Past Lives in Poetry
Nightmares and Lucid Dreams
The Surface of the Dream Is Not the Whole of Me
"False" Awakenings and the Language of Lucid Dreaming
August 29 2003

The dream begins that I am standing upright and looking at the night sky. I don't recognize where I am. There are no buildings in either direction. I initially think I am standing on a beach somewhere, but there is no ocean.

I look at the stars again and they are too big and too bright (lucidity trigger). I was able to look down at my feet, and notice I am standing in white powder-like substance. I turn the opposite way I am standing and see the earth. At that point, I realize that I am standing on the moon.

I suddenly have a telescope in my hand. Looking through this telescope, I see what I can only imagine is the edge of the universe...but it can't be the edge because there is no edge...I am confused by what I am looking at but amazed by the beauty of it.

This edge starts to fold up like a paper fan. The realization that this is how people can connect from other places in the world: don't walk the flat path, fold up the edges to bring the two ends closer together and jump across.
An Interview With Beverly D'Urso:
A Lucid Dreamer - Part Two
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Questions by Robert Waggoner

Beverly D'Urso (formerly Beverly Kedzierski, and also Bev Heart) is an incredible lucid dreamer. She served as Stephen LaBerge's main lucid dream research subject in the early years of his research work, and helped provide key insights into lucid dreaming. Interviewed by magazines, national and local television, and other media, Beverly has promoted a greater understanding of lucid dreaming and "lucid living." The LDE is pleased to provide a multi-issue interview of this fascinating lucid dreamer.
Beverly: In 1982, after becoming extremely proficient in lucid dreaming, I spontaneously began having precognitive dreams. These are dreams of things that happen later in the waking state. For me, these dreams usually had great detail, were very emotional, and the waking scenario would occur within a few days of the dream. However, my precognitive dreams usually have not been lucid. I was sure that they were not due merely to coincidence. I even described the events, in detail, to others, who were later present during the waking scenario. My previous view of the physical world as being "solid," and having precise rules, had turned upside down!

Robert: How did you respond to having your world view altered by your lucid and precognitive dreaming?

Beverly: These experiences caused me to explore other psychic phenomenon. I began reading books, such as Jane Robert's "Seth" work. I needed to make sense of what was happening to me. Again, I thought of life being a dream. It would explain how such things like precognitive dreams could occur. Maybe, I needed to become more lucid in life in order to really see it as a dream. My dreams often seemed as real as physical reality, sometimes more so. The more I thought of the implications of life being a dream, the more it made sense. We could all be dream characters in a dream we call life. Was there a Dreamer dreaming us all? However, during this time, I was still a scientist trying to finish my Ph.D. I did not want to be distracted by these ideas so much, that I never finished my degree. I decided to put them off for awhile.

Robert: That's understandable. So how did the dissertation go?

Beverly: In my waking state, I was having trouble writing my doctoral dissertation. I decided to try writing it in my dreams first. In one dream, I found myself lying in bed. The desk in the room was in the wrong place, so I realized that I was dreaming. I headed for my computer, to start writing. I found that I could not move. I was paralyzed. I told myself, "This is my dream, and I can do what I want!" I slowly made it to the desk. I looked down, and I saw that the chair seat was an opening for "the pit to hell." Flames swept up, and it sounded and smelled awful! I was, however, determined to succeed. Holding my breath, I sat down, ready to be sucked into the pit. Instead, I woke up, and within a very short time, I finished writing my dissertation in the area of artificial intelligence.

Robert: That's a great story. I recall being at an Association for the Study of Dreams presentation, where one of the speakers admitted that his realistic dream of fighting the devil occurred when he was undergoing the oral and written defense of his doctoral dissertation! So what happened after you finished your dissertation?

Beverly: I finished my Ph.D. in 1983 and my career really took off! I was very involved in starting up businesses and traveling around the world. In 1987, I took a short break from this computer science work to help Stephen LaBerge form the Lucidity Institute.

By this time, we had been experimenting for awhile with lucid dreaming induction techniques to help others more easily become lucid in their dreams. At first, we tried to send clues to the dream world by using smells and sounds. In one experiment, I tape-recorded my own voice saying, "I am dreaming, now!" A technician would play the tape when I was in REM sleep, making it gradually louder. However, as soon as the sound became loud enough for me to hear in the dream, it would wake me up. This was when we decided to send light to the dream, instead. Light could be more easily incorporated into the dream and used as a clue to induce a lucid dream, for someone trained to look for the flashing light in their dream.

Robert: So, forgiving my pun, you and Stephen saw the light. How did that work?

Beverly: We developed a mask that people could wear to sleep at night, which could recognize REM eye movements. If a person was in REM sleep, it would then flash a light, which would get incorporated into the dream. If users were trained to look for the light, they could learn to question whether or not the light was from the mask, and, more importantly, question whether or not they were dreaming. The light might appear as flashing stoplights in street scenes, or as lightning flashing in the sky. Many versions of this dream mask eventually got developed, including the Dream Light™ and the Nova Dreamer™.

I created the first business plan to market this lucidity induction device. I also helped Stephen give lucid dreaming workshops. In 1990, I decided to lead my own personal groups and workshops on lucid dreaming, which soon became lucid dreaming/lucid living.
DreamSpeak

Robert: Interesting. When you started out on your own leading lucid dream workshops, did you feel like you had your own unique vision of lucid dreaming?

Beverly: Sharing a little of my introduction to lucid dreaming will clarify how I look at things. When we become "lucid" in our sleeping dreams, we become aware that we dream while we dream. Some people never remember their dreams, some remember them after they have been awake for a while, and some remember them just after or before they awaken. Lucid dreamers remember they dream while the dream takes place. They do not necessarily analyze the dream, or look for symbols, but directly and consciously experience the dream, shortening the time it takes to realize they dream.

To me, lucid dreaming does not mean merely "visualizing", "daydreaming", "clear" dreaming, or even "controlled" dreaming, necessarily. Also, I personally believe in levels of lucidity, as a spectrum. I would say I am partially lucid, if I just remember to question if I am dreaming. I'd call myself definitely lucid, if I know I am dreaming for sure. I consider myself very lucid, if I can control or change things in the dream, not that I always do. Finally, when I am most lucid, I often do not experience a body, but I have a very powerful, spiritual-like experience.

In a lucid dream, I feel free to do whatever I please, have fun, experiment, solve problems, accomplish goals, and go wherever my imagination takes me, taking care to balance spontaneity and control. I have learned that sometimes it is better to surrender to the dream. Other times, it helps to take control, change things, or carry out goals.

I have remembered, on average, half a dozen dreams per night, for most of my life. I'd say that between 2 and 20 dreams per week were lucid, to various degrees. So, I'd say a good estimate of how many lucid dreams I have had would be 20,000. Unfortunately, I am not a very good recorder of dreams, nor I have organized my dream reports very well. I have, however, kept track of the ones I consider most valuable.

Robert: A thousand here, a thousand there - at that point, who's counting? No, that's incredible. So how have you used your lucid dreaming knowledge and skills in your presentations and workshops?

Beverly: Here are a few examples of how I worked with my students in my groups. I would often ask my students to choose a goal for a lucid dream. One student told me he'd like to bike around the world. I told him to start simple. He first had to become lucid, remember the task, stay in the dream, and find a bike to ride. He accomplished this in several months. Finally, one day he reported that he had ridden his bike through Russia in his dreams. Shortly after this, he told me that he could no longer attend my group. He was quitting his job, selling his house, and taking five years off to bike around the world!

Another time, a friend I had just met asked me to dream for him. I dreamed I was in a theater and was watching a movie that he is in. Later, I told him the story, and I discovered that I had dreamed his life, including things he never told anyone.

Once, I told a friend's eight year old nephew about lucid dreaming. I helped him practice lucid dream induction techniques while awake. I asked him what he'd like to do in a dream. He said he'd like to meet a president of the United States. In a few days, he called me to tell me that he had a lucid dream. He didn't find Washington or Lincoln, but he did meet up with the artist, Leonardo da Vinci. He said that it was okay, because da Vinci was famous too. I asked him what happened. He told me that he asked da Vinci if da Vinci knew that he was in the encyclopedia. Then he showed da Vinci some of his own artwork. The boy was very happy with his lucid dream, and very pleased with himself.

Robert: Did listening to your students' lucid experiences and challenges inspire you to try out new things in your own lucid dreams?

Beverly: Yes, sometimes I would decide ahead of time to meet up with people in my dreams. I have succeeded in dreaming of the people, but none have ever told me that they had the same dream. That would be called a "mutual dream." It is easier for me to attempt a mutual dream when I am lucid, because I can stop and...
remember my goal. I have an easier time making it happen, as well.

I often try to accomplish tasks for my students so we can discuss issues that arise, and also to see if we could have a mutual dream. Here is a dream I had when trying to have a mutual dream with a student named Sharon.

I found myself in front of my childhood home and noticed that it looked strange. The door wasn't in the right place and the house was situated improperly on the block. This happens often in my dreams, so at that moment I became lucid. I knew I was dreaming and I remembered that I had a goal for this dream. However, I saw a neighbor, who I knew had died, and I first stopped to talk to her. In previous dreams, I would see her and say, "You are dead!" and try to get on with my goal. She would get upset and say, "I'm here now, so talk to me!" Unless I did, I learned that I would have trouble completing my goal.

