

# LDE

THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Number 24 September 2002



*DreamSpeak*

*Dream Totem*

*Going To The Sun: Religious Beliefs & Psi*



**Founder**

Ruth Sacksteder

**Co-Editors**

Robert Waggoner & Lucy Gillis

**Graphic Design, Production, & Cover Illustration**

(*Shaman Dance*, mixed media on paper) © Lori Goddard of Dream Studio - www.dreamstudio.ca

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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 individual author.

**Submissions**

Send your submissions via e-mail to Lucy: lucy\_gillis@hotmail.com (Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line.) Or via snail mail to Robert: PO Box 11, Ames, Iowa, 50010. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream and what triggered your lucidity. Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

**Next Deadline (LDE 25)**

Submission deadline is November 1 2002; Publication date is December 1 2002.

**Subscription Info**

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How to Find us at yahooogroups.com: **Science, Social Sciences, Psychology, Sleep and Dreams, Sleeps and Dream Groups, The Lucid Dream Exchange.**

**With Thanks...**

We'd like to offer a special thank you to all those who have advertised The Lucid Dream Exchange in their publications, e-mail announcements, and on their web sites, and to the supporters, contributors and dreamers of LDE. *Thank you!!*

# This Issue

*A Letter from Lucy* . . . . . 2

*DreamSpeak* . . . . . 4

*Dream Themes* . . . . . 8

*More Thoughts on Lucid Dream Interpretation* . . . . . 11

*Dream Totem* . . . . . 11

*WILDs, OBEs, & Sleep Paralysis* . . . . . 12

*Going To The Sun: Religious Beliefs & Psi* . . . . . 14

*Potpourri* . . . . . 17

*Books, Movies, Requests* . . . . . 23

*Announcements* . . . . . 25

**Reality Check?!**

*I got up this morning and let the dogs out in the yard, glancing at the clock as I passed. According to the clock, it was forty-four minutes past 19 o'clock. I stared at it quite hard for a while and asked myself if I was dreaming; I was quite sure I wasn't.*

*And in fact, it turns out I wasn't. The clock is on a new stereo and for some odd reason has a 24 hour clock rather than an AM/PM display...*

*You just never know. Maybe tomorrow I'll fly! I think if I ever fell off a cliff or off the roof of a skyscraper witnesses would say, "I don't get it, she was yelling 'Whee! This is a cool dream!' all the way down..." :)*

**Katie, June 3 2002**

## *A Letter From Lucy*

*L*

*Hello fellow dreamers! In this issue we are very proud to present an interview with The Lucid Dream Exchange founder, **Ruth Sacksteder**. If it wasn't for Ruth's vision and*

*efforts, LDE would not be here today.*

*Also in this issue, **Linda Magallon** discusses religious beliefs and Psi with regard to lucid dreaming in her article Going To The Sun. And speaking of Psi, be sure to check out the Announcements section for information on the Association for the Study of Dreams First Online Psiberdreaming Conference. You won't want to miss it! (See additional ad this page.)*

*You'll also find information on the next Dreaming and Awakening Retreat presented by the Lucidity Institute in November. For those interested in what happens at a Lucid DreamCamp check out **Ralf Penderak's** website listed in the Links section. There is still plenty of time to participate in The Best Sleep Posture for Lucid Dreaming experiment, as the deadline has been extended to December 1 2002.*

*The question of lucid dream interpretation continues as Edith responds to the articles presented on the topic in the last LDE.*

*Sleep paralysis researcher, **Jorge Conesa** sparked a question in my mind about a possible explanation for perhaps some of the SP sensations that some people experience. You'll find my brief musing, as well as numerous dreams from LDE readers in the WILDs, OBEs, and Sleep Paralysis section.*

***Barton Santello**, who has submitted his dream inspired art called Dream Totem, extends an invitation to all to discuss the movie Mulholland Drive. **Tamas Bognar** also discusses some dream-related movies and asks readers of LDE how can he increase the frequency of having lucid dreams. And if you like reading fiction that centres on dreams, particularly conscious dreams, you will be delighted to discover Sleepwalkers by **Frank P. Dorchak**, reviewed on page 23.*

*Our dream theme this time is sound. (Which makes me have to ask, do you have sound dreams in a sound sleep? - sorry!) Be sure to check out the wonderful sound and music filled dreams sent in by LDE readers. As always, the core of LDE, the lucid dreams, are to be found in the Potpourri section.*

*This issue's fabulous cover art is Shaman Dance by Lori Goddard of Dream Studio.*

*And one more thing, please note that any typos you may find throughout LDE have been strategically placed for your reality-checking convenience. :)*

*Happy Dreaming!*

*Lucy*

# **First OnLine PsiberDreaming Conference**

*Join some of the world's foremost experts on the subject of Psi dreaming*

*for two weeks of*

*cutting-edge papers, discussions, workshops, and chats. If you've ever had a precognitive dream, a lucid dream, or simply an 'unusual dream' that never quite made sense, this is the place for you.*

*For two weeks, from*

**September 23, 2002 to October 6, 2002,**

*participants worldwide will enjoy online experiments, psiber games with prizes, chats, and discussions on paranormal dreaming in the shared meeting space of virtual reality.*

***All for \$30 or less!***

*And if you don't belong to ASD, join ASD as a new member from August 10 - October 6 and as a bonus get a free pass to the Psiber Conference!*

*For more information on this historic event, go to:*

***<http://asdreams.org/psi2002/>***

*by Jean Campbell*

## ***Welcome to the Dream C.A.G.E.***

*Do you have specific lucid dream goals?*

*Do you like to experiment in your lucid dreams?*

*Then this is the place for you!*

## ***Challenges, Aims, Goals, Experiments***

*Readers have suggested:*

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

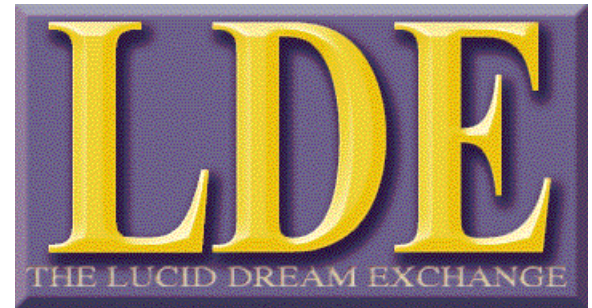
*Do you have any experiments you'd like to suggest?*

*Share your ideas with the LDE readership*

# A Great New Look for The LDE

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

*From co-editors Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner*



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



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

### Regular Features

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

### Past Articles

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

### Book Reviews

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

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September 2002

# Dream Speak

**ROBERT WAGGONER**

## **Interview with a Lucid Dreamer: Ruth Sacksteder, LDE Founder**

**Long-time lucid dreamer and founder of *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, Ruth Sacksteder has kindly agreed to be interviewed for LDE #24. A resident of the Bay Area, Ruth has promoted lucid dreaming through the creation of the LDE, participation in lucid dream experiments, and her own lucid dream group in Berkeley.**

**Robert:** *So Ruth, could you tell us about how you became interested in lucid dreaming and what your first lucid experiences were like?*

**Ruth:** I had my first lucid dream before I had heard of the term. That was probably in 1968 or 1969 when I was 24. Some months before, I had had occasional sleep paralysis/bedroom "visitor" type experiences. I can't recall the very first lucid dream, but in those early lucid dreams I was amazed I was doing what I was doing. I felt a sense of wonder that my mind had fashioned such gorgeous, intricate environments. I often just looked around. I also enjoyed flying but usually couldn't fly as high as I would have liked. There were less pleasant sides as well - intense vibrations and odd phenomena I couldn't comprehend.

I thought I was the only person who had dreams like this. I would ask peers but at that time never found confirmation from others. In 1974-75, I was in a class on dreams when I was introduced to the term "lucid dreaming." I realized that was what I had been doing off and on and that others had similar experiences.

**Robert:** *Living in the Bay area, were you able to meet other lucid dreamers and share ideas?*

**Ruth:** Well, I continued to have spontaneous lucid dreams and went through occasional periods of trying to induce more than I'd ordinarily have. I wrote down most of these dreams. The majority were close to what I would now call semi-lucid.

In the late '80's, through lucid dreamer Steve Gillenwater, I was introduced to Stephen LaBerge's book, *Lucid Dreaming*, and his work. This came at a time when I was working afternoons and had my mornings relatively free. The book was a great help and gave me some focus in learning lucidity. A few years later I became a member of LaBerge's Oneironautical Research Group at the Lucidity Institute and participated in some of the research projects. Other Bay area contacts were the experienced lucid dreamers, like Linda Magallon and

Keelin. I participated in mutual dreaming experiments designed by Linda.

In the early '90's I was also in a correspondence group formed by Lucidity Institute members and thus got to know dreamers in other parts of the country. I enjoy trying experiments in my lucid dreams and did some of my own design as well as those designed by LaBerge, Linda Magallon, Janice Brooks, Jay Vogelsong, and others. Up until 1995 I was working part-time and was able to put a good amount of energy into lucid dreaming research.

**Robert:** *I see that you have an ad for a lucid dream group in the Dream Network Journal. What has your lucid dream group been like? Is it hard having lucid dreamers at various levels of ability?*

**Ruth:** Around that time, I had a lucid dream group meeting in my house. Unfortunately, that group no longer meets (so I'm not sure why the *DNJ* still runs the ad). The group had about 5 or 6 consistent members as well as others who were more occasional. The group met once a month. I enjoyed having people of all levels of ability and experience. The group was not a course in lucid dreaming but a place for people to share lucid dreams and thoughts about lucidity. We tried occasional experiments. I also liked having people with different approaches and outlooks since I didn't want the group to become a clique.

**Robert:** *How was it that you began The Lucid Dream Exchange?*

**Ruth:** In the early '90's there were several lucid dream publications. They presented excellent articles as well as interesting lucid dream research, but they included only a few lucid dreams. Several people

told me that they wished there were a magazine comprised of people's actual lucid dreams. I thought that was a good idea and felt as a "group", we lucid dreamers could put out something like that. I intentionally kept it small and intimate. I want to thank all of those people who sent lucid dreams, art

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Ruth Sacksteder*

work, and poetry to the LDE, as well as those who attempted any of the suggested experiments and sent in their results. I want to add that I am pleased with the current continuation of the LDE and am glad it didn't stop when I could no longer produce it. The new look is great!

**Robert:** *Often in your lucid dreams, you immediately head for "Apt. #8". How did you become interested in returning to the same dream locale, and what meaning does this have for you?*

**Ruth:** One lucid dreamer created an analog of her town in her lucid dreams. She was an extremely accomplished lucid dreamer and had amazing consistency of character and locale. In comparison, I was very much a beginner. As an experiment, I decided to create a dream analog of my apartment building and people it with dream characters. I never developed much consistency and eventually used only Apt. 8, which was, in waking life, close to my own apartment and often at that time, vacant. With practice it became pretty easy to get to Apt. 8, if I became lucid in the image of my bedroom.

I used Apt. 8 (that is, dream apt. 8) in various ways at various times. I made it into what I called the "Dream Learning Center". For awhile it had an attractive library, though unfortunately I couldn't read the books. There was another period when a dream analog of my mother "decided" to live there and happy times when it was full of gorgeous cats and kittens. There have been odd characters, too, as well as mirrors for transport (to phase through) and briefly, a cool slide down into other territory. That was in its heyday, but it could be vacant as well, dark and empty.

Now lucid dreams are much rarer, and I use Apt. 8 largely as a means to an end - to switch from local lucid city terrain to something more countrified and "natural". I go out a door to the side and get to fields, forests, creeks, and even the sea or at least a more countrified version of a town. If I had more time and more lucid dreams, I'd love to experiment again with Apt. 8, but since 1995 I have been working full time, usually getting up very early. Lucid dreams are more sporadic.

**Robert:** *Sometimes, I have wondered about your designation of a WILD or wake-initiated lucid dream. How do you distinguish a WILD from a non-WILD lucid dream?*

**Ruth::** In a WILD you go directly into a dream from being awake and are 'immediately' aware that you are dreaming. In a DILD (dream-initiated), you become aware that you are dreaming some time during the dream. In a WILD you can be lying in bed awake. You probably become drowsy and are aware you are becoming drowsy. Then suddenly you are in a dream and you know that you are dreaming. You may, for example, watch the dream imagery coming as hypnagogia at first and then find yourself entering one of the images or perhaps you "soar" above the scene a moment before entering. You are aware you are dreaming. At the very least, you suspect it and do an immediate reality test though generally you don't need to.

