

# LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

Number 29 • December 2003

**Are You Awake?  
Wake Up and Dream  
DreamSpeak Part One  
The More Lucid Dreams Project  
Manifesting Color in Lucid Dreams**

**"October Dreams"**

Shirley Hadley

# The Lucid Dream Exchange

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October Dreams  
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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 via e-mail to [lucy\\_gillis@hotmail.com](mailto:lucy_gillis@hotmail.com). Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.

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

## Subscriptions

The print copy of LDE is \$5.00 per issue to cover printing and postage costs. Contact Robert at [Dreambob@aol.com](mailto:Dreambob@aol.com) if you wish to purchase print copies. To receive LDE for free (via e-mail) send a blank email to:

[TheLucidDreamExchange-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:TheLucidDreamExchange-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)

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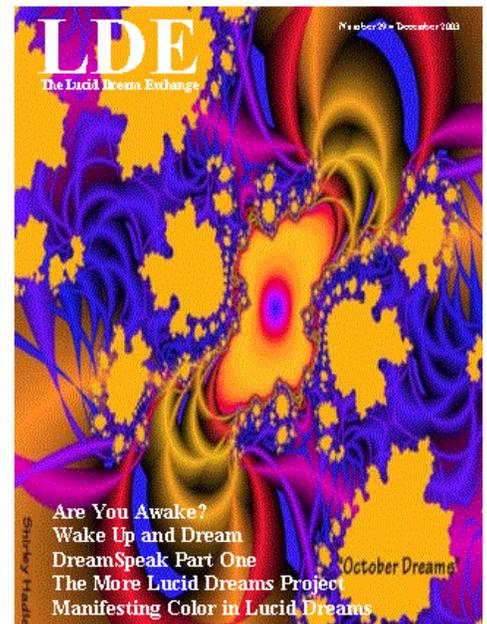


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*Thank you!*



# Dream Speak

## **An Interview With Beverly D'Urso: A Lucid Dreamer - Part One**

© Beverly D'Urso  
Questions by Robert Waggoner

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

**Robert: Beverly, thanks for doing an interview with the LDE. Since you play a pivotal part in the development of lucid dreaming, tell us how your interest in dreaming began.**

**Beverly:** I grew up in a small suburb of Chicago, the only child of a lower-middle class family. I was very close to my parents. When I was about five years old, my grandfather came to live with us. It was around this time that I remember having a series of recurring nightmares.

I imagined gruesome witches living in the back of my dark and scary closet. In my dreams, I'd be quietly playing or lying in bed. Without notice, the witches would sneak out and come after me. I'd scream and run through the house, making it to the back porch and sometimes down the back stairs, but never any further. I'd fall on the cement at the bottom of the stairs, spread eagle on my back, and just as they were about to devour me, I'd wake up. In an icy sweat, breathing fast, I'd be terrified of going to sleep again. For a few weeks, the witches would leave me alone, but, when I least expected it, they'd be back. After years of this same recurring dream, I'd find myself pleading, as I lie on the cement with the witches hovering over me, "Please, spare me tonight. You can have me in tomorrow's night's dream!" At that point, they'd stop their attack and I'd wake up. However, the dream was still very upsetting, and I always hated going to sleep. I would lie in bed and tell myself that the witches only came in my dreams, while I was safe in bed. I tried to get myself to remember this the next time they appeared.

**Robert: So, recurring nightmares led you to realize that witches only came in dreams. When did you consciously realize this in the dream state and become lucid?**

**Beverly:** One hot, sticky summer night, when I was seven, I was especially afraid of going to sleep. I was sure the witches would appear in my dreams that night. My mom was sleeping on the living room couch, which she often did when it was so hot. The front door was opened to create a breeze. So, still being awake about two in the morning, I grabbed an old, dark pink, American Indian blanket. I put the blanket on the floor next to the couch to be close to my mom, and I fell asleep.