My goal for the dream was to meet Sharon in the Bahamas. Immediately, I began to fly like superman heading south, because I was in the Chicago area at the time. It was dark, and I had a long way to go. By this time in my lucid dreaming experience, I could fly through electric wires that were in my way, but now I had another idea. I could make myself miniature, go into the wire as electricity itself, and get there very quickly. So I got tiny and popped into the nearest wire, which appeared like a large tunnel once I was inside. I was whisked very fast, shooting headfirst down the line, until I abruptly popped out the end of the wire. As my normal self again, I was somewhere at the southern tip of the United States, at the ocean's edge, where the electric lines stopped.

I realized I didn't have much time left, and I decided to travel the rest of the way underwater, doing a kind of superman swim/flying. I soon got distracted by the lovely underwater life and the joy of moving so fast, while breathing the water. I finally made it to a lovely beach in the Bahamas. I asked a guy, who was serving drinks to the sunbathers, if there was a restaurant nearby. This was the place where Sharon and I agreed we would try to meet. He pointed down the beach, and I walked to a resort type building, and then through a long hall. I was about to ask the host if Sharon was waiting for me, when I saw "her" sitting on a bench. She didn't look like she was expecting me, so I said, "Don't you remember that you said you wanted to dream of going to the Bahamas, and I said I'd meet you in a lucid dream of my own? Well, this is it. We are dreaming now."

I was thinking that this dream girl was "Sharon," a dream-body who was connected to Sharon, who was probably asleep in bed in Mountain View, California. If I had seen her as a projection of myself, I may have decided not to talk to her, believing that she wasn't connected in any way to the physical Sharon. In this case, I said to her, "Well, I'll tell you a secret, and we'll see if you remember it when I see you in our group next week." I whispered a secret in her ear, and soon afterwards I woke up.

Robert: So what happened after this lucid dream? Did she call you in waking reality or have any memory of the dream?

Beverly: When Sharon came to my lucid dreaming group that Sunday night, she had forgotten the goal and had never dreamed of me, nor the Bahamas. I am still waiting, as I am with others, for her to report a related dream or for her to tell me the secret!

Around this time, I had a dream where I was riding my bike down the street of my childhood home. I became lucid and started flying into the air. I was flying over the nearby river, when a cartoon figure of a dolphin floated in front of me. The dolphin danced around, and then asked me if I'd like to go on an adventure. After putting out its fin for me to hold onto, it proceeded to pull me down into the ocean, which was now where the river had previously been. Something similar had happened to me, with a whale shark, in the waking state, while I was scuba diving. The dolphin and I traveled deeper and deeper, faster and faster. I felt both ecstatic and somewhat dizzy, almost as though the experience were too intense. I woke up, however, feeling fantastic; very peaceful, yet energized.

Robert: That's great. Did you have any more experiences with dolphins in dreams or waking life?

Beverly: A few years later, I noticed an ad from a man who took people on dolphin expeditions. I contacted him, and we eventually did a joint lucid dreaming/dolphin swimming workshop on a sailboat in the Bahamas. On this trip, while I was in the crystal clear water of the open sea, one of the dolphins rubbed up to me. Underwater, its color and shape looked remarkably similar to the dolphin of my dreams.

Robert: So what other lucid dreaming stories come to mind?

Beverly: When I was thirty-seven years old, I became very anxious to find a mate, get married, and have children. During the Christmas holidays, while visiting my parents, I had the following dream. I met up with myself at the age of twenty-one, who was sad because
she was about to leave her college boyfriend, so she could travel and have a career. I told my twenty-one year old self that I had done those things. I said that I now wanted a husband and children. She introduced me to my alternative self, who was also 37, and who had married my college boyfriend. They had three children, and now she wanted to divorce him. My twenty-one year old self and I decided that everything was as it should be. Finally, I woke up. As I am writing down the dream, I hear an inner voice, as if from a future self, who says, "Everything is perfect as it is!" I finally believed it. I trusted that I would find my perfect mate, when the time was right. I didn't need to worry about it. I decided that if life is a dream, then my dreams would come true. I imagined that anything was possible, even after I read a Newsweek article, which said that a woman was more likely to die from terrorists, than to get married after forty! I did, however, prepare my life for my future family by buying a house, getting a dog, which was supposed to be good with kids, and taking a job as a college teacher, which I thought would work well with being a mom. I met my husband two years after this dream.

**Robert:** It's interesting in that story how your conversation in the lucid dream leads to a strong conviction that "Everything is perfect as it is!" and following that revelation, you move ahead and buy a house and prepare for your future family. That is one thing that many casual lucid dreamers fail to see - how a lucid dream experience can be as powerful or more powerful than many significant waking experiences. Have you ever used waking reality to practice becoming lucid?

**Beverly:** In my groups, we would practice becoming lucid while awake. I would give my students exercises, such as, questioning if they are dreaming, several times a day. For example, I asked them to check if they were dreaming every time they washed their hands during the day. I jokingly said, "If your hand falls off, you are most definitely in a dream!" Around this time, I was also helping my mother with her dreams of my dad after he died, in 1992. She was having recurring dreams of my dad, who would appear next to her bed. She would fear that he was here to take her to heaven. I told my mom, "If you see dad, remember that he died, and therefore you must be dreaming!" A few days after I gave my group the hand exercise, she was able to get lucid in her recurring dream. My mother remembered that my father had died, and she knew she was dreaming. She was even able to take his hand, and his hand fell off. She did not know about the exercise when she reported the dream to me the next morning.

**Robert:** Beautiful. Did trying to become lucid while awake lead to any revelations?

**Beverly:** Yes, I saw how powerful it could be to become lucid in waking life. I met my husband, Chris, six months after my father died. It was the most lucid day I have ever experienced. We were at a party, and I saw him from across the room. I knew that he was my future. It was love at first sight. I was able to stay in the moment, without fear, and with total trust. I believed in magic, while been totally accepting whatever happened. I was able to listen to him, as if he were truly part of myself.

I was very sorry, however, that he never got to meet my father, when I had the next dream. I was in my childhood home, where my mom still lived, and I saw my dad on the couch. I remembered that he died, and that I must be dreaming. I went to sit next to him and told him that I loved him. I asked him why, lately, he hadn't appeared as often in my dreams. He said that he was helping me from under the bridge. I'm not sure what he meant, but I was happy to hear his voice and feel him close. Next, I embraced him, and after we hugged, I looked back into his eyes. He had turned into my husband, whom I so much wanted my dad to meet. I soon awakened and felt as though they had finally met, at some level.

Chris and I were married in less than a year after we met. We knew that we wanted to have a child. After much medical help to get pregnant, I decided to work on the issue in my dreams.

I decided to dream of our future baby. I would ask questions of the baby in the dream such as, "When are you coming?" I would also try to determine what year it was in the dream. Sometimes the baby would have messages.

**Robert:** It's fascinating how you seem to work on "the future" to some degree in your lucid dreams. Maybe it is not the future, so much as your hopes for the future. Did you have many other lucid dreams of trying to influence the future?

**Beverly:** One time, in waking reality, I was back in my childhood home, alone for the first time. My mom was ill, and in the hospital. My Dad had died over two years ago. I was afraid, crying in my bed. I fell asleep. Spontaneously, without trying to influence the future, I had a type of nurturing dream involving the future. I became lucid in my dream, when I noticed that the baby, from my baby picture on the wall, was coming out of the picture. I walked over to myself as a baby,

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C.S.
March 15 1994
Planning to Meet Tomorrow, Tonight
(It was 3:30 am, which is a good time to program for a lucid dream. I couldn't remember a dream for MILD. So, I suggested that "I want to have a lucid dream, and I will have a lucid dream." Seemed like immediately.....)

I could hear a variety of noises - then one woman's voice was close to my ear (a sign I'm going lucid). Also I could hear a motor-like noise under my lower body. I felt vibrations and bumps on the back side of my body from the waist down. I was able to center my attention on it and studied it, feeling various bumps in different places while listening to the sound of the motor. I thought it might give me an orgasm, but there was no sexual feeling or vibration in the vaginal area.

I looked to my left and saw three men working at desks in my room. I decided to go into the vision. (Making that decision caused the scene to get more vivid and animated.) I got out of bed. I remembered that I had plans for a lucid dream but decided to explore this scene for a few minutes. I introduced myself. Then I got concerned about losing lucidity so I thought, "I had better do what I planned now". My first plan was to fly so I flew out of the building, going smoothly through the wall. I could see the stars. I started to show off my flying skills by doing somersaults. I finished by standing on my head.

Then, I was walking in a building. I was going to meet with some people. My plan was to meet in a dream with people that I was going to meet in waking life tomorrow. Then, I would compare the waking meeting with the dream meeting. (I don't know from where this idea came. I never considered this experiment.)

I lost lucidity. I was in a building, looking for my sleeping place. I saw various beds in various areas. I needed one that was private because I like to be alone. I opened a door and walked into a room that was lowered about thirty feet. I fell, however, I was between two china closets - so close that I could hold on and break my fall. I noticed beautiful figurines in the china closets... (I woke up. I was on my back - hands on my abdomen - left nostril open.)

Robert Waggoner
November 19-20 2003
Trees and Meditating in a Lucid Dream
(Sometime in the past week or two, I talked with a good friend about lucid dreaming, and I believe he made a comment about meditating in a lucid dream. Though I didn't ask him about it, it did make me think!)

I am outside near a few trees on a grass-covered hillside. Looking around, I realize that this is a dream. It is very sunny and bright. I begin to fly around with incredible speed and agility. Stopping for a moment, I notice that the wind has picked up, and is moving the tree branches far away. I decide to encourage the wind to blow harder. As I do so, the wind picks up sharply, and soon the trees are almost stripped of their leaves!

