If I Was Lucid... Lucid Euphoria
Dreaming With Bear
Hearing a Cry For Help
DreamSpeak With Line Salvesen
The Lucid Dream Exchange

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

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

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An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer
By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Line Salvesen

Through the internet, I became acquainted with a Norwegian woman who surprised me, by writing....

"I have logged close to 1,000 lucid dreams so far this year (I started keeping a dream journal in January/February,...), so I can only guess that I have had probably at least 8,000 lucid dreams, but the actual number might be more than double [that number]."

Now you and I know that the winter nights are long in Scandinavia, but 8,000 lucid dreams? Wow.... So join me in welcoming Line Salvesen to the LDE.
Line, forgive me, but do you pronounce your name like Lie - nee, or in some other way? My Norwegian consists of Oslo, fjord and lefse - maybe lutefisk too, but is that Swedish or Norwegian?

My name is pronounced Lee-neh. That's the best way I can describe it in text, at least. Lutefisk is eaten in both Norway and Sweden!

By your own count, you seem to be one of those people who have a lot of lucid dreams. So first, help us understand what you consider a lucid dream? Also how would a lucid dream be different than a non-lucid dream?

I consider a lucid dream a dream where I'm aware of the fact that I'm dreaming while still in the dream. In a non-lucid dream, I think I'm awake, or I don't question reality at all. When it comes to action, lucid dreams and non-lucid dreams are not always so different from each other because I have a tendency to just "go with the flow" of the dream when I'm lucid, especially when I have a low level of lucidity. However, when I do that, I will still manipulate my dream if I don't like where it's going. It seems that I can be lucid but still seem bound by dream logic, which makes me accept some weird choices when I have low level lucid dreams.

For example, I can dream of entering a restaurant/store and eat all the kinds of foods that I'm intolerant to, but I still pay the bill. Or I might summon a dream horse to ride, but then think that I need to warm up the horse. I even tried to sleep in a lucid dream the other night because I was feeling mentally worn out and I got the bright idea that if I went to sleep in the dream, then I would go into NREM sleep and stop dreaming. I just woke up from it.

When I’m not aware that I’m dreaming, I will think, behave and act the same way that I would in the same situation in my waking life. When I’m lucid, I will think differently, and I decide how I want to act. The higher my level of lucidity is, the more I will change and explore the dream.

Okay, but if you had to consider 100 of your lucid dreams, what percentage do you "go with the flow" (and not change the direction of the dream much), what percentage do you "change things a bit" and what percentage do you "make major changes in the dream or completely transform it?" I’d say that probably 10% of them qualify as "go with the flow", 60% "change a bit", and 30% "completely transform", though it's hard to separate them into such categories.

Thinking back, when do you first recall becoming consciously aware in the dream state? Can you remember any of your first lucid dreams?

I recall becoming aware that I was dreaming when I was 3 years old. However, it's hard for me to tell which one was the first lucid dream. One I remember from the age of 3 is a lucid nightmare where my grandparents' salt and pepper shakers, which were shaped as wooden heads, had grown into human size and were chasing me around my grandparents' house. I eventually managed to wake myself up by closing my eyes. I also had several recurring nightmares that started out at that age, in which I gained lucidity and then woke myself up from by will.

So did you assume that everyone had lucid dreams? When did it first occur to you that you were dreaming differently than most others?

Yes, but since not all my dreams were lucid, I didn't find it strange when people talked about dreams where they obviously didn't know they were dreaming. I just assumed that everyone was like me, sometimes they would know that they were dreaming, other times they would have no clue. One reason that I came to this conclusion is that one of my school friends also had lucid dreams. And I wonder if she still does....

At some point, you must have heard about this thing called "lucid dreaming" and its scientific discovery? Can you remember how you came to realize that your special type of dreaming had a name and a scientific history and all?

I think I was around 16 years old when that happened. I stumbled upon a short article about lucid dreaming in a magazine, possibly the Norwegian version of Reader's Digest. My first reaction was pretty much "What, not everyone is aware in their dreams?" At the end of the article, it stated that only a fraction have the ability to have lucid dreams from early childhood, so I sure felt special when I read that! But I only started seriously to look into it and participate in online communities about a year ago.

Tell us (if you can recall), how lucid dreaming changed for you as you grew up? I assume that at first you just accepted it, but at some point that
realization must have begun to change the way you interacted with the dream, right?

Most of my first lucid dreams were triggered by fear during nightmares, so the first thing I learned was how to wake myself up. I did that a lot during my first couple of years or so as a lucid dreamer... When my realizations grew, I managed to face my dream monsters now and then and I asked them to be my friend and play.

I was mostly rid of my recurring nightmares when I started school, and I discovered more about the possibilities of dream manipulations. I would no longer only manipulate nightmares, but also lucid dreams in general. I learned that not only could I fly and move objects by controlling the dream, I could also change my own shape. By the time I was 8, I had at least one lucid dream a night, and my lucidity frequency has gradually increased since then, to about 99% lucid dreams today.

Another lucid dreamer with tens of thousands of reported lucid dreams is Beverly D'Urso (see her DreamSpeak interview in our archives). In her childhood, she was bothered by recurring dreams of witches - which ultimately prompted her lucid dreaming to some degree. Did you have any recurring nightmare type figures that caused you to become lucid?

I had lots of nightmares around the age of 3-6, but I had no recurring nightmare figures that I can recall. At first, I had several scary characters in my nightmares, but once I gained lucidity, I would offer my friendship, and my nightmares stopped being about getting attacked/chased/hunted by evil beings for the most part. After that, the fear in the nightmares was directed towards scary settings, like being surrounded by fire, trapped in darkness, or alone in a moving car. Still, I became lucid in them, and as previously mentioned, I woke myself up from them. But once I got a little older, I started to figure out dream manipulation, and I got rid of some recurring nightmares by changing the scary parts.

The recurring nightmares of being alone in a moving car started when I was quite young - still sitting in a booster seat. I did realize that I was dreaming because I knew that cars couldn't move on their own. I would always think that I would experience the car crashing, and I was scared because I had no control over the car. Once I learned how to wake myself up from dreams, that's what I did. But, at the age of 6, I started to realize that dreams were kind of like play-

pretend, they could be changed. So one night when I had this nightmare, I pretended that some of my preschool friends were with me, and two of my 6 year old friends appeared in the front seat. Their presence alone calmed me down. They talked amongst each other, one reached down to the pedals while the other grabbed the steering wheel. The car stopped. I woke up quickly after, quite happy about stopping the nightmare without waking up! This recurring nightmare only happened a few times after that, and each time, I did the same thing to stop the car.

In my early lucid dreaming, I often found that I would become lucid and then get re-involved in the dream action and forget that I was lucid. Does this happen to you? Does it still happen in some lucid dreams?

Yes, this can happen to me as well. It only seems to happen when I wasn't very lucid in the first place, but it does happen from time to time. I sometimes also have false awakenings that are non lucid. It's especially annoying to wake up for real to find out that the notes I thought I had done during the night were only done in a dream.

Also I found in my early lucid dreams that I had to take care not to get too emotional. If I became emotional, then the lucid dream would end. Have you found this to be the case?

Yes, to some degree. If I get very excited/happy (especially if I have accomplished something that I wanted to try), then I might wake up. But I find that I'm even more likely to wake up when I try hard to remember something from my waking life. If I do end up accidentally waking up, I will at least have a great WILD opportunity!

As you look over your lucid dreaming life, what principles have you discovered for becoming lucid? Many people use dream signs to realize they are dreaming; some use suggestion to become lucid during their dreams, and some use the MILD technique -- what do you do?

Consciously, I do nothing. I usually just realize/know that I'm dreaming when a dream starts. I rarely think "Oh, I'm dreaming!", I just know. Basically, dreams feel dreamy to me, and it's this sensation that I pick up on that makes me lucid most of the time. If I fail to pick up on it right away, then something unusual or impossible happening will usually make me realize that I'm dreaming, or the unfamiliar surroundings.
I would also like to take this opportunity to mention that the MILD technique deserves more attention by lucid dreamers. I see several aspiring lucid dreamers hardly giving it a try or not at all - they seem to think that it's so simple that it cannot possibly work. I use auto-suggestion to help me remember personal tasks that I want to try out in a lucid dream, with good success.

**So when you say you just realize it, because it seems dreamy — tell me how it seems dreamy? What specifically seems dreamy about the dream?**

Dreams to me have a certain atmosphere about them that I can best describe as simply "dreamy". My consciousness and awareness will feel somewhat similar to what it feels like when I'm meditating; kind of like an altered state of consciousness. I’ve recently taken notice of how sounds "sound" in dreams; they sound a bit more flat than in reality, and they don’t seem to come from any source. Colors can be just as vibrant as in reality, but when I’m outside in a dream, the daylight will often seem more whiter, as if you were outdoors on an overcast day in the winter with snow around you. Shadows will typically be more blurred and light than they would have been in reality.

**In life, are you a person who concentrates on details? Or do you notice subtle things, like entering a room, it is a bit darker because the sun has dropped a little bit? I wonder "how" you explain your ability to notice “dreamy,” when so many of us just accept the dream as real (and remain non-lucid).**

I wouldn’t say that I consciously concentrate on details, but I’m a person who notices details. I notice subtle things just like you describe. I also consider myself a curious person. If there is something I don’t understand or something I’m curious about, I’ll want to find out about it - whether it’s a strange sound from the kitchen, or the answer to a quiz question.