Soon, I found myself back in my bedroom, unknowingly in a dream, and noticed the closet door creaking open. I knew at once it was the witches, and I began to run for my life. I barely made it through the kitchen. As I raced across the porch and down the stairs, I tripped as usual and immediately those horrifying witches caught up to me. The instant before I started to plead with them, the thought flashed through my mind, "If I ask them to take me in tomorrow night's dream, then this must be a dream!" Instantly, my fear dissolved. I looked the witches straight in

the eye and said, "What do you want?" They gave me a disgusting look, but I knew I was safe in a dream, and I continued, "Take me now. Let's get this over with!" I watched with amazement, as they quickly disappeared into the night. I woke up on the floor next to my mom feeling elated. I knew they were gone. I never had the witch nightmare in this form again! I would later have new episodes with the witches in my dreams and discover similar witch scenarios in my waking life.

**Robert: Did that initial lucid dream realization change your outlook on dreaming? How so?**

**Beverly:** My dreams were really fun after that night. Remembering the feeling of facing the witches, I learned to recognize when I was asleep and dreaming. Safe in the dream, I would do things I'd never do when awake! Being a very obedient student during the daytime, I would dream of being in class jumping wildly and carefree all over the tops of the school desks. Whatever I desired, was possible. Whatever I thought, would occur. I felt ecstatic. I could face other fears, heal or nurture myself emotionally, resolve conflicts or blocks, have adventures, help others, or just have fun. I could fly, visit places, people, or time periods, and generally "do the impossible!"

I made up ways to wake myself up from dreams, such as staring at bright streetlights in the dream, whenever I wanted to end a dream. Oftentimes, I would lay in bed imagining myself doing backward summersaults and float right into my dream, without ever losing consciousness, as I fell asleep. I figured out how to stay in a dream, if I felt I was waking up, how to change the dream scene, and even how to repeat the same dream!

**Robert: What other things did you learn to do in your early lucid dreaming?**

**Beverly:** I learned to fly in my dreams, as well. Usually, I would be lucid. I started out flying like a little bird, having to flap my wings to stay up. This could take much effort. As I grew up, I discovered that I could fly like superman, soaring effortlessly through the air, arms first. At some point, I must have hit some telephone wires or some other barrier because I fell. I soon realized that because it was my dream, I could fly right through physical objects of any kind. I had fun flying through walls and even deep into the earth. As I matured in my lucid dreaming skills, I could eliminate flying by merely imagining that where I wanted to go was right behind me. This soon got boring, and I went back to flying for the simple pleasure it brought me. However, lately, I have been doing what I call "surrender flying." I lean back, and I let an invisible force pull me upwards from my heart area. This is a very ecstatic sensation, and it often leads me to places of great peace and power, which remain with me even after I wake up.

**Robert: My earliest lucid awareness came when I was 10 or 11 years old, and saw dinosaurs in the public library in my dream and announced that this must be a dream. Besides the witches, what else helped you realize that you were dreaming?**

**Beverly:** Often, in dreams, I would often find myself in front of my childhood home. At times, there were changes to the structure of the house. Other times the house changed in impossible ways. Sometimes, people other than my parents were living there. In the dream, I'd often get confused and scared. However, the more I thought about it while awake, the more I realized that I only saw the house this way when I was in a dream. So, I told myself, the next time I'm in front of my childhood home, I will check for these changes. If I see them, I will know that I am dreaming. From then on, seeing my childhood home was often a clue for me to become lucid in my dreams. Once I became lucid in this manner, I could pursue any other goals that I might have for that night.

**Robert: What I find amazing is that you were so young. Did your lucid dreaming make you feel unusual, or did you feel special?**

**Beverly:** My lucid dreaming experiences continued throughout my teenage years. However, I never knew the term "lucid dreaming." I thought that everyone dreamed this way every night. I guess I liked the experiences, so I thought about them at night, in bed, before I went to sleep. I suspected that I was dreaming whenever I would have problems in a dream, for example, when all my teeth would start to fall out, when my contacts would grow or multiply, or when I would find myself on shooting elevators or on bridges that were too steep to drive on.

I often dreamed of my close friend from high school, named Denise, She died in a car accident, when I was nineteen. At first, I'd see her, and we would continue as we would have when she was still alive. One time, I remembered that she had died. It scared me so much that I woke up. Afterwards, I learned to stay in the dream and talk to her. It took me time to get accustomed to hearing her voice, but I was finally able to ask her questions, and, eventually, listen to her answers. I felt very relieved to connect with her this way. It helped me deal more easily with my father in my dreams after he died, in 1992. By then, I was an expert!