In fact one tree is blown so hard that it is uprooted and rolling across the countryside! I decide to tone it all down. Then as I go along, I come to a small 20' tall tree. I wonder what this tree's awareness is like, so I tell myself to merge with the tree. In a flash, I'm straddling the trunk of the tree - even though part of me realizes I'm seeking a merger of consciousness and not a physical action. I don't think it is going to happen, so I decide to fly away.

As I go along, it occurs to me that I have never tried to meditate formally in a lucid dream, and I recall my waking curiosity about this. I stop on a hillside and sit cross legged. I decide to simply quiet my mind. (I find this extremely easy in the lucid state - it seems I reach a mental emptiness almost instantaneously).

Suddenly in the sky, there are brilliant streaks of white light all over - almost like intense white shooting stars in the daylight with lingering streaks of brilliant white. This continues, and then my mind re-starts. Remembering my goal of meditation, I decide to cut down on external stimuli. I close my eyes. Visually the scene goes gray - but I feel somehow 'expansive' now - like I have become "at one" with my self/Self.

Next, it seems dusky. I seem to be on a path with a few people, and I notice that my thoughts seem extraordinarily clear and direct and singular, almost brilliantly so, like pure mental events - I realize that this is due to my meditating. We come to a short 3' high sloping rock wall. I wonder whether to jump over it or go around. (By this point, I have lost my lucid awareness.)
There are people who dream dreams that are literal reruns of daily life, but I'm not one of them. For me, lucid dreams, especially those full of fantasy, are a welcome respite from the waking world. So, it might seem counterproductive, and a little ironic, to put physical life back on the game table as I play with my dreams.

But I've come to appreciate the unique ways my dreaming mind paints her pictures of reality. She's not just a copy-cat; she adds her own commentary. She tells me what she thinks and how she reacts to my waking world. She is an artist of mood, thought, and sensation made manifest in visual form.

Some elements she likes to import directly. Color, form, and motion tend to be literal repeats, as well as related items like direction, volume of space, and intensity of energy. Some elements vary from their waking counterparts. She has an uncanny predilection to pull out the perfect metaphor to describe an attribute of the waking state. She loves to pun my mundane life, too. I never would have discovered her punny sense of humor unless I'd made a comparison between the two realms of existence.

When I am able to intuit the relationship, along comes a growing appreciation for her craftsmanship plus a genuine sense of surprise. Sometimes it's a shock; sometimes it's a chuckle. I discover that she has created a new layer of reality that's much more intriguing than the mundane version. I realize that I live parallel lives: the physical existence that's obvious to me while awake plus a secret fantasy life that is glimpsed only when I am asleep.

The dreams that follow came from a single night. I've changed their order so it will correspond to chronological time (my dreaming self isn't limited by such constraints!). About the only literal labels taken directly from the day are colors and generic titles like "man" and "woman." As you read along, you might get a general sense of subtle attributes, like space and form, energy and mood, motion and emotion. The puns and metaphors won't become evident until the end of each dream, when I tell you what happened the day before. And the day after. Like I said, my dreaming self isn't constrained by time. While most of her material reflects the past, the last bit was precognitive.

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#1-Fleeing The Department Store Fire

I am viewing a well-stocked linen shop with a predominance of greens. Initially I am "out-of-picture" but eventually I float into it and put my feet down. Out in the hallway is a glass display of clothes pinned to a board. I walk along until I see a blank blue wall that needs decorating. By now I've decided that I'm actually in a department store or mall. As if I am a new employee, a manager shows me the ropes. The job seems very easy. He orders a guy from the storage/warehouse area to set something up. Everything's real slow and casual feeling.

I walk up a ramp towards the storage area but turn back when I hear a commotion behind me. A fire has broken out. Ignoring anyone around me, I run away from the fire through several rooms. Everywhere I go, the fire keeps breaking out through the floor. A computer completely fills one dark room and a man is tending a woman who is part of the mechanism which goes up and down. Smoke is coming upwards from the floor below her. I go across another room with large white tiles; again the fire breaks through the lines between the tiles. I head for an outside ledge. Balanced on the narrow ledge, I hope that a helicopter will come rescue me. Instead, along comes a man on a motorcycle. He looks up and says, "Do you need help?"

"Yes, please," I reply. "Jump on down," he says. I look down. Instead of being several stories high, I'm less than a floor away from the lawn. I jump down easily as the man gets off his bike and goes to help other people. A couple of women come running straight at me. Guessing that they're looking for safety, I say, "The motorcycle's over there," gesturing. The women walk over to stand by the cycle.

The fact that the man has gone to help has made me a bit guilty for running away. The building seems to be missing a wall: I can see the store inside. It looks like a clothing shop with people slowly walking through the aisles in my direction. Although I see no fire or smoke, I'm concerned at their slow pace. "Come on out here!" I yell at them.

Note: This non-lucid dream is an emotional commentary about my trip the previous day. I had gone to a hospital clinic for a medical appointment. The well-stocked linen shop with a predominance of green is how my dreaming self sees stacks of dressing gowns in the hallways of the clinic. The entire hospital
complex is as large as a shopping mall. Even though the clinic had floor to ceiling windows in the lobby, my dreaming self ignores the windows and sees the bare bones of form: a building without a wall.

I wasn't running away, but I was trying to avoid people, especially those coughing, because it was the beginning of the flu season. The medical staff was helpful to me and I was calm and relaxed as I got weighed and had my blood pressure checked. Many other patients were very tense because of their ailments. Some of the staff were examining them, using various sorts of machines. Others on staff were in motion, rushing around, reacting to sickness and injury, hurt and anger. Although I feel sorry for people in pain, I think it's very clever of my dreaming self to picture such health problems as "smoke" and "fire."

#3-Circle Leg Lift

When I become lucid, it feels like I'm in the same room as (the second dream). But the look and population is different. As in the first dream "clothing store," there is a mixture of men and women, although most are women. The center of the room is set up like a sales counter; beyond a group is standing. It includes at least one taller man. There's a row of 2-person tables against the right-hand wall with one woman seated at each and facing my direction.

I am seated at one of the tables, listening to the curly blonde woman facing me. I can't understand what she's talking about, so I say, "Excuse me, I'm lucid." This doesn't stop her chatter in the least, so I tell her, "Excuse me, I need to go now."

I stand and in a loud voice, announce to the crowd, "I'm lucid. I'm aware of the fact that I dream. Does anyone here want to fly?" The standing group turns to listen to me. I walk towards them and beyond where chairs are scattered about. But there is a clear space in the middle. Not everyone in the room joins me, but a few seated people do get up. We gather into a circle and hold hands.

"Are you ready?" I ask. "One, two, three, up!" I push myself into the air but the group holds me just a few inches above the floor. I bend my knees so that it's evident that I really am levitating. As I look closely at the hems of the women across from me, I can see that their feet are indeed a few inches off the floor. But my sense is that some of the folks in the circle are still standing on the floor. It would be very hard for me to lift us all. As I consider whether or not I have the energy or whether I want to do the lifting, I awake.

Note: When I go to the clinic, I often eat at the hospital luncheonette, and this day a very talkative blonde woman joined me at my table. I didn't make any announcements to the noisy crowd, although I might have wished I could!

You may have noticed that both dream reports mention feet and balance, like being on a ledge and levitating a few feet above the ground. My medical appointment was for physical therapy. My right leg had been bothering me intermittently for several months and I thought that I'd be getting a massage to relieve the pain. Instead, I was taught an awkward way of standing to put pressure on the leg muscles in order to stretch them. The therapist held on to me, helping me balance. This event occurred in a non-private area with only curtains separating us and the other patients and medical staff. I could see their feet, dangling off the beds or walking across the floor, underneath the hem of the curtain.

#2-I Represent The Whole of You

Slowly becoming ever more lucid, I find myself circling a long table at which women are seated. I first note that most seem to be Caucasian. I am very aware that there are no men here. When I wonder, where are the Blacks?, the very next woman turns out to be African-American (lots of fluffy black hair), and maybe even the one beside her. Where are the Orientals? I wonder and keep looking, but all are Caucasian until I come to the front. Finally I see one older Asian woman. Thank goodness, I think. In response, she smiles at me. I immediately feel my lips pull as I smile back. Then my attention is directed towards the left where I see another woman seated separately, against the wall. I go over to sit with her.

"I represent the whole of you," she says. Did I hear her right? I wonder. So she repeats herself, "I represent the whole of you." When she says nothing else, I look at her, trying to get a clue to what she means. She is an older woman with frizzle-permanent grey hair, dressed in a baggy outfit. She is gazing straight ahead in silhouette, not at me.

Suddenly, a young man with dirty blonde hair comes rushing directly at me and gets right in my face. He asks me some bizarre question and I think, What??? As he talks I notice that he's carrying a couple of file folder boxes with frayed edges. As I try hard to understand what he's saying, I lose the dream.

(Note: That morning, when I awoke, my entire body felt stiff. So I put on a swimsuit and went out to a spa we owned at that time. I sat on one of the ledges.
molded into the circular basin and directed the force of the hot water towards my leg. Standing next to the spa was a life-size statue of a woman made from Plexiglas and painted in primary colors. She was one of my husband's old college art projects and, with nicks and cracks and fading color, had seen better days. Now, we were using her as a towel rack.

