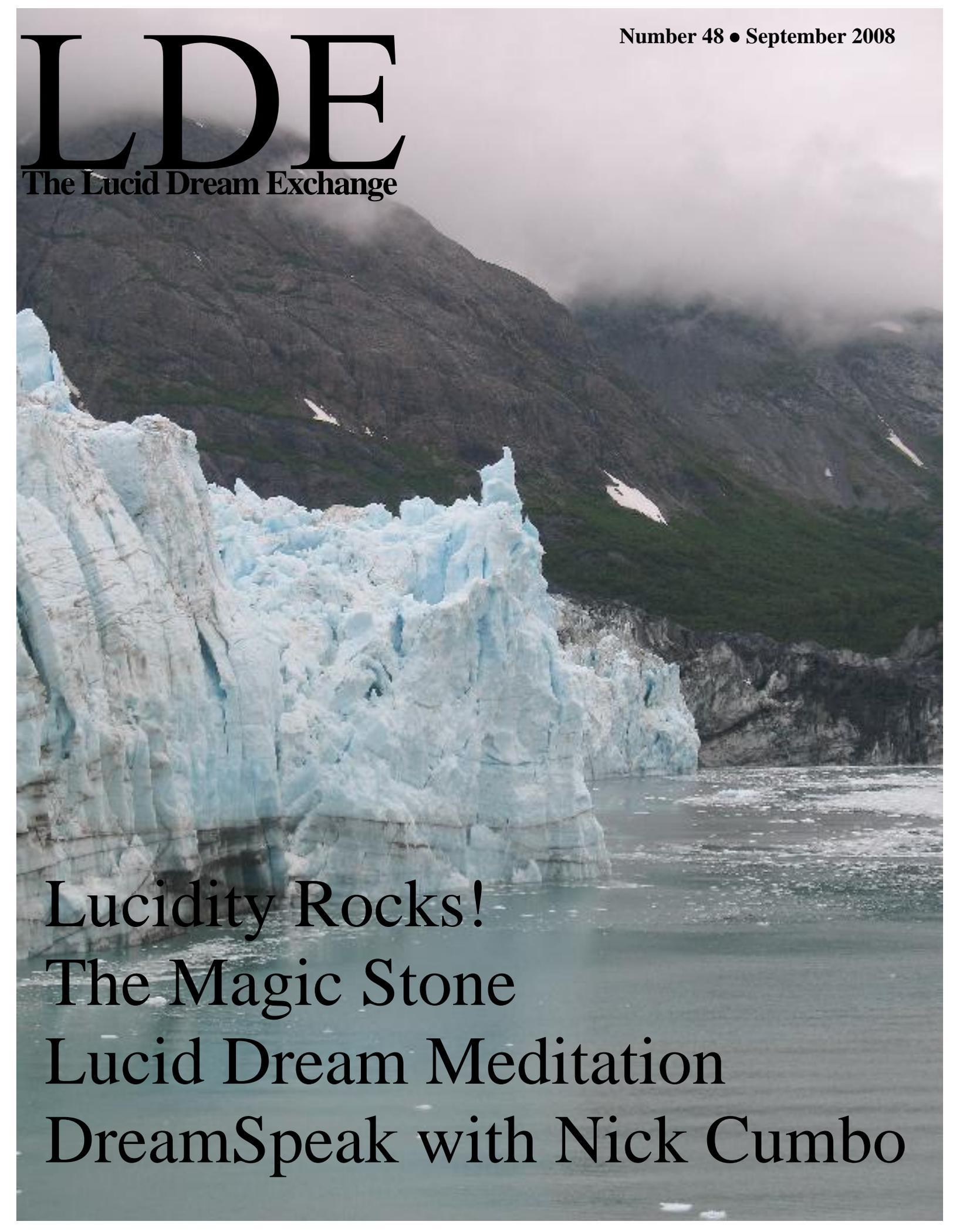


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LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange



Lucidity Rocks!
The Magic Stone
Lucid Dream Meditation
DreamSpeak with Nick Cumbo

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles.

Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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

Submissions

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

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

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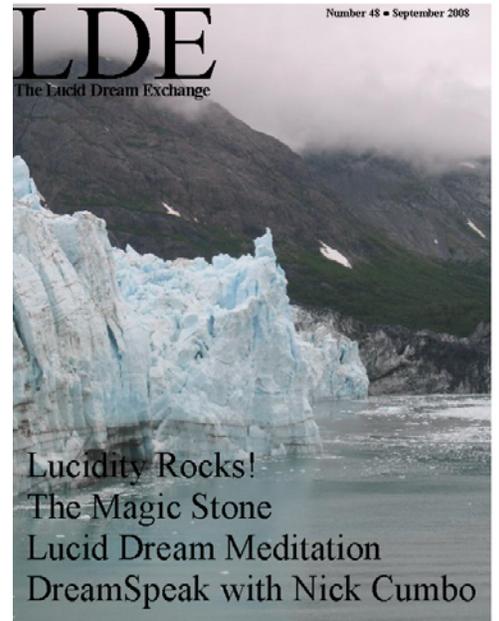
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Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Nick Cumbo

From the land of the Dreamtime, LDE goes way down under to chat with Nick Cumbo. A lucid dreamer, educator, and moderator of the on-line lucid dream forum, www.sealifedreams.com, the LDE welcomes Nick.

You're way "down under" in Australia. So how did you become interested in lucid dreaming? How did you hear about it?

Good question. I think we have some common ground here. I remember reading that you found out about lucid dreaming through the writings of Carlos Castaneda. My journey with lucid dreaming began one afternoon, when my dad pulled down a dusty copy of Castaneda's "Tales of Power" from the bookshelf.

It was summer. I'd just finished high school and had lots of time to read. I became fascinated by the book - one of a series in which Castaneda writes of his apprenticeship with a Yacqui sorcerer/shaman called Don Juan. I was particularly drawn in by what Don Juan had to say about dreaming. I started a dream journal, and began to follow some of Don Juan's suggestions for gaining command of my dreams.

My dreams became more vivid and I began flying in them too. Eventually I had my first lucid dream.

Tell us about your first lucid dream? What was special or fascinating about it?

My first lucid dream took place in somewhat unusual surroundings - I'd conked out on a couch after a house party.

It was great though. I loved the feeling of realizing I was dreaming - almost like being in two places at once. In my dream, there were these people on the other side of a room. At first there was an unusual sense of distance between us, but when I became lucid, they each came up to me and shook my hands. It's almost like they were welcoming me to the world of lucid dreaming.

One of my other early lucid dreams is still a favorite.

Come and See the Heaven (Jan 20, 2002)

I'm at the bottom of a stairwell when I realize I'm dreaming. I wake up, but returning to sleep come back to the very same scene. Again I become lucid. The only problem is I can't move. Thinking of something Castaneda wrote about the power of intent, I decide to focus my attention and energy on the midpoint of my body. As I do so a phosphorescent green glow begins to form there, expanding, altering the entire context of the dream.

I see myself transforming, become younger - like a child, then a baby and still going back. There's a sense of time spiraling in on itself, and before I know it, it's as though I've pushed through the eye of the vortex. I'm no longer in a body at all, but instead exist purely as mind.

Before me, a tunnel/portal now opens up. I glide into the tunnel at an incredible speed. Along its walls I see odd collections of imagery - plant life, mushrooms, and little creatures you might expect to see on the sea floor. I'm zooming through, totally mesmerised by all I encounter. I'm so amazed by it all, that I am thinking of telling my friend Jesse (whose house I was staying at that night). I don't recall coming to the end of the tunnel - only that I receive a special message when it's over.

When I awake, it's as though it's the next morning. My friend Jesse and another of his friends are here. For some reason they are very excited and are very eager to tell me their dreams. However I'm feeling impatient.

"Yeah guys, that's cool, but I need to tell you mine before I forget it".

Somehow I end up listening to their story instead. They both start at the same time.

"There was... and then there were these 2 dolphins".

As they say it, I see their eyes meet, and a sparkle in Jesse's eyes like something I have never seen before. It's as though I can see into their minds - I watch as two dolphins appear in their mutual mindscape, jumping into the air and crossing from one friend to the other.

At the same time, I hear the dolphins speak. A synthesised voice reveals their message, waves of sound overlapping one another.

"Come and See the Heaven, Before You Forget It".

This was a great dream, and it's message definitely stuck with me. The particularly curious thing about it was the way the dolphins spoke. Upon looking for information about dolphins on a site called Fusion Anomaly (<http://fusionanomaly.net/dolphins.html>), I was astonished to learn that "when two dolphins speak, it sounds like four voices" - much like they had in my dream. This discovery really got me thinking about the possibility that the dream may have involved some genuine contact with the spirit of the dolphin.