**Did you have any games of awareness that you would play, perhaps as a child, that elevated your recognition of states of awareness?**

No awareness games, but I did like to daydream when I grew up. I especially liked to daydream about horses. I think this has helped me build my visualization skills, and that helps me with WILDs.

**When you think about your lucid dreams, have you had any that were especially important to you,**

When I changed the dream, I remembered my intent, and I said out loud that I will be happy and anxiety free for the next seven days. I started waking up, but I managed to get the message through to myself before I woke up completely.

And it worked! I was anxiety free for the following week and only a little anxious at times when I was hungry and tired. A week later, I found myself in my old room, lucid and remembering my past week. I looked at myself through a mirror, and repeated to myself several times out loud, “I will be happy and anxiety free.”

I’m still pretty much anxiety free, and it’s a whole new life!

*Line Salvesen*

or marked a new growth, or high point in your lucid life? Please tell us about that if you would.

I recently experienced a definite new high point in my lucid life - actually thanks to you, Robert! Because I have anxiety, you suggested to me that I could tell myself in a lucid dream that I would be happy and anxiety free for a week. A few nights later, I remembered this intent in a lucid dream. I was being bored in this dream because not much was going on. I had been talking to two women, but now I wanted to dream something else. When I changed the dream, I remembered my intent, and I said out loud that I will be happy and anxiety free for the next seven days. I started waking up, but I managed to get the message through to myself before I woke up completely. And it worked! I was anxiety free for the following week and only a little anxious at times when I was hungry and tired. A week later, I found myself in my old room, lucid and remembering my past week. I looked at myself through a mirror, and
repeated to myself several times out loud, “I will be happy and anxiety free.” I'm still pretty much anxiety free, and it's a whole new life!

I had another definite high point in my lucid life when I was around 22. One morning when I could sleep in, I wondered if it was possible to go straight from a waking state into a lucid dream without sleeping first. I had never heard about the WILD technique at this point, I discovered this technique online only a year ago. I was still in bed, and I knew that I had my longest and most vivid lucid dreams in the morning. So I closed my eyes and focused on keeping my consciousness as I was falling asleep. Not much happened until I felt a strong headrush and a falling sensation, and within a split second, I found myself standing barefooted on a green meadow in the sunshine. I could feel the wind on my face, the texture of the grass under my feet and between my toes, and the colors were vibrant. I was very lucid, and very, very surprised. I had not expected to pull that off! The surprise made me wake up within a couple of seconds. I didn’t try it again until this year, when I had learned about the WILD technique.

**Have you had any lucid dreams that seemed significant spiritually -- or made you wonder about the nature of life? Have you had any lucid dreams that really surprised you with something unexpected? Please give an example.**

I have not had any lucid dreams that have been very spiritual. I’m sure that will change some day! My lucid dreams never cease to surprise me. Unexpected things happen all the time in my lucid dreams, and they can be quite weird and random.

I think my most memorable experience related to this would be a lucid dream where I was just standing by a beach and looking at a wonderful view over an ocean with lots of small islands, and the mainland was mostly covered by a forest. All of a sudden, I saw that several of the trees not far from me were freeing themselves from the ground and they were using their roots as feet to walk over to the beach. They reached the beach and went into the water, swimming and splashing around. I was amazed, and also very amused. I even tried to walk over to one of them and talk to it, but it ignored me and walked past me. They looked so realistic, the details were amazing. I also sometimes get unexpected results when I try to manipulate my dream, like the time I tried to summon a person, but a haystack appeared instead.

**For some of us lucid dreamers, we like to experiment in our lucid dreams. If you wish, tell us about some of the things that you have experimented with in your lucid dreams, and the results or surprises that happened.**

I’m certainly one of those lucid dreamers who love to experiment in my lucid dreams. I do it quite often. I test out all kinds of things, both tasks or challenges that I have decided on before going to sleep, and random little experiments that I come up with when lucid, like for example seeing how fast I can fly to test my control and limits.

Here is something I randomly decided to test out in a lucid dream, how emotions affect my dream control.

I was on a black horse, riding on an outdoor arena. There were several fences to jump. The horse seemed to be quite slow, and didn't want to follow my orders. I struggled to keep it at the speed I wanted. I experimented a little with noticing how my level of frustration and annoyance affected my control of the horse. I found out that allowing myself to be frustrated and annoyed made the horse almost stop, but it didn't help too much to just relax my mind, as it does with a bolting horse that I want to stop. However, when I focused a bit more on watching another horse and rider that appeared at the arena, it was easier to get the horse to do what I wanted.

**Are there experiments that you would like to conduct in lucid dreams? Or something that you would want to achieve? Tell us about that.**

I would like to experiment more with dream healing. The little experience I have with that has shown me that dream healing can be very powerful, especially on a mental and emotional level. I also want to explore my sense of smell and taste in lucid dreams, as I always focus on sight and sound, and somewhat on my sense of touch.

In Norway in the summer, the daylight lasts for many, many hours, while in the winter, it can be dark for a long, long time. Do the seasons effect your dreaming, or effect your lucid dreaming? Do you see any pattern to lucid dreaming and the seasons?

It doesn’t seem to affect my dreaming or lucid dreaming, but it affects my sleep in general. I need up to an hour of extra sleep in the winter, and I sleep a bit more heavy in the winter as well. During the summer, I get around the sunny evenings and
mornings by wearing a sleep mask. So in general, I have more dreams (and lucid dreams) in the winter because I sleep more, but my dream recall might suffer when I have a night of extra heavy sleep.

Thanks Line, for being so gracious and telling us about your lucid dreaming life.

Thank you for giving me this opportunity to share!

Advance Praise for the Book:

"In this remarkable book, Robert Waggoner has brought lucid dreaming to a level that is simultaneously higher and deeper than any previous explorer has taken the topic. Both autobiographical and historical, theoretical and practical, psychodynamic and transpersonal, as well as adventurous and cautionary, Lucid Dreaming offers its readers instructions and insights that they will find nowhere else in the literature. They will learn how they can become awake and aware while asleep, and how this talent can change their lives." --Stanley Krippner, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School and Research Center, San Francisco, Coauthor of Extraordinary Dreams and How To Work With Them

"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." --Christine Lemley, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV Indianapolis

"Robert Waggoner admirably fulfills his aim of bringing lucidity to lucid dreaming. His book is distinguished by its wealth of first-hand experience, and his clear recognition that, instead of seeking to control and manipulate our dreams, we should use the gift of lucidity to navigate a deeper reality and grow into connection with a deeper and wiser self. He offers practical techniques and fascinating travelers tales to encourage us to experiment with interactive and precognitive dreaming and to explore the process of reality creation inside the dream matrix. This is an invitation to high adventure." --Robert Moss, Author of Conscious Dreaming and The Three ONLY Things: Tapping the Power of Dreams, Coincidence, and Imagination

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**Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self by Robert Waggoner**

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If I Was Lucid...

© David L. Kahn

As most of we lucid dreamers know, the question of whether or not we are lucid cannot be answered with a simple yes or no. To me it is more like answering the question on a 1 to 10 scale. My lucidity level in my last dream was a 6. I knew that I was dreaming, but I tried to convince my friends in the dream that they, too, were dreaming. What I have come to believe over time is that the degree of lucidity that we achieve is intentional by the creator of the dream, as though these semi-lucid dreams were by design and with a purpose.

My experience is that these semi-lucid dreams are often connected to other dreams that are both lucid and non-lucid, as though they are some kind of conduit that bridges the gap between the two. One personal observance is that there are specific dream personalities that show up in these semi-lucid dreams that are either rare or absent in standard dreams and more-aware lucid dreams. “Do they represent semi-lucid awareness, or do I achieve semi-lucid awareness and need rare dream figures at that point?” If I learn the lessons that they are trying to teach me, will my awareness increase?

My first dream personality example is of someone that I have seen in attendance at the past two IASD conferences. I have never spoken to him nor have I seen a presentation by him. What I do know is that he is a lucid dreamer. What makes him interesting to me is that there are many other lucid dreamers that I personally know, yet are not part of these dreams. So, I have to accept that this personality is within my dreams for specific purposes that someone else would not fulfill.

The first dream that this personality showed up in was in a role that you might consider an "extra." I was in line behind him at a checkout counter and needed to wait for his transaction to be completed before completing my purchase at the register. This was a non-lucid dream, after which I questioned why he would show up in my dream as I do not know him and really know very little about him. About a month later I had another dream where this same person showed up, but much more actively. In this dream we were seated in a parked car discussing an upcoming IASD conference in Chicago. In this dream he was from Chicago, which I have since found out is not the case in waking reality, and I was from Minneapolis which is nearby to where I actually live. I considered Chicago to be "his town" and Minneapolis "my town." He began telling me the difference between these two towns, which was based on the waterfronts. "His town" had the lake and "my town" had the river. The difference, he said, is how a river twists and turns. As we continued our conversation I recalled the previous dream at the checkout counter and I began to tell him about it. His response was, "I know. We talk a lot." At this point I realized that we both had a 4:00 plane "home" to catch (making me later wonder where we were in the first place). I then found myself on the front walkway of a house that I lived at as a teenager. Suddenly I noticed that there had been no passage of time between ending my conversation and arriving here, and as such I became lucid. The dream went on for quite some time with other interesting lucid activity, but I'll save that for the Potpourri section.

