 8 and 12.

**My Parents Drive Away**

I am walking down the sidewalk of a main downtown street in my childhood hometown. I watch my parents exit a building and cross the sidewalk in front of me. They get into our blue Plymouth station wagon and deliberately pull off and drive away. All the while they are looking straight at me. I start running after them yelling "Stop!" and "Wait!" but they continue to drive on. They are both very smug in the knowledge that I can't possibly catch up with them. I awake crying.

**Driverless Car**

There's something wrong with my bicycle so I get off and begin walking it downhill. I'm on the right hand side of a narrow, paved road in the middle of some woods. Turning around, I see, up through the trees, our Plymouth station wagon coming down the curving road. I wait for a ride as the car passes behind the trees, then comes into view again. As it approaches, it suddenly swings around to face the opposite direction. The door on the driver's side is flung open. My parents are seated on the passenger's side of the front seat and nobody's at the wheel.

My father beckons to me to climb in. I realize that he expects me to drive and that I don't know how. Children are supposed to obey their parents, but how can he ask me to do such a thing? I wake up in a panic.

Seen together, these dreams portray the sorts of mixed messages that caused constant confusion in my birth family dynamic. In the first dream, my parents purposely abandon me to my own strength and devices. They are openly contemptuous of my childish lack of ability to maneuver as well as they can in the outer world. The irony of this dream one-up-manship is that in waking life my parents suffered from, but would not openly admit to, feelings of lack of control in the adult universe. Home provided a personal bastion in which to act out their wants and to try to satisfy those needs. They were quite successful in creating their own reality-kingdom in which parents were the king and queen...and children were subject-servants.
In the second dream I have achieved some emotional balance, although I'm still "in the woods" regarding my path or purpose in life. Perhaps my parents' vehicle will give me the lift I need. What a shock to discover that, instead, my parents want me to satisfy their drives!

The command to take on adult responsibility was effective. I did serve as chief baby-sitter and bottle washer during my teenage years: my two youngest sisters were born when I was 12 and 14. But the parental demand predated that period. Even if I were offered the wheel, I had no experience in how to steer safely. And in such a situation, my parents could act like parasites on my power, directing all my energy to support their needs, drive their engine urges. I didn't want to rescue them from their dilemma - as a child, I didn't have the where-with-all to do it. I needed the resources we each lacked, namely the power to direct one's own vehicle through life. I wanted autonomy. For this I was called "selfish." When I failed to do what was expected, I was punished.

"Auto" nightmares is a good name for them, because these sorts of dreams were an automatic invoker of extreme anxiety. As you view them from a polite distance, they might not seem too bad, but I assure you that they were troubling to the core. Even though I had them but once, I can still see them in my mind's eye and remember their terror after all these years.

There was another "auto" dream that was a true automaton, because it occurred over and over again. In this repeating nightmare, I'm actually inside the car. Again, I have no control over how the car is being driven, since I'm a passenger in the back seat. Whereas the other dream scenes were dreary days, while looking out the right-hand window, I can see that this one is thick with night. The car is traveling a narrow, winding road through the mountains and it's going much too fast. With each curve in the highway, the momentum shoves me from side to side. With each turn in the road, the car swerves, just a little more out of control. Finally, it rounds a corner too quickly to recover. It starts sliding sideways towards the sharp end of a cliff whose bottom I can never see. Just as the automobile tips over the edge to plunge into the darkness, I jerk awake, drenched with sweat, my heart beating a mile a minute.

I'd like to say that more lucid dreams quickly followed that experience, but they didn't. It was soon back to nightmare land again. However, the breakthrough dream did open the gate for recall of many sorts of dreams other than the terror-driven ones. I had some regular anxiety dreams. And some mundane, but very weird dreams. And, even a few boring dreams! This was an improvement, but not the victory wreath.

During this time, I read every thing I could get my hands on, if it was about dreams. I came across the notion that dreams could be incubated. That is, there was something you could do before you went to sleep that might change the course of the dream. Or might result in different sorts of dreams. This idea appealed to me a lot! So, to balance the bad with the good, I started incubating the sort of dream activity that had given me the greatest positive thrill. Flying. And it worked!

Then I set my sights even higher. I attempted a floating/flying out-of-body experience. Eventually, I was able to have OBEs, but not for a while. In the meantime, the energy of incubation prior to sleep resulted in...guess what? Lucid dreams!

Linda Lane Magallon

"Then I set my sights even higher. I attempted a floating/flying out-of-body experience. Eventually, I was able to have OBEs, but not for a while. In the meantime, the energy of incubation prior to sleep resulted in...guess what? Lucid dreams!"
Ordering Parents Out Of The Car, 9/25/83

It's nighttime and I'm in the back seat of a car, traveling down the road. The tension starts to mount. This all feels vaguely familiar, like I've been here before. With that recognition, I become lucid. I realize that my parents are up in front driving the auto. That's the last place I want them to be: in control of my journey. "All right, you guys, *out*!" I order. The car stops and both of my parents leave by way of the right hand door.

I climb over the seat back and move to the driver's side, then motion for my son Victor and daughter Teresa to join me up in front. When we're ready to go, I begin to drive away. I watch my parents standing on the side of the road. My mother's face is blurry but my father definitely looks angry. I think, tough! that's too bad. It's my car.

I turn the corner to the right, up a diagonal street, go kiddy-corner and to the left into a parking lot. The kids and I get out of the car and go into a building which turns out to be a combination warehouse and store. It's brightly lit and reminds me of the government art shop in Mexico City. Taking my children by their hands, one on either side, we begin flying up and around the store. I feel strong and steady and move upwards even higher. As I swirl us around, quickly, I begin to lose the dream and must concentrate to regain the image. I do.

Much more cautious, I turn slowly and fly over a large rectangular counter. Inside the cubicle is a man dressed in white. As we hover near the floor, the children and I talk to him, but his attention is mainly focused on ringing up a sale.

I awoke feeling very satisfied. About time, too. I had ejected my parents from my vehicle! And watched them as I drove away. Finally, the shoe's on the other foot.

A New Feature
Quarterly Dream Tasks

The Lucid Dream Exchange intends to begin a new feature of a quarterly lucid dream task for readers of the LDE.

The new feature plans to encourage lucid dreamers to utilize their lucid dreaming talents to explore interesting and unusual tasks in the dream state. Readers are welcomed to send in possible cutting edge tasks to perform in lucid dreams for consideration by the project's host, Ed Kellogg.

In each issue, Ed will select a lucid dreaming challenge to be performed before the next quarterly issue. Information about the challenge will be provided, as necessary.

Lucid dreamers personally accept all risks and responsibility for attempting the challenges in the lucid dream state. Some lucid dream challenges may result in perceptual, cognitive and unforeseen alterations of consciousness.

The following group of lucid dreams, "To Infinity and Beyond" resulted from a lucid dreaming class task prepared by Ed Kellogg. The format for this new section in the LDE will begin in the next issue of the LDE.

The Lucid Dream Exchange • June 2004
"To Infinity and Beyond!"

Part 1

DREAM REPORT: APRIL 12, 2004
Submitted by Justin M. Tombe

INTRODUCTION: This dream occurred during an 8 week lucid dreaming course taught by Ed Kellogg. Members were given dream tasks on a weekly basis, to complete upon becoming lucid in the dream state. The task for the week during which this dream occurred was to go "to Infinity and Beyond." Mathematical, numerological, and esoteric perspectives on infinity were considered, and dreamers were encouraged to incorporate these concepts into their dream practice.