Local lucids also can be in this category, as well as OBE dreams, assuming you are aware you are dreaming. You may be in bed, awake but drowsy, then suddenly you find yourself standing in the middle of your room. You are immediately aware that you are dreaming or suspect you are and do a reality test to confirm it. You could even be in bed and feel the transition - your body image changing from literal body to dream body. You may experience vibrations, buzzes, or rushes of wind. You may hear disembodied voices or even see people in your bedroom. So you get up out of your (dream) bed and enjoy a local lucid. Other times, you may lie in bed and suddenly "shoot" out of your body and fly through the window or wall into a dreamscape.

In all of the examples, you are aware you are dreaming from the beginning. There are, of course, gray areas in WILDS as in many aspects of lucid dreaming. What if there are a few

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We are the pioneers!"  
Ruth Sacksteder*

moments before you realize you are dreaming? What if the scene goes dark and you feel yourself on your bed but you realize you are not completely awake - then the scene returns or you get up and have a local lucid? Is that a WILD or a continuation of the earlier dream? If you slept 10 minutes and then entered a dream, I probably wouldn't call it a WILD - but if you immediately knew it was a dream and you were aware that you were sleeping during those 10 minutes of sleep, you might call it a WILD.

Some WILDs are very brief. Others are dark in the beginning and light only gradually kicks in. There can be stops and starts - many returns to the dream, but the level of awareness in comparison with waking awareness is often higher than in DILDs.

**Robert:** *If you were talking to an intermediate lucid dreamer, what are some of the principles or guidelines that you would suggest to operate successfully in the lucid dream environment?*

**Ruth:** One thing - it is important to understand that many waking life rules don't apply in dreams. Such realization can help the dreamer become more fully lucid (aware of his/her state). Amusing things occur when a person is only partially lucid. An example - after becoming lucid, a dreamer may worry about finding the key to lock the dream office door before leaving the building. That's a pretty crude example, but these kinds of confusions occur frequently in lucid dreams.

I would also advise studying the role suggestion and expectation play in the creation of dream imagery. Read the lucid dreams of as many people as possible, noting different styles from your own and different outlooks. Don't jump to conclusions from your own experience alone. Try new things in your lucid dreams, experiment, and of course, enjoy lucidity.

**Robert:** *Tell us about a lucid dream that "surprised" you - what was that like?*

**Ruth:** Some people imagine that there is total conscious control in lucid dreams, but that is rarely, if ever, so. As in non-lucid dreams, some images can be downright surprising - one has no idea what might have suggested them. I

included a dream with an unexpected image in **LDE 13:**

**August 1-2 1999,** *I re-enter a dream lucid and after talking to a woman, decide to "exercise" my bad leg by dream running and also practice better breathing. I run around a grassy field several times. As I run I discover tiny creeks with small bridges across parts of the field. Then, to my surprise, on the bridges or on the ground beside the bridges are very Catholic-looking images of the suffering Jesus (that is, Jesus dying or just having died on the cross -- I was raised religiously, but not as a Roman Catholic). I may have unintentionally stepped on one image. In the dream, I don't know how to respond to these unexpected images that seem somewhat alien to my own spirituality. I leave the field and interact with the woman I had spoken to earlier. I don't recall any of the dialogue.*

**Robert:** *What did you make of this lucid dream later?*

**Ruth:** This dream puzzled me because I couldn't see what suggestion might have created such an image. It seemed unrelated to my efforts to "run" and practice better breathing. I thought perhaps this dream had some meaning and tried to tease it out. After three years, though, I am still not completely sure what to make of the dream. As dreamers, we can be glad our dreams offer surprises and frequently elude pat interpretations. Because of the unexpected image, this dream stays in my mind better than most of the lucid dreams I have had.

**Robert:** *Is there any advice that you think would be helpful for readers of the LDE?*

**Ruth:** In addition to all that I have said in this interview, I would remind dreamers that, in the West at least, the art and science of dreams and especially lucid dreaming is very young. We are in the early stages of learning. It is very easy to jump to all kinds of conclusions without sufficient evidence. It is best to keep exploring, comparing results with others, while withholding excessive judgments. Nonetheless, this is an exciting time for lucid dreamers. We are the pioneers!

*If you are interested in being interviewed or would like to submit an interview please contact*

*Robert at [dreambob@aol.com](mailto:dreambob@aol.com)*

Send lucid dream content, articles, or dream art submissions via e-mail to Lucy: [lucy\\_gillis@hotmail.com](mailto:lucy_gillis@hotmail.com)

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



# Dream Themes

## Sound

### *Musical Lucid Dreams* © Ralf Penderak

*Dreams with music are some of my very sweetest. Hope you'll enjoy these. Yours, Ralf*

Bedtime: 2100 (I am tired, spent all the day playing with my son, sometimes 24 hours are not enough). I wake up at 0140, take short notices of two dreams. (In one of them I fly around the world, passing the Golden Gate Bridge, too. Did anyone see me?) I put on the Novadreamer mask and start a relaxation exercise. I percept cues and the dream alarm twice, I see them flashing red. Then I see white flashes. Immediately I know, that I'm dreaming...

*Ralf, Lucid Choir with Ego-Aspects,*  
07 06 2000

... but this time I'm not too excited. I feel drowsy. I'm sitting in a room with some (6-7) men. They are approximately as old as I am. We are sitting in a circle. I remember that my lucid dreams often vanish if I try to fly. What shall I do? I'm asking my co-dreamers: "Dear aspects of my ego ... (sounds strange to me) ... shall I fly or shall I sing?" One man is laughing and says: "You should better sing." I know he is laughing because he knows I like to sing, but he also knows that I'm not always sure whether my singing is welcome. I start singing. A simple melody, made of five notes. I use the sound "Aaaahh". The "h" sounds strange, different, than in waking life singing. But I don't mind. I repeat the simple line several times. After some time my companions start singing this line, too. Sounds and feels good. Then I want to do an experiment. I sing a variation of the theme on a higher level. The others remain singing the theme. This is a lucid choir! I'm very satisfied. I sing some other variations, everything feels good. Now I wonder, what will happen, if I go back to the theme. For some time all people sing with one voice. But then alternating singers create variations of their own. Very good.

I have no more memory of this dream. Maybe it has been the dream alarm to interrupt it.

*Ralf, I'm a Lucid Wave,*  
March 28 2002

I'm in a house. I'm singing and playing guitar in one room. It is a cover version of a well-known song, maybe U2. I sing with all my heart and a voice incomparable to waking life. It is so ecstatic to make and be in this wonderful music (only a few times did I experience this level of ecstasy while performing waking life music). After the song I leave the room, enter the floor. I do some

hovering and flying exercises. There is a young woman watching me. I show her that one doesn't need to flutter wildly, but tenderly. (In the dream I seemed to be reminded of a waking life experience the day before yesterday. Some perfect minutes outside in early spring's sun, all by myself and serene, enjoying the uplifting view of seagulls circling in a thermal, nearly effortless, in harmony with the natural forces. After they reach a great height, they fly in a perfectly straight line towards the Baltic Sea, which is some miles off. Seemingly without moving one feather. In this moments I conceive why men since primitive times have the inefaceable desire to fly.)

I lift myself up and hover right beneath the ceiling. I look down and see that my foot still touches ground. Hmm. I do some jumps. Sometimes staying longer in the air, sometimes landing on my belly. I wonder why it doesn't work all the time until it dawns on me that I'm dreaming. I immediately wake up. But don't move. Instead of hand rubbing I decide to use guitar playing to re-enter the dreamstate. I focus on the feeling of body, of guitar in hand and striking of the strings, not on the sound. After some seconds the feeling gets more and more realistic. Now I can hear the sound, too. The longer I play, the larger vibrations I experience. It feels like the dreambody morphs into waves of sounds, except the arms, which keep playing the guitar. It is an ecstatic experience. I'm happy that I've come that far in my dream-practice. But unfortunately I still seem not to be able to "bear" this ecstasy for more than some seconds. (But I can say that I'm getting better in the "enjoying - exercise".) I force the dream body to let go of physical body with the intention to enter another dream. But this seems to be too hard to try. Dreambody vanishes. I turn and doze into another non lucid dream.

*Clint, Take The Big Fat Cow With You,*  
10/25/1999

(It's funny, a day or so before I got the submission notice for the next issue, which will feature music/sound oriented lucid dreams, I was wondering if other lucid dreamers have auditory focused lucid dreams. Strangely enough, I have found that my lucid dreams with music are my most intense lucid dreams. Very often in such a dream there is nothing but the music (no visual or tactile sense). I wish I had the skill to remember and transcribe the lucid dream music once I am awake!)

I'm running barefoot down a sidewalk and I jump to see how far I can jump. I go up but I don't come down and I immediately know

## Dream Themes - Sound

that I am dreaming. I continue flying but the visual dreamscape is fading. I try to remember what I had planned to do in my next lucid dream and remember that I wanted to transform into a tiger. Immediately I feel my body change into that of a tiger; I feel my strong wide shoulders and huge paws. I actually feel the paw pads spread as I run along the ground. I still have no visuals but I am totally concentrated and absorbed in the physical sensation of being a tiger. I don't even notice that I am not seeing; it is neither light nor dark - it is as if there is no vision sense at all.

Now I hear a classical radio broadcast and think that I must be awake. In a few seconds I know that it is a false awakening and that I am still dreaming. I listen closely to the music. It is a wonderfully intricate and ethereally beautiful piano and guitar concerto. I am totally amazed that I am dreaming this because the sound is so crystal clear and realistic - it seems that I am listening to it through stereo headphones and can hear every note. The classical piece lasts for about 3 or 4 minutes. During the whole time I still have no dream vision and remain in this space which is neither light nor dark. I am totally absorbed in the sense of hearing at this phase of the lucid dream. Throughout the time that the music is playing I am amazed that my dreaming mind is creating this music that is so complex and beautiful. When the piece ends there is applause and I think to myself that it sounds exactly like real applause. After the applause dies out the announcer comes on and in the stereotypical somber classical music disc jockey's voice says, "And that was 'Take The Big Fat Cow With You.'" I think that is an hilarious title for such a beautiful piece of music and repeat it to myself several times so that I will remember it when I awaken.

I lose lucidity at this point and fade into a brief non-lucid dream in which a woman in a wheelchair comes onto a theater stage and says that radio bandwidth is decreasing at an alarming rate. She proceeds to ask for donations of radio bandwidth from those who have extra so that future generations will have some.

*Lucy Gillis, Musical Notes Hanging in the Air,  
June 16 1994*

. . . I look down a long hallway and something about the shine of the floor and walls gives it a slightly unreal look. I think to myself that I could make this into a lucid dream. With that thought I lift off and fly down the hall on my belly with my arms outstretched from my sides. I sing a single note "Aaaaa" and the sound helps me to maintain altitude. I can't hold the note for long and have to take a deep gasping breath before I can repeat the note. It sounds and feels so clumsy.

I decide to "leave my voice in the air." When I stop to take a less laborious breath, the sound I made continues. I experiment with different notes, some high, some low. They all "stay in the air" and form a pretty harmony. When I try an exceptionally high note it comes out like a cross between a scream and a squawk. I make a mess of the very low notes too. The bad sounds do not remain in the air. I continue to do this while flying up and down the hallway. People start to show up, standing on the floor to either side of me, (I am now hovering in the air) and they sing too. Some sing out

aggressively, as though they are competing with one another. I see S, a female friend, to my left and hear her beautiful voice carry the notes I couldn't produce. I assume these people are created (by my dreaming mind) to sing the parts that I can't. The "air" sounds wonderful. I soon wake.