What I found so interesting about this dream is that the central personality showed up prior to my becoming lucid, as though there was some lesson I needed to hear first in my previous state of awareness.

In another series of dreams, my karate instructor has shown up while I was in near-lucid or semi-lucid states. It makes sense to me that my karate instructor would show up in some of my dreams for a number of reasons. For one, I attend his classes a few times per week and so do my children. More importantly, he is someone that I have respect for and associate with personal discipline, physical conditioning, and attaining goals. For me his personality makes for a good dream mentor. Why he shows up so specifically in semi-lucid dreams, again, is feeling to me now as though it is by design.

My first example with this personality is of me being alone in the karate studio with this instructor. We were working on a martial arts form. As I was doing this form I thought to myself, "If I was lucid, what would I do right now?" How it is that I didn't become fully lucid at this point is beyond me, and yet I've had a handful of similar recent dreams. What I decided was that, if I was lucid, I would continue working on this form. As I thought this, my form became very good. I was very sharp and crisp, and I then thought to myself, "Yes, this would be something good to do if I was lucid."
Not long after this dream I had another, but this time I was an observer looking into the karate studio from just outside of it. I saw the karate instructor in the classroom, and I observed myself seated on the floor with my left leg fully extended and my right leg bent at the knee with my knee on the ground to my right.

I knew that from this position I could stand up without any use of my hands or arms. As I observed myself seated there, I "heard" myself with the following thought...

The biggest battle I ever fought
All the while I never left this spot

Later in the dream I remembered the dream and looked up this little poem on Google. Though I don't recall what I may have found in Dream Google, I did feel a connection to an old Ojibwe saying upon awakening...

Sometimes I go about pitying myself, and all the while I am being carried by great winds across the sky

Semi-lucid dreams often seem to be reminders of the steps necessary to achieve full awareness. Like a karate student’s practice to achieve their best form, or a river twisting journey to the placid lake or sea, awareness is a process of mental movement, and certain dream figures seem to be markers along the way. In semi-lucid dreams, we stand somewhere between the start of our journey and its conclusion – only barely aware that we are actually being carried by great winds across the sky.

In the first karate studio dream in which I questioned what I would do if I was lucid, I decided that I would stay within that scene. Of course I could have chosen to create some entirely new scene with different people, different objects and different scenarios. But, I felt that the best use of my dream time would be to spend it right where I was, making the best of the scene given to me.

As I continued through my day following this dream, I found myself several times asking the same question as the scenes of my day moved along. Here are some examples:

I am in a car driving towards home. If I was lucid, I would have the car take off towards the sky and fly to another scene.

I am multi-tasking around the house. If I was lucid, I would ask the dream to put me into a new scene that is peaceful.

I am at the karate school (for real). If I was lucid, I would ask the instructor to show me what I most need to work on in this class.

Over the next few days I continued this little game. I found an interesting mixture of moments in which I would want to be in a completely new scene, moments in which the existing scene was fine but needed some sort of improvement, and times in which I would seek to learn something from the scene or from a person within that scene.

I also wondered if this might be an effective means of achieving lucidity. Much like Stephen LaBerge's idea of asking yourself often throughout the day if you are dreaming, if you ask yourself often enough what you would do if you are dreaming, would this also increase your rate of lucidity? And, if so, would you have more direction over your intentions within those lucid dreams?

As a little experiment, notice where you are and what you are doing right now, and then complete the following sentence:

If I was lucid .

_______________________________

Try this a few times throughout the next day or two. I would be interested to receive some examples for publication in a future issue of The Lucid Dream Exchange. You may feel free to include your name or remain anonymous. Your responses should be sent to david@dreamingtrue.com.
Dream Yoga
and
Dimensions of Extraordinary Dreams
Lama Tharchin Rinpoche and Fariba Bogzaran, Ph.D.
Translation by Lama Ngawang Zangpo

March 20-22, 2009
at
Palexku Peace Gardens Sanctuary, Big Island of Hawaii

Working with dreams is an ancient practice of gaining insight into the most inner dimensions of our psyche and some of the great sources of ancient teachings and wisdom originated in dreams. In this unique retreat of the East-West approach to dreams, Lama Tharchin Rinpoche and Professor Fariba Bogzaran join together on the Big Island of Hawaii to teach the possibilities of personal transformation through dream awareness.

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Lama Tharchin Rinpoche is a Dzogchen master of Vajrayana Buddhism. He is the tenth lineage-holder of the Rekong Ngakpas and was trained in His Holiness Dudjom Rinpoche’s monastery. He established Lotus Gate retreat on the Big Island of Hawaii and established the Vajrayana Foundation as a non-profit organization to create the Dudjom Tersar lineage in the West. He is known for his great realization, kindness and radiant heart and has a vast knowledge of the Vajrayana Buddhism and ritual arts.

Fariba Bogzaran, Founder of the Dream Studies Program at JFK University, has trained students and professionals in dream awareness internationally since 1984. Recognized for her outstanding contributions in dream education by the International Association for the Study of Dreams, she has an in-depth knowledge in East-West psychology, lucid dreaming, art, contemplative and shamanic practices. She is the co-author of Extraordinary Dreams (SUNY 2002) and author of numerous articles on dreams.

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Space in limited. Early registration is highly recommended.
To register send check to: Dream Creations, P. O. Box 457, Inverness, California 94937. For information write to: <dreamyoga@svu.net> List of accommodations and detail information will be sent upon registration.
Last month, I had an unusual semi-lucid dream, involving my 87 year old mother-in-law. I rarely (if ever) dream of my mother-in-law. So waking from this, I paid particular attention to it and its possible meaning. Here’s what happened in the dreaming and waking realms:

Oct 16, 2008 – Hearing Nona Calling Me

“I seem to be in a typical Midwest neighborhood, like the one I grew up in. As I walk along, I hear someone calling my name in a strained and plaintive tone, “Robert….Robert…help me….Robert.” That catches my attention and I try to sense where this plea is coming from and who is calling me.

I hear the soft moaning and insistent calling again, “Robert….please…Robert.” Suddenly, I recognize the voice, and think, “Nona?” It seems to be my mother-in-law’s voice! That strikes me as odd, because I know that she lives in an assisted care facility in another state (where she has become increasingly frail). Now, somewhat lucid and also curious, I follow the voice to the side door of a simple wood house. I hear her call my name again, “Ohhh….please….help me….Robert.”

As I enter the side door, I am surprised to realize that the sound is actually coming from the dark basement. But suspecting that this is a dream, and truly unafraid, I don’t hesitate to walk down the dark stairs into the gloomy basement. One part of me realizes that this moody environment feels distressed or negative, and the other part of me knows that this is a dream, and there is no need to worry.

Just as I step off the stairs, I sense a presence to my left. A gray shadowy figure jumps out at me, as if to accost me. Sensing that this is Nona’s fear personified, I push it off and banish it with my mind.”

Upon waking, I felt a bit surprised to hear my mother-in-law’s cries for me. Her moans and pleas persisted as I sought to find her. Then discovering that she was in a basement, I symbolically assessed that this was not a good place, as I stepped down the dark stairwell. I hardly felt surprised by the dark figure. I could hear the fear and concern in Nona’s voice. I sensed she had deep fears about passing.

I mentioned the dream to my wife, who told her oldest sister about it, since she was providing daily care for Nona. Her sister was shocked! Just recently in waking reality, Nona had begun calling for me! In fact, my wife’s sister said she had been calling for her deceased parents, some of her brothers and sisters (most of whom were deceased) and me.

Since her health had been failing, I had been thinking about Nona more than normal. Earlier that month in some meditative states, I imagined helping her join her departed family members. I had an intuitive sense that she felt anxious about passing. I wondered if my imaginative meetings with her had somehow telepathically intruded into her mind. Is this why she had begun calling for me?

The last day of October, my wife and I drove eight hours to visit her, and help her make the move to more skilled nursing, as her health continued to deteriorate. When we came into her assisted care room, I was surprised to see her, since her health struggles were evident in her face. My wife quietly teared up, as we held her hand and talked with her. From my lucid dreaming experience, I cheerfully told her what I would tell anyone in this situation and repeated it hundreds of time during our stay: “Everything is fine. There is nothing to worry about. It will all work out.” Those words became like a mantra.

Everything is fine.

There is nothing to worry about.

It will all work out.

A supplemental nursing aide, whom we had hired privately to assist, asked me two hours later, “How can you be so assuring and so positive?” I didn’t tell her that dreams and lucid dreams had taught me of the persistence of awareness, and the importance of avoiding fear and developing trust. Nor did I tell her of the memories of past lives revealed in dreams, lucid dreams and intuitive moments. Instead, I simply told her, “There really is nothing to worry about.”