JUSTIN'S DREAM: I found myself in a room similar to the one in the barn where I live, inspecting the worm beds we keep there (I raise worms in WPR.) A friend of mine was with me, and as we discussed the health of the beds I noticed one was mysteriously empty. This puzzled me, but I disregarded this and continued on. Looking back a second time, I saw that all the beds were empty, which was alarming and confounding. I then realized that I dreamed, exclaiming to my friend, "It's O.K., this is just a dream." I then remembered my dream task and flew up out of the room. I looked back one last time over my shoulder to see a hazy image of my friend standing in the room, looking around in a confused manner.

I turned my attention to the dream task, and repeated "To Infinity and Beyond!" several times, and then became aware that I was now floating in a vast emptiness. I was clearly aware of my (dream) body, but all else was emptiness, void. Sound, light, color, movement were all absent in all directions in what FELT like an infinite distance. Finding this somewhat disappointing, I decided to try another approach suggested in our group. I traced the mathematical symbol Aleph Null with my hand in the space in front of me, and immediately became aware of a whole new subset of perceptions, existing simultaneous and implicate to the empty void. This new perceptual data was in the form of a churning, turbulent "sea" of geometric wave fronts, emerging from a multiplicity of points, spiraling and unfolding in distinct motions, interpenetrating each other on multiple dimensions, and then falling away, or dispersing into fractal fragments. Each wave seemed to have its own unique geometry, much of it fractal, and rate and manner of unfolding. In addition, the leading edges were composed of bands of color, much like a rainbow, but with astonishing diversity, and they each also resonated a tone or set of tones. Surprisingly, the whole array somehow conveyed a sense of being very subtle, and in some fashion encoded, implicate, or beneath the surface of the vast emptiness.

Deciding that I'd completed the task, and had enough of infinity for my tastes, I decided to try to contact Ed Kellogg while in the dream state. I formed the intention to do so, and then found myself in a room of some kind. The walls were wooden panels, and the ceiling seemed low, or vaulted slightly near the walls, giving me the impression of an attic or upstairs room. The decor gave the impression of a den or reading room, with Persian rugs on the floor and antique tables, chest and other furniture around. The whole room seemed cluttered, although not disorderly, and there was an eclectic collection of statuettes, books, wooden boxes and other eccentric objects.

I found a mirror in the room, and seated myself in front of it and began chanting "I want to contact Ed Kellogg." As I did so, images began to form in the mirror, churning and vapor like, they coalesced into different archetypal figures: forest god, priestess, helmeted warrior, bearded sage, mother goddess, etc. The details were vague, but the impressions were distinct. An Indian raga began to be audible, emanating from the mirror and pulsing into a louder, clearer volume. I became aware that I could hear each Sanskrit syllable clearly, and began to articulate them along with the singing voice in a form of auto-singing, though I did not know their meaning. A figure began to coalesce in the mirror, of a human head and shoulders, clearly masculine. At this point I became aware of a source of light penetrating the dream state, and realized that it was from the waking physical reality, filtering through my eyelids. I reached out and grabbed onto a table in the dream world, trying to stabilize the dream. This seemed to work momentarily, but upon returning my attention to the mirror, I woke completely.

NOTES: Several interesting factors were brought to light after further exploration. Of note, this entire dream sequence happened between 7:00 and 7:08 AM (between when my alarm first sounded and the snooze went off.)
This indicates that my perception of the passing of time was occurring at a different rate in the dream state then as measured by the clock in WPR.

Secondly, this turned out to be practically the identical time of morning, on the same day, that Ed became lucid in his dream and completed his dream task. There were several notable similarities in our dream experiences, and he indicated that the room I described resembled one in his home. In addition, the dream task that he had chosen for the following week, unbeknownst to me, was to utilize a mirror in the dream state as a "magic mirror," to contact someone, travel somewhere, or answer a question. My use of a mirror in this dream can then be seen to have telepathic or precognitive elements to it.

Finally, I did contact my friend who appeared in the beginning of my dream, but he had no recollection of seeing me in a dream that night (he also had no recollection of ANY dreams that night.)

"To Infinity and Beyond!"

Part 2

COMMENTS AND SUPPLEMENTAL DREAM
(©2004 E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)
by Ed Kellogg

COMMENTS ON JUSTIN'S DREAM:

The room described by Justin, "The decor gave the impression of a den or reading room, with Persian rugs on the floor and antique tables, chest and other furniture around. The whole room seemed cluttered, although not disorderly, and there was an eclectic collection of statuettes, books, wooden boxes and other eccentric objects," pretty accurately describes my office space, with the exception that the ceiling seems fairly high, with wooden beams slanting down from about 10 feet high on one side, to 8 feet high on the other. The room does not have a mirror, but it does have a sliding glass door.

When Justin tried to contact me through the dream mirror, he did apparently tune into a lucid dream that I had at about that time, which had many similarities to what he reported: "images began to form in the mirror, churning and vapor like, they coalesced into different archetypal figures: forest god, priestess, helmeted warrior, bearded sage, mother goddess, etc. The details were vague, but the impressions were distinct. An Indian raga began to be audible . . ." I've appended my lucid dream below.

ED'S DREAM:

April 12, 2004, my last dream before awakening, probably around 7 AM . . . I float across the street and land on a sidewalk. Lucid, I remember my task. I inscribe a generic infinity sign in the air in front of me, while chanting "To Infinity and Beyond!" My body tingles, especially my skin, but I experience no other change and feel no impulse to fly. After trying three times the tingling grows stronger, but nothing else happens. Impatient, I decide to try the second approach. I find a gray door going into a granite building on my right and trace the infinity sign on it with my right index finger, while chanting "To Infinity and Beyond!" I lose visuals, but focus on the kinesthetics of my finger on the door to stay in the dream. The visuals return, but the scene has changed. Now I find myself inside a light and airy building, facing a light brown wood door. I see the infinity sign on this door, as if traced on condensed steam. I prepare to walk through the door, but when I look to the right I see an open doorway - it has already swung open. I don't see much of interest through the doorway, so I choose to go through another doorway to its left, that opens into a "sacred space" room with white walls that has many highly aesthetic sacred objects on display.

Shelves on the sides display beautifully elegant and expensive looking statues of gods and goddesses. The center table, a sort of island, looks done mostly in white, with some white angels and structures - perhaps a diorama of Heaven. However, I see nothing that has much to do with infinity as I understand it. On the far side of the center table I see two wood round knob (3" diameter) incense holders on a small adjoining table or shelf. The one on the
left still has a smoking stick of incense in it, indicating someone still around. At this point, a man comes out of the
left of a pair of two small doors in the back wall. Each door looks about half as wide of a regular door, and about 5
ft. high. The man stands about five and a half feet tall, and has on monks robes, brown and nondescript. He has a
shaved head and looks somewhat oriental. Tibetan, I think, but he has pale skin and Caucasian brown eyes.

He looks surprised to see me, but makes a small polite bow. He asks "Do you realize that you are not on Earth
anymore?". "Of course." I reply. I explain that I try to go "Beyond the Infinite", and ask him "Have you heard of
Cantor's transfinite numbers, and of the orders and different levels of infinity?" "No." he replies. He asks
differentially if the color of my shirt or robe - made of a violet-blue velvet material, indicates my rank in my order.
I tell him no, I don't belong to any order or hierarchy, and that I've made my way by learning independently. I ask
him if I can continue my quest from this space. He nods "yes", looking politely curious.

I go to the back wall, to the door he walked through, and begin to trace the infinity sign on a brownish-purplish old
cloth (like a strip of tattered cotton sheet) hanging down over it. A faint red light comes out of my right index finger
as I chant, leaving a light red glowing tracing of the infinity sign. As I continue to chant the light emanating from
my finger changes from light red to light blue - "moving up the spectrum" I wonder. I decide to open the door after
waiting a few seconds. However, when I do so the scene starts to disappear. I try to hold onto the dream state by
focusing on the sensation of my finger tracing the sign, but this does not seem enough. So I try rubbing my fingers
together, but the scene still fades to gray mist, and I return to waking physical reality.