*Keelin, Singing in Harmony,  
April 19 1994*

**(5:30-7:00 am Trance Induction Tape NL Exp. Vol 5 #4.)**

I wake and imagine rocking. The sensation of movement to and fro becomes vivid and I slip into dreaming with lucidity intact. In this "local lucid" my bedroom is noticeably different than in waking reality, but I choose to not focus on it. Instead, directing my attention to the sensations I'm experiencing, I begin to sing. As usual, my dream voice is sweet and clear, but I am surprised by the harmony. It's as if my body holds an inner choir of angels. The more I focus on it, the more distinct the tones become. At the same time, I play with the waviness and lightness of my dreambody arms as they easily pass through each other. I recall a similar sensation from a former lucid dream. As I begin to awaken, my fingers gain density and consequently pass more slowly through each other. The feeling, again, is reminiscent of a previous lucid dream in which I tried to bring a dream rock into the world of waking reality.

*Robert Waggoner, Finding My Feeling Tone,  
February 12 1993*

(Note: I had read about the concept in some esoteric literature that everyone has a "feeling tone." This concept intrigued me. Was one's feeling tone an actual sound? Or was a feeling tone more a type of sensual feeling? Curious, I decided that in my next lucid dream, I would try to find out what was meant by the concept of a "feeling tone".)

I'm standing outside someplace - it looks like my childhood neighborhood. I'm walking with my brother Paul. It's a nice, fairly bright day. Suddenly I notice brightly colored fish swimming in the air about 6' off the ground, as if they were in water! I see about six of them swimming through the air. I think, "They can breathe and live in our environment just like we do in theirs." Then I see even more fish swimming by in the air and the incongruity strikes me, and I think, "I'm dreaming! This is a lucid dream!"

I decide not to run off and do something, and I wonder, "Well, what should I do?" I think about trying to find God, but realize that I have tried that before with some limited success. Then I remember that I want to hear my "feeling tone." I think about how to do this. Then I just look up in the mottled sky and yell, "I want to hear my Feeling Tone!!"

Suddenly a tiny black dot appears in the sky above me and a small humming sound comes out. It's quite slow and quiet at first; it seems to have a familiar sound to it. Then the dot begins to grow and grow. The sound volume increases and increases. Simultaneously, the "physical" volume of the sound expands, like a cone of sound and as it increases and the sound increases -- it is growing, expanding, and as it does so, it surrounds what was once

# Dream Themes - Sound

me. It keeps growing, until my whole being is reverberating with this incredible, energetic, vibrant sound!!

(At this point, the "me" or "Robert" simply has disappeared in a sense -- there is only the sound and the sound is me, but the me doesn't really exist in any normal sense, there is only sound. As this continues, something inside awakens the perceiver "me" to the idea that "Robert" needs to decide to recapitulate himself into physical form - really, the idea of a physical form - before "Robert" essentially forgets to exist and loses himself in the sound, the feeling tone.) There is a bit of a struggle here (like a magician pulling himself out of the hat!) as the perceiver me struggles to recapitulate the memory/form/idea of Robert. Struggle.

(Here I have either a false awakening or a total scene shift.) I pick up a deck of cards and try to shuffle them, but all of the cards fly out of my hands in an impressive display. Suddenly I think about the "feeling tone" sound again, and the tone begins. I look down and my thumb and index finger are drawn together like in yoga, and I can feel the energy, the extraordinary energy vibrating through it. I'm transfixed by the sound, and then notice that my thumb and index finger are starting to glow with a golden light.

(Only years after this did I happen to stumble across a book about mantras, and realize that this experience of finding my "feeling tone" virtually mimicked ancient texts on mantras and the creation of physical form, which they assert comes from certain sounds. In any case, this was one of my more profound lucid dreams -- and I had no idea what I was asking for! It also forever changed my view of "myself" and the concept of "self".)

*Clint, A Nice Lucid Dream Song,  
5/15/2000*

(Although this was a pretty long lucid dream I don't remember a lot of it.) I'm running along a sidewalk with a woman. I jump into the air and I stay up in the air and I realize that I am dreaming because I am flying. I fly around the corner and the woman is no longer in the dream. I fly past some building. I'm rubbing my hands together as I am flying in order to maintain the dream. After a couple of minutes I lose the dream visuals.

I know that I am still dreaming and I rub my hands again. I feel myself falling through space and I am repeating, "The next scene will be a dream" hoping to recreate some visuals. I will for there to be a scene and I see an old Western type town with wooden signs; but this is very brief and the scene again fades.

Now I hear music and I know that I am still dreaming. The music sounds very realistic. It is an instrumental on a solo instrument which sounds like a high pitched stringed instrument. The music continues for a few minutes and then a male voice starts singing to the music. The words sound somewhat familiar although I am not certain that I really have heard the song before. I want to remember the words when I awaken but when I do wake I don't remember them.

*Keelin, DILD,  
November 10 2001*

Adjusting a transistor radio beneath my pillow, I tell myself I must remember to mention this in my dream report. The verbal program is over quickly. The volume is too loud. I worry that it will wake R, adjust it quickly and the sound diminishes. The writing in my

journal looks strange, like line atop line or perhaps my vision is doubled. I try to turn out the lamp on the end table next to the bed, not noticing that it isn't at all like my lamp in waking reality. I'm experiencing great difficulty. The knob falls off and I screw it back on, eventually succeeding in shutting off the light.

I turn to find R awake. The moonlight filling the bed is so bright that I comment on it. R is in a very playful mood, lying in an odd position with the soles of his feet touching the palms of my hands as if we're ready to play a children's hand clapping game. I sing an old 50's song (*Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*) hitting the highest notes easily. We're both laughing for no reason other than for simple joy. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, but in a quiet pause, I look into his eyes and say "I think I'd better do a reality check." I look over at the digital clock (which isn't there in waking reality) and am absolutely astounded when the numbers morph. A rush of vibrations surge through me and I wake immediately.

*Clint, Celestial Music,  
6/23/2002*

This was an incredibly long and beautiful lucid dream. I don't remember the non-lucid part of the dream that preceded the lucid part. I am flying high above a road. I look down and I see our 3 dogs far below me on the ground. I instantly realize that I am dreaming. As I fly among the tree branches I pick a few leaves and marvel at how I can feel the textures in this dream. I also pick some flowers and rub them against my face and they feel very soft and the smell is wonderful and fragrant.

I continue flying for several minutes and just enjoy the flying. The dream scene fades and I know that if I wait and can avoid waking up that a new scene will appear. Finally, a new scene materializes and I find myself inside my house. My nephews, Don and Mark, are here. I decide I would like to go into the backyard. I attempt to go through the patio door glass, but the glass seems very solid. I hit the glass with my hand to see if I can get my hand through but the glass is so hard that it hurts my hand and I am surprised that I can feel pain in this dream. Now I just open the door and go out into the yard. Again the visuals start to fade and soon there is just darkness. Again I wait for a new scene to appear.

There is still no visual scene but I can hear the sound of giant waves crashing. I know that the waves are in the swimming pool in the backyard. I feel the water from the waves splashing onto my face. I am amazed to feel the water splashing me.

Suddenly, the visuals come back with crystal clarity. I am still in my backyard and there are standing waves frozen in space on the pool. I touch them to see what they feel like. I start flying around the yard and then decide to go back into the house. I want to try going through the patio door glass again so I hit with my hand very hard and it still feels solid and hurts my hand. I decide, "Maybe if I try just pushing my hand through very slowly it will work." I try pushing my hand on the glass very slowly and the glass feels like it turns to Jello and my hand and arm go through easily. I tell Mark to stay inside and Don to come outside and watch how I can go through the glass when I am dreaming. I go slowly and am able to

*Continued on page 22*

# More Thoughts on Lucid Dream Interpretation

Edith, August 2002

More on the subject of the interpretation of lucid dreams! In the June issue Robert Waggoner and Linda Magallon replied to my earlier question; whether the usual methods of dream interpretation are useful or appropriate if applied to the lucid experience. Result: it now seems my query was much too simple.

I assume, however, that most of us are interested in the subject. As Robert's article suggests, research in this area might shed some light on the nature of all dreaming and of consciousness in general. (Apologies here to the people who feel that analyzing a dream is akin to tearing the wings off a butterfly.)

Should my original question have run something like this? Assuming that there is some validity and value to some methods of interpreting dreams, can these same methods be effective when applied to lucidity? And if so, is any one of the approaches (Freudian, Jungian, whatever) more appropriate for a lucid dream? Or for certain types of lucidity?.....Is the "use" made of day residue and of traditional or personal symbols different according to the dreamer's state? How is the whole problem affected by differing cultural, sociological, historical, educational considerations?

Robert suggests that the dream symbolism which precedes a lucid interlude resumes when ordinary dreaming takes over again. If so, what is the nature of the difference?

Is it possible that the whole issue of control might be central here? As we all know, this is an issue which has led to a lot of sound and fury. Jeremy Taylor makes out a well expressed case for the basic autonomy of the dream in *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*, page 218. Taylor maintains that the ego can at most influence the dream. Robert cites the dream experience of ordering a bell to ring and getting a band of musicians (to play music) instead. This anecdote reinforced my idea that dream autonomy does sometimes display a certain sense of humor. I once found myself lucid on Boston Common at night. I think that dream had a house whose roof was set with large sparkling gems. I was feeling rather controlish and demanded that the dark night should turn to daylight. This did not happen but the black sky was suddenly lit by myriad stars, which cast a very faint pale light.

In short, someone or something said, "Oh well, let's humor her a little!"

## Dream Totem

© Barton Santello

### Background & Day Residue:

*I slept-in this morning and had this creative dream. The day residue was that I had talked to my mom prior to going asleep and she told me she had sold Rosie's (my old friend's mom) house and she told me that Rosie had given her a couple of my books she had found in her house as she packed to move.*

*Dream: I am riding my bike down my old neighborhood of Pine Orchard Road in Connecticut and when I passed by Rosie's house, I noticed my childhood friend Steve in the window and it looked like he was moving stuff. So I turned my bike around and went over to visit. Steve was helping Rosie pack because the house would be selling soon.*

*In the living room Steve pulled out a piece of art work that I supposedly stored in Rosie's house, before I moved to Arizona. Steve asked me whether I wanted it or if he could bring it to Vermont. Since his house wasn't ready in Vermont and my adobe wasn't ready in Arizona, I told him we should keep it in my mini-storage and make a decision later.*

*Comments: Upon awakening I immediately recognized that this "dream art" was an original, unique piece, created by my mind. Could this be a product someday? The concept was the placement of several different paintings (but all with a common theme or emotion), stacked up like a totem pole. The art piece in the dream was about 4-5 feet tall and it could be hung on the wall or stand on the floor.*

*Upon awakening I immediately started working on a smaller 6" tall replica using existing miscellaneous computer artwork in my archive. It is not an exact replica, but the theme is similar and it expresses itself as in the dream to my satisfaction.*



# WILDs, OBEs, & Sleep Paralysis

## *Sleep Paralysis Sensations Echoes of Body Re-Entry Problems?*

© Lucy Gillis

During a recent e-mail discussion with sleep paralysis researcher Jorge Conesa, Jorge wrote:

*"I induced an SP and accidentally an OBE three nights ago. I panicked seeing my own body and did not know how to get back. So I approached my sleeping body and began chewing on, biting my own toes so I would wake up. This did not work. So instead, I did my "roll up" trick and woke up in a jolt! (The night preceding that OBE and the following night I recorded several SP's, lucid and vivid dreams.)"*

It struck me funny and I burst out laughing at the thought of being OBE, hunched over your physical body and gnawing on your own feet! A comical image indeed! But then, that image of a hunched figure bent over a sleeping body led me to recall some of the classical nightmare descriptions, such as an incubus crouched on a sleeper's chest, an image often used when describing effects of sleep paralysis.

And then I began to wonder...

What if, (on some occasions), the dreamer himself is the one producing the sensations felt during sleep paralysis?

Suppose the dreamer doesn't recall being out of body. According to one theory, we leave our bodies every night when we sleep. We simply don't remember that we do so. Just like we all dream every night, but not everyone remembers their dreams.

### *\*WILD Wake Initiated Lucid Dream*

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

### *\*DILD Dream Initiated Lucid Dream*

Becoming lucid during a dream.

### *\*MILD Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreaming*

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

### *\*\*TILD Trance Induced Lucid Dream*

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

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

\*\*Suggested by F. Ghisellini.