Continued on page 27
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF KID LUCID

LAST EPISODE - THE KID WAS SITTING UNDER HIS FAVORITE TREE, MINDING HIS OWN BIZ, WHEN A MYSTERIOUS HAND REACHES OUT, SWIPES HIS SUPERHERO COMIC AND REPLACES IT WITH AN OLD BOOK. UPON READING SAID TOME, THE KID REALIZES HE IS DREAMING AND ACTUALLY MANAGES TO FLY, BRIEFLY. HE NOW RUNS EXCITEDLY TO TELL HIS OLD FRIEND....
The Lucid Dream Exchange ● December 2008
Abstract

Lucid dreaming continues to be a source of personal, spiritual, and scientific interest, curiosity and even obsession. In the backdrop of these diverse efforts and foci, a more ancient connection between lucid dreaming (spontaneous or induced) deserves renewed scholarly interest. Specifically, there is anthropological evidence that lucid dreaming (dreams in general) had specific biosemiotic and ecopsychological functions, at least when it came to shamanism and other healing arts. Even though Paul Shepard (1993/2007)¹ does not use the terms above, he does use the word *kenning* which suggests an intimate biosemiotic journey and cognitive positive feedback loop between our experiences in nature, how we interpret and express these experiences, and their ultimate psychological impact, which includes dreaming “big dreams.” Thus, lucid dreaming is one more meaning-system within a grander biosemiotic coda which integrates our intimate learning of natural history with a psychological orientation that must adjust to these real and natural demands—an ecopsychology. Lucid dreaming remains an ancient door to a Paleolithic mind disturbed and confused by its synthetic and meaning-less modern surroundings.

“I hack
a ravine in his thigh, and eat and drink,
and tear him down his whole length
and open him and climb in
and close him up after me, against the wind,
and sleep.”

--From Galway Kinnell’s poem, The Bear²

Introduction

As I make my final revisions to this paper, my wife tells me of an incident with a wild cougar prowling the Chicago suburbs this past April 14. The confused and accosted cat was finally shot by a group of policemen. According to one of the five policemen who cornered the “wild beast” in a blind courtyard, it had to be shot, deadly force had to be used, because it “threatened us.” What else would a cornered and outnumbered beast do but growl and show its teeth? Thus, the big cat was perceived to be another outlaw or undesirable. The realization that in its wildness this cougar was bringing natural order into civilized chaos was obviously missed—as if in an urban and proper dream, the cat was merely an interruption of senseless, torpid sleep where nothing of significance ever happens, but when it does, it is viewed as a threat to urban passivity.

As a point of ecopsychological contrast, and without accusing the unfortunate cougar of any wrongdoing, but connecting its apparition to criminality nevertheless, to the extent that the human, homicidal lunatic perceives caricatures or veneers rather than full-fledged humanity, s/he has little compunction in unloading an automatic assault weapon onto innocent bystanders.

This paper employs, as the title suggests, the metaphor “dreaming with bear” to signify a persistent call from the depths of our psyche inviting projection, rejection, transmutation, assimilation, rejuvenation, identification, or transpersonalization into “the other.” To the extent that big cats or bears are fears at the margins of torpid and “civilized” consciousness rather than authentic aspects of an incorporated (digested even) Self, then we, as the human animal, will find it increasingly difficult to transcend or peel away the myriad of veneered personas being invented and imposed upon us by a decaying society. Poetry can sometimes convey the sense of nature alienation or estrangement, the crisis that marks the ethos of our civilized selves.
The opening stanza by Galway Kinnell, part of his well-known poem entitled *The Bear*, describes the hunting and dream journeys of an Inuit hunter and, finally, its transpersonalization into bear consciousness and nature. The Inuit hunter falls asleep in the insides of the dam-bear he had “hacked” into, then dreams while identifying with the very act of being hunted as a bear:

And dream
of lumbering flatfooted
over tundra,
stabbed twice from within,
splattering a trail behind me,
splattering it out no matter which way I lurch,
no matter which parabola of bear-transcendence,
which dance of solitude I attempt.
which gravity-clutched leap,
which trudge, which groan.

At the end of the poem both transmutation and transpersonalization occur with the following and lasting ecopsychological insight:

the rest of my days I spend
wandering: wondering
what, anyway,
was the tick infusion, that rank flavor of blood, that
poetry by which I lived?

In a keen analysis of the same poem, Richard J. Calhoun addresses the very point that will be made in the next section and was summarized in the previous abstract, namely, that the *kenning* of authentic and sustainable hunting is part of an intimate biosemiotic journey and cognitive positive feedback loop between our experiences in nature, how we interpret and express these experiences, and their ultimate psychological impact, which includes dreaming “big dreams.” Dreaming, and specifically lucid dreaming, is one more meaning-system within a grander biosemiotic coda which integrates our intimate learning of natural history with a psychological orientation that must adjust to these real and natural demands—an ecopsychology. Calhoun writes of this poem:

The bear’s body is inhabited by the poet through an act of regression, a return to his origins. The poem develops into an account of the death of the ego in the poet. His exclusively human identity is transformed. The speaker has confirmed that he too “belongs to the wild darkness,” but he has also unearthed a new and regenerative vitality.

It is perhaps no literary fancy that Kinnell shares the transpersonal journey of an Inuit hunter, his journey being part of an established and well-researched circumpolar and boreal shamanic tradition where lucid dreaming is central to psychological transformation. Kinnell, the poet, dreams up a hunter dreaming a bear, and of a bear dreaming herself through the hunter. The poet too wishes to be transformed or is, truly, during his imaginative insight. Finally, the reader too is invited to at least imagine that this transformation could take place.

**A Fragment of a Fragment of Another Fragment**

Another literary critic, Cary Nelson, remarked that *The Bear* “is a poem about American consciousness in search of its true body.” I think its theme is more universal than that. I may add that the poem is equally about any nature-alienated or estranged consciousness, not only in search of its true body, but of its dreaming world as well. Kinnell’s poem would not have gained in significance, would be incomplete, without the hunter’s dream journey. The poem would not be as viscerally eminent if the hunter did not carve a body to be used as a primal, even vaginal space for the dreaming journey. To accept the poem as written is to agree that Kinnell is aware of a Paleolithic or ancient mind that did not separate body from hunting, from dreaming, from eating, from defecating—all functions were one. Again:
I hack
a ravine in his thigh, and eat and drink,
and tear him down his whole length
and open him and climb in
and close him up after me, against the wind,
and sleep.

Certainly, the dead and carved body of the dam-bear is only one fragment of consciousness. By itself, it is not sufficient to invite a revelation just like the carcass of a wild cougar lying dead in a forgotten and alienating city informs nothing beyond shock, repugnance, or relief. The fragment that counts is the integration between the kenning of some authentic and mindful action, its dreaming, and the return trip to the original act seen in a new light—a transforming one. The complete consciousness-full journey only superficially seems to linger on the sacramental and digestive act while temporarily omitting incense, sinning, singing, redemption, salvation, pain, a church, a church state, dependency, obedience, and a central savior who insists on an ever after away from the terrestrial. Equally, a dream can be a fragment and only a fragment without drinking or spilling the blood.

It is now that ecopsychology, not just merely psychology, as an intervention or an investigation, becomes most useful. Ecopsychology is after the integration of all the fragments. More importantly, ecopsychology is interested in the full integration and realization in/with Nature. Kinnell’s imaginary Inuit hunter awakens to a specific insight after his dream:

I awaken I think: Marshlights
reappear, geese
come trailing again up the flyway.

After enlightenment the chair is a chair and something more—the soul of a tree, the laughter of a whale. The Self is not the ego but a bear or the bloody turd of a bear. Geese still fly, yes, but how they fly! Dreaming, like digestion, is an important function of the totality of Self. Dreaming may be even more important than juices flowing at regular intervals. Ecopsychologically speaking, night after night, dreaming, and for a few fortunate souls, lucid dreaming, can be a catapult for total consciousness, and always, an opportunity for integrative insight.

The mind-body becoming needs constant reminding of a connection with an ancient past when crucial lessons were coded in chemistry, long ago. The nail in the coffin, the final act, the strand of hair that breaks the camel’s back, the authenticity that confirms beyond the mundane and prosaic is a dream.

A full semiotic circle that informs at all levels, looping unto itself in noetic iteration, is only possible when dreaming and awakening, and waking up, and dancing in/with nature, and intending a dream are interlaced in Self reinforcing cycles.

**Conclusion**

Paul Shepard, citing work related to how dream content changes developmentally, wrote that dreaming about animals is “nurturant among small children because animals are already synonymous with the mind’s drive to find order and the heart’s desire to affirm given reality.” If so, in addition to their important thematic and cognitive function, these experiences form part of a larger semiosis of which the spoken word is only one of many substantial kennings that shape a nascent intelligence. Lucid dreaming can be a powerful experiential singularity of this total semiotic coda owned by the individual on the way to interpreting inner and outer universes, the latter forever unfolding as processes rather than mere static or passive experiences.

When these experiences and their need for interpretation occur as part of an authentic intimation with Nature, while learning or deploying the authentic kennings associated with effectively maturing in a 24/7 ecological ethos, then we can speak of biosemiosis relating an unfolding ecological Self back to its origins. Ideally, this is a perpetual psyche machine where dreams are lubricating an ongoing ecopsychological unfolding.
Lucid Euphoria
(c) Robert Waggoner 2008

A common and noticeable effect of becoming consciously aware in dreams is what you could call lucid euphoria.

At that moment of realizing “This is a dream,” you often experience a giddy feeling, like some type of primal, creative energy is now coursing through you. When you couple that feeling, that energy, with the awareness that you now exist in the mental realm of dreams, it creates a noticeable lucid euphoria. You feel newly empowered with a yet to be expressed brilliance, as if truly knowing everything actually is possible. A new world opens to you and anxiously awaits your creative breath.

In waking life, it seems rare to experience this lucid euphoria. You might have to conjure up memories from childhood – those moments of mental or physical struggle, when suddenly, without knowing exactly how, you “got” it! Sitting in the third grade, you spontaneously “got” how to divide numbers. Or in band, you finally “got” how to blow into your flute! Those brief flashes of insight and mastery that erupted within your mind – and gave you a brief sense of euphoria and sudden mastery. Those moments hint at the dreamer’s feeling of lucid euphoria.