So what did you make of that? Have you seen that (quality or aspect) in some other lucid dreams over time?

Well, animals have been frequent visitors and guides in my lucid dreams since then, so this is something that I feel is worth drawing attention to.

Some Indigenous peoples claim relationship or kinship with particular totem animals. They see the animal spirits as holders of certain spiritual powers or qualities, which we inherit or can learn from. A few years ago, I decided to explore this for myself. I felt deeply motivated to find out my own totem animal, and saw that my lucid dreams might offer a way forward.

Don't Leave Your Face Lying in the Dirt

In my dream, I'm at the top of a big hill, which neighbors my own family's house. I'm out in the bush, and becoming lucid I start to fly down the hill, passing by the old gum trees, all the way down to the valley below. Coming to a tree, I lay my hands against it.

At this point, something unusual happens. Now, I feel the energies of the galaxy pulsing or perhaps breathing through me. While the tree seems to be perfectly capable of holding this energy, my sense of self begins to dissolve. I step away from the tree. Both amazed and also frightened.

Now on solid ground, I enter the driveway of my home, and onto the grass that lies in front of the house. Remembering my intention, I find a place on the ground to sit and meditate. I hold my intention in mind - "What is my totem animal?" I allow my awareness to merge with the Earth below - asking the Earth the question.

I must fall into a trance, because when I "wake", I'm listening to my ex-girlfriend speak. She tells me, quite plainly,

"Your totem is the pigeon. It left you a message - it said it was important for your future health, that you "don't leave your face lying in the dirt."

The next evening when I became lucid, there was a pigeon waiting in a tree outside my house! In the dream, I learned to shift into the form of a pigeon and even began to take flight. It was awesome, and a great followup to the previous experience. Since then, I've continued to dream with the pigeon - learning a lot more about the ins and outs of flying as a bird only can.

I guess what I'm saying is: take notice of the animals in your lucid dreams. They might have something to show you.

"Animals have been frequent visitors and guides in my lucid dreams since then, so this is something that I feel is worth drawing attention to."

Nick Cumbo

At some point, you began to realize that lucid dreams held greater significance. What happened in your lucid dreaming life that helped you see their greater significance?

A few years ago, I had a dream in which I became lucid. I was paralysed, and couldn't move. I looked to the walls of the room - and saw that there were messages written up on each side of the wall. Some in images, some in symbols, and some in a language I couldn't understand. Finally I turned to the window. There above it, were written the words "Teach the

Children."

I didn't know what to make of it at the time - I was studying a course in telecommunications and Internet technologies. However a year later I became frustrated with that choice, and started a degree in primary school education. The message of the dream was simple enough, but it actually acted as a major factor of change in my life.

Fascinating. From that, you began to look deeper. How did you search? What did you find?

The experience made me more interested in the idea of working with children and their dreams.

In 2007, while in the USA, I attended a workshop with dream teacher, Robert Moss, called "Dreaming a Life with Heart". While camping out before the final day of the workshop, I became lucid, and entered a visionary state.

I found myself called back to a building in Melbourne - a notable landmark of sorts. The building was covered in large panes of glass, and light seemed to rain down from above. Inside the building, I saw many young

children. They were learning about their dreams by making sequences of related movements with their bodies. They seemed very enthusiastic about it.

Further across the building, I saw some older primary school children, perhaps 10 years and above. They were working with their dreams, by talking about their experiences.

I woke from the dream very excited. It was really good to be able to celebrate the dream by sharing it at the workshop - the dream gave me a great vision of what dream work with children could actually look like in the future.

When we non-Australians think about dreaming in Australia, we think about the 'dreamtime' -- an idea that native Australians often refer to. From your perspective, what does the 'dreamtime' mean to the native people of Australia? How would you explain it?

When I hear the word "Dreamtime", I understand it as a time before time, a time of creation. Many cultures have their creation stories. The Dreamtime, in my limited understanding of the term, seems to reveal stories about the Australian landscape, how it was formed and the beings that shape or belong to a particular place.

There's an interesting collection of Dreamtime stories told by Indigenous elders, which I think is worth checking out:

<http://www.dreamtime.net.au/dreaming/storylist.htm>

In what ways does lucid dreaming intersect with the larger idea of the dreamtime? Is it through greater awareness about the invisible or mental realm, behind physical appearance? Or is it that lucid dreaming may indicate that individuals can consciously exist in a dream realm - that another dimension may exist?

I like the second point you raise - that lucid dreaming and the concept of the dreamtime both point towards the possibility of existence in a dimension beyond the physical. I had an interesting experience in this regard, while attending a "Day Out of Time" festival in 2005.

The festival was held in Northern NSW, along the Eastern coast of Australia. A very beautiful spot. The Bundjalung people are the traditional owners of the land, and one of the elders came out to tell us a dreamtime story by the campfire one of the nights of the festival. It was a pretty intimate gathering.

I didn't get a chance to talk to him, but the next morning I joined a few other people in a dawn meditation. We sat by a small river or stream to meditate. Though we had a small fire, it was still fairly cold. Just as I was about to open my eyes, and 'come out' of my meditation, something unusual happened.

I felt the presence of an Aboriginal spirit being - wily and agile. I knew this river was their home. As their hand pressed down against my left shoulder, I was transported. Suddenly I was there with them - in some other "time". In that moment, I knew that I was trusted and welcomed on the land. Then I opened my eyes again, and suddenly I was back in the "real world". I usually have a habit of simply telling and sharing my experiences immediately, but this one was different - I had a strong sense that I had to hold onto it for myself for a while.

In your dream life or lucid dream life, have you had any experiences that made you wonder if information, knowledge or awareness did exist in the realm of dreaming?

Yes - I've had a number of experiences like this. Some dreams are very clear and some are harder to make sense of, or at least relate back to my personal circumstances. I do feel that we can bring through information and ideas from our dreams, and like the idea of doing so intentionally.

One example that I can describe took place after visiting an Aboriginal cave site with a few friends. The cave we visited was based in Victoria (the state of Australia in which I live), and was home to Aboriginal Rock art. We'd gone out to the park to camp together, but we also spent some time as participants in a global meditation for peace taking place around the world.

When I returned home from the site that night, I had a dream.

Lost Friends (Nov 10, 2003)

I'm in my high school, watching an old Aboriginal woman. She is telling me a story about the people who come to her land. I get the impression of white people, scientific types. They come to the land, interpreting the tools and implements used by her people.

She seems distressed by this. She is a strong woman, an elder amongst her people. Why don't they come to her if they have questions?

As the dream ends, she seems to dance or whirl around, saying:

"They pretend to be Lost Friends of the Wadja".

Her words hung in the air, as I woke.

There are hundreds of Aboriginal tribal groupings in Australia, and I had never heard of the Wadja, yet when I turned to the Internet I discovered that they were indeed a real Aboriginal group. They had not lived in the state of Victoria, but rather thousands of kilometres north in Central Queensland. I was amazed.

This dream felt like a calling, and I knew I had to take some action on it, but wasn't sure how. I couldn't imagine myself just showing up on the streets of a remote community, asking for someone to make sense of my experience. However, four years later, I got my chance. I managed to arrange a teaching placement in an Indigenous community based on Wadja land.

It was an awesome experience. I learnt more about Aboriginal culture in a few weeks than I ever had from a textbook. I was even invited to share the story of how I came to be in the community, with students, around a campfire.

How did that experience change your view of the world, your view of dreaming?

I realised that our dreams may be more real than we think. It was really satisfying to reflect on the fact, that in following my dream, I'd been able to cross into a first-hand understanding of Aboriginal culture.

I began to more deeply appreciate the value of where I was born, and take a more active interest in Aboriginal history, rights and culture.

**You administer the on-line forum for lucid dreamers, www.sealifedreams.com
Tell us about that.**

Sea Life is a forum for teams of people to dream together online. People can apply for spots in Dream Teams.

Each Dream Team has about 8-10 members, and is designed as a private space where the people in the group can share their dreams with each other. Because

there are people from all around the world involved, it's also a good chance to get to know other dreamers.

Lucid dreaming can be quite an individual pursuit, so it's nice to learn from each other's experiences and approaches. Not everyone who joins Sea Life is a lucid dreamer - some simply enjoy sharing and receiving responses to their dreams. Sea Life is really a means of celebrating dreams and their place in community.

At Sea Life, dreamers explore different topics and different goals together. Tell us about some of the lucid dreaming topics or goals. Any interesting results from their explorations?

Sea Life began in 2003, so we've run a great variety of projects during that time.

Our first project involved traveling to the year 2012 in a lucid dream. That's actually where the name of the forum came from. The forum was at that time called "Dream Teams", however I was interested in finding a name that better reflected a philosophy of "dreaming with and for the Earth itself".