(For those who don't believe that we "go" anywhere in our sleep, instead of the phrase "leave our bodies", substitute "withdraw attention from the outer physical environment as our senses become "cut off" or reduced as we enter the sleep cycle.")

What if, in the out of body state, we encounter difficulties getting back into the physical body? (Or, if not "out of body" we encounter difficulties in waking up and we hallucinate a dream version of our waking body.) What if we do like Jorge and attempt to get back in (or wake up) by alerting the physical body, trying to stir it to wakefulness? Could some of the sensations felt during sleep paralysis be an "echo" of this activity when the mind switches from dreaming consciousness to waking?

Feelings and emotions are often more easily recalled when we awaken than are visual images. I'm sure we've all on occasion awakened from a dream with a lingering feeling, perhaps anxiety, or happiness, yet we couldn't recall what the specific dream was about.

If we tend not to remember our dreams when we wake, or not recall out of body excursions, but we have a lasting feeling of anxiety or panic (from trying to get in body or wake up), perhaps the mind produces a distorted version of what is happening, trying to translate the sensations into something familiar, as best it can.

Could we ourselves be the "demon" sitting on our own chests, trying to get back into our bodies when in fact it is the mind trying to translate the dream experience of our own attempts to return to waking reality?

# ..... WILD'S, OBE's, & Sleep Paralysis .....

*Keelin, WILD, March 7 2000*

Loud, rushing roar like a great wind (this is the first time I can recall hearing this type of sound associated with the onset of dreaming). Also, a male voice as if speaking through a megaphone sounds as if it's coming from a car driving by outside. I suspect this is an internal creation like the wind roar. It is harder to determine if the sound of light rain falling outside the bedroom window is real or not.

I see a page of type (quite like the Quark documents I've been working on lately) and half expect the "wind" I'm still hearing might blow the letters away, but they do not animate. Then a tiny spot of brightness, seen with the right eye only -- as if it is fully contained 'tween eye and eyelid. Looks like one of the book chapter title pages in Quark. The imagery drifts upward out of view, and then the imagery repeats a couple of times as if it's being scrolled on screen. Attempts to hold steady or enlarge the image are unsuccessful. I feel familiar vibes and wake. [I'm awake for a while with a few nondescript fragments, then slip into another WILD:]

I'm suddenly sitting alone on the floor in a room, reading a book, then notice an area of wet sand beside me. Taking small handfuls, I begin to form rounded stone shapes. The sand is of excellent quality for this and holds the shapes well. Each one I place on the flat surface of sand disappears by the time I lay the next one down. I find this dreamplay amusing.

I flatten out a stone shape in my hand and notice the sand is more like clay now. Laying the flat, circular piece down, I make heart-shaped impressions in it using my fingernail, then smooth away the design and carve wavy lines like sea grasses and add bits of color in leaf shapes. The color comes from scraps of fuchsia-toned papers that have suddenly appeared next to me.

Leaving this activity, I walk a few steps to a table and write the words "I love you" on a

small tablet of paper, amazed at the ease with which I'm able to do this (to manage writing in a dream). I write the words several times and have only one instance of difficulty when the pen misbehaves. Switching to a pencil, I tell myself that this will work better -- and it does. I watch and note that the actual appearance of the letters is not always in sync with my efforts. The handwriting is fairly messy and looks as if it's been something of a struggle to form the characters properly. At last there is the typical morphing of letterforms, as one might expect. Well aware that I'm doing a dream experiment, I review the experience up to this point to help retain details for later recording. Wondering what to do next, I begin to feel the dream might fade and shift attention to focus on what I'm wearing. My intention is to re-engage with the dream in order to keep it going. I tell myself: "You know what to do!" and rub my hands for quick insurance. I see that I'm wearing a sleeveless, white cotton jumpsuit with buttons down the front. The legs are cut to mid-calf and I think how comfortable this would be for beachwear. I walk to the corner of the room, look in the mirror and catch the hint of a sheer, lilac undershirt beneath the opening of the jumpsuit. I tear off some store tags that suddenly appear, then rub my hands again as the dream threatens to fade out.

There is some commotion and I sense R is about to enter the scene. I find him in the next room, which is large and brightly lit. He is extremely animated, dancing about. I'm annoyed, fearing his antics will be distracting, and sure enough lucidity fades, even as I'm explaining to him the need for quiet so that I can focus on the experiment. I wake having completely lost the awareness of dreaming.

*R.S., Green Hills (WILD), May 11-12 2002*

I wake up a little before dawn, lie in bed trying to go back to sleep. Then suddenly I find myself in the middle of my bedroom. I realize I am in a dream now and immediately become lucid. I walk toward

my apartment door but experience this force-field, so I immediately turn around. I find in order to "neutralize" the force-field I have to walk backwards. I walk backwards through my hall, out the door, and into apartment 8, looking over my shoulder. Once in Apt. 8 I can walk normally. It is duskish in Apt. 8, lit only by the earliest of dawn light. I call out, "Anyone home?" but see no one. I go through a living room and see some light switches. I try them all not expecting them to work. Nothing happens. I recall that I could get the bulbs to light up when I coupled will power with a flick of the switch. So I try the switches again, willing the overhead light to go on. It makes brief flashes of light but that's the best I can do. I see a door outside and go out. I'm in a small grassy area. It's not very light. The grass goes downhill. I remember what fun it was to roll down a hill when I was a child so I try it. I roll down the grassy incline, enjoying the sensation. At the bottom I think that now I have lost whatever scene was there before, so I'll have a look around. I get up. It is still well before "sunrise". I see a beautiful vista of rolling green hills. It's a very pretty scene. I start walking down a hill toward another. I see a businessman cutting in front of me in a run. I ask, "What are you running for?" He doesn't answer. I go on. A coach is telling some young men, "Run, run!" At first I try to get out of the way. Then I decide to pseudo-exercise my bad leg. I run without trouble over the hills until I come to a fenced-in, deep, dark forest. I want to go in but end up in an outdoor bathroom. Then I think I see the true entrance but I wake up.

*C.S., November 28 1992*

I was breathing deeply and programming for Lucid Dream when my body was half in bed and half out. I heard noises. I knew I was going lucid. I rolled over to get out of bed. I seemed to be half in and half out. I seemed heavy -- as if I was awake. I could still feel the body pain. I felt like I was touching the floor (like when awake).

*Continued on page 24*

# Going To The Sun: Religious Beliefs & Psi

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I've been flying to the "sun" for quite some time. Although I might consider this bright spot in the lucid dream as a piece of scenery to explore, I also seem to have my own religious and philosophical associations with it. However, neither first hand experience nor symbolic interpretation rules out the possibility of psi. Even group psi. The last dream in this article had resonance with my own waking life and with the visualization and dream of two other dreamworkers.

## *The Room Above The Sun, 4/24/83*

Second-hand, I see myself come out of a small house and walk towards a large tree. Since I'm above and slightly to the right (of the dream scene), I view mostly the head of the self below. She has dark hair and is wearing a dress. She's also walking with another dark-haired woman. As I become lucid, I shift to first-hand perspective. Now I can't see the other woman, although I can feel her on my left. From this perspective, the tree branches distract me because they completely fill my view. I want to see beyond them. Reaching with my mind in that direction, I spontaneously take off flying into the blue sky, headed for the sun. Closing in, I discover that the "sun" is actually a stack of books pressed against the "ceiling" of the dreamscape. The books have titles like "Rationalism" and "Catholicism"!

I climb, or rather pull myself hand over hand, up the bookstack to the top. There's a trap door here. Pushing the door upwards, I stick my head through the opening. On the other side is a room with rows and rows of what look to be small computers on tables. From my viewpoint just above the flat, grey floor, I can see a white-clad man leaning over one of the computers. His loose-fitting attire makes him look like a combination scientist and mystic.

"Is this the control center?" I ask him. He turns and indicates that I'm half-right. This "higher plane" is also a learning center. Yes, I can see the school desks in the room off to the right.

## *Levitating Is Against the Law, 5/3/87 (False Awakening)*

Beyond the room where I'm located, I can hear a group of people at a birthday celebration. I levitate up off the floor, then downward and land, yelling at my son, "Go tell mother!" I want a witness to this super feat (since I think I'm awake in physical reality). I try levitating upside down while standing on my head, but there's too much weight. I jump up and don't come down, floating into the bedroom. "See? See?" I call, "Let mother know!" I float out of a sliding glass door.

Now I have the heavy, foreboding feeling that someone wants to keep me here. Is levitating against the religious law in this time and space? I float up to the roof where I can see cars passing quickly on a narrow, windy road. I hadn't heard them before, because of the celebration inside.

I continue floating upward in a feather-light storm of snowflakes or white puffs to circle around a brightly lit "sun." It attracts, then zaps me. I get out of the way, to the other side.

## *Flying To An Exploding Sun, 12/11/90*

I find myself outside, lucid, in a flat area with tall trees in the distance. I especially notice the warmth and light of the dream scene and look around in the sky for the source. It's the sun. Even though I know it might not be the actual sun, I decide to fly to it. I launch myself into the air and streak directly towards it.

Then I become concerned about the heat that I might encounter in the inferno (who knows how similar it might be to the physical sun?) and I start to veer off. But I steal my courage and force myself back on course. The "sun" doesn't get any larger than, say, a garbage can lid, but I fly directly into it with my outstretched hands. It separates into a fireworks display, exploding from a small yellow center. Sparkles shoot off in all directions, in an irregular but balanced circular pattern. There are several dreamworkers mentioned in this fourth dream and its aftermath. Here's a bit of information about them.

- Kent Smith founded the San Francisco *Dream Training Institute* and helped create the "Dream Definition Dialogue" interview method of dreamwork.
- Fariba Bogzaran is a lucid dream artist who teaches arts and consciousness studies at John F. Kennedy University in Orinda, California.
- Fred Olsen co-founded the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group and created and practices the "Waking Dream Re-entry" technique.
- Françoise Boucher is a psychic dreamworker from Marin County, California.
- Tore Neilsen is a lucid dream researcher from Montréal, Canada who found that wearing a blood pressure cuff in the lab produced dreams of falling and flying.
- Barbara Shor was a mutual dream researcher from New York City who co-wrote "*Shared Dreaming: Joining Together in Dreamtime*" with me.

The correspondences between people are marked in **bold**.

## *The Divine Within, 6/23/88*

I become lucid in a room that has several people at the far end, some sitting, some standing as if in a scenario of a shoe department (I especially remember one slender, dark-haired man). I take a deep breath and call out to my recurring dream character, "Willie! Willie!" Previously the people had been fairly immobile, but the energy of my voice raises them to activity. They jump up and/or begin walking rapidly away toward my left, except for one. That woman, who has long, curly, light brown hair, comes forward to speak with me. We talk; I ask her, "How do I find Willie? Should I stay here? Or spin and go someplace else? Or what?"

"Do what *you* want," she replies. I remember hearing this reply before in lucid dreams. So I decide on a new tack. "What do I want?" I ask her. In a voice so low I almost think I imagine it, she replies, "Love." She's sure right about that, I muse.

I decide to go ahead and spin my way—clockwise—into another scene, calling out, "Willie! Willie!" I find myself in another room. The people here seem shorter, younger, and definitely more playful. They crowd behind what looks to be a rather large dollhouse placed on a table. I peer at them through the open front door. "Do you want to play with me?" I call, trying to encourage them to come forth.

Then I look around at my surroundings. I peek behind a mirror attached to the wall, trying to find a doorway. "Aha!" I exclaim when I see just the wall, as if there is some significance to this fact. I walk further down the wall, searching for a way out. I realize my concern over the possibility of being trapped is creating this continuous wall, so I let go of it. In response, a door suddenly appears. I can peer into the next room and see that just inside the door, to my right, are seated three Black men. "Now we're getting closer!" I say to myself. This is the first time I've come across Black people in this dream.

I walk across the room, up to a bar where women are seated or standing. I talk with a rather tall Black woman standing there, asking questions like, "Do you know Willie?" She responds, "There's somebody I'd like you to meet." She gestures at another Black woman seated at the bar who turns towards me. I am struck by how large her eyes are. As I continue to gaze, her features metamorphose to become more Caucasian, yet the pupils stay with the same wide-eyed look.