But why lucid euphoria? I recall reading excerpts of an early panel discussion on lucid dreaming at the Association for the Study of Dreams when Ernest Hartmann, M.D. brought up that question. Why would lucid dreaming result in a sense of joy, of euphoria? No one had an answer.

As I see it, there may be any number of explanations, so let me express a few possible contenders.

Neurologically, a sense of euphoria may result from the neuro-chemical splash of mixing the dreaming brain with the lucid (more-waking) brain. The addition of conscious awareness to the dreaming brain may spark new cells, new brain areas to activate, as new mental powers come online. Science has noticed that the dreaming brain operates differently than the waking brain. As Richard C. Wilkerson notes:

“Generally speaking, when we go to sleep the brain becomes deactivated, desensitized to outer sounds and sensations and switches over from an aminergic neurochemical system that keeps us alert and focused on the outer world to a cholinergic system that allows for relaxation. We are sleeping. Then something strange occurs, the aminergic system stops almost completely and the cholinergic system becomes hyperactive” (Electric Dreams, March 2003).

If my conjecture is correct, the awareness of lucidity prompts both systems into activation, and you suddenly get a joining of brain powers, which the lucid dreamer feels as lucid euphoria. Of course, that is simply a conjecture on my part. To my knowledge, no scientist has broached or considered this point.

On a mental level, lucid euphoria may be a function of moving from a reactive mode of being chased by dream figures or accepting bizarre situations to suddenly switching to a more conscious, more powerful and deliberate mode of lucid awareness. By gaining a sense of directive control, the lucid dreamer feels a sense of euphoria – now that he or she can consciously direct the dreaming to his or her liking.

On a spiritual level, I have only read one comment pertaining to what I call lucid euphoria -- and that was in the writings of Jane Roberts. She suggested that the giddy sense of joy reflected the Self’s awareness of having accessed the larger storehouse of its inner abilities. Our waking self rarely accessed its fuller abilities, she maintained. When lucid, all of those abilities are activated more directly, and the dreamer senses the additional power inherent in those abilities as a type of joy.

Now others may point to a psychological explanation, such as lucid euphoria represents the ego inflation that naturally results when mixing the waking self with the unconscious self. Perhaps a strict Jungian might say that. Or (thinking like a behaviorist now), lucid euphoria results from having been rewarded in previous lucid dreams; so the joy reflects the conditioned response of expecting the same playful fun as in other lucid dreams.

However it arrives, lucid euphoria truly exists. It loftily carries many lucid dreamers forward, who feel its energy as a welcoming to the dreaming awareness.
Unfortunately, I am not one to keep track of my dreams in such things as a dreaming journal, but just last night I am pretty sure that I experienced a simultaneous dream.

When I woke up from my dream(s) last night, I was aware, and can still remember three separate, distinct happenings, although I cannot recall what they were. While I was dreaming, I also noticed that my physical body was tossing, turning, and feeling on edge (as much as a sleeping body can be) more than I've ever noticed before while dreaming. I think this can be attributed to the fact that as my mind was playing these three separate dreams at once, my body was trying it's best to work with my mind through them. I'm not sure if that makes any sense.

I also recall while dreaming a sense, as was mentioned in the article, *Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming,* where "Several thoughts go rushing at super speed through my mind." At some point, the thoughts and the body movements were all just too much for me to handle and I had to force myself to wake up (although I am unsure as to why I was holding on to those dreams for so long in the first place).

I hope this e-mail is helpful to you at the LDE.

*Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming,* © Lucy Gillis
See the Articles section of the LDE website [www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com)

Chantale, August 2008

My dream began with a clear pink sky. There were some clouds in the sky and all of a sudden I saw a flash through the clouds that looked like a firecracker spark and it made the same noise as a firecracker. It looked beautiful but it frightened me as well...

I felt like the world was ending and thoughts of nuclear war came to mind...in the same instant I suddenly realized that I was laying in my bed and I heard the voices from the computer that I had left on before falling asleep.

Then, I felt like I was floating out of my body up towards my ceiling. All at the same time I realized that I was lying in bed asleep, that I was controlling my floating state (which felt comforting) but I could still see that pink sky with the flashes and hear my computer that was left on before I fell asleep. When I woke, the computer was indeed on, with those voices that I heard during my lucid dream.
David L. Kahn, August 20 2008

Something Beautiful

I am in a hallway that looks like an empty shopping mall hallway in a corner area. All that is in this area is a desk like my new one with Dad sitting there working alone. I walk on by and realize this is a dream. I say to Dad, “This is a dream.” I think I repeat that as I fully understand.

I continue down the hallway and see a large glass double-door with daylight shining through. I walk on through it. As I do so I say to the dream, “Show me something.” I take a moment to think and then say, “Show me something beautiful.” Initially I see dream gray matter. I hold on to my thought that the dream shows me something beautiful.

The gray fades and I see a little girl of perhaps 5. She has reddish hair. I believe she takes my left hand, though maybe I carry her. We walk down a street in the daylight. The street looks somewhat commercial. We come across another little girl that may be standing there with her father, though I take little notice of him. This little girl is about the same age and height, but with a smaller frame. She has long wavy black hair and looks mixed racial. I think she’s wearing a dress and she looks very pretty. She either takes my right hand, or I carry her in my right arm.

Ian Koslow, September 29 2008

A Chat with the Walrus

I realized I was dreaming when I found myself running for no reason on my street. The first thing I did was jump onto the golf course across from my house. I ran and tried flying, thinking about what I wanted to do.

The stars were bright, so I thought I might try to fly to space. I worked at getting my flight more stable but I came down. I realized to fly I needed to be running fast first, so I sprinted on the grass and then took off.

I saw huge mushrooms in the distance so I flew to them. I took a chunk off of one, and then decided I wanted to speak to John Lennon. I decided that when I turned around, he’d be there. I was right. I was excited to see him sitting on a bench. His hair was short and he looked young. He was reading a book called “Mother Hither”. It may have been written by him but I’m not sure.

He seemed upset. I asked him why and he said I woke him up. I said I just wanted to talk to him. He said “You don’t want to talk, you want to become a guru.” I said, “No, I want to talk about the world.” He said, “Yeah, well, none of the worlds are real,” and then he got up and walked away.

Harmony Kennedy, November 2008

I don't remember the date I had the dream but it was around 8:30 in the morning. It started out with me on an airplane and trying to shout at someone (I think we must've been hijacked). I was crying and the more I tried to scream the more my voice became hoarse.

Then, complete silence, yet I was still trying to scream.

This scared me, and next thing you know, it went black and I tried to open my eyes. I couldn't. I tried to move as well and nothing happened. I know I must've been awake, cuz I heard myself thinking what was happening, and trying to calm myself down by saying I will wake up soon. Then I jolted up.

Lucy Gillis October 17 2008

Probable Uncle Acknowledgement

I am standing at what would be in my reality the edge of the front lawn at my childhood home. The lawn slopes steeply down about 3-4 metres to the road, then there is the railway track, then sloping down further is a large flat of land that becomes beach. At this point I find myself looking through a tall mesh fence (does not exist in waking reality) at the lake. I begin to look more closely because I think I have just seen a whale. I know that I only see whales in the salt-water lake when I dream, but then I do know that many years ago the odd minke or pilot whale would sometimes come into the lake following food, so it is not entirely unlikely. However, I decide I must have seen a seal.

But then I see a headland off to my right jutting far into the water and suddenly I know I am in a probable past version of my childhood home area. No headland like this exists in my reality.

(At this point it’s hard to describe the kind of lucidity that occurs. It is not the same sort of euphoric, triumphant, feeling that comes with the onset of lucidity or even the sometimes low key, but confident, “Ah, it dawns on me that I’m dreaming” feeling. It’s more than an intellectual knowing, a surety in that way that you know the sun rose today – a knowing without even the concept of doubt.)
With that awareness comes a slow but steady increase in knowing, like my awareness is expanding outwardly in some way (I don’t know how else to put that) as I look at the headland and other features that are familiar to me. I wonder at this, because it is not the features that correspond to my waking life that give rise to a feeling of familiarity, but those that do NOT.

Now, more closer to my right I see a steep wooden staircase on a steep incline, like a hill. At the top is another mesh fence covered in ivy. It seems there is a trellis up there, as though there would be trains passing overhead on it. I watch as about half a dozen young people go racing up the stairs, laughing and joking with each other. Once they get up to the top I see one of them hang upside down on the inside of the fence, clearing away the ivy. The people are up there to clear the brush and plants that have obscured much of the fence.

For some strange reason I suddenly think of my uncle who died a few years ago, and I wonder if he (a probable version of himself) lives here. Then I see him in a bright red t-shirt and work trousers, with other people, walking toward me. I'm elated to see him! No one is looking at me. I wonder if I am invisible here. Or if I’m not, does my uncle know “me” here (as his niece). Do I (a probable I) even exist in this place?

As these thoughts go whizzing through my mind my uncle gets closer, but he is not looking at me, does not appear to be aware that I am here. But just as he goes past me he reaches out his hand and places it gently, but firmly on my shoulder for a moment. I feel so happy I could burst! We don’t speak and he still doesn’t look at me but somehow he knows I’m here and he’s acknowledged that. I wake with a feeling of joy that stays with me for days.