**Robert: What other types of lucid dream experiences surprised you back then?**

**Beverly:** I would sometimes end a dream, think I woke up, yet find myself in another dream. These are called "false awakenings." Sometimes, I would 'wake up' ten or twenty times in a row, but usually the time it took me to realize that I was still dreaming shortened exponentially. For example, I

would realize I was still dreaming when I left the house for the day in a dream. The next time, in a similar dream, I would recognize I was still dreaming earlier, when I was in the shower, and so on. Finally, I would still be in bed, waking up, when I'd realize I was still in a dream. I have gotten better at recognizing false awakenings through the years.

**Robert: So how did it happen that you met Stephen LaBerge?**

**Beverly:** In the late 1970s, I moved to California to finish my graduate work in computer science at Stanford University. Soon after I arrived, I went to see a dream expert to find out if I could learn to dream less often. I thought that waking up too often with dreams was disturbing my sleep. The expert asked me to describe some of my common dreams. When I did, she told me that my dreams were called "lucid dreams." She said lucid dreaming was a valuable skill that people were trying to learn. I was very surprised! I only saw her once, but many years later she showed up at a presentation I was giving on my lucid dreaming experiences. I decided that if I were going to remember so many dreams anyway, at least many of them were lucid!

At the time, I was finishing a master's project with a Stanford Cognitive Psychology professor. I told one of his other students that I was a lucid dreamer. He said that I had to meet his friend Stephen LaBerge, who was doing his dissertation on this exact subject.

After Stephen and I were introduced at an initial meeting, we discovered that we both did similar things in our lucid dreams. He asked me to try some things at home and report back to him. When he asked me to try spinning in a dream and see what happened, I already knew the answer. My somersault dreams were like spinning backwards. I used them to get into new dream scenes. Steven also found that spinning in his dreams created new scenes, as well. He attributed it to something in the inner ear that affected a certain part of the brain.

**Robert: Obviously you both shared similar interests in lucid awareness. Did that lead to being a research subject?**

**Beverly:** Stephen invited me to participate in some experiments at the Stanford Sleep Laboratory. I ended up sleeping at the lab and doing experiments about once a month for many years. I also did many experiments for publicity, such as television or magazine specials. I succeeded every time I was in the lab, except one time early on when the technical equipment failed.

Before I came along, Stephen had used himself as the subject to show that one could be definitely in the sleeping state and signal the beginning of a predetermined task from

a dream. He wondered how what we dream in our mind affects our physical body. For example, if we dream that we breathe slowly, does our physical breathing slow down? Although we can not, for example, cause our hearts to stop beating in a dream, in general, the activity of our dream bodies can be recognized as happening in our physical bodies, as well.

**Robert:** So how did the research begin with you as the subject?

**Beverly:** In the lab, I would signal from a dream, and my signals would be picked up by EEG machines in the lab via electrodes on my body. During this process, my brain waves, and other body functions, were also being monitored. They showed that I was unequivocally in the sleep state, particularly REM sleep, while I was signaling.

The first time Stephen signaled in the lab, he squeezed his arm muscles in Morse code for his initials. When I tried squeezing my arm muscles in an experiment, the signal was not strong enough to register, so we decided on using a new signal. We used eye movements, because eye movement is not as inhibited as other body movements during sleep. I would move my dream eyes back and forth in the dream and the left-right movements, from my physical eyes in bed, connected to electrodes, would appear in the lab on the polygraph machine. I used a double left-right left-right movement to show that I knew I was dreaming. I would use a similar movement to signal that I was about to begin a task in a dream. I eventually decided to use to series of these, or four left-right signals, to say that I was waking up, or about to wake myself up.

**Robert:** What other lucid dream research did you do in those early years?

**Beverly:** After I demonstrated that I could have lucid dreams at will, every time I was in the laboratory, I did many other experiments that used the signals. After signaling that I knew I was dreaming and in a dream, I would signal that I was about to begin a predetermined task. One time, we decided I would sing a song, which should have activated a certain area of my brain, which was also being monitored by electrodes. It did. Another time, I did a more mathematical task of counting from one to ten, which should have activated a different area of my brain, just as it would while awake. The experiments showed that the same

parts of the brain were activated while dreaming a task, as when doing it while awake.