I was thinking about my dream and, by ignoring the overt image in favor of his energy, had suddenly realized that the young man with dirty blonde hair had the same feeling tones as my son, Victor. Just then, Victor opened the door to the spa and told me, "As far as the existential view goes...it's vibrant in the chronology of the hierarchy."

"What??" I said, not believing my ears. Victor was playing the "I'm pretending that I'm smart because I know a lot of big words" nonsense-game that he sometimes plays with me. The entire sentence made no sense, so I decided to focus on one word. "What's 'vibrant'??" I asked. Victor gestured at the plastic-fantastic woman beside me. From my seated position inside the spa, the woman was facing in exactly the same direction as the "representative" woman in my dream! I grinned, recognizing the waking version of the dream scene.

Bottom line, this incident was a trickster game, with players from both waking and sleeping reality. "Parts of me" might act rumpled and passive at times, but the "whole of me" isn't even just female, especially in the dream state! Neither am I but a plastic male fantasy. That's just a whole image on the *outside* of things. It's the shell, the outline, the surface of dream and waking life. It's the sort of label that dream dictionaries pay attention to, and go no deeper.

Don't get me wrong. Sometimes I like to enjoy dreams just on their surface. It's like participating in a video game. A great vacation from vital concerns. But when it comes to interpreting a dream, well, that's a whole 'nother story.

A dream dictionary approach reacts to the symbol-shell of the dream, but never to the throbbing life beneath it. A dream report is a frayed piece of paper; it's the dreamer whose heart beats through the narrative. It's the dreaming self who acts the drama from the inside-out. Many dream interpretation techniques don't acknowledge that either the dreamer or the dreaming self even exists.

But there aren't any dreams growing in the field all by themselves, without human existence to animate them. When dreams are plucked from their fertile soil, they stop growing. They're just dried weeds. Decorative artifacts from an archeological dig, perhaps, but divorced from real substance.

I use Consistent Clues as tools to delve into the underground, into the living, breathing earth beneath the surface of the overt imagery. But not as a method to ignore the selves who exist behind the words. I use these tools a way to discover the vibrant relationships between waking and sleeping reality in the parallel lives of the people who live them.

### Consistent Clues

Elements that are likely to correspond with waking life, even in a fantastic dream
- Color
- Form
- Motion
- Puns and metaphors descriptive of visual objects

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**With Thanks**

*We'd like to offer a special thank you to all those who have advertised*

*The Lucid Dream Exchange*

*in their publications, e-mail announcements, and on their web sites, and to the supporters, contributors, and dreamers of LDE.*

*Thank you!*

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The Lucid Dream Exchange • March 2004
I have had many nightmares that I have overcome by lucid dreaming. In fact, my lucid dreaming started that way. My lucid dreaming was initiated by a recurring nightmare that I had between the ages of about 3 and 4. From there, many of my lucid dreams were invoked during a nightmare, and were the avenue to end them. This occurred into my twenties, and can still occur today (my thirties), although the nightmares are much weaker than they once were.

FIRST RECURRING NIGHTMARE
The Dungeon
1975 (three years old): (all occurrences pre reaching lucidity, about 8 times in total):

I am out the back of my house, playing. I accidentally drop my red woolen gloves on to the paving bricks near a storm water drain. I try to pick them up, but when I try to, I accidentally push them partially into the drain. So I get on my knees to get closer. Again I knock them further into the drain. I lie on my chest, and reach down to grab them. I knock them into the drain, and I fall in after them.

I find myself in a dungeon-like place. There are two rooms joined by an escalator. On the escalator are my family, and my extended family. The upper room is dimly lit. About thirty pairs of forearms reach out of the floor. The beings they belong to are imprisoned in the ground. They reach out to try to grab my legs, and pull me into the ground. This scares me greatly, so I go down the escalator to the lower room. I enter the lower room, which is pitch dark. I can't see my own hand in front of my face. The darkness excites my fear until I am petrified. Once I cannot handle it any more, I get back to the top room. I go back and forth between the rooms each time I can't stand the current room.

I wake up terrified.

MY FIRST LUCID DREAM
The Dungeon and the Banished Witch:
1976 (four years old):

She is wearing a long black robe, had a pointy black hat, is floating on a broom, and even has a large wart on her nose.

I tell her that she has no right to imprison me here, and directly order her to set me free. Instantly she disappears, and I appear in my back yard, with my red gloves at my feet. I pick them up, and the dream ends. I never had that dream ever again.

I wake up feeling empowered, that I have control over my destiny.

MY SECOND RECURRING NIGHTMARE
The Dungeon Behind the Cupboard
1976 (four years old): (had twice or three times)

I am walking to school in my dream. It is dusk, which seems strange.

There is a small building at my school which doesn't exist in real life. It's about the size of a toll booth. I go into the room, and find a cupboard. The cupboard is against the back wall of the room, which backs onto the playground (i.e., there is open space behind the wardrobe's wall).

The wardrobe slides across, to reveal a hole in the wall that leads to a dark warehouse. I am drawn into the warehouse. I am scared in the warehouse, as it is dark, large, and I can't find my way out.

I wake up feeling scared.

MY SECOND LUCID DREAM
The Dungeon Behind the Cupboard is Vanquished.
1976 (4 years old):

I am dreaming. I decide that I will not let this recent nightmare get on top of me like my first one did.

I am walking to school. When I get there the small building is there as expected. I go inside to find the cupboard. I walk straight up to the cupboard and push it across. I find the hole in the wall, and the large space behind it. I make my intentions to rid my dream of this nightmare strong in my mind, and walk into the dark area behind the cupboard. I find it lighter than last time. I have a look around, finding old school desks, dusty chairs, clocks and the like. I find that it is not scary at all, rather an old dusty place. I overcome my fear of the place, and leave it. I wake up feeling empowered, that I have control over my destiny.
that leads to the large dark place. I wake up feeling empowered.

**VIOLENT NIGHTMARE ENDED BY LUCID DREAMING**

**The Giant Axeman**

1990 (18 years old):

I am in the country. It is dry, with low brown grass, open fields, and wire fencing. There is a dirt road. I am in a house with a friend. There is a rowing boat (an eight) outside on trestles (to hold it up off the ground). A car pulls up out the front. Four men get out of the car. They have axes. One of them walks up to the boat and rocks it until it falls to the ground causing much damage. They leave, for now.

I am feeling distressed by this. I am wondering how I can defend myself, and notice two axes in the house. My friend and I grab the axes to defend ourselves.

The car pulls up again. Again, it has the same four men in it, but there is also a giant man, about 8 feet tall. He too has an axe. They start walking towards the house. I am getting terrified by now, and so I am wondering what have I done to deserve this?

The men approach and enter the house. I am still thinking, why do I deserve this? What have I done? The giant slowly walks towards me with his axe. I realise I must defeat him, or I will die.

I suddenly realise that I don't deserve this. That I haven't done anything wrong. I then realise that I am dreaming. A triumphant feeling follows, where I realise I can make the walls fall outwards allowing my escape. However, I am still too close to this giant, and worried, so I take my axe and hit him again and again with it in the chest trying to stop him. The huge emotion associated with this stops my dream.

I feel relieved to have gotten out of the nightmare, and empowered that I have had a lucid dream, but disappointed that I ended it in a violent way rather than a supernatural way.

**NIGHTMARE NEARLY ENDED BY LUCID DREAM**

**Rolling the Paddle Steamer onto the Beach**

1992 (20 years old)

In the dream I am on the deck of a paddle steamer. The paddle steamer happens to be steaming along a footpath that runs along a long beach. The paddle steamer approaches a left hand turn, about 45 degrees. As it turns the corner it rolls over onto it's side. It is now lying on the beach.

I realise that I am in trouble. There is a lot of financial damage to the vessel, and they are holding me accountable. However I realise that I wasn't driving the boat, so I realise that it's not my fault. I then realise that I am dreaming! Such relief! It's not my fault.

Then, amusingly, I manage to convince myself that it's not a dream after all, and the nightmare continues until I awake.

I wake up feeling a mix of frustration, and happiness with realising it was a dream.

**FALLING DREAMS TURNING INTO LUCID FLYING DREAMS**

During my childhood I've had many falling dreams. When I was 16 I fell off an 8 metre high cliff, where I found out that falling in a dream feels just like falling in real life, very scary. I'll move onto when things started to change:

1988 (16 years old) Feather Falling

I am in a dream, on the beach. Out to sea is a large green skyscraper. I go out to the skyscraper, and climb to the top. Instead of having normal fire stairs, there is a large central stair well, with stairs running on all four sides. The stairwell has a central open area about 15 metres by 15 metres (45 feet by 45 feet).

I start to walk down the stairs, and slip. I find myself falling through the air, and feel that classic falling feeling deep in my stomach. However, instead of plummeting to the ground, I am falling more like a feather, slowly, drifting. I land on a stairway clear across the gap at the centre of the stairs. I realise that this isn't normal, so I must be dreaming.

I then practice this feather falling again and again, in the hope that I will remember this skill for future falling dreams.

**Lucid Falling**

1989 (17 years old)

I am on the top of an 8-storey building. I am not lucid. In the dream I approach the edge of the building. It is scarilly tall. I fall off the edge. I land on the ground, but find I am not hurt in any way. I realise I am dreaming.