David L. Kahn, August 24 2008

Atlantic Plunge

... I am now outside on a nice sunny day. I feel like the building I was in was a college. I'm trying to find the men's room door figuring I walked out the wrong one and I want to go back to where I just came from, but I can't figure out where to go. There are smaller buildings and none of them look to be right.

Suddenly I realize that I am dreaming. I take a couple of steps and fly into a meadow area with trees in the background. I decide not to say anything to the dream, and to simply trust that it will take me where I need to go. I then float up and I have this feeling I may be dropped like a roller coaster. I'm not afraid, but I feel like I will feel it in my stomach. I do, just a bit, but then I let go of that thought and I continue to be transported by air over trees. I see the Atlantic Ocean ahead of me and fly just a bit over it. I know that I will plunge into it, and I do. There is no doubt that I'll be able to breathe, and indeed I can breathe. I reach the bottom of the ocean and I see fine. It is sandy down there and it doesn't feel much like being under water. There are individual coloring book pages; I think four, all of which have cartoon cats on them.

The dream then feels like it is fading and I believe I wake up. I realize I've been speaking in my sleep whatever I was saying in my sleep and I figure Chris heard. I figure she'd find it funny. I take my pen and begin to write out the dream beginning. I then realize that I'm lying in bed and I don't have a pen in my hand, so I must have had a false awakening. I begin to write the dream again just the same way. Then it happens again and I have a third false awakening. Finally on the fourth time I actually wake up and write the dream down just as I had three times in false awakening.

Steve Parker, August 12 2008

Nova Scotia

It is around 4:30am. I am standing in front of my condo door. I am looking through the glass pane to the outside. There are four deck chairs on a patio. They are cushioned in blue and yellow. At this point I think I am awake. It is sunny outside. I touch the glass and find it is solid. Then I suddenly realize I am dreaming. I now become lucid.

Since I am lucid I should be able to pass through the glass. It is like passing through a fine gel film. I now stand on the opposite side of the door. I look at the glass pane. It is still intact. There is bright sunshine and I walk around the chairs. I am aware I must stay lucid. I look beyond the chairs and see the green landscape of the beach. There are small ponds dotting the green.

The ocean is in view. I start walking towards the ocean. I concentrate on keeping the visuals as sharp as possible. Everything is very sharp and clear. The Greens are very green and the ocean looks beautiful. The sun is still shining. The walking is taking awhile so I decide to fly. I rise to tree height and fly at a moderate speed towards the water.

The lucidity and the flying is well controlled. I reach the shoreline and start flying over the water. I then wake up.
Talking to the Dream Creator

I heard Robert Waggoner speak at the Montreal IASD dream conference and I tried his technique of communicating with the Creator of the dream [or the presumed awareness behind the dream]. I became lucid a few nights ago and asked to talk to the Creator of the dream, when suddenly the whole scene and mood changed. Now there was this man in front of me. I said to him, "Oh I'm sorry, I don't have a question prepared. Can you just tell me something I need to know?" He smiled and said, "Look into the Dawn of O'l ". (I woke).

Note: I am still pondering this. But I can't wait to try it again with a little more awareness and maybe a prepared question. I wonder if this creative consciousness is the ego of a mass consciousness (like the collective unconscious) or maybe a higher self? I would be interested in hearing more about the results of the lucid experiments like this to see if lucid dreamers have similar results.

Lisa Cork Twiss, September 2008

Just a bit of background: I began lucid dreaming as a child and upon my realization that I was indeed dreaming, I would say, "This is a dream so I can fly," and I would. I would fly to many places including the moon, that opened up to reveal that it was hollow, filled with scaffolding and construction workers.

This lucid dreaming and flying would occur almost nightly for a few years until I met my mother in a dream and informed her that she was in my dream and proved it to her by flying to which she replied, "Once you start controlling your dreams you can never come out". This shook me to the core and I started convulsing until I awakened much to my relief. I then did not have any lucid dreams for many years until recently.

When I recently began exploring my spirituality and questioning the dogmas of my upbringing, I then began to have lucid dreams once again and once again I joyously commence flight.

Mark Borre, November 1-2 2008

The Reality Checks

Well, I stumbled upon Lucid Dreaming while on Youtube and found it extremely interesting. I thought I'd just give it a try that night. I've had lucid dreams before but they were basically spent trying to convince my dream figures that I was in a dream. A waste of a lucid dream as far as I'm concerned but it happens to practically everyone right? However, when I obtained some basic information on how to become lucid and stay lucid, I had to give it a shot. Since this particular lucid dream, I've started a dream journal and am committed to further my dream experiences.

Nov.1-2 (time to bed: 23:45)

I "woke up" in my bed in a dream. I got out of bed and looked around the room. At this point I wasn't lucid. I often look out of my bedroom window when I wake up in the morning or in the middle of the night, just to kind of keep an eye on the neighbourhood. This time however, when I peered through the window in my dream I saw a landscape of bright yellow and orange lights. Much like the suburban landscape of Las Vegas. I became lucid immediately. At this I did a reality check with my wrist watch. The watch showed 12:00 then 11:50. I didn't do much in my dream besides walk around my home and look at the digital clocks. The clocks on my appliances showed nothing but a blinking green “1” blinking very quickly. At this point I noticed my dream becoming faded and blurred. I thought to myself, “This would be a good time to try to keep my lucidity by rubbing my hands together.” I saw nothing but complete blackness, but was still totally aware.

Next thing I knew I was back in my bed, inside another dream. I kicked off the blankets in sort of a panic that I had just a small amount of time to explore this particular dream. I then remembered to take a moment, slow down my breathing and remain calm. I then proceeded to walk around my home just in awe of what was taking place. I woke up soon after.

I used my first lucid dream to test out some things I've been reading about.

Jeremy Bosotina, Autumn 2008

Traveling To Another Planet

Hello....I'm 28 here in Portland, OR. YES! Lucid states of consciousness are 100% real. I have them at least 3 times per week! I will describe a most recent one, about 2 weeks ago I went to sleep at 10:30 PM. Around 4 AM I was dreaming that I was walking in an airport-like structure. The interesting thing is that nothing in my dream environment helped me realize I was in this dream. I just did it automatically! My first intent was to ask one of the people where I was.
I went up to a few people asking them the name of the airport or whatever the place was. Eventually, I asked the right person, she was an older African American lady. She said, "This is planet 990." I said, "Thank you," and I immediately got very excited about getting a response. Soon thereafter, two larger men came right at me as if they were security officers. Usually, when I'm in a situation like this I rush to panic! But, since I was so excited about the planet 990 answer, I was in a more positive mood. This good, fearless mood somehow stopped these two men from getting closer to me. Then as the officers realized what was happening they gave me a very interested look like, "He's one of those guys," or something along those lines. I immediately walked away and just told myself to remember the 990 thing and go back to my ordinary reality package.

In the morning, I told my wife about it and she said "Google 990". So I typed in planet 990 into the search engine. What came up was amazing! The main result was Minor planet 990 Yerkes. I have NEVER researched minor planets and IT'S within our own solar system!! 990 Yerkes is a very large asteroid classified a minor planet. If anyone is reading this right now, you must be in disbelief! I only believe what I personally experience, I am NOT religious and do not do magic or anything like that. I did do magic mushrooms a couple times when I was 19, but the lucid dreams started when I was 7 or 8 years of age so you can exclude that I'm insane. Thank you for reading. Jeremy Bosotina@aol.com

Godscell, Some Time in 2005

Conscious OBE and the Dweller on the Threshold

I was unwell with a head cold and had taken some of the kids' Dimetapp™. I wasn't expecting to be successful but I was so obsessive about attaining a conscious OBE that I tried anyway. So, I lay on my bed and concentrated on my heart (I think, it's possible I was doing mantras).

I kept very still and the vibrations began. They got very powerful. I felt myself lift up and out, through my crown. Then, somehow, I circled back into my body via the root chakra. I kept cycling. Then I got out but I saw a hooded being sitting in the doorway of the bedroom. It frightened me back into my body.

I later read about the Dweller on the Threshold phenomenon and the likelihood that I was experiencing my astral double. Since reading Kurt 22Leyland, I've altered this perception. The perception of a hooded being may be how we perceive beings shielding us from their extreme luminosity. I prefer now to label this entity an observer.

David L. Kahn, August 28 2008

Healing, Forgiveness and Love

... As I walk towards the front door I realize that I am here without ever having gotten on a plane. I have noticed no passage of time. With this I become lucid. I turn around facing the street and trees along the road. Once again with lucidity I say, "Show me what I need to see." Then I quiet my mind and allow the dream to do so.

I float off the ground and I say, "Heal myself." My body floats and does some kind of motion, though I can't recall what. Then I say, "Forgive myself." With this I float slightly up and press my hands together as if I'm about to pray. My body then bends forward in the air so that my hands point straight down and I come down to Earth where the tips of my fingers touch the ground, and then I turn back so that I am facing upwards again.

I fly across and down the street a bit so that I end up under a group of green leaves of a tree. I see about 100 or so leaves right in front of me. As I look at them I say, "I love all of them." My meaning behind this statement is meant both for the leaves as well as for every dream I've ever had. Then I say, "Every piece of them," meaning that I love every single piece of every single dream I've ever had. I feel that love. At this point I look to fly away, but Dad is now also floating under the tree. I briefly talk with Dad or acknowledge him in some way, and then decide to fly off. However, as I try to fly off, Dad grabs me and pulls me back. He does this repeatedly, maybe five or six times. Though I know he will keep pulling me back, I keep trying to fly off. It becomes frustrating.