My big hope is that dreaming will be more widely celebrated. I'd really like to see our dreams acknowledged as a source of creativity and guidance in our lives.

Nick Cumbo

In my lucid dream, I surfaced in the year 2012, and found myself at a computer. There was a program all ready to go - it was called "Sea Life". When I clicked on it, I saw an animation of sea creatures mutating and transforming.

I guess they're the dreamers of Sea Life.

Other projects we've done have included group dream journeys to places like Mt. Shasta and the Lucid Crossroads. The Lucid Crossroads is a really interesting site (www.lucidcrossroads.co.uk) - it's a virtual meeting space for lucid dreamers, created using 3D graphics.

As part of our project to visit the Lucid Crossroads, one of my friends, Richard, ended up talking to a dream guide. I'll include a snippet of that dream, since I think it gives some impression of how interesting it can be to dive into one's lucid dreams with a particular question or intention in mind.

"Is shared dreaming/mutual dreaming possible?" The man laughs, "Of course, you have had one too." I nod, "OK. Places like the crossroads, how are they created; in the astral world, or are they just in our minds?" He doesn't even hesitate with the answer "If they are created for the purpose of mutual dreaming, then, even subconsciously, they are created in the astral world and people can go there. Your world, Richard, even though you have thought it doesn't, exists, and a few people have already gone."

Where do you see the future of lucid dreaming headed? What will lucid dreamers be doing 20 years from now that most of us never consider?

I'm not entirely sure what we'll be doing in the future. Pushing the boundaries, I bet.

My big hope is that dreaming will be more widely celebrated. I'd really like to see our dreams acknowledged as a source of creativity and guidance in our lives.

Advance Praise for the Book:

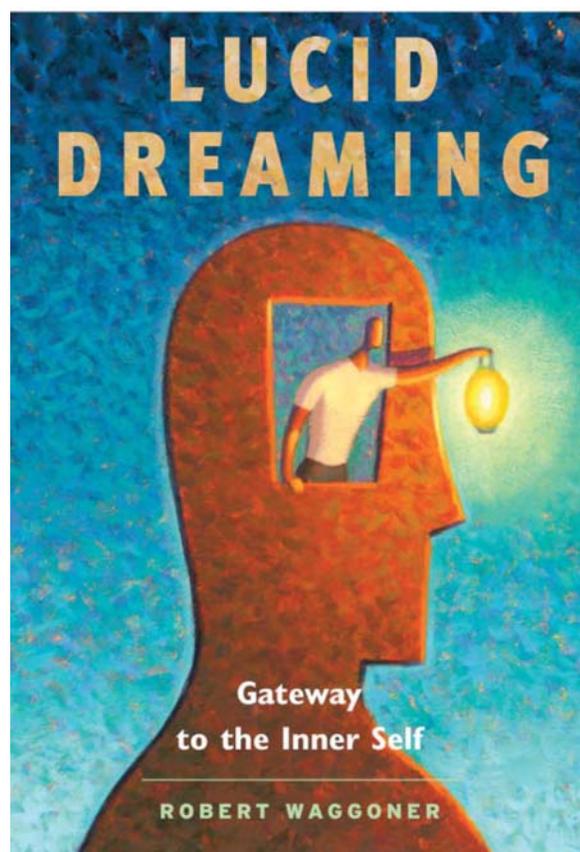
"In this remarkable book, Robert Waggoner has brought lucid dreaming to a level that is simultaneously higher and deeper than any previous explorer has taken the topic. Both autobiographical and historical, theoretical and practical, psychodynamic and transpersonal, as well as adventurous and cautionary,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

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

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

"A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book! Robert Waggoner goes further and deeper than any of his predecessors in exploring the implications of lucid dreaming for our synthesized understanding of consciousness, reality, and spirituality." Robert Van de Castle, Former President, IASD; Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia Health Sciences Center; Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

"A must read for anyone with a serious interest in lucid dreams. Robert Waggoner has written a book examining the depth and breadth of the potential of lucid dreaming. His sensitivity to the transpersonal elements of lucidity are especially illuminating." Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D., Editor of *Psychology and the Internet: Intrapersonal, Interpersonal, and Transpersonal Implication*



Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self by Robert Waggoner
Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!

THE MAGIC STONE

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*“Imagination is a quality given a man to compensate him for what he is not,
and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.”*

Oscar Wilde

“Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.”

William Wordsworth

The following is a true story. . .

Certain events in one's life leave an indelible mark. For me, even though several decades have past, I can still clearly recall my childhood quest for an enchanted object: a ***Magic Stone***.

In 1953, at the tender age of five, growing up in the small Gulf Coast town of Venice, Florida, I was not what you'd call the picture of health. I stood a mere thirty-three inches tall and weighed just thirty-three pounds. A skinny, knocked kneed kid, whose only goal in life was to be like Roy Rogers, “The King of the Cowboys”.

My parents, concerned by my lack of appetite and puny physique, learned after a trip to the local doctor, that I had tonsillitis. An operation was in order immediately. So, the very next day, my mother put my "jammies" into a small overnight bag and tried to explain to me what an "operation" was in the car on the way.

The small-town, two story hospital resembled an old fashioned high school - wide steps to the front door with an embossed emblem over the entry. I remember that we parked right in front (as I said, a small town) and I climbed those wide steps clutching my mother's hand.

A nurse greeted us soon after entering, nodded to my mother and took my hand saying, "We have to take some blood." Mom's look of concern did worry me some as I recall, but I went along without incident.

Once inside a small room, the nurse sat me down and held my left hand over a small table as she took out a tiny cork, a pin point projecting from its end, and with the time worn phrase, "This won't hurt a bit," pricked my middle finger. It didn't hurt, not even when she squeezed out a few drops of blood onto a slide tray. Heck, I'd had much worse scrapes and bruises by then.

The next thing I remember was putting on a hospital smock, and being lifted onto a hospital dolly, my tiny bare butt hanging out. Two orderlies wheeled me through swinging doors into the operating room where everyone wore those white smocks and funny white caps with matching face masks.

A voice from just beyond the bright lights shining in my eyes said, "Are you feeling all right?" Next, someone covered my mouth with what looked like a tea strainer with cloth on it and told me to, "Breathe slowly. Don't be afraid." Soon the room began to fade as the ether took effect and the most extraordinary event of my burgeoning youth took place.

I remember it felt as if I was sleeping but I was somehow still awake. All I could see was what looked like a movie screen with *black and white*, diagonal lines. It had reminded me of the advertisements at the local cinema for coming attractions, but without any letters on top. I also recall feeling that it was like the film was stuck in that position and I was waiting for them to continue with the movie.

There were voices.

The doctors talking over my head made no sense to me although, I recall thinking that I knew exactly everything that was going on, but I was paralyzed, and couldn't do anything about it.

For the next two weeks or so I was under special care at home. Mom gave me ice cream to soothe my throat whenever I wanted, and my confined-to-the-house days, were filled with hours on end of looking at *Superman* comic books. The neighbor boy next door would come every day with a stack of *Detective Comics* adventures and kept me enthralled as he read the captions to the stories. The thing that really fascinated me was that *Superman* could fly. That part really got to me.

I'd climbed to the top of the tree to the side of the house and swayed in the breeze imagining what it might be like to soar like a bird. My sister and I had often played tag in the thick growth of bamboo down the street. The crisscrossed shafts of bamboo enabled us to climb around inside the clump and never have to touch the ground. Though gravity defying, it was a far cry from flying, which had become a fixation with me and soon an obsession.

By the time I had fully recovered from the tonsillectomy I was a complete devotee of the super hero. Mom would pin a special towel around my neck - my *super-cape* - and I'd pretend to fly around the house. I would leap through the air onto my parent's bed; spring across *Trixy*, our dog; jump from the sofa to the armchair screaming all the way. "Pipe down and get off that furniture!" Mom would yell, but it served no purpose. I was lost in a child's fantasy world. With each passing day the fantasy grew broader until one night something incredible happened. I had a *flying dream*.

There I was, just floating along a few feet off the ground, moving down the street in front of the house. It felt so real! It was like the sensation of being under the ether: I knew what was going on, only this time, I knew exactly what to do. The unique perspective from the operation had set up my mind with an ability to induce a *lucid dream* experience, one that I would repeat, again and again.

Soon, I was eager to go to sleep and conjure up another revelry of flying higher and higher around the neighborhood. Each experience was more intense than the one before and my ecstasy grew proportionately. Finally, I arrived at the conclusion that I would be able to actually *fly* during my waking time as well, if only I could find a special object, an enchanted object: a *Magic Stone*.