I go to the top of another building, this time 10 storeys tall. I realise that I want to practice falling so that I can overcome my fear. I jump off the edge, and free-fall to the ground. I land on my feet, but as I am falling so fast I end up very quickly in the squat position. The deceleration is so fast it scares me.
I go to the top of another building. This time more like 20 storeys tall. The landing area is so small, I find it hard to see it. I jump off the building, and free fall. Again the landing is so fast that it's a bit of a shock, and wakes me up this time.

I feel happy that I have started to overcome my fear of falling.

**FLYING OUT OF A NIGHTMARE**

**Flying out of Adversity**

1994 (22 years old)

I am having a nightmare. I am being chased by an infinite number of criminals. They are trying to kill me. I have a gun though, which I am using to defend myself. The gun takes 6 very fat bullets. They are about as fat as a thick sausage.

I am running. As I am running I am trying to load my gun. Once I get the sixth bullet in the gun, I close it up, and turn and fire. By this time there is one enemy at most 2 metres from me. I kill him, and five others that are very close. Then the running starts again.

More running, more shooting, more running, more shooting. The whole time the same old thoughts come up. "What have I done to deserve this? What karma do I have that I deserve to be killed like this?" And so on.

Eventually I have the realisation that I don't deserve that. I am not a murderer or criminal, and thus realise that I am dreaming!

With this realisation I realise I have supernatural powers. I instantly fly upwards very fast. I reach orbit in a matter of seconds. The experience is so strong that I wake up.

I feel incredibly energised by the dream. Not only because I became lucid, but because I have continued to get out of nightmares using lucid dreaming.

**FLYING MYSELF AND OTHERS OUT OF A LOW LEVEL NIGHTMARE**

**Group Flight**

2003 (31 years old)

I am having a low-level nightmare (my nightmares are now generally like this, if they occur at all). I am in an outdoor setting. There is an island surrounded by a moat. There are a few bridges leading from the island in the middle to the land (bank) surrounding the moat.

Each of the bridges have a landing in the middle on it's own smaller island that is located in the moat, not touching either the bank or the main island. There is a large crowd in a grandstand to one side.

There is some sort of sport going on. However the sport is like chasey, and I am being chased. I am finding this situation uncomfortable, as I don't want to be chased. There is a group of three other people with me.

I realise that I am dreaming. I am not sure what triggers that, but I expect it is the usual understanding that I don't deserve to be chased like this, as has happened many times before.

I decide that I want to get off the main island to the bank on the other side. I want to take my three friends with me, as I am protecting them. So I decide to fly myself and them off the island. I will myself and them into the air. There is no physical contact between the three of us. As I fly over the bridge, I notice that it rises up and down as it heads across the moat. I find that as I reach a high point, and start to fly over the low point, that I and the three other people start to fall towards the bridge. I remember that the fear itself will cause this to happen, so I strengthen my resolve, and continue to fly to the other side. We land safely, and the dream ends.

I awake greatly charged and excited. It's the first time I have made others fly with me just using my will.

**COMMON THEME**

I find that the common thing that initiates a lucid dream in a nightmare is my intrinsic understanding that I don't deserve the bad events that are occurring to me; that I haven't done something horrible that has brought it upon myself. This seems to bring up "justified anger" towards the situation. This results in a very strong resolve to end the situation, crossed with the innate knowledge that I can end the situation by my will alone. I end up like a bulletproof superhero.

I feel that this result is partly created through my waking life, where I feel unsatisfied with being stuck at night in nightmares (first learnt from the recurring nightmares of my early years)

*Continued on page 23*
What is "false" about a false awakening?

What is fallacious, specious, contrary to fact or truth, without grounds - as The American Heritage Dictionary describes the adjective, false - about false awakenings?

Isn't it more accurate to deem these experiences of apparently being aware in one's waking reality, while actually remaining in the dream state, as "apparent awakenings," "assumed awakenings" or perhaps, "alternate awakenings"? Invariably when desiring to wake from a lucid dream, many lucid dreamers have had the interesting experience of seeming to wake, only later to realize that they are not in waking reality but in a new dream scene. Sometimes, these apparent awakenings are quite convincing - one reaches for their dream journal to jot down the lucid dream and sees the notations on the paper on the nightstand, when suddenly one realizes something strange - the nightstand is made of metal instead of wood, or the carpet color is not exactly the same, or an odd piece of furniture is now in the room! The perception invokes one's memory and leads to a new realization: "This too is a dream!"

Sometimes, the new awakening from the preceding apparent awakening is also an apparent awakening! One wakes from the lucid dream, realizes that this too is a dream scene, and decides to wake up for real, but the dreamer awakens in a new dream scene, only to realize in a few moments, that this too is a dream. The apparent awakening has begun to multiply.

In my experience, I have misperceived my apparent awakening from a lucid dream seven times in succession. "Waking up" seven times within a few minutes felt like bursting through the layers of a larger self! At that final, apparent awakening, my mind swirled in a whirlpool of memories, perceptions, realizations and ephemera, grasping for an actual actuality. I slipped out of bed on that summer morning, steadied myself, and touched the light blue plaster wall, hoping for nothing more than stability. I touched it again.

True awakenings or false awakenings seem meaningless terms after falling through seven so-called "awakenings." There, I sought the stability of a world, any world was fine, as long as it was stable - or shall I say "seemed" stable. If I had awakened in a world with different furniture, an extra cat, new neighbors, it would have been okay, just as long as it all "seemed" to remain stable.

What I took from my multiple awakenings was the idea that Perception either has or creates many homes, but the perceived "true" world-home seems true only in that it conforms to one's memories.

Memory seems a force that works on Perception - that keeps Perception's wanderings from going too far - that develops a homebase for that which wanders. In a way, memory confers stability. Memory confers a structure. Memory provides a "sense" for that which we deem self.

The problem with using the term, "false awakening," for what appears to be an "assumed awakening," appears to be found in our response to the language.

Why investigate that which is "false"? Why give any credence, any thought, any validity to a "false" experience? Why concern one's self with an event which is fallacious, specious, contrary to fact or truth, without grounds?

Moreover, in the term, "false awakening," one finds an ex post facto conclusion about the experience, which draws one away from the description of the actual experience. In the actual experience, the lucid dreamer assumes he/she has awakened. Thus in terms of descriptive accuracy, the actual experience seems to support that the lucid dreamer had an "assumed awakening." To call it "false" creates negative implications and moves away from accurately describing the event. As many scientists have demonstrated, language seems to affect our perception, reaction to and experience of events. In the relatively new world of lucid dreaming, we should take care to describe events and perceptions accurately in order to make the way smooth for others. Words that imply hard and fast judgments, like "false," seem narrow and errant.

For example, if I was a physicist investigating theories of alternate realities or probable realities and was searching for possible instances of alternate or probable realities, I may investigate "apparent awakenings" or "alternate awakenings." However, due to the connotation inherent in the description, I doubt that I would investigate "false awakenings" - and even if I did, the term "false" would likely predispose other physicists to view the experiences as fundamentally invalid.

Continued on page 23
Past Lives in Poetry
(c) 2004 Linda Lane Magallón

"Make an effort to remember. Or, failing that, invent."

The women in Les Guerilleres

When I first had lucid dreams, there wasn't much written on the subject. Instead, there was a fair amount of information on the out-of-body experience. After trying, time after time, to have a traditional OBE, I had become very frustrated. So I went to the source: I asked my dreams for guidance. Then I had a lucid dream, but it only served to confuse me.

Hilary, 9/1/83

At the edge of sleep, in the hypnogogic state, I request guidance. I see a clown-like face in a magic mirror. It changes to a woman with dark brown hair who is wearing a cap with a feather. She seems to be riding inside a coach or carriage lined with silk material (circa Robin Hood or Three Musketeers). I am drawn into the scene enough to feel the motion of the coach, bumping over rocks, at the speed of a horse at full gallop. The sensation is very vivid. "What is your name?" I ask. There is no response, but something prompts me to ask her, "Hilary?" I think, good, it's a male/female name. At this, she laughs soundlessly. I peer closely at her face and ask her, "Why can't I have an out-of-body experience?" She pulls the cap down over her face and turns into a flat oval shape.

I wrote down the dream and sat puzzling over it. Then I was inspired to put pen to paper. This is one of the few times that a poem virtually wrote itself. It just gushed out of me, like the sudden exodus of some long pent-up energy. And, who knows? Maybe the roots of my dilemma were in the distant past, many lives in the making. Or maybe I was just making it all up. Either way, I was impressed by the creativity that can be released by having a lucid dream.

Heather was once, and Hilary.
Shameless vixens helping themselves to the cosmic stew.
Joyful, never mindful of where or when they came or went.
No.
God, how I envied them. Then, and
Now.

Seven lives we wandered the back country,
Me and my guitar or dulcimer or harp
Or whatever was the instrument in vogue that century,
Ever warning and scolding them for being so fancy free.

And when they'd return from their jaunts to Faraway
And trysts with the local governor or deity
(For they were never ones to carry on with the lower classes)
There I'd be, ready to heal their hearts and bodies,
To nurse their infants and wipe the runny noses of the ragamuffins later,
After they'd grown a bit.

Faithful ever. Like a dog was I.
Longing to risk but not.
Pouring out my love and frustration on the strings.

Well, now, isn't it time for a change?
So where are the Heathers and Hilarys for me now?
Risk I do.
My own children do I love and care for.
But the music is locked in my heart.
This time. This life.

I can't remember whether or not I'd seen Susan Blackmore's book Beyond the Body when I had my dream. You might be interested to know that, at the beginning of her first OBE, Blackmore was listening to music, which put her into an altered state of consciousness. Then she moved slowly into a scene in which she was thundering along a road as though in a carriage drawn by several horses.