**Robert:** Did you ever have problems as a lucid dreamer on these research nights?

**Beverly:** One time, I was in the lab doing an experiment for *Smithsonian Magazine*. My task was to get lucid, and then clap my dream hands to determine if an electrode on my physical ear would register the dream sound. In the dream, I signaled lucidity, but I couldn't clap my hands. A buoyancy compensatory had unexpectedly expanded around me, and I couldn't get both hands to meet. I had recently learned to scuba dive. A buoyancy compensatory is a device used for floating that expands around the center of the body. The part that the reporters didn't realize was that just as I was going to sleep, Stephen had whispered to me that maybe I could solve the ancient Zen koan of "the sound of one hand clapping." I believe that the reason my subconscious couldn't get my hands to clap was because then I wouldn't be making the sound of "one" hand clapping.

During another lab experiment, my eye movements were being monitored, as usual. In a lucid dream, before I moved my eyes, I explained what I was going to do to the dream character that represented my friend Tim. He said, "Oh, you mean you move your eyes back and forth like this?" He then moved his eyes in this manner. After I signaled and woke up, we noticed that there were two eye signals recorded.

Tim's eyes moving in the dream must have affected my physical eyes. This made me wonder if all dream characters are really aspects of the dreamer as well.

**Robert:** It seems that the lucid dream research focused mostly on physiological correlations between dream experience and waking experience, rather than, say, the psychological meaning of dream characters, etc. Is that the case?

**Beverly:** We did many more experiments in the lab through the years. I tried estimating time in a dream and while wake. The estimates turned out to be very similar. We believed that time sometimes seems different in dreams because dreams often work the way movies do. When scenes end in movies, often new activity from a later period begins immediately. In other experiments, I followed patterns with my dream eyes. For example, in a dream, I would watch my finger make an infinity sign about two feet wide in front of

*"In the lab, I would signal from a dream, and my signals would be picked up by EEG machines in the lab via electrodes on my body. During this process, my brain waves, and other body functions, were also being monitored. They showed that I was unequivocally in the sleep state, particularly REM sleep, while I was signaling."*

*Beverly D'Urso*

my face, and we'd compare it to my physical eyes following this same pattern while awake. Oddly enough, I would often do these experiments after working all day on my Ph.D., and performing all evening with my professional belly dance troupe. Talk about working 24 hours a day!

In another ground-breaking experiment, I was in the Stanford Sleep Lab, hooked up to electrodes and vaginal probes. My goal was to have sex in a dream and experience an orgasm. I dreamed that I flew across Stanford campus and saw a group of tourists walking down below. I swooped down and tapped one dream guy, wearing a blue suit, on the shoulder. He responded right there on the walkway. We make love, and I signaled the onset of sex, the orgasm, and when I was about to wake up. We later published this experiment in the *Journal of Psychophysiology* as the first recorded female orgasm in a dream.

**Robert: Did dream lab work affect your normal lucid dreaming?**

**Beverly:** During this time period, while at home in my bedroom, I found myself in a dream. Dream scientists asked me to go to sleep in a chair. They wanted to study me. By falling asleep in a dream chair, I actually woke up, and I wrote down the dream. I went back to sleep, and I found myself in the same dream chair with the dream scientists. I asked them what they observed while they saw me sleeping, while I had actually woke up and recorded the dream. They said I was almost paralyzed, except that my eyes were moving quickly back and forth, left and right. Was my waking life a dream to these dream scientists? I began to use the process of falling asleep in a dream as a way to wake up.

**Robert: So what about your lucid dreams in the lab? Were they affected by the laboratory setting?**

**Beverly:** In the laboratory, I learned to wait until early morning hours to even try to have a lucid dream. After eight hours of sleep, it would be easier for me to become lucid. We found this to be true for most people. For example, I would say, "I will do the experiment at 7:30 a.m." I picked this time because it was before the office personnel would come in and begin to make noises.