I became convinced that such an object existed and it was my appointed quest to locate it.

Days on end were spent in earnest looking for my fantastic prize. On hands and knees over the entire playground next to the house; scouring the vacant lot across the street that had all kinds of untold mysteries; staring out the window of the car to the side of the road as we came and went from the house. I searched and searched for what seemed an incalculable amount of time to me - probably a whole week - but to no avail.

I'd nearly given up hope, when one warm afternoon, while making mud pies with my sister and her friend,

I spotted it. There, lodged between my fingers in the gook, a smooth limpid pebble about the size of a bean caught my eye. I knew it was special by the way it glowed when I held it up to the light, like nothing I had ever seen. I said nothing, but slipped it into my pocket for later examination.

Right after dinner I ran to the bathroom and pulled the stone from my mud caked pocket and rinsed it in the sink. I held it up to the light and gasped at the opaque glow. It was beautiful! This had to be the one. This must surely be the magic stone.

That night I slept with the found gem under my pillow and had the most exquisite dream of turning loop-de-loops over the neighborhood. I awoke stimulated and ready to put my enchanted object to the test. I pulled the stone from beneath my pillow and stared at it quizzically. An inner voice was urging me on, assuring me of its authenticity. All I had to do was swallow the pebble and I would be able to fly.

I decided to *do it*.

Mom grumbled at my insistence that she drag my special *super-cape* from the dirty laundry and pin it around my neck. I waited until she had returned to the kitchen before backing up against my bedroom wall, which was in direct line with the front porch screen door, some fifty feet away.

I stared down at the stone in my hand, took a few deep breaths, looked up at the door, then back again at the stone. A seed of doubt crept into my mind. What if I would die from swallowing it?

No! This was the *real* thing I assured myself, and with one final breath, opened my mouth, popped in the rock, and launched my run for liberation.

The stone lodged in my tonsil-less throat for a second and hurt as I swallowed it. By then I was half way through the living room and picking up speed.

Mom was in the kitchen with her back to me - no problem there – really digging in now, going full speed. I dashed through the porch, sprang open the screen door, and leapt into the air from the small concrete stoop.

My arms extended out in front with my head arched upward toward the sky. My body floated off the ground as I felt the air move beneath me. Like some super slow motion action scene, my exalted body moved upward with a blissful rise. My dreams had become a reality. I was at once, transcendental. . . I was metaphysical. . . I was *flying!*

But, as Newton and the *real* world would have it, gravity finally took over. My horizontal body dropped to the earth, like *Icarus*, with a resounding thud!

All the air was knocked from my lungs. I slowly rolled over and searched a sky filled with little dizzy stars for some explanation.

What had happened? Why did I fall? Where was my breath?

The answer came from some deep recess of my being where perhaps my first rationalization was formed. Fortunately, my youthful optimism would keep my *dreams* alive. For although I hadn't found the *real magic stone* that day, so intense was the experience that even now I continue to look from the corner of my eye for that enchanted object, that *Magic Stone*.

As I lay on my back that fateful morning, the air just returning to my lungs in short gasps, I summoned all the courage and conviction left in my being and uttered the words that stay with me to this very day:

"Wrong stone!"

Seth, Dream & Out of Body Workshops

Intensive Workshops on the study and practice of Out of Body Experiences, Dreams and Lucid Dreams

This comprehensive workshop focuses on the art of inducing fully conscious Out of Body Experiences and the practical use of dreams and lucid dreams as connecting links to inner knowledge. It will include an exploration of Seth's concepts and instructions in these areas and directly address the issue of how to overcome mental resistances that can get in the way.

Out of Body Experiences are safe, fun, and often considered to be one of the most exciting and transforming experiences of an individual's life. They offer unique opportunities for explorations that can vastly increase our understanding of our physical personalities, our inner selves, and the multi-dimensional universe. This workshop is designed to provide a framework in which people at all levels can grow and develop their skill and comprehension in these areas.

The workshop will present a program of specific out of body techniques to be used in a progression designed for optimal effect. Select audiotape excerpts of Seth speaking on these topics during Jane Robert's classes will be integrated into the workshop. Topics include:

- Meeting teachers and friends while out of body
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INSTRUCTOR:

Rick Stack, M.S. Ed., is the President of New Awareness Network Inc. and publisher/editor of The Seth Audio Collection, The Early Sessions (Books 1-9 of the Seth Material), The Personal Sessions (Book 1-7 of The Deleted Seth Material), and other books by Jane Roberts. He was a friend and student of Jane Roberts and personally attended over 100 Seth sessions given in Jane Roberts' classes in Elmira, NY. Author of "Out Of Body Adventures" (Contemporary Books 1988, still in print), he has been teaching workshops on the Seth Material, Dreams, Out of Body Experiences and metaphysics throughout the United States and abroad for over 30 years. He has been on the faculty of many schools throughout the United States including Omega Institute in NY and has appeared on numerous radio and television shows.

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Lucidly Considering the Stock Market Challenge – Strange Dreams

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In Issue #47 of the LDE (June 2008), I proposed a Challenge: to seek the highest percentage gainer on the NYSE stock market for the first business day of the month, when lucidly aware. Since that time, a couple of lucid dreamers have written to me about their attempts, and occasional confusion about the symbolic information.

In my own case, I posted the initial story, then sought out more stock market information in the following lucid dream:

June 23-24 08 Lucid – Seeking Stock Info

With Paul and Wendy, we walk through some hallways. I begin to tell them that I just had a dream about moving items, all kinds of items. I struggle to recall the exact details.

At this point, we enter a big hangar like hall. Paul points out the weird item that we are going to move – like two large oval shaped tankers hooked together with a large rope or cord. We go up to them, but they seem awkward to move. Suddenly, this reminds me of my previous dream, and I begin to think, “This must be a dream.”

*Realizing this, I walk up to the tankers and announce, “Look! These are easy to move, if you **believe** they are full of helium.” With that, the tanker closest to me begins to float like a balloon full of helium. I turn to Paul, and say, “Just believe they are full of helium.” And now, the second tanker begins to slowly float upwards, too.*

I begin to think what I want to do, and I look around. Spontaneously it comes to me that I have an interest in getting stock information, so I say, “Hey, I want to know some good stocks to invest in.” I look around to see how I could get the information to manifest. I see a van and a big old car (an old Ford Galaxy, I believe). On the car’s hood is a 3’ by 3’ piece of clear plastic, which I grab and say, “On this will appear a stock symbol or name of a good stock to purchase.” But then, realizing that it is clear plastic, I wonder if a word or letters can appear at all. As I look right through it, I see the hood of the Ford Galaxy. The name of one stock., Ford Motors, comes to mind, but I want a stock symbol or company name to appear, and look back at the clear plastic, as I begin to wake.”

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For purposes of the Challenge, I deviated from it. I did not ask for the highest NYSE percentage gainer on July 1; instead, I simply asked for a good stock to invest.

In my previous lucid dream, May 7-8 2008, Ford had been hinted at. From the lucid dream:

“I ask [the knowledgeable dream figure] another question, and then wonder about his name. He shows me a piece of paper with a name written on it in blue, powdery ink – “Forde”. I smile, because I feel this dream figure “fords” realities, and then I tell another dream figure my supposition. I turn again to the knowledgeable dream figure and ask, “Is it really possible to get this kind of (stock) information?” He replies, “Yes. This and many other surprising things (are possible).” I then talk to a dream figure wearing a bright red shirt about this knowledgeable dream figure, who now seems ready to go elsewhere, where he is needed. I wonder if he acts as a representative of my inner Self?”

Waking from that May lucid dream, I recognized that Ford Motors may have been indicated. However, my waking self could scarcely accept such a recommendation. Now in the June lucid dream, I again see Ford Motors as symbolically suggested as a stock to buy. Still I remained hesitant. Gas prices were hovering around four dollars a gallon, and the automakers were reporting huge losses. Why would anyone want to buy Ford?

Then something strange happened in the waking world, which dissolved my resistance.

I arrived at the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) conference in Montreal in July 2008. At the first night’s social, I ran into an old friend who told me that a man was looking for me to discuss “dreams about stocks, and spiritual dreams.” My friend gave me a name and a bit of a description of the man, and encouraged me to find him. “Strange,” I thought, but then I recalled the LDE Stock Market Challenge, and figured the person had read the article, released only a week ago.

The next evening, I am standing in the lobby, when I see someone who fits the description. As I walk up to him, he seems to realize who I am. “Bob?” he asks. I greet him and feeling mischievous say, “I bet you want

Lucidly Considering the Stock Market Challenge

to talk to me about stock market dreams?" He smiles. I continue, "I bet you want to talk to me about the stock of an automaker." His jaw drops a little. Now, I sense that I have him, and go in for the *coup de grace*, "I bet you want to talk to me about Ford Motors!" With that, he jumps, turns to his wife and says, "My goodness – he's dreaming about Ford too!"