**Appendix: The Task Description**

When you next gain lucidity in a lucid dream (where you know *that* you dream *while* you dream) trace an infinity
sign in the air in front of you,

(choose one of these symbols)

while chanting: "To Infinity!" or "To Infinity . . . And Beyond!" You may feel an impulse to fly or move in a
certain direction - in which case, go with the flow. Otherwise just notice what happens. Variation of task: Find a
door, and trace an infinity sign in the air in front of you while chanting: "To Infinity!" or "To Infinity . . . And
Beyond!" After waiting a few seconds, open the door and go through the doorway. Record your experiences and /
or the answers that you get in your dream journal with as much structural level details as possible - use illustrations
to depict your experiences if appropriate. Especially note any space, time, or space-time distortions that you may
experience."

The three symbols represent different kinds of infinity, the Alef symbol (Hebrew letter "A") represents a kind of
limited infinity, like the denumerable (countable but infinite) set of natural numbers; the standard infinity sign
(looks like an 8 lying on its side) representing a kind of generic infinity; and the Omega symbol (the last letter of
the Greek alphabet), indicating Absolute Infinity.
"To Infinity and Beyond!"

Part 3

ED’S LUCID DREAMING EXPERIMENT
by Beverly D’Urso

BEVERLY’S DREAM:
April 18, 2004, 1:45 am. "The dream starts with me finding a saint on the roof of my parent’s house. Next, I find myself needing to pour soda in my parent’s basement and I go up to the opener on the side of the stairs. I remember that other people live there now, so I decide I must be dreaming.

I remember Ed’s experiment and I go over to the furnace. I put out my arm in front of me and make the infinity sign as a sideways eight. Then, I chant: "To infinity ... and beyond!" I find that I am sucked into a black void. I do not remember what happened, but I end up next to the furnace again and there I find Ed.

I say, "Let’s do this experiment together." I put my left hand on his collar and we both put our right arms out in the air. We each make an infinity symbol. Ed’s is a different infinity symbol from mine, which is the sideways eight. We both say the words, "To infinity ... and beyond!" Then we get sucked up and fly superman style forward into a black void. I see these little signs like distant stars or little white lights. They appear as black squares each with a thick white "Y" in the center. Every time I see one in the distance, we fly toward it. As we get closer to it, we go faster. Then, I see another one and we fly toward it. This keeps going on. With each one, we go faster and faster, exponentially. At one point, I say, "This is going to go on and on forever." We are still flying, when I position myself closer on top of Ed. He says," You can’t do that. I can, but I won’t this time!"

I then have several false awakenings, which make my dream recall less clear, before I finally wake up."

COMMENTS ON BEVERLY’S DREAM FROM ED:

Although I wrote down five dreams on April 18th, only the first, at about the same time, has anything in common with Beverly's dream. Unfortunately, I only remembered fragments of this early dream. It seemed a visually dark dream, with a religious/magical theme, in which the authorities used 4 Hebrew words to persecute a Jewish group, the same 4 Hebrew words that this Jewish group used to bring in power and money. Yet, when I heard Beverly's dream report on the phone later it did sound - and feel - eerily familiar. You see, the acceleration technique she reports corresponds almost exactly to one that I had planned to try in my next lucid dream, from the science fiction book I'd reread the previous week, White Light by mathematician Rudy Rucker. This passage describes the technique:

"Alef-null is the first infinite number. Its like One, Two, Three, . . . Alef-Null. The three dots stand for forever. "How are we supposed to get past forever?" Kathy asked impatiently. 'No matter how fast we fly, we'll never be infinitely far away from Earth." [Felix answers:] "We keep accelerating. The first billion takes us 2 hours. The next takes us 1 hour. We do the third billion miles in a half hour. Each billion miles takes half as long as the one before. We can go alef-null billion miles in 2 + 1/2 + 1/4 + . . . hours. That adds up to four hours."

In Rucker's story, the two characters, Felix and Kathy, a man and a woman, fly through space, Superman style, to arrive at their destination, alef-null miles away, four hours later. One other note. As I'd already tried the "sideways eight" infinity sign in my dream on the previous week, I'd planned to inscribe the Hebrew letter alef at my next attempt.

The parallels to Beverly's dream experience seem clear - but how did this occur? Perhaps she telepathically tuned into what I'd read, or into what I planned to do, and followed up on it, or she actually did encounter my dream-self and followed his/my lead. At this point, given my fragmentary dream recall, the question remains unanswered. The white "Y" that she saw on the "white light" mileposts also had a Kabbalistic overtone to me, given my "4 Hebrew Words" dream, in that the Tetragrammaton, the most holy and powerful Hebrew name of God, consists of 4 Hebrew letters, which appear in English as YHWH. Perhaps if Beverly and "dream Ed" had continued to fly, they would have eventually made it to an "H" and then to a "W" and then to an "H" again . . .
What if Carl Jung was one of us?

A lucid dreamer exploring dreams within the dream, consciously aware. A lucid dreamer able to experiment within the context of his own dreaming awareness. A lucid dreamer seeking to understand the nature of the psyche, the self, the unconscious, and the ego while consciously probing these issues in the dream state.

Where would Jungians be now? Where would a society of interested dreamers and theorists be, "if" they were adept at lucid dreaming? If they could in a dream consciously call forth a representation of their anima or animus? If they could compare notes on each other's archetypes (assuming they exist) after a conscious search in the dream state? If they could arrange a polite meeting with their shadow and resolve those shadowy issues? If they could knowingly interact with the awesome beauty, majesty and creativity of the unconscious, while aware in a dream?

Where would Jungians be now? Where would psychology and dreaming be now, if lucid dreaming was developed as an exploratory tool for dream theorists?

One can only wonder.

On occasion, Carl Jung seemed so close. I say "on occasion" because his writings swerve and twist and touch on many diverse views, but at certain points Carl Jung calls forth ideas that many lucid dreamers recognize through personal experience.

The following seems one of these:

"Looked at in this way, the unconscious appears as a field of experience of unlimited extent. If it were merely reactive to the conscious mind, we might aptly call it a psychic mirror world. In that case, the real source of all contents and activities would lie in the conscious mind, and there would be absolutely nothing in the unconscious except the distorted reflections of conscious contents.... The empirical facts give the lie to this." (1)

At some point, experienced lucid dreamers come to this same realization - the unconscious does not seem simply a "psychic mirror world" of the conscious mind. By virtue of their conscious adventures in the dream state, lucid dreamers come to realize that the unconscious seems "a field of experience of unlimited extent."

Jung continues: "Every creative man knows that spontaneity is the very essence of creative thought. Because the unconscious is not just a reactive mirror reflection, but an independent, productive activity, its realm of experience is a self-contained world, having its own reality, of which we can only say that it affects us as we affect it - precisely what we say about our experience of the outer world. And just as material objects are the constituent elements of this world, so psychic factors constitute the objects of that world." (1)

In this passage, Jung suggests an expansive view by deeming the unconscious as "an independent, productive activity....having its own reality" - with which most lucid dreamers would agree.

Similarly, most lucid dreamers would say that dreaming seems quite "productive." Besides dreaming serving its own purposes, the lucid dreamer can normally direct the focus of the dream to their own purposeful activities e.g., asking the dream characters what they represent, flying with joyful abandon, requesting assistance with a waking goal, etc. Some lucid dreamers most profoundly "productive" lucid dreams occur, when they consciously let go within the dream and suggest that the dream show them something of value. Which brings me to my next point...
"If the unconscious can contain everything that is known to be a function of consciousness, then we are faced with the possibility that it too, like consciousness, possesses a subject, a sort of ego,..." (2)

So when consciously aware in the dream, the lucid dreamer requests the dream to show him/her something of value - to whom is that request addressed? And when that request is answered, who responds?