Picking a time, also made it easier for the media people. Instead of watching my brain waves all night, they could rest, and know exactly when to watch me perform live. I normally woke up after most REM periods, about every hour and a half. When I would wake up between six and seven a.m., I would then focus on my lucid dreaming task. This process is how we came up with the technique called "MILD," or Mnemonic induction of lucid dreams.

In my laboratory dreams, I would often find myself in a lab setting, similar to the one in which I was sleeping. In my dreams, I would often joke with the dream characters who

represented the lab technicians or the media people. Sometimes, I would fly over their heads for fun. I would always remember to signal at the point when I knew I was dreaming, and at the beginning and ending of any of my tasks.

**Robert: Was it odd having news media attention about lucid dreaming?**

**Beverly:** Once, I was asked to do a lucid dreaming experiment at the lab for the television show 20/20. While being hooked up to electrodes used to verify my sleeping brain waves, I sat next to Hugh Downs, the host of the show. I had known him from television since I was a child. He wanted to try his luck at becoming lucid in his dreams that night. I became lucid easily that night, finding myself in a bed that looked like the one in the lab where I had fallen asleep. I got the idea to head towards Oakland, and maybe make it to a scheduled Grateful Dead concert. I got half way there, when I remembered that I was being filmed for a national television show. One of my goals was to bring Hugh Downs flying. I turned around midair and quickly flew back to the Stanford Sleep Lab. I looked for what I thought would be the wall of Hugh's room. I nudged him on the side and said, "Hugh, wake up! I have come to take you flying." He seemed very sleepy, so I took his hand, and I gently pulled him out of bed. We got to the coliseum just as the Grateful Dead were playing on stage. Because we were like ghosts, it was easy to merely float right over the band, in fact, directly over the lead guitar player, Jerry Garcia's, head. We had the best location in the place, and the music sounded especially clear and vibrant. The next morning, I asked Hugh if he remembered any dreams. Unfortunately, he didn't, but he seemed very pleased when I told him mine. The reporters interviewed me, but as far as I know the segment was never shown.

**Robert: Sexual desires seem fairly common in my lucid dreams and in most other lucid dreamers'. Was this the case in your experience as well?**

**Beverly:** In my lucid dreams, I have had sex with dream characters who represent men, women, old people, young people, strangers, relatives, as well as people of various races and classes. I have been the woman, the man, half woman/half man, both split from waist, and with both a penis and a vagina. I have been a man with a man, a woman with a woman, an old man with young girls, with groups and alone. I have made love physically with myself in all combinations. I can barely think of some sexual situation that I have not experienced. These dreams are all very enjoyable and everyone is always totally accepting.

I would sometimes give myself challenges while not in the lab, as well. In one very powerful lucid dream, I felt very

*Continued on page 28*

# Wake Up and Dream

## The Hypnotic Benefits of Lucid Dreaming

© Lee Betchley C.Ht.

Hypnotherapists recognize the value of dreams for revealing information from the subconscious mind and venting blockages and frustrations as therapeutic change occurs. A lesser known but highly effective aspect of dreaming is "lucid dreaming" - the awareness that you are dreaming while you are dreaming.

It's an ability every one possesses, yet is dormant in most people. Therapists can assist clients to develop lucidity or increase the degree of lucidity through specific techniques and practice. As you may know, any hypnotic suggestion is most effective when the client takes some form of immediate action. This is also true for increasing lucidity. After receiving hypnotic suggestions, the client could buy a dream journal or write a personal affirmation. This reinforces to the unconscious mind the seriousness of the intention. The intention of the client is an important aspect of any hypnotic work.

I discovered lucid dreaming as it occurred naturally in my sleep. It became a way to cope with childhood nightmares. While dreaming, I became aware of something that would cause me to think clearly, "This is a dream." I knew consciously that if I were to open my waking eyes, I'd find myself safe in my bedroom. I learned that in a nightmare I could face my fears, realizing that the fear was real but the danger was not. This gave me courage and created dreams that were empowering experiences.

Almost everyone has experienced a nightmare. For some they can be a reoccurring scene or dream. And for others it can be a fearful experience that can cause distress. Many dream

researchers agree that nightmares are unrecognized unresolved conflicts in the waking life. The most effective treatment includes dream interpretation, guided imagery in hypnosis, or dreaming lucidly.