Then I notice a yellow leaf on the tree. The leaf is long and thin, something like one of the leaves on my old plant. I feel that there is a connection between this leaf and Dad pulling me back. I pluck the dying leaf off the tree. I notice a couple of other yellow or yellowing leaves right by or behind this one, but I leave them be. I am now on the ground with Dad lying with his head on my forearm. Initially I think he is dying and I become filled with emotion. Though I know this is a dream, I'm not sure if the symbolism is literal with Dad or if it is symbolic of something within me. Either way I feel the emotion of grief, though some piece of me feels it is time to let go - of what I'm not sure.
The scene now changes to where I am in a room with a number of people, maybe seven or eight of them. They are both men and women, different ages I think. There is a computer screen in front of us. It looks like an older style monitor. There are five things on the screen, one of which will become reality. One looks like a line or stick, but represents a baby. I think that is the top item on the screen. I don't seem to care or pay much attention to it. Something about this scene feels a bit creepy and I'm not sure why. I feel very distracted. My lucidity is still there, but I feel the distraction. Eventually the on-screen "baby" wins whatever "it" is. Among the people and objects I recall include an Asian woman, Lego's, and a gay man.

I'm not sure when this occurs in the dream, but I am in a room and I point my finger to move things. I move a picture off the wall, have it float in the air, and then have it float back into place on the wall hook. Then I have a book float, and then a boy that reminds me a bit of a boy from the karate school. I have a false awakening and begin to write down this dream.

DL, Autumn 2008

Maintaining Lucid Awareness with a Soft Smile

A few months ago I had a dream where I became lucid, I was excitedly floating above this courtyard when a man walked up to me and gently grabbed my leg and pulled me down to the ground, I relaxed and a soft smile came to my face. He said, "Follow me I will take you to the swamp," and he began running down a hall. There was a gradual ascending staircase and the wood was rotted and I could feel my bare feet sinking into the spongy steps as I ran. I came to this dark room and I saw him run by a doorway. When I went to follow him he was gone; I had lost him.

I decided to give up the chase and asked to see some paintings. I walked around a corner and found a class room with one open desk with pencils and pens on it. I sat down and began to relax and wait for a lesson to begin. As I relaxed I felt my smile fading and I felt myself waking up. I quickly put that soft smile back on my face and no other facial expression. They either get creeped out or think I am not listening!

Bryan, September 2008

Film

I had a brief lucid dream early this month. The clarity was amazing and there was a new twist to lucid dreaming. This involved narration from an outside voice.

Between 1:00 and 2:00 am I am dreaming of watching a huge film. It is like standing in front of the Imax. It is a documentary about a beach and the surrounding scenery. I realize I am dreaming and then become lucid.

I noticed over behind this curtain there were these two sculptures of angels about to fight and all. On the shelves were beautiful jade sculptures of flowers and scarabs. I picked up a jade rose and began to look at it, and then mentally try and turn it into two eagles intertwined (this is a painting I have been trying to create for some time.) It did not change, but remained a jade rose. The teacher tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I know what you are looking for." He went to pull away a sheet of paper, as he did this, I made my face serious, as to take seriously what he was going to show me, and as soon as I did this -- I was awake in my bed...

It was dark but I could still see, I looked around and noticed how clean my room was, and knew I was still dreaming. In my doorway I saw a dark but friendly figure with a glowing smile as if to say don't forget to smile. And then I woke up.

Note: So since this dream I have used the gentle smile to keep me balanced and in the dream longer. I find it works well, but only if I can avoid falling into social norms of what a person is supposed to do with their face (so the other person knows you're listening). It's funny - I have tried talking with people with just a soft smile on my face and no other facial expression. They either get creeped out or think I am not listening!

Bryan, September 2008

A friend and I are running along towards this tunnel. We are stopped by this giant metallic ball floating off the ground about ten feet up. We dash under and into the tunnel. Then, we fall to the ground. The giant ball starts making a low, but very loud tone. While this thing is making this tone, I feel as if I'm lifting out of my body. At that moment, I become aware that I am dreaming and I wake. I don't remember the exact date but I think it was around 9/5/08.

Steve Parker, November 3 2008

Film

I had a brief lucid dream early this month. The clarity was amazing and there was a new twist to lucid dreaming. This involved narration from an outside voice.

Between 1:00 and 2:00 am I am dreaming of watching a huge film. It is like standing in front of the Imax. It is a documentary about a beach and the surrounding scenery. I realize I am dreaming and then become lucid.

The film continues on. There is narration in the film. It is talking about how it was filmed with special...
cameras and interests about the area. It is beautifully filmed with great clarity. There is the ocean with dunes and large rocks. Of course it is not really a film but my lucid dream. I am watching it as a spectator who is well aware that he is lucid dreaming.

It was a brief dream but very clear. It is also the first time I had narration in a lucid dream. Whose voice was it?

Dennis Wiechert, September 2008

Elephant Cave

I recently lost custody of my Grandson (after 9 years). I have been literally losing my mind due to grief. One night after this event, I finally fell asleep. I awoke in a Lucid Dream. I was in a vehicle that was swooshing along at high speed just above the ground. I looked at the driver and saw my Step Uncle whom I grew up with, (whom I haven't seen for 20 years.) I realized I was in a lucid dream as soon as I awoke in the vehicle with my step Uncle.

I asked where we were going, he said. I want to show you something. Soon we stopped and we were inside a cave. I looked up and saw a huge beautiful sky with white pathway's 4ft.wide and about 1" thick (looked like ivory) going in all directions (criss crossing each other). They had symbols carved in them.

I asked what they were and where we were and he said, “Elephant Cave.” He said these are the path's that the Sacred Elephants use to bring something to Earth. I could not hear what he said they bring!! I soon woke up saying 'Elephant Cave' in my head.

I had never heard of it before. I told myself, there is no way it could be real, but what if? So I fired up the computer and did a Google search on Elephant Cave. To my amazement there it was. Elephant Cave in Bali! A sacred place created by the Hindus and Buddhists to provide high concentrations of salt for the elephant's which they need to survive. The entrance to the cave is guarded by the Goddess Hariti who was a destroyer of children but was converted into a protector of children, and the Elephant God Ganesha whom I believe converted Hariti.

Cynthia Hengge, MHR, Autumn 2008

Italian Hospitality

I have been an avid lucid dreamer since I was very young and I love to play in the places that I dream about. I am also an ardent lover of the psi community and consider lucid dreaming a wonder cross-over event, as well as its other useful applications. Since joining the LDE, I have been trying to focus on details and cognizant control to leave my dreams. The details are fabulous and more rich than before (practice makes perfect), and while control is usually not an issue, developing the cognizant ability to move past the dream is still elusive to me. As I also enjoy writing, I have blogged some of my dreams on MySpace. The dream you are about to witness is one that I experienced on September 19th which I call: Italian Hospitality

Not last night, but the night before…

I realize I am dreaming and stop to take in the details. An Italian restaurant, bold plank floors, was central to this dream. The walls were neutral colored and there was the sensation of grapevines hanging from the heavy wood crossbeams. The tables were covered in neat white clothes; lovely light decorations were all around. A warm breeze flowed through the windows. Green rolling farm lands or vineyards materialized outside. The family that owned this establishment was in a sitting area in the back. Two steps up with wood railing. A woman, man, others… I don’t remember how many.

They knew me and invited me to meet their other relatives. This was a party; more festive than a simple family gathering, but not a full celebration. The people were all friendly as I was greeted with out stretched hands and hugs. Children were playing nearby. They invited me to eat with them. The warm smell of hot bread and olive oil filled the air and my mind. The food didn't taste like Italian food even though it looked like spaghetti, but it was incredible none-the-less.

The family matriarch told me about her family; who was married to whom, that sort of thing. Then she spoke of a family member who was psychic. Although he was not able to attend the gathering, she assured me that he would be interested in reading me. I fervently agreed.

Instantly I was transported to a home nearby (decorated similar to the restaurant) where a young man and his boyfriend greeted me. They were so friendly and hospitable, I was glad and eager to know more about them. The dark-haired man, who was the son of the woman in the restaurant, wanted to get started right away. He asked to read my younger sister first (where'd she come from?). I was interested in listening to her reading so that I could evaluate the
process while I waited my turn. As he began to speak I
noticed a crystal ball between us. The scene in the ball
was my sister’s life unfolding. Colors would swirl,
then an image, then swirl again. We were both
impressed with his accuracy and presentation. Wow, a
crystal ball where everyone could see the image. I
couldn’t wait for my turn.

As he read, I could feel the glow of the ball on my
face as the colors and images changed. Our new friend
interpreted the images as they went by, though I don’t
remember any words spoken. It was mesmerizing.
Then as he began to wrap up her reading so that he
could turn his attention to me… I woke up.

… twenty-four robbers came knockin’ at my door.

Godscell, February 3 2006
Best Ever Lucid Dream

G’s snoring woke me. It took about an hour to get
back to sleep so I was just raising energy in that time
(Robert Bruce’s new energy ways). I was being
positive about being awake, thinking it might result in
a lucid dream, which it did!