So, I suspect that my dreaming self was tapping me on the shoulder and saying, "A-hem, Linda. Why are you wondering about an out-of-body experience? You're already having one!"

Margaret's Three Lucid Dreams

Dream 1 - December 2003
I was in the kitchen standing by the stove, facing my father who was sitting at the table. He was wearing his favourite old and faded jeans and a sweatshirt. I could only see a bit of his face since his chair was at an angle to me.

For some reason I turned to face the stove, and then suddenly, for whatever reason, I knew I was in a dream. I was pretty certain that when I would turn back to the table, Dad would be gone, because he's dead. Sure enough, the chair was empty.

Suddenly I found myself in the hallway, facing the mirror. Instantly I was shooting up with no control, through the ceiling and into white stuff, like misty clouds. (This always happens when I realise I'm dreaming.) Twice I called out my sister's name (she is a lucid dreamer too). As usual, I was flying on my stomach like Superman, though I was not really aware of my body. I woke immediately.

Dream 2 - January 2004
I think I was outside when I realized I was dreaming. But instead of flying uncontrollably through the "white space" as I usually do, I stayed where I was. I flapped my arms, trying to get off the ground. It didn't work. I don't remember if I woke then, or continued to dream without lucidity.

Dream 3 - February 2004
I find myself in a tunnel and I know that I'm dreaming, that I'm lucid. I'm wondering if this is what death is like, when I glimpse white light at the end. I wake immediately.

Shirley Hadley
October 2 2003

My first lucid dream in a very long time. I was inside of this house. Oh, my god what a beautiful house this was. It was all wood inside. There was rich fabric covered chairs. I was with all of these people. I remember a scene where I was sitting down talking with this person commenting on their shoes. They had just bought their shoes and they were lovely. I was telling them how much I admired them. They were green and so were the clothes they were wearing.

Then it was time for us to leave and we climbed out of this house down this big ladder. When we hit the ground I noticed it was raining. I was so joyous and excited. "It's raining, it's raining", I exclaimed. I looked around at the environment I was in and saw lush green trees and grass. This place was my new home. It had such a rich and warm and beautiful feel to it.

Then I found myself in this huge town with all kinds of people. There was activity everywhere you looked. Then I was walking with this really nice elderly man. He was holding my hand. I had on gloves. I started to ask him if he had ever heard of Seth, but he dropped my hand and left.

Then I entered this room where all of these people were lying around together watching something on t.v. I laid down next to this black woman and she turned and smiled at me. I said, "What's going on here?" She laughed and said, "Take off your clothes and lets have sex." I looked all around and everyone else was having sex. It was like an orgy. I said, "No, thanks" and got out of that room.

Then I am entering this man's room and he is talking to himself. I realize that he doesn't know I am there. I think NOW is where I became lucid. I suddenly knew I was dreaming and began telling everybody. I was yelling it out, "We are dreaming, we are dreaming, our bodies are back in our beds, we are dreaming, we are souls, spirits, we are dreaming." I was so excited that I jumped up on the top of a table and shouted it out.

Then I was walking and I look down at myself and see that I am a man. Oh, no I say, I want to be a woman. Now I know I am in a Gates of Horn place, where every thought manifests. So then I turn into a woman and I look down and say, "I also want to be 50 lbs. lighter and instantly I was. Then I thought I wanted big boobs, but then realized that I already had them. Ha!

So then I am with this man at a table. I reached around to take off my shawl and I saw that it was this gossamer material, like this shiny, translucent, shimmering stuff. I looked down and saw this dress I had on and it was made of the same material. I kept talking with the man about the fact that we were dreaming. I never lost lucidity. Then I pick up this glass to drink out of it and I realize I am drinking an elixir of light. Oh, my god the colors that I drank were electrifying. Reds, purples, blues. A beam of light went directly into my body. Then I felt myself return to my body!
I was standing at what looked kind of like the Franklin Street entrance to the park, looking across at a pavilion coming up through the trees. I decided to go there. It was the Imperial Pavilion Bird Sanctuary. I asked Scott if he wanted to join me (we were there with others). He said, "Sure we can take a stroll over there but I've got to be back by x o'clock". I said, "I'm going to fly, not walk." I lifted up into the air and looked back to see him lifting up into the air too, I was surprised and pleased to see he knew how to do that. I took off for the pavilion with him flying behind me but I got confused in a tangle of buildings all very tall and close together, all the same sandstone kind of color.

Seems to be SF now. I saw a trolley car and figured that must be Powell Street, so I wasn't as far into the city as I thought and I had to go further. I either called or "beamed" "Powell" back at Scott so he'd know where we were and kept going.

At another point I'm lost in the maze of buildings and come across a bird or birds. One of these is a white crane that is as tall as I am. I ask it for directions. It's contemptuous of me. I ask it if I can see its fan, a fan of delicate feathers that ordinarily would be on top of its head but in this dream's reality is under its chin. This request earns me an annoyed peck in the eye. I pet the bird and admire its softness. I also ask if I can do anything for it since I'm going to the Imperial Pavilion Bird Sanctuary. I think it does finally give me directions.

Another entanglement, going into a room behind a shower curtain. A discussion with a slightly overweight, dark complexioned guy with close cut curly hair and glasses. He was speaking disparagingly of Jews who left their religion (what is it with that theme lately?). The meaning is somewhere between religion and culture. There's something to do with mothers in law too. I'm listening to him with a small smile on my face, thinking he doesn't know how intolerant he sounds.

To get outside again I try to go up through the ceiling but get stuck, it's a dense material, hard to get through. I realize this as a dream trap and say firmly, "NO." I then teleport myself to the roof, and from there up into the open sky with great happiness. I look around and see the pavilion and start back on my journey. When I get to the pavilion and land, it's tiny, comes up to my knees. And I'm a man. I shrink myself to the right size. At the gateway I kneel down and present myself in humility. A Chinese man in traditional ceremonial robes comes out to greet me. He has a gentle, knowing smile on his face. As we speak, he calls my answers back to a second man, outside my sight, who prescribes, based on what I say, what food I should get, much as a doctor would prescribe medicine. This is based on both what I say and their judgment of who I am as these are very wise men.

I go and sit at a table on a porch. A man in a trenchcoat and fedora approaches me; he's a detective investigating the disappearance of the man I spoke to earlier. He presents me with that man's shirt box, pointing out that in a couple of places he's penciled the letter V on the box. Now why would he do that? the detective asks me. V for violet (the shirt) I suggest? He says a little more and I think I understand. There are some names too. I tell him to look into the mothers in law involved and "Jews who aren't... anything anymore." When he leaves I eat my food which gives me an erection that grows and grows to the point of pain and near-panic. That's all I remember of the dream, I know it went on a little from there and I think to some resolution (not sex) but I can't remember now as I didn't write it down right away.

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1337 Powerhouse Lane
Suite 22/PO Box 102
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I woke up and was at my boarding school. I got up, looked around and realized that I was in a dream despite the fact that everything looked very real. I nearly could not believe it, but it must have been a dream because I left my boarding school long ago and everything looked quite different. I was in my single room and opened the door to the corridor with many room doors. It looked different and my room was situated in a different angle than in reality. A group of chatting girls came towards me. In my time, girls in the boarding school were strictly prohibited. On the left side of my door was a sofa with a sleeping couple. The man woke up and said "Here is the top buddy!" Everything looked incredibly real despite the fact that it was not really my boarding school.

I went back to my room and looked out of the window. It was early morning and I looked upon a street. Also this was not right because in reality the school was not situated directly at a street. I observed the scenery for a while, there were already some busy people on the street. On the left side of my window there was a new building with balconies made out of concrete. It did not exist in my time. Outside of the window was a small terrace, where a person could stand. I considered climbing through the window and flying, but I was insecure whether it would work because everything looked so real. To play safe I rejected the idea. I turned around toward my room but lost the visuals - it was dark now. I waited for a while and tried to reestablish the surrounding of my room. Finally I saw a little bit and groped my way to the bed, where I laid down. But I was too long in that state and I was afraid to fall unconscious or fall asleep. Therefore I woke up to write it all down.

At the core of this dream is the reality check which is recommended in nearly all lucid dream books. I do it here carefully and realize that the place I am, is not really the boarding school in which I was in my youth. It equals it only a little bit. But because the surrounding reminds me of it, I interpret it loosely as my boarding school. I think that is a very frequent mechanism in ordinary dreams, where the dreaming "I" interprets all it sees in the light of its memory and its knowledge, and it is not very precise in doing that. And the dreaming "I" acts in the dream according to its interpretations of the events and drives therefore the dream in a direction according to it. Because the interpretation is not very precise, there is a lot of space for expectations, fears and hopes.

I saw mother walk into the room. She was very young, shapely, and beautiful. She wore makeup, her hair was black and the colors of her dress were very vivid. I thought, "How wonderful it is to be able to see mother at anytime in my dreams, even after she dies." Then I thought, "Am I dreaming now?"

I studied mother carefully for a reality check. She completely faded away and came back. "I have to be dreaming - this is not logical." I got out of bed and flew. I was certain I was dreaming. Then I decided to pinch the back of my left hand with my right hand. I could feel the pinch - yet the hand felt numb. I, then, pressed on the area between my thumb and finger. I could feel the press, but the area felt numb. I thought, "How can I explain this when I awaken? How can I feel numbness and feel the touch?" I did both again very diligently. I pinched the back of my left hand as hard as possible. I still felt the same numbness and touch sensation.