In my lucid dreaming, I came to this question quite quickly. As part of a monthly correspondence group in the 1980's, called The Lucidity Project, we were given monthly goals to strive for in our lucid dreams. One month the goal was "find out what the dream symbols represent". A very straight forward idea. So in the dream, I became lucid in a parking lot, and decided to follow a young woman into a building. I recalled that my goal was to discover what the symbols in the dream represent, so as I came into the office reception area, I looked around. There was a woman behind a reception desk, another woman seated in a chair reading a magazine, and an avuncular gentleman in a three piece suit with a gold chain standing to my left. I walked up to him, and boldly asked, "What do you represent?" Not knowing what to expect, I waited a second, and then a voice boomed out of the space above him - it said, "The unknown characteristics!" That confused me, so I responded, "The unknown characteristics of what?" And now the voice from above boomed down, "The unknown characteristics of the Happy Giver!"

There's a wonderful explanation of this specific response and its relation to an event earlier in the day, but my point here involves my awareness that the dream character did not respond! Instead, some "thing", some "awareness" apart from the dream character, responded to my question. From that point on in my lucid dreaming, I would often ignore the dream characters when lucid and simply send my request to "that" which seems beyond the dream. This, one could claim, may be evidence for an "inner ego" who listens and responds to the lucid dreamer.

To continue Jung’s thought,

"If the unconscious can contain everything that is known to be a function of consciousness, then we are faced with the possibility that it too, like consciousness, possesses a subject, a sort of ego,...(which) brings out the real point of my argument: the fact, namely, that a second psychic system coexisting with consciousness - no matter what qualities we suspect it of possessing - is of absolutely revolutionary significance in that it could radically alter our view of the world." (2)

Here we truly have a revolutionary idea! If proper experiments were designed for lucid dreamers to ascertain the nature and functioning of the "unconscious," then perhaps "a second psychic system coexisting with consciousness" may be shown to exist. For once, we could throw away the derogatory chatter that dreams are "the junk of the mind," "a type of memory processing" or only "the storehouse of repressed desires." We could advance the science of dreaming, and begin to accept and truly understand this inner reality. Instead of untested theories, we would have a scientific platform to understand its place, function and creativity in our waking lives and dreaming lives.

And if we did, then I think we would find as Jung surmised:

"We have no knowledge of how this unconscious functions, but since it is conjectured to be a psychic system it may possibly have everything that consciousness has, including perception, apperception, memory, imagination, will, affectivity, feeling, reflection, judgment, etc., all in subliminal form." (3)

Suppose every person does have two psychic systems, one conscious and one unconscious. For a system to be integrated, there must be communication between the two psychic systems -- a metaphysical "corpus callosum," if you will.
Carl Jung, Lucid Dreamer

So if dreaming connects the unconscious inner ego to the outer ego during the sleep state, what connects the unconscious inner ego to the outer ego during the waking state?

Jung felt that intuition and sensing were the underground components of thinking and feeling. Jung claimed that

"Intuition is, according to my view, a basic psychological function. It is that psychological function which transmits perceptions in an unconscious way." (4)

I suggest that "intuition" may be the inner ego's interaction with our waking selves during the day, while dreaming is the inner ego's interaction with the waking self during the night. In a sense, day dreaming and dreaming may originate from the same place.

Perhaps, Carl Jung was one of us - an explorer in a "field of unlimited extent". Yet with the tool of lucid dreaming or conscious awareness, how much further would his explorations have gone?

(1) Basic Writings of C.G. Jung, p. 196, taken from "The Relations of the Ego and the Unconscious"
(2) Basic Writings of C.G. Jung p.61, taken from "On the Nature of the Psyche"
(3) Basic Writings of C.G. Jung p.53, taken from "On the Nature of the Psyche"
(4) Basic Writings of C.G. Jung p.329, taken from, "Psychological Types"

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To All Lucid Dreaming Writers and Artists:

I am a PhD researcher with the University of Leeds, England, investigating the link between lucid dreaming and the creative imagination. I am looking for lucid dreamers who have produced some form of creative work to a professional standard, e.g. a published novel or short story, or an exhibition of paintings or sculptures.

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

Thank you very much for your help.
Clare Johnson

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Lucid Dream Documentary Production in California

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

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

Thank you for your help,
Richard_Hilton@csumb.edu
Steve

This happened to me about a week ago now (13 April 2004). I've had many over the years, but this one hasn't faded like dreams do - I can still recall almost all of it, like the events were real.

I awoke about 6:00am and happened to turn my head to the side, expecting to see my bedroom wall, with its one window. Instead my wall had changed. The window wasn't there, but there was instead an open doorway and flight of stairs leading down to street level. Seeing this, I realised I wasn't awake at all - I must still be asleep, and dreaming. [I have had a lot of experiences like this recently- where I think I am awake, until some visual cue tells me otherwise.]

So, knowing I am asleep, I wonder if I can travel through the door and explore. As I imagine myself moving, my point of view changes, and I am floating through the air out through the door, and into the street.

It's a busy street scene outside. It's sunny, and lots of people are walking and driving around. There are shops, and a castle ruin on a steep sided rocky hill. The castle doesn't strike me as odd, since there are lots of medieval ruins in this part of England. I have the feeling this is a town near where I live, but somewhere I've not been.

Realising I am able to move in all directions by concentrating very hard, I decide to explore, and try to find out where I am.

I travel up and down the busy street looking at the names on the shops, and hoping to find something which will confirm if I am in a real place or not. It doesn't occur to me it is only 6:00am, yet the streets are busy, and the shops are all open.

People are oblivious to me as I float around above their heads searching for a signpost with some place names on them. I decide to get closer to a pub sign so that I can read it. If I do that, I might find it in the phone book when I wake up. However, the sign is just too far away to read, and no matter how hard I try I cannot move close enough to it to read it. It feels like pushing two opposing magnets together.

Frustrated, I wonder if I can make myself known to the people walking around the streets. I land behind a woman who is walking away from me. I say “excuse me” a couple of times and get her attention. She turns round, and has a shocked, frightened look on her face. I calm her by saying "It's okay, I'm just need to know how to get a train back to Newcastle (my home). She points down the street and says the station isn't far, I can get to Newcastle, then London from there. I don't know why she mentions London. She then turns away and hurries off away from me.

Seeing the roads are busy I decide to fly above the cars and find a road sign. I'm back on my quest to find out where I am. I don't think to just ask someone.

Flying above the cars see a road sign. I get close to it, and at first can't read it. At first it looks like a foreign language. The letters are familiar, but not right some how. It's a bit like seeing Russian written down. I realise it says 'Whitley Bay' and 'Newcastle' but the font is very hard to read - like something you see used in bad science fiction films where they want the audience to know it's not earth.
At that point I wake up. I'm thirsty and go for a bottle of Coke. The coke tastes okay, but not quite right. The experience is a bit muted. I can taste it, but only just. It feels like liquid, but only just.

At this point I realise I am still in the dream, I tell myself to wake up but nothing happens. I try a few more times, and start to panic a bit - eventually, I'm awake and back in my bed.

I lie there for a bit until I am sure I am really awake. I am - the dream is over.

I often realise in my dreams that I am dreaming. When it happens I don't always wake up. I can let the dream run, and see what happens. Sometimes I can control events, other times I don't know what's going to happen next. I know that if events turn bad, I can wake myself by concentrating.