We both laughed at dreaming of the same stock, especially one that did not appeal to our waking selves. We agreed to meet for breakfast to talk stocks and spiritual dreams. Even though I recognize, as everyone should, that investments are fraught with risk and you must be prepared to lose all of your investment, I realized the unlikely probability of this set of lucid dream and waking events. (Note: This is **not** a recommendation to buy or sell, nor do I claim any special knowledge or insight. Any investment may result in a total loss. Caveat emptor.)

The validity of lucid dream information should always be questioned. In the previous issue, I suggest that dreamers or lucid dreamers create a long track record of proven, accurate information before investing one dollar. If you find that your accuracy approaches 80%

or some level that you feel comfortable with, then you can proceed with some degree of reasonable chance for success.

Lucid dream information should create a positive response to these questions:

Was the information **clear**? Did it appear in a form that seemed **understandable**? Was there any sense of questioning or **uncertainty** in the answer's materialization? Did you **remember** it clearly? Did the **source seem reliable**?

Without a strong affirmative response to the above questions, the prudent lucid dreamer should wait and see. Finally, you should never invest what you cannot afford to lose, and you should never invest if the information source (your lucid dreaming) has a bad track record or worse, no track record at all. So a reasonable person would want to establish a good track record of accurate information in lucid dream requests, before following the perceived information.

Stock Market Challenge Results

NASDAQ Prediction:

On the morning of July 1st, I dreamed of viewing an open home with my partner. All of the walls were painted black, which struck me as odd, then I realized I was dreaming. I went straight into the next room and began to focus on my dream challenge.

I asked out loud: "What will be the biggest NASDAQ gainer on August 1st 2008?" I focused on the black wall in front of me, waiting to see the answer written on it like a blackboard. At first, I saw a very basic flat line chart - where the line was at zero. I interpreted this to mean the market would be closed on that date! However I didn't think that was right so I asked out loud again.

This time, I saw a large and very clear number 88, like a logo. Thinking that this could possibly be a ticker code, I accepted 88 as the answer. Later, on waking, I looked up this symbol on the NASDAQ website and found a company called 8x8, ticker code: EGHT. Another possibility is that the biggest gainer may rise by 88%, or the NASDAQ Index will rise 88 points on that day.

Best wishes,
Rebecca Turner
World of Lucid Dreaming

Robert's Note: A review of the NASDAQ highest percentage gainers on August 1, 2008 listed Astronic (ATRO) as the leader with a 38.84% increase in one day. Interestingly, at their website's front page, <http://astronic-ems.com/> is a set of four circles that look like an 88 logo.

Although Rebecca did not get the name, we do see the imagery of 88 appearing in the 38.84% and the logo-like image on the company's website. Our thanks to Rebecca Turner at World of Lucid Dreaming!

LUCIDITY ROCKS!

© David L. Kahn 2008

Growing up in the 80's I had the opportunity to learn about lucid dreaming during a time in which a lot of exciting research was being conducted. Stephen LaBerge was common reading for me. That was also the era of big hair bands, and I was a big fan. Among my favorite rock bands was Queensryche, mainly due to their original and thought-provoking lyrics. They weren't as popular as Motley Crue, AC/DC, Def Leppard and other bands of the decade, but they did find some brief commercial success in the early 90's in large part due to a single song.

Songs with the word *dream* are nearly as common as songs with the word *baby*, and if you do some digging you'll even find an occasional song that is actually about or inspired by a dream. What made the Queensryche song so unusual was that it was about lucid dreaming. That song is *Silent Lucidity* (EMI America, 1990). Perhaps members of the band were reading the same LaBerge books as me.

Silent Lucidity was written by band member Chris DeGarmo, co-founder of the group and guitarist from 1981 to 1998. The song reached as high as #9 on Billboard's Hot 100, and was the #1 most popular Mainstream Rock Song on Billboard's charts in 1991. The album sold more than three million copies, and to this day *Silent Lucidity* is a recognizable song that is probably the most well-known ever written by Queensryche.

There were many interpretations of the song's meaning, ranging from recurring nightmares to death. Few people outside of avid lucid dreamers understood the true meaning, and yet to a lucid dreamer the lyrics look to be quite clear and direct. In fact near the end of the song you can hear a whispered voice saying, "Visualize your dream. Record it in the present tense. Put it into a permanent form. If you persist in your efforts, you can achieve dream control."

Though I have not found specific examples of lucid dreams that the song writer may have had, any doubt that the song was indeed written about lucid dreams can be put to rest based upon an interview with Chris DeGarmo in *Kerrang!* (weekly rock magazine published by Bauer Consumer Media in the United Kingdom) in June, 1990. In that interview he states, "'Silent Lucidity' is probably one of the most genuinely out there things we've ever done. It's about what they call 'lucid

dreaming'. Or 'dream-control'. Basically, just opening up the doors to your subconscious mind, and learning how to master your dreams. Actually be able to steer and control them."

I had to do some searching to find other lucid dream-themed music. Artist Carey Ott's 2006 album is titled *Lucid Dream* and features a song by the same name. Finnish hobbyist/composer Matti Paalenen's project *Frozen Silence* includes a track also with the name *Lucid Dream* and a Toronto indie-rock band founded in 2004 goes by the name *Lucid Dreams*.

New Indie Artists, an independent record label based in Centreville, Virginia, has a biography of Washington, DC singer/songwriter Abigail Kiser on their website. Abigail's album, also under the name *Lucid Dream*, came out in 2005. Her biography includes that "Her lyrics and unique timing will tickle your ears and bring you inside her Lucid Dream." A personal statement by the artist is, "No one knows for sure what came before this, or what will come after. All we can know is the present, so revel in the infinite now and appreciate all the beauty that is within your grasp and within you." She sounds like a lucid dreamer to me.

Stuart Davis is a rock and folk singer/songwriter/guitarist who is a native of Lakeville, Minnesota, only about an hour from where I live. His influence has come from such interesting sources as the Tao Te Ching and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. His first album in 1990 picked up a bit of local Twin Cities airplay, with subsequent albums receiving more national attention. In the late nineties his album *16 Nudes: A Collection of Live and Acoustic Cuts* was recorded in Iowa. That album includes a song called *Fall Awake*, which expresses the singer's use of lucid dreaming.

Though there hasn't been nearly the same commercial success as *Silent Lucidity*, I have learned that the concept of incorporating lucid dreams into music has been done from time to time. The artists are located around the world, and the style of music is quite varied. This is all the more evidence that lucid dreams are shared by people of varying interests around the globe. Much like the lucid dreams themselves, these songs are uncommon and unknown to most people, but deeply profound to those who experience them.

Lucid Dream Meditation:

What's it like to meditate in a lucid dream?

© Kristen E. La Marca

Since becoming an avid lucid dreamer a few years ago, I have made the practice of meditation a part of my daily life. Initially, I began to meditate to strengthen my ability to consciously enter the dream state through the WILD (Wake-Induced Lucid Dream) technique. But upon observing its corresponding benefits, I continued to practice the discipline.

Curious about the Tibetan practice of Dream Yoga as well as the comparisons made between lucid dreaming and meditation, I began to wonder what it would be like to meditate while lucid in a dream. Failing to come across any articles of substance through web searches and having only found tidbits on the topic in the Dreamviews forums, I thought it would be best to experiment with meditation in lucid dreams myself. Of course, sitting around doing nothing instead of partaking in a potentially epic lucid adventure seemed as appealing as cramming for college final exams. However, I considered the impact of meditation on my waking life and decided it was worth a shot the next time I became lucid.