(During this dream sequence, I almost awaken several times, but force myself to gather strength and continue the dream. As I am finally awakening, during the "blank" period of hypnopompia, I hear a voice state, "Create the conscious..." Waking fully, I wonder if that meant "Create the consciousness." As I am pondering this, I suddenly remember that I want to participate in Fariba Bogzaran's spiritual lucid dreaming project. Heading back towards the dream state, I "freeze" the flickering hypnogogia. In a grey space, I form the intent she suggested to "Seek the Divine

Within" and immediately have the distinct impression that Willie is standing unseen, off to my left. Then movement propels me into a brief dream scenario.)

I find myself walking forward, carrying the back end (right side) of a large mural which dips and sways as we pace (Willie is carrying the other end). The mural is covered with a swirling abstract of red and hot pink colors, juxtaposed with highlights of white and charcoal or chocolate brown. I awake again with the strong impression that the "Divine Within" is something that Willie and I create *together*.

(I tell my husband bits of the dream, then fall slowly back to sleep, holding onto the intent that, for Fariba's project, I will be seeking the "Divine Within.")

This time when the scene springs up, I am in a room with lots of people, not immobile but moving around the room. My impression is that this area is very much "on the surface" so I form the intent to go deeper. I look for an exit and discovering none, decide to go through a wall. Instead, as I near the wall, I find rows of bright, colorful **curtains waving as if caught in a breeze**.

Just before I enter, however, I suddenly notice the person just passing by is Fariba Bogzaran. **Fariba is skating around** the hardwood floor counter-clockwise, as are most of the other people (I've come clockwise, as have a few others). My sense is that Fariba's motion is "getting things going" or revving the people up for her project.

My own forward movement and intent is so strong that I almost lose the dream trying to stop myself. But before I take off to my adventure, I want to tell Fariba what I am doing. With a supreme effort I manage to turn around to call out: "Fariba! Fariba! I'm going to seek the Divine Within!"

"OK, Linda," she responds in her usual high-pitched voice, "Good luck!" I turn once again to go through the swinging drapery. I walk through several rooms and corridors of various shapes and sizes, not all of which are rectangular or square. Some are curved—I remember a corridor made of a series of semicircles spaced one after another which narrows to allow for only the passage of a single person. I pass people everywhere I go, sometimes stopping to chat with them.

One dark-haired woman seems quite lucid herself, almost a guide figure, until she says to me confidentially, "For a buck you can pass over." I know she means "passing over to the other side," that is, dying or being reborn. I get the impression this opportunity is a particular point in a game, like passing "Go" in Monopoly where you can collect a monetary amount before going through another cycle. "Oh, no! Not again!" I exclaim. I know this is the fourth time in a dream I had been offered such a "deal" (dreams unrecalled upon awakening), but this time I'm not going to be tricked into taking her up on this game, not for such a paltry amount.



It's at this point that I am in the semicircular corridor, following a blonde haired woman as the corridor narrows. I realize that before long I'm really going to have to squeeze through. I pause and make an adjustment in my thinking (like taking a breath and creating more mental space). The scene shifts and I find myself in a larger rectangular room where people are coming and going—it's like a crossroads. I talk to some of the people.

Finally, after going through all this restricted space, I find myself outdoors in a huge grassy field. After walking in a semicircle I come upon a group of people seated in a rectangle, as if around an Olympic-size swimming pool. I join the “end of the line” and sit down, too. In contrast to the minor frustration I've felt in the rest of the dream, I feel that I've finally “come home” to a bunch of like-minded people. I briefly wonder “Sethians?” but they seem to include and go beyond that designation.

I feel so right and comfortable that I'm not at all upset to turn and discover that the three “people” who've come to sit after me, aren't people at all. They're colorful geometric crustaceans, cartoon-like lobsters and crabs. We don't talk in English, but our non-verbal communication indicates that they are in agreement with my views. Suddenly, directly in front of the critters, appears what seems to be an immobile bus (no wheels). The double doors swing open and a man steps out and points his finger at the three crustaceans. “You've got to go!” he orders. I wonder—why? They weren't doing anything. Before I have a chance to develop this line of thinking further, my attention is drawn to the right. I stand and discover that a new group of people, including a blonde haired man, have intruded smack into the middle of our group's space. They are busily setting up some weird construction in the center of the grassy field. The outside is made up of straight-edged planes crossing each other at acute angles, but the main piece is an **organic cylindrical structure, curved like the casing of a snake, but larger at the base than at the top**. The sun is a small circle in a wide blue sky and its diffused light illuminates the entire vividly colored scene. But the structure's top opening is only large enough to admit the sun's blinding light. The hole is too tiny for anyone inside to see the blue sky. Nor anything else, for that matter.

I get the sense that this inverted cone-like structure is built to attract and gather the Light, like a telescope. **The cylinder is painted bright yellow**, to better reflect the Light. The structure is only large enough for one person to stand—their shoulders would be scrunched if they were tall. **There is little room for movement and they'd be mostly surrounded by darkness**. But these disadvantages would be ignored because of the attraction of the Light. With head raised, the

person would gaze directly into the blinding brilliance collected at the topmost opening. Captured by the ecstasy of the sensation, they would rise and be sucked into it and disappear into the Light.

The symbolism is so powerful and so clear that I immediately and intuitively understand what these people are about. And I get angry. “You mean to tell me that I have to join some religion in order to reach God? The hell with that!”

I wave my hand in rejection and the intruders and the structure vanish. All I see is the field with people fleeing from me, back in the direction from which I've come.

“The hell with that!” I repeat, setting my legs akimbo and slapping my fists against my hips. I have the sense that my colleague Kent Smith is off to my left, supporting my conviction that such a narrow religious pathway to Godhood is totally unnecessary.

Here in this green, grassy, open field with buildings in the distance and clear, blue sky stretching to the far horizon, I've a wonderful feeling of expansiveness. I stand centered in the midst of the diffused sunlight that covers the entire space and allows me to see the beauty of the whole world. I awake with the same great feeling of self-confidence about my stance.

The next day I took a meditational walk through the nearby park. As I was passing the playground, I did a double-take. **The essence of the curved children's slide was the same as the structure in my dream.**

When I shared this dream with the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group the following weekend, Kent Smith shook his fist and said, “All

right!” No one else seemed to react too much, no one that is, until we all painted pictures of images in recent dreams. Then, as I was hanging my painting on the wall, a visitor to our group took one look and told me about a waking re-entry he'd just done a day or so before. It had the same image.

**The following is a transcription of a taped interview with Tore Neilsen on July 2nd.**

Tore: “This is a waking image—I was doing it during a clairvoyant re-entry with Fred Olsen and Françoise Boucher about a week or so ago. I was focusing on the image of a black hole in space and the question was: “What's in this black hole?”

I looked inside and there was this yellow image. At first it was just an incoherent

image—it was like **a pile of yellow ice cream, except it was two-dimensional, thicker at the bottom and thinner at the top**. It was standing straight up. I felt like I didn't know what this was. The next instruction was, “Well, go with that.”

So I kind of threw myself forward into the image and suddenly it



*Continued on page 22*

# Potpourri

## *A Variety of Lucid Dreams*

*Mara Sand,  
July 2002*

I woke from a “Wow I'm flying!” dream, and thought 'Why don't I use flying as my clue to myself that I am dreaming so I can be lucid in the dream?' When I fell back asleep, I realized that I was flying again, so I must be dreaming I thought.

“Alright,” I said to myself, “I can go for an adventure.” I looked around and saw a man with a plane and asked him if I could ride with him. I explained that we were dreaming so we could do anything. He agreed to let me ride in his plane. I asked him to stop at my home before flying up the lake so I could pick something up. He didn't have the right equipment for landing on the water. I tried to assure him that in a dream we could be fine stopping anywhere. When we stopped his plane started to take on water. I saw that he was carrying tropical fish. There was a cat that was catching the fish and attempting to eat them. I took the fish out of the cat's mouth. I woke up, and was very pleased with myself for realizing I was in a dream with the signal of flying.

*R.S., Flying Dream,  
July 14-15 2002*

After a few minutes I become lucid but can't recall the trigger. (My sleep had been disrupted that night.) I run along an open space, exercising my bad leg. It feels good to run freely. Then I decide I want to fly but don't feel confident that I can lift and soar. I think it would be easier to float backwards so bend my head and lift off. I float backwards head-first under a group of trees. I see these lovely patterns of sunlit leaves above me as I move backwards maybe 8-10' feet in the air.

Note: Earlier that day I had been floating in a swimming pool on my back, not feeling up to much actual swimming, due to leg pain. The dream could have been a partial replay of that. I borrowed the leaves, however, from a different tree from the one at the pool. They resembled more closely the leaves of a tree I often look up at while waiting for a particular bus.

*C.S., Searching For the Explorer and the Nun,  
January 7 1993*

(I slept for five hours with no awakenings and too tired to remember dreams. Stayed awake for 2.5 hours, programmed for lucid dreams.) I awakened, knew I had been dreaming and wanted

to remember it. I realized I had fallen asleep, and didn't have a lucid dream. I was disappointed, but started to recall my previous dream when I wasn't sure if I was asleep or awake. So I decided to fly (my dream sign). I could fly, so I knew I was dreaming.

I was in my house and remembered I wanted to visit with the explorer and the nun. I passed through a room where my father was lying down crying, “I need some relief.” My first thought was to comfort him. I remembered I was dreaming and knew he wasn't real, so I didn't have to deal with him.

There was a yellow wall in front of me. I walked into it, expecting to go through it. However, it was solid. So, I opened the door and went outside. I immediately flew with great speed toward the black sky, filled with bright, sparkling stars and a white brilliant light. I was in awe!

Then, I was flying over a beautiful, green forest. I told myself to create the most beautiful place I have ever seen where I would find the explorer and the nun. I started flying forward, sitting down on a chair or something.

I was now in surroundings that were more like a slum, where the most desolate people live. I approached a guy who was sitting at a table and asked him if he knew where the explorer and the nun live. As I asked him, I thought it might be strange to have such an unlikely couple living together. He started to mumble and made no sense. I can only remember the word, “families”.

I suddenly started to move quickly forward, down a hill under a short tunnel. I thought, “Great, I'm going quickly to see the explorer and nun!” I could feel the slow transition in consciousness to the awake state.

*Andrea, Pooh-Pooh,  
August 4 2002*

I was in the living room with Michel and we were folding laundry or blankets or something. I seemed to have come into the dream in the middle of my own conversation and heard myself saying “Good thing we decided to pooh-pooh higher education” to which we both laughed. Then we put on Stephen Laberge's Lucid Dream Induction tape and the first thing we heard was Stephen saying “pooh-pooh”.

Michel and I looked at one another, mouths open wide in shock with huge smiles on our faces, and I realized I was dreaming (later on I remembered seeing the lights of the Nova Dreamer and saying

to myself “oh, there are the lights” but I was perhaps already lucid by then... I'm not sure).

I decided to go flying and invited Michel to join me but he didn't respond. I flew on my back (first time for that) out of my house but then decided to breathe underwater since I don't to that very often - I usually fly - and I knew that Michel can't breathe under water yet. Maybe I wanted to show him how. I was still alone, however. I woke up after a short swim.

*Keelin, DILD,  
March 23 2000*

Shopping with a friend, I see a blouse with a subtle, tropical-leaf pattern in two shades of blue that I think is attractive. I locate S, intending to get her opinion on it, but then can't find the blouse. We wander about and each time I return to look for the blouse, it's not there. I figure someone has taken it to try on. I meander on alone, and for a brief while move as if skating on ice through a maze of dressing rooms, and practice pirouettes in front of a mirror.

Leaving the maze, I encounter a woman who identifies me as a “dreamer”. She asks a question about sleep and mentions a researcher in the Netherlands. I'm unable to answer her question, explaining that I'm not a scientist, but that she might be able to contact the researcher directly for an answer. She leaves the scene by elevator and I return one last time to check for the blouse.

Suddenly it occurs to me that the reason I can't find it is because I'm dreaming. I find S and tell her I'm sorry that all her purchases aren't real. “We're dreaming”, I explain, then restate the now obvious: “Actually, I'm dreaming -- and you're a dream character”. We leave the store to find it raining outside. When I tell her it doesn't matter, she claims I'll still get “dream wet with the dream rain”. I shake my head and tell her, “Not if I don't want to. See, the drops bounce off!”