About 3 years ago I had the experience where I 'wake' but then find I am still sleeping. Last year I had a dream where I woke up about 4 times, each time not knowing I was still in a dream. When I did wake up for real - I was terrified, and wouldn't go back to bed for hours.

At the time I don't know I'm not awake as I can sense everything as normal. It's only when I wake for real I can tell that my senses are muted in my dreams - food and drink tastes bland for example. It's like comparing how something tastes to the memory of how it tasted some time later, which I suppose is what is happening - I'm remembering a taste, not experiencing it.

Love to hear what you all think of my dream. Sweet dreams everyone.

Royce Malone

Everybody flys. At first I've started telling the people in my dreams that its only a dream and nothing is real. Then I show them, by burning them and there’s no pain. I also tell them my name and give them my address and number for some stupid reason - like they're gonna call me....

Don
May 4 2004

I'm now realizing this is a dream. I recall reading the LDE the previous night about someone who was pleased to fly extremely fast in a dream and then I can do so. I fly across the large ocean in a second or two. I notice that there's no feeling of wind and that I'm very high up. I'm glad that this super-fast flying doesn't wake me up.

Lucy Gillis, June 30 2003

Dad and The Very Old Wolf

Either I'm really awake, or in a “false” awakening. I'm laying in bed thinking about the dream I’ve just had and how guilty and remorseful I felt in the dream.

Then I feel a sudden jolt and I'm suddenly on the first or second level of the outdoor open staircase at work. I look across the street and see Dad walking on the sidewalk. He has white hair and is dressed in the suit that we buried (cremated) him in. He is healthy. I'm elated to see him and I rush down the steps and across the street to get to him. He stops and I notice he's now thinner, younger, in his late thirties or early forties. He wears black-rimmed glasses, like he used to at that age. His skin is darkly tanned. He leans slightly against something (large planter box on the street, or a bench).

I tell him I love him. Suddenly I pause. I know I'm dreaming, I must be, because he's really dead. I want to ask him something relevant - I want this dream to mean something - I don’t want to be frivolous with my lucidity.

I approach him more slowly. I'm smiling, still very happy to see him. A white and light-gray wolf is with him. She is a mature wolf, but is playful. She stands for a few moments between me and Dad. Dad stares down at me. He seems unlike his living self, but I'm not bothered or surprised by this as I don’t expect him to always remain the same in the afterlife.

I ask him, as I stroke the wolf’s back, if she is his animal guide, his spirit guide. Dad opens his mouth, with some effort it seems, and his voice is barely above a whisper. “Very old” he says, referring to the wolf. “Very old?” I repeat, making sure I heard him correctly. I feel a tingle, a roughness in my throat, in my sleeping body. It pulls me away from the dream.

Coming back to my physical body, yet still at the edge of the dream, I yell to Dad that I’ll try to come back (into the dream) but it doesn't work - I need to clear my (physical) throat and this brings me too awake to return to the dream.
I understand this to mean that the part of her that I'm thinking she died by suicide, then again I the comfort she needed. present with us every moment, and I hope she's found Kippy hello, that we love and miss her, but know she's where a woman is sitting with her back to me. I tell ask that of Tina, she says sure. I look into a kitchen you meant Kippy. Oh. Can I talk to Kippy? I think I you etc. Then I realize, you dummy, Tina's still alive, "Can I talk to Tina?" Sure - there's Tina, hi how are another transition I don't recall and I get lucid. I say, the group, "I'm really not drunk, it's the caffeine." I realize I'm making a loud goofy ass of myself and tell know she can say that too me without fear of ugliness. angry with me, I did something stupid, I want her to mean it in a friendly and sincere way - of course she's anything you want! Say it right to my face, it's okay!" I say, thinking how stupid of me not to, I bet her family brings her Cokes when they visit. "Well, this is a lucid dream so let me see if I can magic up some," I tell her. "Do you have any boxes? A bag? A covered basket?" Meaning I could make myself "find some" there. Nope, none of those.

I then decide I'll "find some" in her cupboards. She has three floor to ceiling cupboards, old wooden ones painted white like what would be built into an old house. I like these, I think of them as pieces she put here rather than things built in. I go through her cupboards, even finding one with an old icebox in it, but no go. I notice how small her place is, and sparse - there seems to be just one sort of battered old chair, wood frame with cushions, and the cupboards are mostly empty. I figure you don't need much when you're dead, you can live peacefully with very little.

We decide she can come back to the other side with me to see if there's Cokes. So we walk over (like through another room). In the place we started I see there are carpenter ants on the floor and squeal and hop and tiptoe, saying I don't like those kind of ants. "And red ants too!" I say, though on closer inspection these are actually a gorgeous shade of metallic gold. Kippy points out that there's an ant with six sections and something else - I think I think this should be a lucidity trigger but I'm already lucid? Though lucidity is fading.

My aunt and uncle are in the kitchen on our side, he's at the table, she's making supper. They greet Tina with casual warmth and I think how nice it is that they see so much of each other that her walking into a room after death is no big whoop. I open the fridge and take a couple of 20oz regular Cokes. I say, "Do you like Vanilla Coke?" thinking, wait, that came out after she died - how strange... She said no, regular Coke is fine and I hand her the two I'd grabbed. The dogs started barking and woke me up.

It didn't occur to me til I was writing this that my uncle also died last year. I don't know whether Kippy really liked Cokes in life or not. The suicidal five year old is definitely my *own* symbol of what needs to be healed. Maybe she was using the term metaphorically but I seemed to see the girl.

Robert Waggoner, April 15-16 2004

Doing as Paul Says

I am talking with my sister and my brother, Paul. We are looking at a small plastic cup thing that has water and some odd plastic and metal parts in it. I start to drain the water and Paul says something.
As I turn to look at him, I realize, "This is a dream." It definitely seems like an unreal situation. Paul is continuing with comments, and I say, "This is a dream, so it doesn't really matter." But knowing how he likes to do things, I decide to go ahead and carefully drain the cup and remove the parts, as I internally wonder what this is all about.

C.S., March 18 2004

I woke up at 11 p.m. and could not fall asleep because of body pain. I had a long non-lucid dream in which I was renting a room from a woman who was now smoking in my bed. Since that was intolerable I walked out of the room in anger.

In the hall a man put his arms around me. Even though I was married, it was OK to just flirt with him. I felt good. We walked into a room that was completely made of wood from the walls, ceiling, and floors. All the furniture was also made of wood. We held hands. I noticed that his hands showed signs of aging. I was glad that he was older -- like me.

I thought I had awakened and proceeded to remember this dream. Then I was sitting at a table with some friends. A new friend walked up to me and gave me a drink in a weird glass that I'd never seen previously. It had two straws and sparkling colorful liquid that I could not sip up. We all laughed at the apparent joke.

Again I had a false awakening in which I recalled the above dream. Then I was looking out of a window, wondering if I were still dreaming. I noticed an old woman so I told her she was a dream character and not real. She disagreed with me. Then a tall handsome man walked into the room. Since I was dreaming I decided to enjoy myself with him and desired intercourse. Immediately I felt him moving inside me. He was still standing and I was lying on my back. The sensation was fantastic with a great build up to complete orgasm. I woke up.

The pain I felt before the dream was gone and my feeling of well being returned. When I don't program for lucid dreams, I often have sex and orgasms. This happens when I have pain or just feel lousy. Even though I don't have any signs of physical arousal when I awaken, I do believe the brain puts out chemicals (like endorphins) during the psychological experience that help me to cope with my illness and to change the downward trend.

Robert Waggoner, March 13-14 2004

It seems that about 20 people are living in an apartment as part of a "tour group" - oddly this seems to be arranged by Madonna (the singer) or a woman who looks very much like her. At some point, this seems too odd and I realize, "this is a dream."