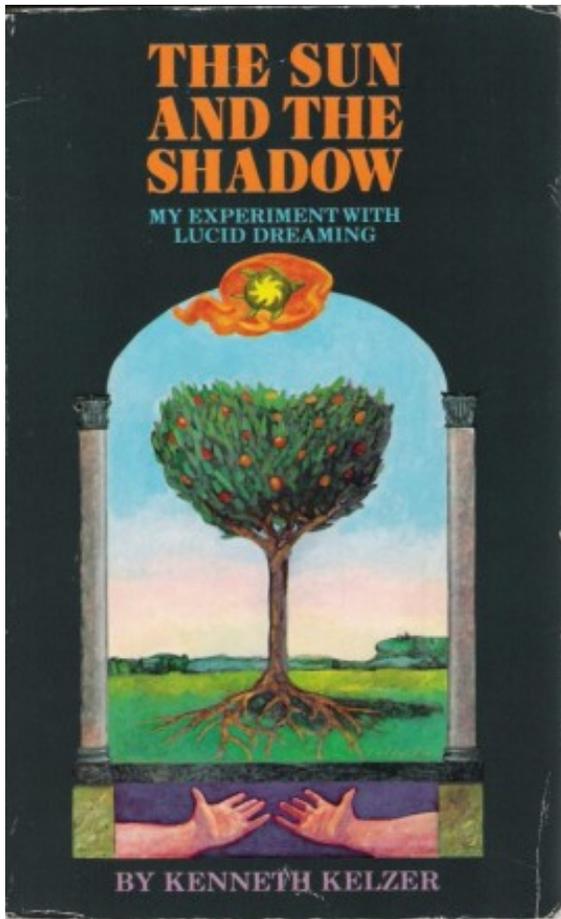
My first experience in lucid dream meditation was somewhat uneventful, but interesting nonetheless. I sat down where I became lucid, closed my eyes, and began to concentrate on my breath. What fascinated me about this experience was how much easier it was to meditate in a lucid dream! I could easily sit up tall and straight without the slightest tinge of discomfort in my lower back. The rewards manifested more immediately as well. I felt as though I was entering some ineffable state of consciousness. I awoke feeling tremendously tranquil, as though I had just completed an hour-long waking meditation in the few minutes I had actually spent in lucid dream meditation.

Intrigued, I continued to meditate in dreams upon achieving lucidity. In my various attempts, the objects of visualization exercises would clearly appear before me, sweeping oceanic feelings would overcome me, and sensations of spaciousness and spacelessness would simultaneously dawn on me. The task had turned out to be much more awe-inspiring and humbling than I had originally expected.

Currently my favorite lucid dream meditation exercise is to meditate on the sacred syllable, Aum. My preference for this specific exercise was precipitated by the blessed experience of my first attempt. Upon realizing I was in a dream, I sat down and placed my palms on my crossed legs as I began to hum the mantra. Without delay, the dreamscape began to reverberate wavelengths that pulsed throughout my body and surroundings. The sound of Aum was no longer being produced by my own voice but by the dream itself. Unexpectedly, my arms involuntarily rose over my head into prayer position and then descended toward my heart. My folded hands then raised to my brow and led me to lean forward and place my palms and forehead on the floor, similar to a traditional, Islamic prayer position. Aware that I had never before performed or seen this specific motion in my waking life, I continued to observe while attempting to contain my astonishment.

As far as I know, most advanced meditators take years of disciplined concentration and practice to achieve the unifying, mystical, and transcendent states of which most don't even have the imaginative capabilities to conceive. Although I feel my lucid meditative experiences were only mere glimpses into these holy, altered states, I still began to question if I was skipping a step or if I was cheating in some way by using the limitless potential of the gift of lucid dreaming to attain these wholly healing experiences. Nevertheless, lucid dream meditation has greatly enhanced not only my dream practices but also my waking life, leaving me with a feeling of connectedness and filling the spiritual void I so often feel in the midst of my busy, modern life. These experiences have encouraged further personal endeavors in lucid dream meditation to help me cultivate more compassion, loving-kindness, reverence and gratitude in my heart.

It has long been known that waking meditation can offer great rewards to those who practice the art, yet it seems very few are motivated enough to expend the time and energy to reap its benefits. For those who are indifferent to trying meditation or not willing to commit themselves to dedicated practice, perhaps the more instantaneous rewards of lucid dream meditation may offer the necessary experiential incentives to open themselves to the meaningful, fulfilling meditative experiences that one could only dream of. Pun intended.



This book is officially “out-of-print”, but the author has a number of copies available. For an autographed copy of *The Sun and the Shadow: My Experiment With Lucid Dreaming*, send a check for \$14.00 to:

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You can also contact the author by phone or email at:
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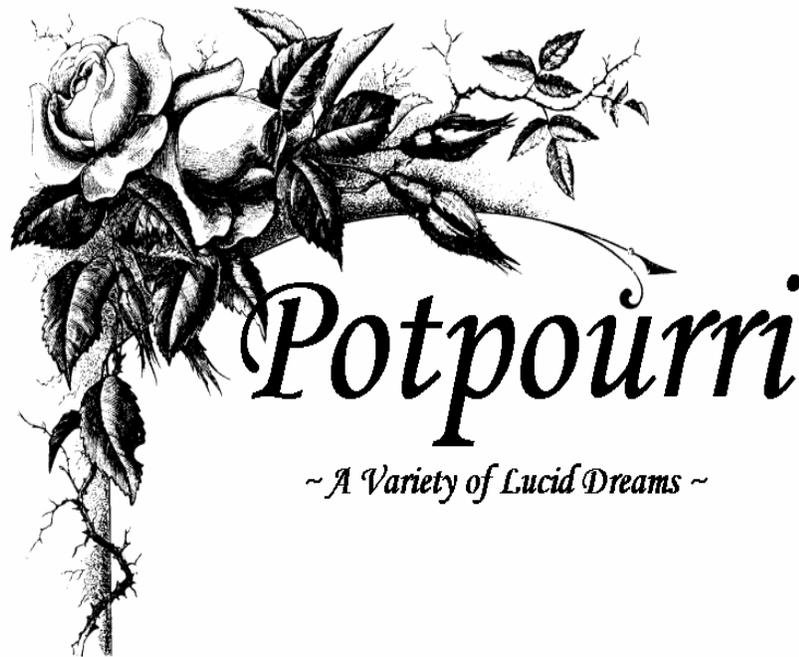
The last issue of LDE saw the debut of "Kid Lucid" in an adventure entitled "The Awakening". Well seems that episode may have been more accurately dubbed "A False Awakening" since the version of the strip that was inadvertently run was actually an earlier take on the character. Here is the revamped, made just for LDE, updated strip. Perhaps this one could now be more aptly called "A New Beginning". Enjoy.

*And maybe you, the reader, can compare and contrast the two.
Comments always welcome.*

- almo



©al mowiz '08



Craig Webb April 25 2008

J. Present As I Go Astral-Lucid and Pulse with 1 Hz Energy

J. is nearby, looking at me expectantly. I feel these strong energies starting to move through my 'body' and I quickly look at my hands, realizing I'm dreaming or that it's an OBE or astral experience of some sort since J. left a while ago. I lie back to surrender and let the energy move through me. It begins alternately pulsing the left and right sides of my body at about 1 Hz or so. Very interesting how all the muscles contract and then let go in a rhythm all on their own. I'm not sure if I'm in a dream or awake, or most likely somewhere between in an astral state of some sort because I sort of wake up in bed a little while later and am very intrigued.

Rebecca Turner January 4 2008

The Mirror Experiment

In my dream, I am 14 years old again. I am in the school changing rooms, putting on my school uniform. I am very focused on what I am doing, and begin to perceive the material of my shirt, the buttons and the pleats in my skirt very vividly. Then it occurs to me that I no longer go to school and must be dreaming.

I go to the changing room mirror and look at my face. Normally when I look in a dream mirror, my face is distorted or old - rarely my own. But this time I look more or less normal. I had been reading about OBEs recently so my next thought is to try to move out of body.

I decide the mirror will separate my astral body from my physical one. I push my face through the mirror and it feels very strange. Behind the mirror, I get a strong sense of the chalky interior of the wall and the old copper water pipes, although I do not physically see them.

Although my intention was to leave my body, I sense that it hasn't worked so I continue to experiment with the mirror. I move my head back and forth through the solid mirror to see if anything else happens. It doesn't, but I am still delighted to be passing my head through physical objects as if they are water. Soon I wake up.

For more lucid dreaming content visit www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

A. Dreamer July 12-13 2008

Dancing In The Air

I am with a bunch of school teachers and some kids. We are on a field trip. The docents have the children and I am with the teachers. Suddenly, for whatever reason, I become lucid. I interrupt a conversation saying, "You know, this is a dream. We don't have to follow the scenario watching the "kids." We can use the dream anyway we want to." Someone says, "Let's hold hands and dance in the air." I think that's a nice idea. We hold hands sort of in a spiral. I'm at the head of the group, floating above the ground. I float along but then look back and see the others are just dancing on the ground, they are not up, not even a little. I try to bring them up so they are floating, but I can't seem to. There are too many and they are just too earthbound.

Lucy Gillis March 16 2008

[WILD] Physicist Script

From the waking state I repeat in my mind, "1 - I'm dreaming, 2 - I'm dreaming," etc. until a dream scene forms and I step into it, into a room.

I see a younger version of actor Martin Clunes sitting at a round table. I am still thinking "1 - I'm dreaming," but now I say it out loud. As soon as I do, Clunes momentarily freezes in mid motion. He is working at something, a script of some kind. I say his name, and then for some reason I introduce myself as "Serena." . . .