I look my long-time friend in the eyes and tell her I love her, that it would be fun to have a trip or a weekend together, but I can't afford it at present. She's mutually expressive and I wake feeling loved.

*Robert Waggoner, American Intelligence, July  
16-17 2002*

I seem to be in a place like a clothing store and as I walk through it, it just seems too “dream-like”, so I become aware it is a dream. I become quite jovial and start joking around with the dream characters. After a while, I lose my focus and my lucidity.

Next, I seem to be walking through an area where university functions are occurring, but it's night or dusk. I walk down a series of steps, past a group sitting there, then on to a large tent with a pep rally-type group, practicing. I walk through them and notice the oddity of it, and think, “I was lucid before. I can be lucid again!”

I go into a shop where three people are standing there, playing pool. Then one guy starts making demands (and being obnoxious). Knowing this is a dream, I ask him to stop - then I insist. He keeps

talking so I push him to the floor. He stops. Then I begin to think what to do in this lucid dream. I walk up to a nearby red door and wonder what might be on the other side (since it's a dream). Then I say, “I want to see (my friend Maureen) Moe”, and assume that she will be behind this door. I wait a moment and open it - but instead of Moe, there's a woman dressed up in a mink stole jacket and cocktail dress. She looks my way and says a bit derisively, “american intelligence”.

*C.S.,  
May 7 2002*

I lay awake in bed for one and one half hours, got up for one-half hour, read about reality and awareness from Vernon Howard's book, *The Mystic Path to Cosmic Power* and went back to bed. I had a busy morning ahead of me, so did not program for a lucid dream. However, only fifteen minutes passed between the time I lay down and the time I woke up from my lucid dream.

Donald was making noises outside. I assumed he was fixing the window and wanted to investigate it. I had to climb a very steep incline. I jumped up and thought I had better fly up to the top. However I couldn't fly so I thought, “Maybe I'm not dreaming.” So I walked out and talked to the bricks. I didn't see any workers. I thought “Why am I talking to bricks? I must be dreaming!” So I decided to fly through the halls. There were many corridors, and the walls were made of blue, grey bricks. Nothing else was visible. I couldn't decide what to do in the dream so I let the dream unfold its wondrous adventure. An old man appeared in front of me. I didn't like his looks. So, another man appeared in the distance. I decided to have sex with him. As I approached, he grew into a giant. My face was level with his genital area. I thought about having oral sex. After all, it is a dream, and I can create what I want. However, I could only remember my distaste and disgust for this activity. A normal sized man appeared. I said, “Want a piece of this action?” The giant grabbed the other man's penis and flapped it back and forth, saying, “I don't think so.”

I woke up pondering the questions, “Can I ever experience something entirely new in a dream? Can I ever get rid of my conditioning belief system? Can I forget my fear of consequences?” Are dreams only taking old memories and experiences and putting them together in a different way? Then I thought I never experienced flying in waking life. Yet, I do in dreams. I remembered standing on a bridge, staring at the moving river underneath, experience the bridge moving -- not the water below. Is my dream experience of flying based on that waking experience? In the dream were the walls moving to give me the impression that I was flying? Are my flying dream experiences based on waking illusions such as those that come from panoramic films like being on an illusionary roller coaster?

*Keelin, DILD,  
January 29 2002*

(Indoor, unfamiliar setting.) Talking with K (a younger, former co-worker), she tells me about a fabric class she's been taking and shows me something her friend in the same class has made. It looks like a pair of loose-fitting pants with a small batik print, but then it subtly shifts into a beautiful triple-layered skirt with all three layers very thin, two of them almost light as air like the gift-wrap ribbons I bought recently. The colors are lovely -- a layer of teal, one of burgundy and one with a soft floral pattern of white, burgundy, and teal. I hang it on a rack and admire how it drapes and flows.

Looking further on the rack, I admire a burgundy jacket and see that the style matches another one on the same rack of a different color. Apparently these are all clothes that belong to K and I comment to her that, like her, I sometimes have two items of the same style in different colors.

Now there are more racks in what has become something like a fabric arts/ loft gallery. Browsing, I reflect that it's been a long time since I've bought any new clothes for myself and wonder if the skirt her friend made is for sale. I look, but can't find it now. K has disappeared and I call out for her, but by a different name (Poly). There are short cubicle dividers (like we had at the office where we worked together), and to get a better view and see if I can spot her, I hang from the top edge of one, my forearm supporting me easily. After dangling there a few moments, I plan to be very aware of exactly how I land -- toe, ball of the foot, heel (as in ballet).

I disengage myself from the divider and land perfectly, but notice a delay in time, Ah! Dreaming! This explains her disappearance, etc. I enjoy graceful leaps and slow flight, repeatedly singing the haunting phrase, "How wonderful we are."

*Janice,  
August 8 2002*

It started as a run-of-the-mill nonlucid school dream. I was convinced that I had some tests coming up, including a biology final the next day that I had to cram for that night, although I hadn't been at school for some time and didn't have the textbook. I didn't have the book for some other class, either, but that wasn't as urgent. I was in a car with my parents, and told them that if I couldn't get the bio book I just wouldn't go to school tomorrow, even though I thought the teacher had said that he wouldn't accept any excuses for being absent on the day of the test. I thought I knew where I could get a copy of the book for the other class, and had them stop outside what I thought of as a hairdressing salon, although it didn't have any of the usual appurtenances inside. It did, however, have a bookshelf with a copy of the book I wanted, which was a cultural anthropology text. I looked through it, thought it seemed unfamiliar, and decided it must be a later edition than I had been

using. While I'm leafing through it I talk a bit with two proprietresses behind the counter who I think I recognize although I realize don't know their names. They don't mind if I borrow the book. I point out that the other two paperbacks I have in hand were ones I had brought in with me. There's a boy from school, Harry, sitting next to me. He says he knows how to get into the high school even though it's after hours, and how to put the lights on. I go outside with him. Conveniently, the high school is right next door. Indeed Harry has no trouble opening the door or putting the lights on. I figure the janitors haven't left for the night yet. I realize that I still have a problem - I don't know where my locker is. I have a general idea that it's in the middle of the left-hand side of the hallway here, but am not sure. I decide to go out and tell my parents the good news that I may be able to get my biology book after all. I don't see their car now. I hear someone say something about a parking lot and think maybe they parked around there. Sure enough, when I round the corner of the high school their car is in the parking lot. I tell them the news. My mother follows me back into the school. [Note - my parents were only vague characters, not vivid like Harry and the proprietresses.] There are quite a number of young people milling about in the school. I explain my dilemma to them, that I need to get my bio textbook to study tonight for the final exam tomorrow, but that I don't know which is my locker, or its combination for that matter. It's obviously been a long time since I bothered going to school! My mother says sarcastically that I sound very confused, and walks out. I insist that I'm not confused, I know my dilemma exactly, and reiterate it. I reason that maybe I have the locker number and combination on a slip of paper in my purse, and if not, I could inquire at the office for this information. Only there might be no one there, since it's after hours, and if I have to get the info from them in the morning, it will be too late to study. So I root through scrap after scrap of paper in my purse, but to no avail; none has the info I want on it.

Finally it dawns on me that I passed biology, and graduated from high school for that matter, years ago. I can't possibly really have to take this exam now. I must be dreaming. I think I should announce this to everyone. I realize that none of it, including them, is real, so there's no particular point in announcing it, but since I'd been carrying on so much about a fabrication it seemed somehow right to tell the truth now. So I tell everyone that this is a dream and none of them have to worry about finals, jumping up into the air, grabbing my ankles, and hovering briefly for emphasis. No one looks impressed. The dream seems to be fading. I think it may as well, but also think that maybe I should try to keep it going and have a lucid dream. I realize that the only way to do this is to continue interacting with it even though I now know it's not real. I decide for story purposes to go out and tell my parents that

everything's OK now. I know they aren't real so on one level this is pointless, but figure that pretending briefly to be still caught up in the plot will help keep the dream going. I go down to the end of the hall, force open a window and climb out. When I go to the parking lot the car is gone, so I don't even have to play act as planned. I backtrack and walk past the school. There are piles of snow on the ground here, so I jump into them and play in the snow. In one cleared area, I scuttle along on my fingertips like a crab, which is fun. I note that this fake dream snow feels a little cool, but not cold. Towards the top of one huge drift, I see a vague child character practically buried in the snow. Although keeping in mind that none of this is real so I have no genuine obligation to help, I climb up, grab his hand, and help him reach the top, then put him in front of me to slide down the other side. I think it probably would have been better to slide down myself first, making a trail for him to follow, but figure this is good enough. We slide down together. Oddly, the imagery progresses accordingly but I have no sensation of sliding down the slope.

At the bottom I go on alone. There's no snow here, just a mundane residential area. I take a right at a point and find myself on a street that leads to a ledge. Far below is a plaza. Rather a preposterous city layout! It's sunny down there, although it's been twilight in this upper region. I remind myself that I must continue to interact with the dream to keep it going. Knowing I can't be hurt since it's a dream, I jump down despite a twinge of trepidation at the height, then at the last minute remember that since I jumped from a height it should be easy to fly, and fly low across the plaza briefly. Ultimately I walk down a street to the left of the plaza, thinking how realistic everything looks but wondering how this perceptual illusion comes about and if it wouldn't hold up if we lucid dreamers were to look more closely instead of just glancing around thinking how realistic everything looks. I remember my late friend Gunnar talking about the amazing 3D qualities of OBEs and LDs and how they are so much better than anything that can be accomplished in 3D video games. To test the realism I walk towards and away from a brick wall. The 3D movement simulation, including the zooming effect, does indeed seem excellent. I go up close to the wall with an eye to observing the texture, and it does seem very intricately detailed, but there are these long, curly things stuck on the wall, like coiled cables made of brick, which would be quite impossible in reality although I only realize this a few seconds after blithely thinking how realistically textured they were.

At a point I go into a doorway looking for something interesting. The overall design is like that of a medieval round tower, with stairs spiraling down and down, although otherwise the structure is modernistic. There are a lot of people headed down the stairs, and I join them. On the walls are these huge abstract designs that seem

rather demonic, and increasingly scary-looking as we descend. There's also faint, ominous music playing in the background. Everyone's just talking casually, though, so this seems to be an ordinary homeworld environment for them. I wonder if maybe at the bottom there will be a big demon to fight, which might be fun. But I'm just not quite comfortable with the casual acceptance of the demonic here, so I turn around and head back up. Outside I come across a series of large panels roughly similar to those displays of posters in music stores, where the sample posters are in frames that you can flip around to look at the ones you want. These were much more massive, though, and had illustrations on the edges as a kind of index. I imagined that maybe I could pick out a cheerier entertaining scenario than the "descent to hell" tower and step into it, but all the index illustrations on the edges were of boring-looking people's faces, nothing too interesting. Finally I woke up before ever finding an appealing one.

*C.S., Tired Doctor,  
December 31 1992*

I hear people talking in my room (my lucid dream sign). I decide to ignore the voices and go to the Healing Room. Humming energy noise gets very loud in my head -- vibrations flow up and down my spine as spiral energy goes around my head. I assume I am getting a healing and open up for it. After awhile, hands touch my head and turn me over so the healing energy can go into the front of my head. I feel it as a spiral energy. It finally stops.

I hear someone outside my bedroom door so I get up to investigate. Since my feet don't touch the floor, I know I'm still dreaming. I decide to go out the window to the Healing Room. I'm outside so I concentrate on the Healing Room, go through a wall and find myself in a doctor's office.

The office is very cluttered with medical equipment and allergy shots, etc. No one is there so I walk into another room. A girl is baking chocolate cake. After she puts on the icing, she gives me a piece. It looks too good. I say, "I deserve it, but it's probably full of butter, eggs, sugar, and cholesterol." I don't eat it.

I go back to the other office. It's very well lit. The doctor is standing against a wall. He's young, tall, dark, and handsome. We have a lengthy conversation that goes like this: "How can you help me?" "I don't know." "Well, try." "I'm tired. It's late and you always come here on Fridays."