I then moved my right hand over the hairs of my left arm. I was surprised that the hair was so long and thick - at least an inch. (It takes great effort to see any thin, light hairs on my arms.) The sensation was
Strange. It sort of tickled and felt good. I seemed to expect a tickle.

I noticed that I couldn't see anything except a tan color. I got concerned about losing lucidity so I thought I might create a scene quickly and do something before I woke up. I went into a long non-lucid dream.

Katie
July 29 2003
Elements

I'm on a plane and think, Jeez, I'm doing pretty well. (I'm a phobic flyer - ironic huh?) I realize I never took my tranquilizer -- why don't I recall takeoff, that should have frightened me most -- or are we at takeoff now? We do seem to be going fast. Unless... unless this is one of those dreams where the plane drives on the highway. I look out the window, sure enough. I ask the others if they'd like me to make the plane fly in the air, they agree and I do so, realizing belatedly that I should have looked for things like powerlines and overpasses.

Then I'm inside looking through a screen door at water. I want very much to get to the water, but each time I open the screen door there's a screen door behind it, a common lucid pitfall for me. I stop and state that this will be the last one and then I'll be able to get at the water. I may have to do that a couple of times. I finally get to the water and have the usual feeling of rapture I get at water, looking across its shining, undulating surface. But then something changes about the water, and I start doing lucid things to it, all of which destroys the rapturous feeling. There is one momentary out of the blue pang of intense sexual desire; it passes but further disrupts the clarity of the lucidity and the spiritual focus of the water.

The Conscious Exploration
Of Dreaming
Discovering How We Create
and Control Our Dreams
By Janice E. Brooks and Jay Vogelsong
ISBN 1 - 58500 -539 - 8

Sentinel
December 2003
All That I Had Dreamed

It has been likely two years since my last lucid dream. As of late I have struggled, in vain, to make myself come alive again - to feel the ecstasy of total control of a world not in reality, a world beyond that which we know, but that is so real that it lasts beyond waking, carrying its bliss into your conscious life - bringing hope to a dreary reality, knowing that more is real, more is life... THIS is life. It was hopeless. The world was covered in gray. My soul in a box. And there it remained - I gave up. Back into my booze and my work, my cost reports and financial statements, Icehouse and Jim Beam, drunken parties and social orgy, trying to be the exact same person I was trying to escape. I remembered trying though, and I laughed at myself. It really was funny. A whole week trying to astral project, lucid dream, "spiritual being"... HA. Nice one. A whole week. God, how weak. Well, now that THAT'S over.....

So two nights ago I got back from a business trip in Phoenix. Nothing new, same cost reports, inventory class mapping and Icehouse six-pack. Good times. I put myself to bed preparing for another morning sitting at the same stoplight on the corner of Route 66 and Leroux at 7:38 AM waiting for that damn light to turn, timing myself to hit McDonalds at exactly 7:50 so that I can be at work at 7:58, just like every day. But it was okay, Phoenix was fun... a nice little one-day illusion of a vacation, some sort of memory... memories are rare lately. I'll remember this for at least a month. So on that note, fairly happy, I drifted off to fan noise and the sound of the "Drew Carey Show" emanating down the hall from the living room.

There it was again, Route 66 and Leroux. Making my left turn. Traffic was moving well today... happens sometimes. I pass Enterprise Dr., Switzer Canyon, Steves Blvd... predictable, as usual. Maybe I'll hit McDonald's a minute early today. But it's so dark... so dim... but I don't notice. I'm going somewhere... I pass Sunnyside on my left but I don't pass it. I'm drunk and following friends - I think - to a party, or somewhere. I swing HARD... left turn... 4th Street. Johansen Construction has the road barricaded for their chip seal and striping, but I think I can clear the roadblock... FOOMP - my tires blow. Spikes everywhere. Metal shards coming down from the sky to rip my beloved Honda to shreds. I am standing outside my car, seeing my tires literally stretch over the hood and crush it in, treads enlarging and ripping my fender off, engulfing it. I am in a room, with two
walls but no end on two sides, with a pile of steel and tears at my feet, and friends I don't know standing at my sides. I am calm, but hurt. I don't really understand anything at that point. There is a girl at my left who I seem to know, just as clueless as I. So I look at her.

And it happens.

As I see her face, and look back at my car, I wake up. But I don't. I'm still there. Oh my God, I think, this is a dream. I know this, but I'm still here. I can't help but laugh like a child... I'M STILL HERE!!!

She looks at me, puzzled. I want her to know - I want her to wake up! So I dare to call it out - I look into her eyes, and say... "Don't you realize!?! This is a dream! Watch, I'll prove it!" Then I got scared. Oh no, this is where it ends. Every time I try this, it ends here. I try and fly, and it doesn't work, and the dream ends. But I came this far, and I knew, as I was fully conscious, that I haven't had a lucid dream in two years. So it's all or nothing. I jumped up and reached for the ceiling, fully expecting to come down, and I did. Oh did I. But it was a failure by NO means. As I jumped, I flew up, through the ceiling, into blackness... 50 feet... 100 feet... and stopped. I fell. 50 feet. 100 feet. Back into the room. And THROUGH it... into the floor. Blackness again. Then up, halfway back into the room, stuck in the floor, and happier than I have ever been. "SEE!! I HAVE UNLIMITED POWER HERE!!!"

And I did. It only began there. Full of confidence, and knowing I DIDN'T wake up, I proceeded to float through the air at complete control and will, over to my crumpled car. I picked the whole ton of steel up with an arm, dropped it at her feet, and fixed it, right there. In a single second. Good as new. She finally woke and became conscious realizing what I had done, and not a second later, she disappeared. It didn't bother me. I was a God here.

So I flew. There was no boundary, no limit. I flew 10,000 feet in the air and dived like Superman right back down, miles away, instantaneously, with no fear. Just ecstasy. I somehow ended up in a huge playground full of familiar children, and enormous play structures, a hundred feet high, totally covered in playing children who I loved and loved me. They knew me, and knew my powers, and cheered intently as I performed the most amazing feats of aerial power I could ever imagine. I was trying SO hard... concentrating SO hard... to do the most amazing things that I could imagine, and every move was just as I willed it. I would dive through obstacles at enormous speed, hook myself onto bars and swing in circles and up through cracks and holes, to propel myself a hundred feet in the air and hang there as long as I could. I could only stay up a second or two, but as I fell I would dive like heaven itself and do it all over again.

I kept this up as long as I could, but like any good thing, it eventually had to end. Hanging in the air high above at one point, things began to slowly materialize. I heard fan noise. And saw my bed sheets coming through. And normal thoughts, work and such. Things I normally think about when lying in bed. I remembered my job, my car, my house, my life, my next day. And there I was. In my bed. My heart was beating a million miles an hour, but I was back there. I accepted it - it was incredible, and coming back didn't ruin it. I was still in ecstasy. I looked over at my clock - 12:14 AM. I had only been asleep for 30 minutes.

Ben Kidd
December 2003

I became aware that I was dreaming when I was in my father's house. As I realised that it was not real, I started to throw things about, knowing that there was no consequence.

Having had many lucid dreams before, I wanted to expand what I could achieve in a lucid dream. So I decided to leave the house of my own volition, rather than letting the dream lead me.

I left the house by walking through a doorway. Once outside I decided to look around. I noticed that although the sky was blue, the moon was full and bright in the sky. I looked closely at the moon, and noticed a star of light orbiting it, about once every two seconds. I thought that exploring the star of light would be a good test of my lucid abilities, so I flew to the moon.

It took at most five seconds to reach the moon, absolutely effortlessly. The acceleration from stationary to flying incredibly fast was instantaneous. This flying was far beyond any normal lucid flying I had done previously. Height and gravity were no object, mental effort was not required.

I reached the moon. It was actually a large structure, like three circular beams forming a sort of sphere. I flew into the centre of it and landed. I then looked for the star of light. I found that there was a cardboard model of a space ship (Star Wars Empire Shuttle) orbiting the "moon". I realised that the sunlight reflected off this ship back to Earth, looking like a star of light. I happened to have some cardboard in
my back pocket, so I screwed up balls of cardboard and set them into orbit around the moon.

I then flew back to Earth from the moon. Again, it took at most five seconds. Amazing flight, even compared to my normal lucid dream flights.

Once back on earth, I looked back up at the moon. I could now see five stars of light orbiting the moon, four of which I had put there myself.

Robert Waggoner
November 30-December 1 2003
Short Lucid Dream

I seem to be at a place like a convention center, trying to help a person with their game. Finally we leave there and go to a library, where we meet some people. As I recall, something odd occurs that makes me realize that this is a lucid dream. I spend time trying to explain to them that this is a lucid dream! I tell them this is a great opportunity for all of them. They seem to be on the verge of getting it.

C.S.
March 21 1994
Trouble with Sex

(In the middle of the night, I put on Dr. LaBerge's tape to induce lucid dreams; laying on my right side:)

I heard people talking, and my own voice said something. Since this is my sign, I knew I was going lucid. A humming, motor-like noise moved up and down a certain area of my head. I could feel the vibrations. I wondered why it never goes down to the vaginal area to give me an orgasm. It got so annoying that I moved onto my back and decided to roll over to the left to get out of bed. I was surprised that I couldn't see a scene or vision. I was on the floor in darkness. I checked to see if I was dreaming by flying to the ceiling. I touched the ceiling but couldn't go through it. I was determined to get outside so I just flew fast backwards out through the wall.