He seems confused by my presence. I ask him what he is doing, what character will he play (in the script). He responds that he will be playing the role of a physicist and is learning some physics to become more familiar with the role. I ask him if it is quantum theory or Newtonian physics he is studying. He responds that it is quantum physics. I tell him to read about the philosophical implications of quantum theory and to forget about the equations if he wants an idea of the "feel" of it. He then gets up and begins to write something on a blackboard. I'm interested to see what he will write, but soon see that all he is doing is drawing wavy lines across the board. I am suddenly back in my body in bed.

David L. Kahn June 24 2008

Photographic Memories

I'm in a school hallway that looks to have some similarity to the third floor of my office building by the elevator, except with a school-like hallway and longer. I see beautiful black and white pictures on the wall. They are all large pictures of people.

Something about them I find very beautiful. I realize that I'm dreaming and I am filled with some excitement about that and quickly say, "Show me" and then "Show me what I need to see." I say this because I'm not really sure what to do, and this statement has become kind of a lucid dream standard for me. I look back at the pictures and they are now smaller and in color. I think I liked them better as black and white images, but they are still very nice. I think as though these are thoughts in my mind, like I'm expecting the dream to fade, but it doesn't and I can clearly see these things in front of me. I don't want the dream to fade.

I begin to float upward, mostly with my body facing upward and back towards the ground. As I float upward, I try to maintain the dream, not sure initially if I am, but I feel like I'm fading sometimes and then gain it back. As I do, I see light like the sun above me, though it isn't too bright to hurt my eyes. I feel the distinct sensation of warmth, and it feels very nice. This warmth continues and I see a shape like an electric outline of a box with electric lines moving out diagonally from the corners to make the shape of something like a three dimensional box with the lines all looking electric.

Robert Waggoner ~ August 6-7 2008

Convincing PW

A group of IASD people gather at a home, and then head off to eat dinner at someone's house. I am the last to leave, and help a small bird escape my cat's interest. The bird flies free, and I shut the door.

Looking ahead of me, I see everyone far away. I begin to jog to catch up, but then realize people are paired up already. Even if I catch them, there will be no one to walk with as a pair. I ask someone where we are headed, and they mention a place near Faircrest. Now I decide it would be easier to drive.

Driving, it now seems quite dark, like night. I go down the road, thinking, when I see the outline of an old wheat elevator. Looking closely, I see a village sign, 'Castleton'. This sparks a vague memory, and I realize that I don't live in Kansas any more. This might be a dream. I 'will' myself to float and I do. For a moment, I worry about the car, but then realize this is foolish, as I float through the roof and into the night sky. I zip around flying; I have excellent control.

I recall the party, and now 'will' myself back to it. My 'will' whooshes me through a period of darkness, and then I find myself at a party, still lucid. At first, I walk around and wonder, "Am I invisible?" I see my brother, PW, and ask a question. He responds to me. So I decide to show him that I am lucid, and say, "Watch this!" I plan to push my fingers through the back of a wood chair – but they don't pierce the wood, only dimple it.

My brother walks away, unimpressed. I decide that I need energy, so I throw my arms out, up and back in, and feel the energy pushing into my form. I do this a few times, and it feels good – like I am collecting and moving the unseen energy of the dream. My brother makes some comment, like "That looks silly."

I 'will' myself to fly up to the ceiling, and do so easily. I float along the ceiling, until I am opposite my brother's table, and ask, "So what about this?" He looks a little bit unsurprised, but still unconvinced. We talk, as I point out that I am hanging in space. Now I see that he doesn't get it, so I decide to burst out of the room. I head for a green curtained window at a very high speed.

A. Dreamer July 3-4 2008

Local Lucid (WILD)

I am lying on my bed waking up from a dream. I sense, however, that I am not completely awake, so I get what I know to be a dream image of myself out of the image of "my bed." It is fairly light in "my room" -- just as it should be at the time of the dream (around 7:00 a.m.).

As I "get up", I struggle to remove covers but finally get them off and start to walk. At first my legs are kind of crossed when I walk -- like, I later realize, my actual sleeping position. That makes the walking awkward until dreambody image is completely severed from waking body image. Then I walk normally and go to my sliding door out to the deck. I walk through the door and see one of my cats lying by the door. I mostly ignore her and go down the steps which are in a different position than in reality. In the dream they go down to a second landing -- a flat space, sort of a nice -- looking picnic area, kind of rustic, not fancy and not existing at all in waking life. There may have been a picnic table and benches. I am amazed that the image my mind created.

But from there things become completely rough -- a bunch of stones descending into a chasm -- sort of like a stone quarry maybe. I wonder how I can get down and don't think of floating down. Then I find some steppingstones to the side that go down more gradually. I jump from one to the next and get down part way.

On the other side I hear a rustling up ahead. I believe it could be a wild animal, maybe a wolf. Then, looking back up the other way, I see a coyote-like dog that perhaps belongs to a neighbor. I bark at it to keep it from coming into our "yard." Then I wake up.

Chantale August 2008

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

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

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

Lucy Gillis May 25 2008

"Moosid" Dreaming

I am in a house that is supposedly my childhood home, but it does not look anything like the waking life version. At some point, I'm looking out the kitchen window at the lake. There is a flat, marshy area along the edge of the beach and thick woodlands that stretch up a high hill. I am talking to M, and while I do so, still looking out the window, I begin to see animals appearing at the edge of the marsh. Some look quite strange -- I can't tell exactly what they are.

Then I recognize one as a moose, heading out into the water. For some reason seeing the moose triggers me to lucidity. I exclaim, "I'm in a dream! We are in a dream!" The "me" that says this feels distinctly like a younger version of me.

I tell M 'we do things, like pass-through walls, when lucid.' We are then both standing in front of a white, textured wall. I put my hands on the wall, like I do when I want to melt glass to pass-through it. I melt the wall under my palms, and poke my hands through. I glance over at M to see her do the same thing. With one hand, her right, she penetrates through up to her wrist. She seems unimpressed, almost distracted, not really focused on what she's doing.

I pull my hands back out and tell her that we can pass all the way through and I demonstrate by pushing my head and hands through the melted wall. On the other side of the wall, I turn my head to the right to see she has followed my example. She hasn't. I briefly note that I'm partway in another room that is furnished in dark wood, with hardwood floors. I notice the sensation of a thin, filmy, transparent sheath off the melted wall on my upper body. I then either wake immediately, or dream non-lucidly for a short time.

A. Dreamer July 9-10 2008

Two False Awakenings

Fisrt

I hear stirring in the room where my cats are sleeping. I get up and try to turn on my light. It won't work. I go into the kitchen, try that light but it won't work either. I can see a little. One cat is up and about. Then I wake up. I admonished myself for not becoming lucid with the obvious (light switch) dream sign. Then I go back to sleep.

Shortly I wake up again. I turn on my light but it won't work. This time I consider, unlikely though it seems, I could be dreaming. I jump up and float so become lucid. I go back into the kitchen, planning to go out the side door and up onto Berryman Street. My cats are up. I open the door and go out. One of my cats escapes. It is quite dark and

they are only allowed to be out in the daytime. (Despite years of local lucid experience I become confused and think I need to bring in my cats rather than remembering I am dreaming my cats go out.)

So I go after the cat and grab her. She becomes like a rabbit once she's in my arms. But then she starts to struggle, trying halfheartedly to scratch and bite me. I get her in, but then I wake up. I get up again, turn on the light, but it won't work. I thought I woke up, but apparently I didn't. I jump up and float so once more become lucid.

This time I go through the back door and onto my deck. I look down at the yard in the semi light. I see the glint of a pond where there isn't really one so go down to explore. Once I'm down there is water all over the place as if there has been a flood. I try to get to the pond without slipping in the flood water. Then I keep walking to the end of the yard.

At that point I wake up. I sit up and turn on the light. Again it won't work. I must still be dreaming. I jump up and to float prove it, then go out the back door again. It is very dark this time. The yard is filled with bushes and brambles. I go down into the tangle though I can barely see. I accidentally poke my finger on a thorn. The pain feels very realistic (maybe because the day before I poked my finger on something so have a strong memory.) I walk a bit more than wake up. I turn on the light. Again it won't work. I get up and to my usual reality tests then become lucid once more. I start to wonder -- what if I'm no longer alive. How can I tell? I look back at my bed and see my body.