I find myself attracted to him as we talk. I feel more like he's my boyfriend. He no longer has his shirt on, and I'm holding his hand while I sit at his feet.

Then I'm standing against the wall. A tray of soup is between the doctor and me. The soup nearest him is green, and the soup nearest me is red. He is eating the green soup. He suggests I taste the soup. I take some red soup and spill some on my hand. I ask Donald to

give me a piece of the centerpiece to wipe my hand. The centerpiece is really a cabbage and won't work. So I suggest he gives me the napkin on the table. He does. I taste the soup; it's tomato, and I remember that it always disagrees with me.

I continue my conversation with the doctor, pleading for some useful information. I say, "This is my dream; you are as I'm creating you. I'll just concentrate and instruct you to give me something that will help." The doctor walks away from me. I yell at him, "At least tell me something simple -- like don't eat blueberries. Maybe it will help." I wake up. (Note: I'm on my right side. My right nostril was opened when I was attempting to fall asleep. My left nostril was opened when I woke up.)

*R.S., Calico Kitten,  
June 7-8 2002*

I return to a dream lucid. I leave the school building where I find myself and eventually explore a house with a lot of children in it. I see a couple of kittens. One is a dilute calico with a human face. I fall in love with it, pick it up, and hold it in my arms. I walk around with it for awhile, then I wake up partway....

*Robert Waggoner, Is That All You Want?? July  
7-8 2002*

(Note: It has been a long held supposition of mine that "suggestions" made in a lucid dream are the virtual equivalent of "suggestions" made in a deep hypnotic trance. This supposition is based on the idea that (most) lucid dreaming and hypnosis take place in one's unconscious, and therefore suggestions therein would be quite powerful. However, as this lucid dream shows, there are considerable differences between the environment of hypnosis and lucid dreaming - particularly when the lucid dream characters weigh in with their two cents' worth!)

I seem to be on a path or trail. To my right is a steep incline, where people are seated here and there. Also to my right is a 30-ish woman in a black dress, whom I am walking with, even though she is on a higher bit of the trail and about a foot above me. We hold hands though. As we walk down the trail, I see some interesting plants; to my left is a plant with something like blueberries; then to my right is a plant with red things like currants. At this point we come to a gate. My woman companion can't seem to get past it, but I have her step up over it and grab her waist to help her to the trail - she seems very light.

We walk on a bit further and come to a wedding party (?) at the mouth of a cave. I decide we should turn around, and so we do. As we head back down the trail, we pass an older woman sitting on a bench to the left of me. When we pass, I notice some papers on the bench - and they surprise me because it's my handwriting!! I stop and look again. Thinking it all through, I realize it's a dream - I'm lucid. I become very energized and happy! I think what to do, and decide to ignore the dream and shout my desire to the dream

environment. So I look up into the heavens and shout, "I ask for the energy to do my best to help others!" I shout it again, making a few modifications ("energy and support").

I feel great, and turn back to the dream environment. The old woman is still sitting there and I look at her. She looks at me and says incredulously, "Is that it!? Is That All You Want!???" I'm puzzled and shocked - tongue tied- what else could I want. She continues, "At least, I'd ask for three things." I begin to try and think what else could I want.

Then a man in a gold shirt comes up to wish me well. He smiles. I think that I am still lucid, maybe I should ask for something else....as I stand there trying to formulate a desire...the alarm rings and I wake.

*C.S., The Mirror Image,  
March 5 1993*

I was lying on my back in the bed when the bed started shaking slowly while I heard footsteps behind me coming towards me. I thought someone could be coming into my room to stab me. I felt frightened. Immediately I reminded myself that this was just my sign that I'm going lucid. I relaxed and allowed it to happen. The noise got louder, and the bed shook more violently. I decided to roll to the left and get out of bed to check the situation.

I landed on the floor, got up, flew to the ceiling to check for sure that I was dreaming. My hand touched the ceiling, which was hard as a rock. I was very surprised that I didn't go through it. Then I remembered what I programmed.

Back on the floor, the footsteps persisted so I thought, "This is my dream so whoever you are, appear." I noticed I was not in my bedroom. There was no mirror anywhere. The room was semi-lighted. ...Adog was next to me, and I realized that was the intruder. I commanded the lights to go on - nothing changed. I commanded them to go out and nothing changed. I did it again with the same results....I decided to push the wall light switch, and it got light. I was in my bedroom. The cheval mirror was exactly the same and located in the same spot as waking life. I was so excited about seeing the mirror that I forgot to put out the light.

I immediately looked at my image in the mirror. I was delighted to see I looked exactly like myself. I was wearing a blue, white mixed with other colors, small design outfit. I looked closely at the print to memorize it for when I woke up. It was very clear, vivid and detailed. (Upon waking, the top style of the nightgown and dream blouse or dress was not the same....)

I looked again in the mirror and touched the right side of my face with my right hand. I was delighted that I could feel my right cheek just like in waking life....I looked again in the mirror and there were two of me. I was again delighted that they were both exactly alike and looked like me. I said, "Wow, I'm twins!" Then, there was only one in the mirror. She had grey hair. I thought perhaps I was seeing

was no longer straight up, but **it was a slide**, that was down and sort of pointing ahead. I was sliding down along the curves of this yellow object. And I slid and slid right to the bottom, from side to side, right to the bottom.

And at the bottom, I was in a valley overlooking an area like Big Sur. There was a big gong in the image and I sat in front of the gong and starting sounding, with a steady hum, "Wahhhhhh." I was sitting in front of it and meditating. That's where we decided to stop."

Linda: "How did you get to the black hole? Was there any particular theme you were carrying through or particular life issue?"

Tore: "I was focusing on some part of my body—I'm not sure. Yes, I think coming down from my head and trying to see what was in the way..."

Linda: "So it was a body-symptom type of re-entry?"

Tore: "Yeah."

Linda: "And you were feeling pain or maybe pressure someplace?"

Tore: "I think it was a stuckness kind of thing. **I got to a place where I was really stuck and what seemed to be there was a black hole.**"

-----  
At the ASD conference next week, dreamworker Barbara Shor told me a dream of a **black rock**. *Dejá vu*. I showed her my painting and she confirmed that hers was the same shape as the structure in my dream.

Finally, I was sitting with Barbara at the "Night's Worth of Dreams" presentation, in which Fariba Bogzaran was participating. And what did we see on stage? **Fariba and others gliding around and**

## Dream Themes - Sound

Continued from page 10

just walk right through the glass door.

Now I am back inside the house. I try sticking my hand through another window that has a screen behind it and as my hand goes through the glass I can feel the texture of the metal screen as my hand goes through. I get part way through and seem to get stuck. I think, "This should be easy, the glass doesn't really exist; it's just a dream!" Now I pass through with no problem.

I am outside again and the visuals disappear for the third time. I start clapping and rubbing my hands in order to keep the dream from fading until the visuals return. I'm just waiting in this blank space when I suddenly start to hear music. It is incredibly beautiful classical music with cellos and violins. The melody and harmony lines are very complex. I think that I would like to hear a flute and immediately a flute joins in playing a heavenly melody over the background cellos and violins. I am totally awed by the intricacy I can hear in the music while I am dreaming. It is a totally original piece like none I have ever heard. I wish that I was a proficient enough musician to be able to remember this incredible piece and write it down once I am awake. The flute part ends and a classical guitar takes its place. The music continues for a few moments and then I wake up.

**waving a curtain** of plastic material to imitate the rolling sea! And, as a series of slides were being projected against the stage backdrop, one especially caught my eye. Barbara turned to me in sudden recognition, too. It was a **curved rock of sandstone, with base wider than the protruding top**—the dream image come to life! An eerie shiver went down my back.

Each dreamworker had his or her own associations to the image. Mine, I knew instinctively, both in the dream and afterwards. The image was a perfect illustration of my ideas of something which had concerned me greatly and about which I had addressed in a Letter to the Editor of the *Lucidity Letter*. It related to the issues surrounding lucidity which emerge from a particular spiritual/philosophical framework that emphasizes kundalini arousal and "going to the Light."

My contention was that the fears, worries and overwhelming experiences described by the dreamers were inherent in the practices of their particular philosophical/religious structure but not in LUCID DREAMING per se. My belief was based on knowledge of those lucid dreamers, including myself, who do *not* experience that framework and its accompanying problems.

As my dream so blatantly states, it is not necessary to adhere to a particular religion in order to have a spiritual lucid experience. Furthermore, *the format and content of the lucid experience is related directly to the pre-dream expectations, values and mores of the dreamer.*

So there. :-)

## Potpourri

Continued from page 21

myself as I grew old. However, she no longer looked like me, and she didn't wear glasses.

I remembered now to go through the mirror. I couldn't - it was hard like in waking life. I thought that it was strange that this is my dream and I couldn't do what I wanted. So, I decided to run and jump into it. I ran into a huge sheet of aluminum foil that I could not penetrate. (This is quite logical, because my bedroom wall behind the mirror is covered with aluminum foil....) I fell down laughing. This was great fun.

I looked around, and I was in a beautiful, colorful place. I wondered if I could see it without my glasses so I removed them. My vision stayed the same....I flew over it (and it seemed) more real than waking life....

I then flew over a bakery. I could see the danish pastry....I reached down for one....I bit the pastry and was delighted that it tasted just like a waking pastry....As I looked closely at it, I could feel the slow transition to waking life.

This dream had an underlying mood of comedy, foolishness, and fun to it. I giggled when I remembered it. This is the first time I experienced this particular feeling...

# Books, Movies, Requests

Book review by Lucy Gillis

## ***Sleepwalkers: A Roadtrip for the Soul***

by F.P. Dorchak (ISBN 0-75963-950-7)

Did you ever wonder what happens to your dreams when you wake up? Do they simply end, or do they continue on, with a life of their own? *Sleepwalkers* by Frank P. Dorchak explores the idea that maybe, just maybe, dreams are a lot more important, a lot more powerful than we think.

Main character, Daniel Grant suddenly finds himself without a job, and at a loose end. For once he has nothing but time on his hands and has a hard time adapting to his new situation. Without work to keep him narrowly focused in one direction, he pays more attention to his dreams, realizing that they can be very lifelike, so much so that he sometimes has difficulty distinguishing between dreams and reality. He goes deeper into his dream visions, and as he does so they get more detailed and more revealing until he is finally jolted awake in his dreams.

Along his journey he meets several characters who help guide him on his way. Teenage Maggie-Leigh, Dream Daniel, Magic Man, and others teach him about conscious dreaming, out of body travel, probable realities, and probable versions of himself. He learns that all these things and more are all interconnected with him and that it is consciousness that creates not only his dreams, but his waking life too. His entourage of dream acquaintances also help him to discover that choices made in the dream state can and do affect waking life.

The lucid dream enthusiast will be delighted by this refreshing view of how dreams can influence waking life, and will feel quite at home with some of the exercises and advice given throughout the book, such as repeatedly asking yourself "what am I conscious of in this moment?"

*Sleepwalkers* is a must read for anyone who has ever wondered about the purpose of dreaming and the mysteries of consciousness. For more information about the author and his work, go to: <http://www.fpdorchak.com/>. To order your copy today go to: <http://www.1stbooks.com/bookview/6943>

## **THE MOVIE: MULHOLLAND DRIVE , A Proposed Discussion Group**

If anyone is interested in forming a *Mulholland Drive* discussion group over the Internet (via Email), I would like to propose it. For those of you that like dreaming, film, and mysteries, *Mulholland Drive* by director David Lynch (*Eraserhead*, *Blue Velvet*, *Twin Peaks*, *Lost Highway*, *Wild at Heart*, etc.), may be the ideal movie to analyze as a dream. David Lynch mentions and makes references to dreams in most of his movies. The film is now out on video/DVD and a lot of people are saying to themselves after seeing the movie: "What was that all about?" Maybe you want to apply your dream interpretation skills and try to figure it out! If anyone would like to participate, send your comments about the movie to [Deserthomestead@aol.com](mailto:Deserthomestead@aol.com) and I will build an email snowball and send around to all contributors.