To show everyone this fact, I kind of grab the big guy's ear, who is standing opposite Madonna. Then I lift him off the floor and start to swing him around by his ear. This gets everyone's attention - but somehow the swinging or spinning causes me to lose the dream.

Janice, March 1 2004

I had a cute effect happen in an LD. I realized that I was dreaming while walking along a street in my town, and wanted to fly, but as often happens I couldn't get very high off the ground. I thought maybe if I just focused on the tops of the trees and tried to go straight up, I could manage. But instead, the trees floated up along with me! It was as if the dream was determined that I not exceed a certain elevation relative to the trees. I could go under them, though. They were flat on the bottom, like they were modeled out of clay. Later I entertained myself on a random tree-lined dream street by leaping along sideways from tree to tree grabbing the trunks, much like a video game character might.

Robert Waggoner, February 12-13 2004

Every Fourth Step

I seem to be in our old house on Brookridge, standing in the walk-in closet. There's a bed there now, and a brother and his wife seem to be lying there along with a young woman. This seems odd, and I realize, "This is a dream." I tell the young woman to take off her top, and she does so, but then falls face first into the bed.

I leave and go down the stairs. Since it's a dream, I play with touching every fourth step of the stairway. I feel light and begin laughing at the absurdity. I go outside and see a woman who has a cart. I ask her an inconsequential question, and then decide to fly to a group of old men. Somehow the dream starts to collapse.

Linda Lane Magallon, August 9 1987

Searching For Jayne Gackenbach

I am in a business office where a male boss is cutting back on his staff, me included. A dark-haired secretary tells me that his female assistant has gone ahead and written off my job position. (I'm amused by the fact that she's wiped me out on paper but I'm not physically gone yet.) "Oh, she has, has she?" I ask. "Yeah,"
replies the secretary, handing me a blank sheet of white paper. "Do you want to write out hers?"

I decline, smiling, and walk over to another secretary's desk - huge and filled with papers. "I think I'll change dreamwork from an avocation to a vocation," I tell her. Now that (I think) I'm jobless, I'll have plenty of time to do so. The scene is bright and clear. I look at this secretary's curly light-brown hair closely and realize that her facial features are as crisp and distinct as anyone in waking life. This realization brings me to lucidity.

I drum my fingers atop a beautiful bright purple wooden box directly in front of her. "I'm dreaming," I tell her. "Do you know that this is a dream?" I fully expect her to answer in the negative and that I'll have to prove that this is a dream, perhaps by putting my hand through the purple box. (Can I do it? - The box looks pretty substantial). Instead, she responds, "Yes, I'm going to." This surprises me so much that I lose the dream. (I wake and after a bit, return to sleep and almost immediately begin dreaming.)

I become lucid in a corridor. It has plenty of people but I don't talk with them, as is my usual custom. Instead, I remember a pre-dream intent to make contact with Jayne Gackenbach (author of Control Your Dreams) for the Omni magazine lucid dreaming experiment. However, I'm aware of the time difference between the West Coast and Iowa, or even Alberta, for that matter (I'm not sure which place she currently resides). I think that Jayne is probably awake by now and even if I do get in touch with her, it'll be her subconscious/dream self, not her waking self. Nevertheless, I decide to go ahead and spin. That might stabilize or prolong the dream, if it doesn't wipe it out. Maybe I'll even run into Stephen LaBerge (author of Lucid Dreaming) again, I think, smiling at what an irony that would be.

I begin spinning-clockwise-while calling out, "Jayne Gackenbach, Jayne Gackenbach!" I spin a couple of times, but it doesn't seem like I go anywhere else. When I stop, I turn and walk west along the corridor. It feels as though off to the right is a classroom where Jayne's students will meet their new instructor. It seems initially they are very enthusiastic in anticipation of the professor from the States. But this teacher has a lot of energy and gives a lot of homework. Then to the right (a later classroom/time?) a sense of letdown as they realize what a taskmaster she is.

The end of the corridor opens out onto a huge room lighted by the natural lighting from a skylight in the several-stories-high ceiling. The room is filled with tables and cabinets. Nearby is a woman, slightly overweight, in a long dress. She reminds me of Jayne, but has long dark brown hair. "Do you know Jayne Gackenbach?" I ask her. She doesn't really reply in either the affirmative or negative but begins talking instead. I don't catch much of what she has to say but notice behind her is a wooden library card file and say, "Oh, this is a library, isn't it?" She nods and continues to talk. I catch the word "Virgil," so I ask, "Is Virgil here, too?" With that, I stride toward the middle of the room, looking for Virgil. And I find him.

In the center of the room, the concrete floor slopes upward and contains and is surrounded by boxes. The sense is of things under construction or being unpacked. In the midst of this is an open area where Virgil, dressed in a beautiful turquoise, long satin robe, is cavorting with a group of younger women. Fascinated, I go all the way round to the other side, while watching him sway back and forth and wave his arms. This sensual frivolity is such a contrast with his usual serious spiritual demeanor, and his attitude toward lucidity in general, that I crack up laughing. I'm amused at how Virgil really acts in the dream state and know he wouldn't believe it if I walked up and told him. So rather than bother him, I let him dance on with his lady friends. Still smiling, I walk toward the door, intent on going outside to look around.

(I awaken and immediately return to sleep to continue the scenario.)

When I go outside, I look back and discover that I'm on a street with a series of storefronts. The "library" has a red, white and blue sign, like a post office, that says "Grove." Another store has a big check mark in front of a sign which says, "Check-up." A third says, "Pun Bun." I look again to make sure I've remembered the name correctly. Yep, it hasn't changed. It's "Pun Bun," all right! Smiling, I surmise that it's the name of a hamburger joint. I seem to be in a small town on the flatlands of the Midwest.

(I awaken and fall back asleep.)

I continue on down the road to the East. To the right of the road is a highway sign with a message that catches my eye. It says, "After The Blues, You Can See Forever."

I assume "Blues" refers to the hillocks I'm walking on (like "Blue Ridge"). Sure enough, when I top the rise, I have a panoramic view of the checkerboard farmlands of the Midwest which stretch into the misty distance. Again, I wonder if Jayne Gackenbach is in Iowa or if she's north in Canada.

(I awaken and go back to sleep.)
After my geographical tour, I return to the "library" building and go inside. I find it has taken on an appearance much closer to that of a school. Now, young adult students are seated two-by-two in a row of student desks. I continue back to the spot where I met the dark-haired woman. This time I find a young (about 8-10 years old) blonde haired girl. I wonder if this is a younger version of Jayne. I question the girl but don't get much of a response.

(Note: I sent this dream to Jayne but received neither confirmation nor denial that any of the dream information actually pertains to her. I'm willing to take the responsibility for the dream, that it might all be my projection. I didn't know Virgil (a pseudonym) well enough to ask him about it. Many years later, I told this dream to a couple of women. One of them turned out to have been a student in Virgil's long-term dream group. "That sounds just like him," was her reaction. I don't consider that testimonial enough evidence to demonstrate psychic awareness of Virgil's attitude and behavior. Psi verification is more stringent than that. I may have picked up some peripheral or subliminal signs during the few times I met him. In any case, I find the possibilities intriguing."

The "Blues" sign referred to my state of mind before I went to sleep. I had been depressed and stressed about overbooking presenters for the 1987 San Francisco Dream Festival. I awoke feeling invigorated by the humor in the dream. The first scene gave me an idea. I find the possibilities intriguing.

Margaret, May 2004

I'm standing at the living room window looking out at the car. There's snow all over the place. What I see is not clear, it is as though I'm looking through filters or film. Suddenly I realize I must be dreaming. The scene vanishes and there is nothing but a brownish color, like what I see when I close my eyes. Then I am propelled very quickly through a tunnel. I can see a bright light ahead in the distance. Then suddenly it feels as though I'm being dragged back at high speed away from the light as though being pulled by my ankles by an unseen force. I wake up.