I’m in my car turning into the estate. Something small
like a small arrow goes past. I notice it lands and it’s a
little man with a pointy hat, tumbling to his feet. He’s
like a little pixie. I think this is odd so I stop to take a
look (there’s no other traffic).

Then I’m distracted by $50. I’m going to ignore it
because of the discussion on Gnostic web about
thieving tendencies being tested in dream. Then I
remember the $50 G gave me a few days ago when I
was on the way to yoga. I didn’t have a bag or pockets
and I had my mat rolled up in one arm so I tucked it in
my bra temporarily and we made jokes about it. I
think it must be the same $50 and has fallen out of my
bra. I go to retrieve it but the wind blows it away. I try
again and again a gust takes it. I step on it. As I bend
down to pick it up it turns into a wad of foreign notes.
Then I realise I’m dreaming.

I remember to pull my finger and it stretches like
cheap rubber, with frayed bumpy edges. I feel in
control but, unbelievably, without a plan, so I let the
dream develop. I don’t consider trying an OBE I’m
just happy exploring lucidity.

I find myself in my childhood home. I take in the
detail. I am aware of other individuals about but I
don’t give this any attention. F, my son, passes
through and makes conversation. There are some nice
photos of me, which I appreciate because I don’t
consider myself photogenic. Suddenly it all goes black
but I’m still there.

I request “Clarity now.” Nothing happens. I repeat and
everything returns. I’m heading towards my brother’s
old bedroom. I head to the old red wardrobe and step
inside. (Heck, it’s my dream I can do what I like.) I
push the backboard out and step down into a well-lit
courtyard. It’s tiled and there are cement planters in
a classic style. It looks European and it’s the outside of
a white mansion. It’s unfamiliar. I think, “I’ll try to
fly.” I jump but nothing happens. I try again and again
I’m unsuccessful. Unperturbed, I figure that when I
use jumping as a reality check, it’s never with any real
conviction and that’s why it won’t work now. (I
should have considered how often I do fly in my
dreams but I didn’t. So I’m lucid but not as truly
conscious as I could be.)

I think to myself, I’d like to see D. I don’t know where
this thought has come from. I was dreaming about
someone with the same name just prior to this dream.
I haven’t seen D for 9 years and he lives on the other
side of the world. Then the dream starts to go pear-
shaped.

It blacks out again and I request clarity. I’m inside the
mansion but less lucid now. I think the dream has
ended but then the deputy from my school appears.
He’s telling me I’m up too early and should go back to
bed but he’s wearing ladies’ red silk pyjamas. I think,
“Hang on, I’m still dreaming.”

Now I’m back outside. I pull my finger again but it
won’t stretch. I’m hurting myself. I know I’m still
dreaming and I state this aloud. Then it stretches.

Now I’m somewhere else waiting to see D. I’m
wondering if I even remember what he looks like; will
my mind be able to deliver an accurate version of D?
I’m near a building outside and he is approaching with
a group of his friends. (I wonder when I wake up if
these are different versions of D my dream mind has
prepared - I don't really pay them much attention).

He does look different: taller, fairer skinned, different
face and younger than he’d be. He hugs me and tells
me he has now two “macs.” I ask if that’s good or bad.
He chuckles and says it’s good. I wonder if “macs”
represent material wealth of some type. (When I’m
awake I think maybe it means kids.) He slips his
tongue into my ear and, unsurprisingly, the dream
ends. Wasn't expecting that!
Peace and Conflict Resolution.Org
Dream Diary 3-ish a.m.

Enjoyed four clustered dreams and became lucid during the final phase of fourth dream described below. All four dreams centered on the focus of integrating a broader concept of love into all forms of human discourse. But it was the verification of the accuracy of the information the spirit guide gave me in the dream that I verified on-line later in the day that stunned me at such a profound level, I am a changed person from the experience. I was not lucid until late in the dream.

. . . I found myself high above the great pyramid of Giza in Egypt. It was at this moment that a non-visible spirit guide starting talking to me about the significance of what I was viewing. At the end of the spirit guide's discussion I realized too late that this was important and woke up just as the dream could have turned into a lucid dream. But while still dreaming I had an interesting discussion with the guide.

He was explaining why the ancient Egyptians who built the great pyramid built it to see Orion. We were floating about 1000 feet above the pyramid in the calm, clear night sky when he told me to look up and focus. He said, "Because of the new star." They built the viewing port in the great pyramid to what we call Orion "Because of the new star." I asked if this was the Star of Bethlehem and he said, "No-no, not that star, but this one." I saw just the constellation Orion and still wasn't sure of which star he was pointing.

Then he said, they built it (referring to the viewing hole in the Great Pyramid) "Because of Qran." I thought I misheard him so I asked again about the Star of Bethlehem and he repeated several times the same thing and faded out softly saying "Because of Qran, .... Qran……Qran," he said three times. At that moment I realized this might be important so he showed me the spelling in my language: "Q R A N"

This was different than "Koran", or "Quran" or any of the current westernized spelling of the Islamic Koran. This was meaningful and beautiful and a power of love transcendent, it was "Qran," pronounced just like our local tv station in the San Francisco Bay Area, KRON tv. I then realized I was dreaming and woke up. I tried to go back into the dream but could only capture an echo of the spirit guide's voice telling me with a positive feeling that it was okay for now, I had received what he was there to tell me, and I went back into regular sleep.

The most significant relevant interpretation for me surrounds the final dream and the "Qran" which was distinctly spelled out to me by the spirit-guide who took great pains in educating me that the ancient pharaoh and priests were motivated by a new spirit of love found in the sky by some new illumination, not motivated by fear, not motivated by war nor the need to conquer, this was not the Quran we know today but the "Qran" and that this new quality of illumination in the sky made visible through the tiny viewing port in the great pyramid was thought to be so important to the priests and pharaoh, that it represented the very foundation of the afterlife and all creation.

This summary in turn leaves me feeling that like all faiths, we must find pathways across perceived religious barriers and always work to help the other. We must try to capture and find those pathways and walk them without fear, and engage what we find on those paths first with friendship, love, and tolerance.

For more thoughts about this experience, feel free to contact buckley.rich@gmail.com

Natasha Jones, Autumn 2008

It was a couple of years ago it happened. I was having a dream of being with my brother and father, and then I ate a plant which was poisonous. The whole place I was standing in went black and the voices of my brother screaming to my father went quieter and quieter.

Then I went into the lucid state. At first I thought I had died. My whole body was tingling and for some reason I knew I had to get out of that dream. My whole body was paralysed, all except my neck. I twisted my neck and woke up a few seconds later. Ever since that dream I have had the same type of dreams.
Continued from page 11

Hearing a Cry for Help: A Lucid Dreaming Story

Once, when Nona and I were alone, and I repeated my mantra, “It will all work out,” she looked up at me with deep sincerity, clasping my hand tightly as she fervently questioned, “Really?” I assured her again that everyone was waiting for her and would be there to assist; she had nothing to worry about, she could begin to let go and it would all be fine.

We left around noon the next day. About four hours later near sunset, my mother-in-law, Nona, passed over while her eldest daughter sat by her side. She had spent one night in the nursing wing of this lovely facility.

In those moments when we find someone near passing, we are reminded of life’s transitions, the end of this life’s dream. In sitting with those pressing in on that change, we sense that another dream appears. This new dream seems unattached to a physical body and suffering, and populated by those who have passed before us, and their light and caring.

With lucid awareness, we can, if we wish, help others make that transition more easily and joyfully, as we encourage them to let go of their physical concerns, and focus on the mental forms around them – by all appearances, much like the forms that we use while lucid dreaming – free, thoughtful, focused and aware. Letting go of one dream can seem like a difficult step. But as lucid dreamers discover, only a shift in awareness is needed to find yourself consciously whole in a new environment of meaning, action and depth.

May our lucid dreaming prepare us to venture into that mental realm with a brighter awareness. May our lucidity direct our consciousness to its highest attainment as we trust in that change.

Continued from page 16

Dreaming With Bear

The lucid dream, more than any other experience (other than hunting, gathering, chanting, dancing, eating, or sex) establishes a link to a Paleolithic mind when it was less disturbed and confused by the synthetic and knew not of meaning-less modern surroundings, when it knew that the “others” where at least role models for imitable behaviors that could have induced a transforming shift in consciousness.

5 Lucid dreams
7 The 3rd stanza of Kinnell’s The Bear: “On the third day I begin to starve, at nightfall I bend down as knew I would at a turd sopped in blood, and hesitate, and pick it up, and thrust it in my mouth, and gnash it down, and rise and go on running.”
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www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

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Linda Magallón's Dream Flights
The premier site for flying dreams. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the new section entitled “Lucid Dreaming”
http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html

Experience Festival
Several articles on lucid dream-related topics
http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

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

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research
www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

David F. Melbourne
Author and lucid dream researcher.
http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/dreamthemes

Lucid Dream Links
http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dreams.ca

Richard Hilton’s Lucid Dream Documentary
http://www.BulpMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

Reve, Conscience, Eveil
A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.
http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/

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www.lucidipedia.com

Christoph Gassmann
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http://schrift-und-traum.ch/ring/tholey2.html

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The Conscious Dreamer
Sirley Marques Bonham
www.theconsciousdreamer.org

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www.bogzaran.com

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www.mossdreams.com

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www.dreamgate.com

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Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.
www.spiritwatch.ca

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
www.saltcube.com

Janice’s Website
With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.
http://www.hopkinsfan.net

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