Thanks, Bart Santello, Phoenix

## **Movie Reflection and a Question**

Dear Dreamers,

I would like to reflect the movie question. Movie *Cell* from Jenifer Lopez uses lots of ideas from LD. It seems like the writer knows LD, the story based on the technique of interactive dreams and Lucid Dreams. The hero involved in fighting with the personality parts and helping them to interpret the messages of the patient within their dreams. All this could be a well thought over psycho-therapeutic method.

*Vanilla Sky*: I have seen only the French on what it is based. It is interesting and may be exciting but hasn't as many useful links to reality.

Wishes: I have been making efforts to induce lucid dreaming. Till today I have around 15 successes. How can I increase the frequency?

Best regards, Tamas Bognar, Hungary

Üdvözlettel: Bognár Tamás (+36) 20/912-7887 or (+36 1) 468-3195

**Editor's Note:** So how about it folks?

Any tips and techniques to share?

***Are you dreaming? Send us your favourite ways to state test.  
Deadline November 1 2002***



# .....WILD'S, OBE's, & Sleep Paralysis.....

*Continued from page 13*

I decided to fly to the ceiling. At first I couldn't -- then I did. I couldn't feel the ceiling at all. I couldn't go through it. It wasn't there.

I saw a blue rug and I told myself to stare at it so I would not lose lucidity. Then I decided to go to the Healing Room. My vision got very clear - colored and bright. I saw a blond little girl about 10 years old, dressed in blue. I wanted to vent my anger by picking her up and throwing her. I got close to her and looked intensely at her. She was sad. I knew I could never hurt anyone. She looked like my niece, Donna. I asked her if she knew where I could find the Healing Room. She said "yes" and mumbled some directions.

I followed her. I was carrying a bag with my thermos and celery (which was getting warm and wet). The girl was sharpening pencils with a hand sharpener. The lead in the pencils were too thin because the machine was over sharpening. She was discouraged so I took the handful of pencils and sharpened them. The pencil sharpener also had an automatic sharpener which I could not control. The pencils, again, were too thin and over sharpened so the points broke. A lady boss walked in. I wanted to get to the Healing Room and told myself to take me there.

I was outside the building and it started to fade. I felt myself in bed, lying on my back again. I was not fully awake. I told myself to go to the Healing Room. I heard very clear voices behind me. Two people were discussing what to eat. One was definitely a woman. I can't remember if the other one was female or not. The voices were different. I knew this was my sign for lucid dreaming, so I told myself to just let go. A thought came, "How do I know if I'm enlightened or just a bit crazy?" Then I said, "I have to trust my Self."

At that time, a centripetal spiral of energy moved around my face from my left ear to my right ear while I heard a humming noise. I just watched it. It disappeared and I woke up."

*Keelin, WILD,  
November 10 2001*

After lying awake for a long time, I'm suddenly aware of imagining that I am holding an overflowing handful of tangled black strings. I'm amused by this spontaneous fantasy and soon feel the tactile sensation of scrunching the strings in both hands. The action reminds me of the dream prolonging technique of hand rubbing. Wondering what these strings might be leads to imagining a crocheted shawl. When I look down, a dream unfolds as the shawl spills out of my opening hands. Without any feeling of abrupt transition, I am walking on a dirt road in what appears


to be a small, quiet village bathed in soft moonlight. The temperature is uncomfortablely chilly. This surprises me as temperature is not a quality I usually note in my dreams. Grateful for the dream shawl, I wrap it around my bare shoulders.

There is the usual longing for the Sea. I focus on watching my bare feet stepping along the path, willing it to lead to the Sea. As the dirt becomes sandy, I think 'this is working!' And when I finally look up, there is a beautiful beach scene to my right. I marvel at the detail, the completeness of the environment. I wade through a shallow inlet directly in front of me and for a moment consider flying over the low sand dunes. I choose instead to climb them. Reaching the crest, I pause to take in the Sea.

The scene shifts and now I am walking through a small courtyard. There are people sitting at patio tables. They tell me I must have a key to pass through a maze in order to get to the Sea. A man escorts me past cemented pools of clear turquoise seawater into an enclosed, watery passageway where he produces a printed pass from a wall-mounted machine. I accept it without a second glance.

The water has disappeared and the man has turned into a woman without seeming remarkable. We enter an area that is littered with broken glass bottles. My guide seems dismayed. I've cut my foot and am surprised to feel a small, sharp pain, considering this is a dream. The sensation lasts only an instant. We begin to unroll a thick layer of foam rubber to make the area safe for walking. Lucidity fades unnoticed as I become engaged in conversation with two other amiable women in this small room. We are still somewhere within the underground passageways to the Sea when the dream ends.

**LDE**  
**NEEDS YOU!**  
Send us your Dream  
Inspired Creations  
*Writing, Poetry, or Pictures*



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# Announcements

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

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

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

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

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

Subject: **send nosex2.pdf**

You will receive the file as an email attachment (named nosex2.pdf). Open and print the file with Adobe Acrobat 4.0 (earlier versions of Acrobat may not work). Please carefully read and follow the instructions, do the experiment, and return when finished. If you don't already have version 4.0 of Acrobat Reader, you can get it free from Adobe.

If you are unable to download and print the file, you may request a printed copy by emailing your address to: [Ouroboras@lycos.com](mailto:Ouroboras@lycos.com) We would like to have data returned by **December 1, 2002**.

The more data we have the better we'll be able to reach reliable conclusions, so please contribute. We are especially in need of left-handed subjects but if you are right-handed, don't let that prevent you from participating!

## ***Aloha, Oneironauts!*** ***From the Lucidity Institute***

The next **Dreaming and Awakening Retreat** is scheduled for **November 1-10, 2002**. Once again, we're heading for the Big Island of Hawaii, where we'll place our oneironautical heads on those lush, tropical pillows at Kalani Retreat Center to sleep, per chance (make that per intention!) to "lucid" dream. We hope you will join us! General information, registration, and scholarship applications are available online at:

<http://www.lucidity.com/DAAK02/index.html>

If you're curious to know what it might be like to participate in one of our retreats, please visit the testimonial page, which features photos and comments from our alumni. And for a more detailed (and very humorous) insider's report, be sure to check out Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show" at: <http://ralf.penderak.bei.t-online.de/index.htm>.

## ***WANT TO SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT?***

***Submit your dream related art and stories***  
***to the LDE for publication.***

***Next Deadline is November 1 2002***

# Announcing

## ASD's First Online PsiberDreaming Conference

### September 23, 2002 – October 6, 2002

#### Confirmed Presenters

Alan Siegel, Ph.D. - *Dream Wisdom: Uncovering Life's Answers in Your Dreams*

Cynthia Pearson - co-author of *The Practical Psychic*

Carol Warner - *At the Feet of the Master*

Dale E. Graff - *River Dreams: The Case of the Missing General and Other Adventures in Psychic Research*

Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. - Host of *ASD's Paranormal Phenomena Forum*

Fariba Bogzaran, Ph.D. - *Through the Light* and co-author of *Extraordinary Dreams and How to Work With Them*

Henry Reed, Ph.D. - *Awakening your Psychic Powers*

Jean Campbell - *Dreams Beyond Dreaming*

Kelly Bulkeley, Ph.D. - *Transforming Dreams: Learning Spiritual Lessons from the Dreams You Never Forget*

Linda Magallón - *Mutual Dreaming: When Two or More People Share the Same Dream*

Rita Dwyer - Former ASD President and PsiDreaming e-group facilitator

Robert Waggoner - Coeditor of *The Lucid Dream Exchange*

Robert Moss - *Dreamgates: An Explorer's Guide to the Worlds of Soul, Imagination, and Life Beyond Death*

Rosemary Ellen Guiley, Ph.D. - *Dreamwork for the Soul: A Spiritual Guide to Dream Interpretation*

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D. - co-author of *Extraordinary Dreams and How to Work With Them*

Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D. - *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*

#### Features

- 1. Online Presentations**, including provocative papers and workshops on popular and cutting edge topics, such as: remote viewing, precognition, dream telepathy, mutual dreaming, psychopompic dreams, lucid dreaming, visionary dreaming, prodromal dreams, dream healing, the nature of dream reality, and dreaming as a spiritual practice. Workshops will provide resource lists for those who wish to explore topics in greater depth, and practical instructions for techniques or experiments detailed enough so that conference participants can try them out at home.
- 2. Dedicated PsiberDreaming Discussion Boards** where participants can discuss each paper and workshop in depth with authors and other participants, and can post specific questions, etc. Links to relevant threads would appear conveniently at the end of each posted presentation, updated daily to show new threads of interest.
- 3. Scheduled Chats** each week of the conference with presenters and/or other experts on cutting edge topics.
- 4. Numerous PsiberDreaming Events** where participants can test their skills and explore different facets of paranormal dreaming, including dream telepathy and remote viewing, precognition, and mutual dreaming. Judges will evaluate how well dreamers tune into the designated targets, or how well dreamers perform a specific dream task. And ASD will provide prizes to the winners!
- 5. A PsiberDreaming Gallery of Dreams and Art.** One section of this gallery will feature the "best of the best", graphic images of dream art selected from the submissions to past ASD conferences, formatted into a sequential point and click cyber tour. A second section of the gallery will provide a place where participants can display their own dream art (with accompanying dream text or dream poetry), sharing them with other participants.

#### Event Dates and Costs

The PsiberDreaming Conference runs from **Monday, September 23, 2002 through Sunday, October 6, 2002.**

Online Participation Costs for both weeks (no one week rate):

**General Public \$30! ASD Members \$25! Students with valid ID \$15! (no additional ASD discount)**

*Note: we've deliberately set the price of attending this conference low to open this conference to interested participants worldwide. Please take advantage!*

**Considering joining ASD? Join ASD as a new member anytime from August 10th through October 6th and as a bonus we'll give you free admission to ASD's first PsiberDreaming Conference!**

**To Register, call 1-866-373-2612 (toll free) or go to: <http://asdreams.org/psi2002/>**

# THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

## Lucid Links

<b>The Association for the Study of Dreams</b>	<a href="http://www.asdreams.org">www.asdreams.org</a>
<b>The Lucidity Institute</b>	<a href="http://www.lucidity.com">www.lucidity.com</a>
<b>Lucidity Institute Forum</b>	<a href="http://www.lucidity.com/forum">www.lucidity.com/forum</a>
A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.	
<b>The Dream Explorer</b>	<a href="http://members.aol.com/psifyler/dream/explorer.html">http://members.aol.com/psifyler/dream/explorer.html</a>
Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual, and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE.	
<b>Linda Magallon's Flying Dreams website</b>	<a href="http://www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html">www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html</a>
<b>Electric Dreams</b>	<a href="http://www.dreamgate.com">www.dreamgate.com</a>
<b>Lucid Dream Newsgroups</b>	<a href="http://alt.dreams.lucid">alt.dreams.lucid</a> <a href="http://alt.out-of-body">alt.out-of-body</a>
<b>Alt. Out-of-body Website:</b>	<a href="http://www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html">www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html</a>
<b>the5aint's website</b>	<a href="http://www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html">www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html</a>
<b>Dreams and Lucidity</b>	<a href="http://www.spiritonline.com">http://www.spiritonline.com</a>
<b>The Lucid Dreamer's Reference Guide</b>	<a href="http://www.cris.com/~Mbreck/lucid.shtml">http://www.cris.com/~Mbreck/lucid.shtml</a>
<b>Lucid Dreaming Links</b>	<a href="http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.html">http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.html</a>
<b>Lucid Dreaming Guild for the Physically Challenged</b>	<a href="http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html">http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html</a>
<b>The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation</b>	<a href="http://www.dreams.ca">www.dreams.ca</a>
<b>reve, conscience, eveil</b>	<a href="http://www.florence.ghibellini.free.fr/">www.florence.ghibellini.free.fr/</a>
A site in France (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.	
<b>Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research</b>	<a href="http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html">www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html</a>
<b>Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show" at:</b>	<a href="http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm">http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm</a>
<b>Michel Gingras</b>	<a href="http://www.lucid.tv">www.lucid.tv</a>

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

## In the Next Issue of

# THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Have you had any lucid dreams that featured flying?

Are there various ways you experience flying?

*Send in your flying dreams!*

*Requesting book and movie reviews.*

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

*Tell us what you thought about it.*

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

Your lucid dreams are always welcome and encouraged.

Next Copy Deadline November 1 2002