I decide to go out again. It is very dark. I say, "more light", as I look down from the deck steps onto the yard. As I go down the steps it becomes lighter like early morning before sunrise. I decide to go to the in-law cottage, imagine someone to be living there and visit them. When I get there, the cottage is gone. I think I see a small building just beyond. When I get there it disappears but then I see signs of someone living close by. I go on and find a small, unfinished shack-like cabin. By it stands an oldish woman with short, curly gray hair. I go up to her though I have no idea if we'll be able to have a conversation. I say I'd like to talk to her a few minutes if that would be okay. She says in a pleasant voice, "Certainly you may talk to me." She calls me by my name. I begin, "I feel uncertain and confused. . . ." She says, "Tell me your story." I'm not sure where to begin. I wake up before I get a start. This time the light goes on.

Little White House

Second

I get up and go into the kitchen. My cats are up and about, obviously hungry. I can't recall what makes me aware I could be dreaming, but I become lucid after doing a reality test. I go out the side door and think of visiting the house next door. Then I decide not to, since I know the neighbor some, and it might be hard to impose a "blank state" on the house. I go on down the street and come to this neat, small white house which I don't realize until I wake up only exists in my dream. I want to explore it but wake up.

Jan Koslow Summer 2008

The Wiz of Koz

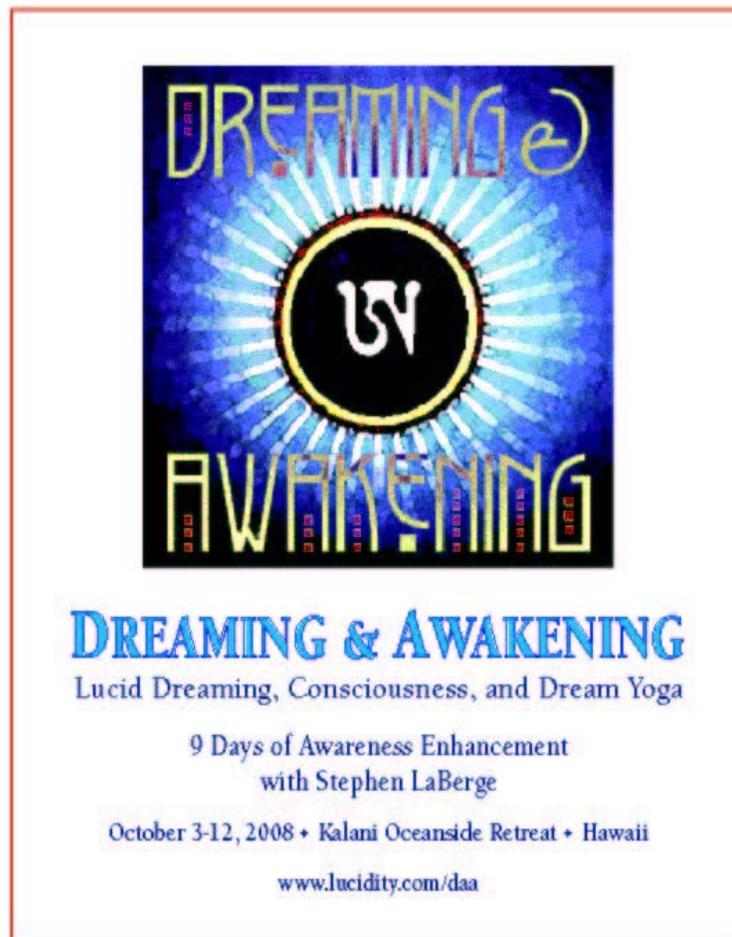
Someone I know who recently got 2 new puppies wanted me to try to lucid dream and see if I could find out what kind of dogs they were. A couple nights later I had this lucid dream: The thought to reality check didn't occur to me until looking at the sky. The stars were insanely vivid, and I could see Saturn as well as other planets and shooting stars. I now realize this is one of my dreamsigns. So while taking a picture with my iphone, I reality checked, and was actually quite surprised to find out I was dreaming.

The dream had been so long and realistic I felt relieved to know it wasn't real, and sort of silly for never questioning it before, but I was high now that I was lucid. The first thing I did was climb the nearest house and jumped onto the golf course. I tried calling for a new dream guide, but no one came. The golf course was very cool, and the attention to detail in the landscaping was amazing. The bushes, trees and plants were all beautiful, and I remember being impressed with a statue of a frog.

Immediately I remembered the challenge to discover my friend's new dogs, so I had to think of a way to get there. I saw some houses and I thought to myself, I'll go into that house and my friend will be there with her dogs. I had the impression that it was very late at night, so I felt strange breaking into a house. I thought about breaking the window, but I didn't really want to. What if the people in the house thought I was robbing them or something? So I tried a door. It opened, but it was one of those screen doors before the real doors type thing. To my surprise, that door opened too, and no alarm went off. I was even more relieved when I saw a man and woman in the kitchen, eating breakfast and preparing for their day. Thinking quick, I acted as confidently as I could, as if I was supposed to be there, and said, "is (my friend) home?" The man said yes, she is in her room upstairs.

I walked up the stairs amazed at how well things just work out in dreams. There was a bathroom and a room so I entered the room to find her in her bed. There were 5 puppies on the floor, in 2 separate groups.. The first group was of 3 small, strange puppies. They were strange because they resembled cell phones to me, and 2 of them were light blue, one was beige. They might have had whiskers on their tiny faces, but they definitely did not look like real dogs. The other group was also strange. They were 2 dogs who were fuzzy and sort of shaped like squares. Again, one was light blue, the other was beige. I knew I couldn't tell what type of dogs these were, so I asked you, what kinds of dogs are these? The woman had come up from downstairs (I assumed she was your mom), and she said that the group of 3 were her dogs. So I said, what kind are the 2 new ones? But as my friend started to answer I felt myself drifting out and I was back in my bed. I looked at my phone and it was 5:55 a.m.

I tried to think of the symbology behind the dogs to see if any of it would make sense. After reading the dream, my friend told me that she had a 2 story house with her room upstairs, a screen door before the front door, (which is pretty rare in south Florida), and the kitchen is in the middle with the table on the right, all just like I saw in my dream. I certainly wasn't expecting that!





IASD psiberdreaming conference 2008 Celebrate IASD's 25th Anniversary By



DREAMING THE FUTURE OF DREAMING

SUBMIT YOUR DREAM ART

IASD will be seeking Dream Art submissions for the *PsiberDreaming Art Gallery*. This is an international open call for painters, photographers, conceptual digital graphics, fiber artists, dream doodlers, etc. We are especially interested to see dream based artwork that falls into this years PsiberDreaming conference theme: *Dreaming of the Future*. Keep in mind that this is not a brick and mortar gallery. There's no need to frame, wire, bang a nail into a wall. This online gallery will be open to PsiberDreaming online conference participants. Our needs are simple: jpeg images of your Dream-based artwork and a text narrative of the dream itself. Official Rules of Entry will be posted to the IASD Bulletin Board soon! Be part of the Dream Art Movement!

<http://www.asdreams.org>

CALL FOR PROPOSALS

Since it began seven years ago, IASD's PsiberDreaming Online Conference has become one of the finest conferences available anywhere on the Internet: Reasonably priced and lots of fun. Join us from Sunday, September 21 through Sunday, October 5 for two weeks of nonstop interaction and inspiration.

The theme of IASD's PsiberDreaming Conference 2008 will be *Dreaming the Future of Dreaming*. Because IASD is celebrating its 25th Anniversary, co-hosts Jean Campbell and Rita Dwyer decided it would be very interesting to look back at the dreamwork of those past years and a look forward to what our dreams suggest the future might bring, particularly in the area of Psi Dreaming. Our presenters and attendees will represent many countries and disciplines, sharing news and views, as well as contributing to the artwork shown in our conference gallery and competing in contests, such as precognitive and telepathic dreaming.

PsiberDreaming conferences involve paper presentations (approximately 10 pages), workshops, and other activities, scheduled each day of the two-week online conference. If you have an idea for a presentation, send the title plus a brief synopsis to Jean Campbell and Rita Dwyer at jccampb@aol.com, by August 15, 2008 or earlier. Guidelines for presentation will be sent to presenters upon acceptance of their proposals. Presenters must agree to answer questions and interact with conference participants for at least two days after their presentations are put up online.

TALK WITH US HERE AT THE CONFERENCE

Jean Campbell

Rita Dwyer

Go ahead and dream of the future --- but don't forget to SAVE THE DATE!!!

LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

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

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's Dream Flights

The premier site for flying dreams. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the new section entitled "Lucid Dreaming"

<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

alt.dreams.lucid and alt.out-of-body

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

<http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/dreamthemes>

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

www.dreams.ca

Richard Hilton's Lucid Dream Documentary

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

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.

<http://schrift-und-traum.ch/ring/tholey2.html>

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://beverly.durso.org/>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

<http://www.dreamingtrue.com/>

Rebecca's Website

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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Deadline: November 5 2008

www.dreaminglucid.com