I was outside, looking at the stars. It was night, and it was dark, but I could see the houses below. I felt cold on my shoulder. I knew I could wake up when I felt cold, so I grabbed some clothes hanging from the clothesline, and put them on my shoulder. It almost seemed as if I simultaneously put the covers over my shoulder while asleep in bed.

I noticed a house with lights in the windows. Even though I intended to swim in the healing pool, I decided to stop for a moment to see who was in the house. The inside was very bare with walls of cement. It looked more like a dungeon. A man greeted me. He told me to follow him. I asked him if there was a healing pool in the building. He said I was there to work. I stopped following him and said this was my dream, and I wasn't going any further. I started walking towards the door and my feet stuck to the floor. I couldn't move out the door. I told my self that this was my dream and it will not become a nightmare (I had a momentary feeling of fear.) I looked at the man to confirm that I was dreaming. His appearance kept changing, which was a great reality test. I knew I would leave the house.

However, I was back in bed. I thought I woke up so I recalled the dream. I heard Mom and Dad in the bathroom. Dad was yelling so loud I got out of bed to check on them. They were going back to bed so I changed my mind.

A girl was sitting in my room. I asked her why she was there. She said she was my sister. I told her that I didn't have a sister; I don't want a sister, and she was in my dream. I wondered why I had created her.

I was back in bed, reviewing my dreams. I thought, "I should have programmed a sex dream." Then I was lying on my back on a table in a well lighted room. The room had wood paneling and was very rich looking. I wanted an attractive man for sex so I looked at the well varnished, wood door and told a tall, dark, handsome man to come out. The door opened and an actor walked in. His chest was bare, and I liked him so I was pleased with my creation. I told him to have sex with me. However, he had some kind of yellow piece of equipment that looked like a microscope. He asked me if I had a long or short vagina. I said, "I think short, but let's get on with it!" He had some kind of narrow, short measuring stick. It seemed like he had to be very precise and mathematical about sex.

I got discouraged so I created someone else. Two teenage boys walked in. They were not what I expected, but I thought this is a dream, so let's get it done before I lose my desire. I could see one had a large penis. Before he could have sex with me, he changed into a child. I got so annoyed that I started to masturbate, and asked the doctor who was older and more dignified, if he was going to satisfy me or was he getting me someone else. He wasn't very appealing but at this stage I didn't care about romance, I just wanted satisfaction. I figured since it's a dream, any penis will do. No one appeared - except something that looked like a yellow summer squash. I had masturbated to near orgasm, and I was getting frustrated with my inability to create a man to satisfy
me so I inserted the yellow thing and had a great orgasm and satisfaction.

Then I went into a non-lucid dream. I was looking for a bathroom stall where I could wash and change clothes. All of them were occupied by men or men's clothes to indicate they were taken. My brother was just going to give me his stall, but another guy wanted it. I woke up. (I woke up on my back with my right nostril open. I was able to have one of the best, long-lasting sexual experiences of my waking life right after this dream.)

Janice
January 1 2004

I had an interesting effect occur in an OBE-type LD. I kept dozing off while lying in bed listening to music. I had two 60-watt lights on in the room and my fan was off. This seems to be almost essential in order for me to have OBEs any more, presumably because the lack of white noise to mask other noises keeps me close to wakefulness. Anyway, at one point I realized all of the sudden that I was in SP (sleep paralysis), immobilized even though there were no vibes. I practiced mentally controlling the arms of my duplicate body despite the feeling of paralysis, then "rolled out."

As usual, despite the light in the real room it was pretty dark and blurry at first in the OBE room, but I found my way around and jumped up on my knees onto the top shelf of the bookcase by the window. Here I paused for a moment to make sure that the feeling of being upright by the window had fully overridden the feeling of lying down in bed. When I drew back the drapes I was surprised to see my reflection in the glass of the windowpane. Evidently my mind had retained in the background the knowledge that the lights directly opposite the window in the real room were on, or perhaps I was close enough to awake that I could sense light coming from that direction. The image in the reflection was wearing a sweatshirt that I had worn recently but which I knew I wasn't wearing at the moment.

Outside I could see lots of snow on the ground, which I also knew was not really there. I opened the window, swung out onto the sill, dropped down, and checked out the snow. It was cold though not as cold as real snow. I made a snow angel in the driveway, then walked on to the next street. I decided to let myself into a random house using a key that I magically fished out of my pocket for the purpose.

Then I noticed that there were two more locks on the door, but a key was stuck in one of them, so I used it to open the remaining locks, thinking that this would make a handy explanation for how I got in should any dream inhabitant of the house appear shocked by my arrival. There was indeed a dream guy in there but he was vague and silent. I explored and played around a bit then woke up.

Katie
July 28 2003
Road to Nowhere

I was on a city bus with another woman. We were looking at the shops and road signs trying to figure out where we were and realized that nothing looked familiar. "Oh no," I said, when I have this dream it always is something big." We get off the bus (I think I have the idea I can dodge the "something big" this way). I go into a store to find out from the guy behind the counter where we are. Answer is: nowhere near where we meant to be. When I come back out the other woman is gone. I have to take a footpath through the woods back. For some reason that's the only option and it seems custom made for me. I go across the street and look at the path, which leads down and is sort of scooped out of the earth like a slalom. "F--- this!" I say and pick myself up and fly along above the trail. That's apparently cheating. The trail turns into a path of logs laid end to end. And then it turns into something like a maze. Imagine a forest floor with lots of deadfall, logs lying around every which way, crossing each other. I have to determine the correct path (logs) to follow. I do this somewhat by lines of continuity and somewhat by instinct. I believe the path ended at the end of the woods but that's all I remember of the dream. ARGH!

Wrestling with Ghosts: A Personal and Scientific Account of Sleep Paralysis
By Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.
Coming Soon!
Preview the table of contents at:
http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/Wrestle.html
just in time to take the baby in my arms. As I held her, I saw my face in hers, and I pulled her to my chest. I could see her lips sucking at my breast, and I felt very fulfilled. I slowly awakened, and I felt my own lips moving, as well. I was deeply nurtured. A year later I nursed my own child in that very bed!

Before my son, Adrian, was born, however, I also had some interactions with my childhood witches. My witch dreams went through many transformations during my life. In 1960, I faced up to the scary witches from my recurring nightmares. In the 1970's, I looked for the witches of my childhood in a dream, and they appeared as harmless, little old ladies. In the 1980's, I noticed that the witch drama appeared in my waking life as well. In 1994, doctors gave me terrible odds against having a child. So, I looked for the witches in a lucid dream, thinking of them as my "creative power," and I brought them into my uterus. Within a year, I got pregnant with my son, Adrian.

Adrian was born during the 1995 Association for the Study of Dreams Conference (ASD95). This was three years after I presented the paper at ASD92 called, "What I Learned from Lucid Dreaming is Lucid Living." I brought him to the ASD96 conference. He also came to the ASD97 conference, where I gave a workshop called, "Living Life as a Lucid Dream." Adrian turned two on the day of the dream ball.

Robert: In a way, it seems that your lucid dreaming skills allowed you to use that beautiful symbol of witches as creative power for your own ends. In a sense, you claimed the power of the shadow.

"False" Awakenings and the Language of Lucid Dreaming

Continued from page 14

And for example, if I was a theoretical psychologist seeking evidence to suggest that the mind creates internalized "worlds," and stumble upon this fairly common lucid dreaming phenomenon, what then? Would I be able to see this phenomenon clearly, or would I be thrown by the negative connotation of false awakenings?

For science to proceed, clear terms are needed that describe an experience accurately. I ask readers of The Lucid Dream Exchange to remove the "false" from apparent, assumed or alternate awakenings in order to assist futures students of lucid dreaming.

Nightmares and Lucid Dreams

Continued from page 13

I find that if I convert the dissatisfaction into a challenge to reject the nightmare, and carry that resolve with me to strengthen it, that the chances of me overcoming a nightmare by lucid means are greatly increased. This effect snowballs. After I first beat the nightmare when I was four years old, it made it easier to repeat that when I was five, and so on. Now I find that the power of my nightmares are greatly diminished, as I know that I can beat them with will alone.

In a way I feel that the nightmares gave me the beautiful gift of lucid dreaming. That without the adversity they provided, I would not have reached for such a powerful technique as lucid dreaming.

As the Buddhist saying goes (approximately), rubbing a block of rough wood with silk will not smooth it, rubbing it with sandpaper will.
To all lucid dreaming writers and artists:

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

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

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

Thank you very much for your help.
Clare Johnson

Third More Lucid Dreams Group

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The Lucid Dream Exchange
www.dreaminglucid.com

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www.asdreams.org

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
A site featuring Dr. Keith Hearne's PhD thesis as well as other lucid dreaming firsts.
www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

The Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

Lucidity Institute Forum
A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in ongoing discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.
www.lucidity.com/forum

The Dream Explorer
Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE.
http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html

Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website
www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

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

Alt.out-of-body Website
www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html

the5aint's website
www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html

Dreams and Lucidity
http://www.spiritonline.com

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

Lucid Dreaming Guild for the PhysicallyChallenged
http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html

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

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

Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"
http://home.t-online.de/home/RalfPenderak/index.htm

William Buhlman
www.williambuhlman.com

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

Christoph Gassmann
Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.
www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html

Werner Zurfluh
"Over the Fence"
www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Reve Lucide
A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.
www.revelucide.com

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers
www.durso.org

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