Robert Waggoner, March 24-25 2004

To See Something Important

(Note: In this lucid dream, I asked "to see something important for me". I did see something - but it seemed odd - until a friend gave me a call about his dreams of the same exact morning. With his permission, I've included an excerpt of his dream, so others can see some of the common features.)

Robert's lucid dream: I seem to be in an industrial town (in the eastern US) and I am shopping in a grocery store type place. I have two cats with me in the cart. One gets loose and goes running through the store. I go out and leave the cart, chasing the big cat. As I come around a corner, I realize, "This is a dream!"

I feel joy and announce it to people there. I begin to fly, and I fly with incredible ease - I feel as if I can do most anything in this lucid state.

Finally after a lot of flying, I announce that at the count of three, I will see something important to me. I half close my eyes and count, "one, two, three". At three, I open my eyes and see a site of an old broken down church, as I fly above it. It looked like it had burned or caved in. I flew around it a few times, announcing my energy and power. It seemed curious to see this damaged church, also I noticed the ruined front tower looked almost like a twisted staircase.

At some point, I decide to go back and look in on the cats. I fly back to the old industrial area and shops. Some people have put my cart under a protected area (it was snowing or drizzling, now). Some are singing to the cats. I thank them and let them go. I then talk to some business people, while lucid.

EWK March 25th, 2004 ... in an underground /convention area used for a psychic expo, on the last day. The room looks in shambles - even for the take down stage at the end of a show it still looks like a disaster, and I still see people and tables set up. General description: stairs down to a space with massive pillars, concrete floor, large open areas, large concrete archways. While standing I feel myself moving, the movements get more violent - a small earthquake? I see dust coming down . . . I go outside to a busy city street with traffic jam - older gray stone /concrete buildings, sidewalk, etc. Looks like a US city on the East Coast. A few blocks away I see a large cathedral like building in a sheet of flame. Smoke and dust comes down out of an otherwise clear and sunny sky.

Lucy Gillis, April 28 2004

Trying To Get Home - Multiple Awakenings

(Note: Had two similar episodes within a few weeks of each other that I believe were inspired by Robert Waggoner's article on "False" awakenings in LDE 30.)

(Woke at 4 a.m. and couldn't fall back to sleep until well after 5:30 a.m.) I "wake" and get up. I'm tired, but I have to get up and go to work. I gather up some
Potpourri

The Lucid Dream Exchange

June 2004

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Lucy Gillis, May 18 2004

Trying to Get Home Again – Multiple Awakenings

(Woke up about 4:30 this morning and I was starving. I knew I wouldn't be able to go back to sleep unless I

ate something, so I got up and had a nutrition bar and a glass of milk. Since I had a few hours before I needed to get up for work, I thought it would be a good time to try for a lucid dream. It took me quite a while to fall asleep but when I did, I did achieve lucidity.)

I don't recall the first part of the dream or what triggered me to become lucid. I am with a man in a room. We are about to do something, when someone (my sister, I think) comes into the room, standing behind me, and interrupts us. I am surprised by the interruption into my dream, and I get up and leave the room. (It gets blurry here. Either I wake up briefly and then go back to sleep, or else I am not lucid for a while.)

I then experience something that is not quite like a “false” awakening, but I do try to wake up to get out of the dream. I'm in a very large building with many many rooms and I go through many many doors trying to find a way out. There are some people in some of the rooms but I don't interact with any of them.

At some other point I'm home, in Nova Scotia. I'm in the kitchen with my sister. I'm kind of upset because I've been trying to wake up and I just can't seem to get it right, I can't get to where want to be. I'm not frightened or worried that I will not be able to wake up, I'm just rather frustrated with “waking” into the “wrong” worlds.

I say something about going down to the beach or I mention something about the shore. My sister responds with something like “No we can't.” It has something to do with the ice. I'm confused by this - I don't know what she means by ice - it's too late in the year for ice to be in the lake. I push back curtains and look out the window and am surprised to see that the land across the lake is very jagged and much closer than in real life. Also the water is rough (though moving slower near the shore) and colored a light brown/grey with clickers and chunks of ice swiftly flowing by, the odd floes clinging to the shore. For some reason, even though I know for sure I'm dreaming, this sight upsets me.

Again, either I have a brief awakening or else the scenes are shifting so much that I simply find myself in another dream. (Of course, it may be that these dreams were happening simultaneously, but now that I'm awake and trying to recall them in a linear fashion they seem jumbled and yet disconnected from one another and so any description of events that happen “one after another” are probably inaccurate.)

I am then in my bedroom looking out the south-facing window. Again I'm kind of upset because I can't wake up into the right reality. My sister (or at least a

clothes to take to the shower. The area I am in is large. I have trouble finding a washroom among the other rooms. There are many rooms, all carpeted, with no windows (basement area?) There is a lot of furniture around. I feel confused. Soon I realize I've “awakened in the wrong reality” in some parallel or probable reality.

Then soon it seems that I wake again. I get up, still tired and gather my clothes as I go to get a shower. Again, I can't find the right washroom.

After looking around for a while, I find one that I know I haven’t used before but maybe it will do. I go inside to discover there is no tub or shower in there. As I come out, I look in the distance and see that at the end of the house are glassed-in rooms with lots of tables and chairs, and I “remember” that there is a restaurant here.

At some other point, I get turned around and see the restaurant at the other end of the house. I walk slowly in that direction, still holding onto my clothes. I believe I run into my sister there, (or else in another awakening – I lose track of how many awakenings I've had). I tell her I've awakened in the wrong reality and need to get back to my own

I'm a bit upset, though not frightened, as I know I'll get back eventually. I'm just upset that it seems to be taking so long, and I have to get up and get ready for work.

Then I seem to wake again. This time I know I'm still in the wrong reality. I see another probable sister, and tell her that I keep waking up in the wrong realities. I'm getting frustrated by now.

Still, though lucidity is low, and as I open a bureau drawer and pull out a red shirt and a red sweater, I think to myself "Oh good, I’ll wear the red one (sweater) instead of the old gray one that I usually take to the labs."

I'm still holding a bundle of clothes and still looking for a washroom when finally I see what may be a window - a red and black mottled colored square (it may be curtains?). I know I'm dreaming and that I can just drop the clothes and fly through the window and into another scene. But I'm so tired, and I have to get up soon. I wake for real, just seconds later.

Lucy Gillis, May 18 2004

Trying to Get Home Again – Multiple Awakenings

(Woke up about 4:30 this morning and I was starving. I knew I wouldn't be able to go back to sleep unless I
probable version of her) stands beside me. Even though I am inside the house, when I look out the window I can see the house as though I were standing on the shore and looking up the hill. This kind of upsets me though I'm not sure why -- possibly because I know for certain I'm still in the dream and can't wake up. The more I focus on the house, the more other things come into view like the other houses and the hill, the woods, etc. My sister asks me what can I see. I become further upset when I know, for certain now, that she can't see what I can see. I tell her I see myself. I can see a young, preteen version of myself on a bicycle on the front lawn going round and round in circles.

Then again it seems I'm going through room after room still trying to get out of the dream and enter into my own reality, when I think “Wait a minute. This all began when I was going to do something with a man before I was interrupted. Perhaps if I try to complete that earlier scene then I'll be able to wake up properly.” So I continue through the rooms but now I'm looking for any man, as I don’t recall what the first one looked like. Then I notice a man in a washroom. He's washing his hands. Then I kind of chuckle to myself and in think “He'll do.” I go into the washroom and as I close the door behind me I look out to see that no one is watching me. When I turn to look at the man I'm a bit surprised to see another woman with long dark hair standing beside him. Since this is a dream, I assume that she'll just disappear soon. I don't recall what happened next perhaps another quick scene shift.

Then it seems I'm beside him with my hand on his chest. His shirt is partially open and I noticed he has hair on his chest. I think to myself, as I lay my head on his chest, that his skin feels soft, too soft, he is not muscular. I believe it's at this point that my alarm finally wakes me.

C.S.

February 10 2004

My husband had a heart attack and was in the hospital, recovering from bypass surgery. My father was in the hospital after having a stroke. I was suffering from symptoms of a pending heart attack, brought on by stress-related hypertension. My normal blood pressure is normal. I didn't program for a lucid dream. I just wanted to sleep and find some peace of mind and heart.

I had a non-lucid dream involving lions stalking me. Then the dream became more vivid. I was standing at the most dangerous intersection for a pedestrian in Scranton, PA (my hometown). Large tractor trailers were coming down all streets. Then, gigantic bright red ones were coming right at me from the gas station location. Suddenly I knew I was dreaming. (I don't know why.) I knew this didn't have to be like this, I could change the situation. A tall well-built man came out of the nearest truck. He put his arms around my waist from the back and held me securely as he walked me across the street. All traffic stopped. I kept saying “Thank you. I feel so safe. Thank you. I feel so safe,” over and over. I woke up.

This dream dispelled some of my fear and helped me to control my reaction to my present problems. In remembering this dream I was reminded that I have the power to change my feelings to that of security.

Robert Waggoner, March 8-9 2004

Braking the Car

I seem to be driving a car and come to an intersection. It is snowing. I get out of the car, but the car begins to move a bit. So I reach in with my foot and step hard on the brake. As I step harder and harder, the car begins to compress, until it finally disappears into a clump in the snow. I decide that this means, and I say aloud, "This is a dream!"

I fly up into the night sky. Looking down, I seem to be flying over Main St in my hometown. As I fly south, I spot a car and come down and land on its roof. I hold on and look through the front windshield. A young woman looks up and seems to see me. I think about entering the car, and having sex, but decide not to. I hold on top of the car and enjoy the movement.
This can help us to stop and listen to what others have to say, not because we have been taught to, but because we want to understand the Dreamer. Like puppets who act as though they are separate and disconnected, we often feel disconnected. Using the puppet analogy, we can begin to identify more with the puppeteer, realizing that it is the puppeteer who makes everything happen.

Robert: Well, I'm not too happy with the word, "puppet", but I do get the point that the creator of the dream/waking reality is also involved, consciously or not, with the creations in that dream/waking reality. So there is a connection there, if we are lucid enough to wake up to it. Do you have examples of lucid living that would demonstrate your point?

Beverly: Remember, the true puppet has no more or less powers than the puppeteer. In essence they are "one and the same!"

Here are a few examples of how I have become lucid in my waking life. Once, during an argument with my cousin in the waking state, I suddenly stopped to think, "If I look at this as a dream right now, then my cousin actually expresses a part of the Dreamer (my Higher-Self.) At that exact moment, I acted from the perspective of the Dreamer, and she actually started to explain how our points of view seemed related instead of opposed.

Another time, a friend, in the waking state, was yelling and hovering over me like the witches from my sleeping dreams. I noticed the similarities to the witch nightmares, and I saw this as a pattern in my life. The situation actually happened in the same physical place in my house with different people. I faced up to my friend like I faced up to the witches, without fear, but with acceptance, and my friend suddenly stopped, walked away, and the pattern in my life ended, in the same way my witch nightmares ceased.

My marriage, my child, my degrees, my career, and my amazing adventures, too numerous to mention, are all examples of how lucid living has assisted me in having such an incredible and diverse life.

Robert: For many of us longtime lucid dreamers, we have similar stories. But do you think these ideas can be accepted by someone new to lucid dreaming?

Beverly: In my experience as a lucid dreaming teacher, my students found it easier to become lucid in their sleeping dreams, once they understood the concept and believed it possible. When they began to question whether or not they dreamed and looked for evidence, they often noticed something unusual and became lucid. Once they had experienced results, they no longer had to believe, they knew they could become lucid. We can do the same with lucid living.

Perhaps people would accept psychic phenomena, or synchronicities in waking life, more readily if they viewed waking life as a dream. Viewing life as a dream, gave me a foundation for understanding how I could possibly have had my first amazing, precognitive dreams. Psychic phenomena could also serve as clues for becoming lucid in waking life.

Robert: You know, I have often thought that in life, we simply live our assumptions. In lucid dreams, you begin to see that idea in an immediate sense. When you change your expectations in a lucid dream, the dream changes to accommodate the changes. It seems the same thing happens in waking life.

Beverly: Yes, I believe lucid living can have a profound effect on all our lives. Of course, as in our sleeping dreams, we can easily go on automatic and lose lucidity. However, the more we practice lucid dreaming skills, whether when asleep or during our waking life, the more likely we will become lucid at all times. By practicing lucid living, we strive to live the most illuminating, clear, and conscious waking life as possible.

We can also obtain a greater understanding of what spiritual practices, great writers, movies, fairy tales, and songs have been telling us for ages:

- Hindu Maya: Waking life is an illusion;
- Buddhist: Philosophy of Connectedness;
- Christianity: Resurrection after death;
- The Course of Miracles: Live the Happy Dream;
- The Wizard of Oz: There's no place like home;
- Shakespeare: All the world's a stage;
- Star Trek: Holodeck;
- The Matrix: The world has been pulled over your eyes to blind you to the truth.

The list goes on and on. My favorite is: Row, Row, Row, your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

Robert: Beverly, thanks for your sage advice and insights. Life is but a dream.
Tips and Techniques
Suggestions from Nic Heinz

I have a few tricks for helping me have lucid dreams:

I have a brown leather bracelet/arm band that I wear, and during the coarse of my day if I see it, I pause and ask myself if I am dreaming. Also if I hear or see anything strange I ask myself if I am dreaming. That usually helps me when I am in the dream state to become lucid.

When I become lucid in my dreams I usually try to focus on the ground to keep myself from waking up. As I become lucid my body feels extremely tingly and feels as if I am vibrating. If I don't focus on something I usually will awaken. When I first started, it was slightly difficult but the more practice I have the easier it gets.

I also have some guided meditation type MP3's (you can buy the cd's, but I just downloaded them from kazaa) that are from Hemi-sync. These give you a feeling that you are falling into a dream state but you are conscious the entire time. Besides making you feel energized and rested, it gives you a little practice for keeping control in your dreams.

What are some of your favourite quotes about lucid dreaming?
Send them in to LDE!

"Looked at in this way, the unconscious appears a field of experience of unlimited extent. If it were merely reactive to the conscious mind, we might aptly call it a psychic mirror world. In that case, the real source of all contents and activities would lie in the conscious mind, and there would be absolutely nothing in the unconscious except the distorted reflections of conscious contents....The empirical facts give the lie to this. Every creative man knows that spontaneity is the very essence of creative thought. Because the unconscious is not just a reactive mirror reflection, but an independent, productive activity, its realm of experience is a self-contained world, having its own reality, of which we can only say that it affects us as we affect it - precisely what we say about our experience of the outer world. And just as material objects are the constituent elements of this world, so psychic factors constitute the objects of that world."
Carl Jung, The Relations of the Ego and the Unconscious Submitted by RobertWaggoner:

"Things like these do happen in dreams."
A female teacher said that to me in a dream of March, 17th, 2004, after I wondered about some really strange things. I actually became lucid then :) Submitted by Ralf Penderak:

Mark Your Calenders!

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September 19th to October 3rd, 2004

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