Several years ago I dreamt I was in the desert. There is a long line of people leading to a fork in the path. The line splits at that point with some people walking further into the desert and the others going into this magnificent casino. A tall dark man catches my attention. He insists I go into the casino

*"Through lucidity the line between the dream world and the waking world begins to blur, providing unique opportunities to interact consciously with your subconscious mind."*

*Lee Betchley*

and grabs my arm. I am hesitant to disobey him. I suddenly realize that I am not walking to the door but "floating", so I must be dreaming. I am staring at the dark man and remind myself that this is a dream. Suddenly I start to laugh and say; "I know who you are." His face changes. "You're Satan. And you're trying to trick me." I start flying around him, teasing him. In that instant he was no longer a powerful evil figure but just some man. It was an incredible feeling to know that I had the freedom to make a choice, go where I wanted to go and return if I wanted. That dream empowered me with the knowledge that as long as I could recognize fear and name it, it can never have power over me. It was as if I had bypassed years of therapy.

Hypnotherapists know the power of an active imagination in hypnosis and the waking state. Think how much more powerful that active imagination can be in dreaming. Dream content is as vivid

and rich as perception during the waking state - in fact, even more so. The dream world is multi-dimensional, multi-textural, and so "real" that studies have shown physiological response to take place as if the event were actually happening.

Imagine developing your ability to dream lucidly. You could rehearse an important speech, ask for a raise, audition, or practice your golf swing so vividly in a dream that the brain activity would respond identically during the "real" event. How about the possibilities for problem solving, self-empowerment, healing and even personal transcendence.

Clients who are currently working on increasing their lucidity have had amazing results. One woman told me her waking dentist suggested she use creative visualization to help an area he had worked on. That week she had conjured up a "dream dentist" who applied a "special bandage" on the tooth. When her waking dentist examined the area a few days later, he was surprised at the healing that had taken place.

Lucid dreaming is a skill that anyone can develop with motivation and effort. The enjoyment and benefits are well worth it. What could you do with the third of your life that is spent sleeping? How could you use it to benefit the other two-thirds? Through lucidity the line between the dream world and the waking world begins to blur, providing unique opportunities to interact consciously with your subconscious mind.

*Lee Betchley is a Certified Hypnotherapist/Master and NLP Practitioner.*

# The Lime That Wasn't:

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In 1990, I was given permission by a dreamer I'll call Natalie to dream for her. She was looking for some insight into her persistent ailment. I had a couple of lucid dreams and the second featured a lime-green snake.

About a month after that dream, Natalie was diagnosed with Lyme disease. I'd heard about the illness, but had never seen it written down. I thought it was spelled "Lime" disease. Lyme and lime? The dream was a precognitive pun.

This was at a time when Lyme disease was fairly new to the medical profession. In fact, a certain segment of that population refused to believe that it was a "real" disease! You can imagine what a patient had to put up with, being sick and having to argue with a physician at the same time. It's one of several conditions that can get dismissed as being "all in your head" (the same sort of attitude as "go back to bed; it's just a dream"). This reaction is quite tragic. The patient gets no effective treatment, plus he has to deal with obstinane, pomposity and,

more likely than not, anger and belittlement.

## The Guides, 9/25/90

*Lucid, I am talking to a dark-haired woman. When I ask, "What's wrong with Natalie?", she pulls back with a distressed look on her face. For some reason I decide to treat her body as if it is Natalie's and try for an intuitive impression.*

*To my surprise, I don't get any indication of specific injury, like in the hip, where I expected I might. Instead, there is a general impression of molecular malnutrition.*

Natalie was suffering from joint pain, which is why I thought her problem might have to do with bursitis, arthritis, or osteoporosis. Actually, Lyme disease has the ability to overcome the immune system and produce a host of symptoms. It's a multisystemic infection that attacks the weakest parts of the body. It might, indeed, affect the musculoskeletal system. Or the digestive, respiratory, circulatory, and reproductive systems, and possibly eyes, ears, mental capability as well as psychological well-being!

A multimodal approach seems to work best, with osteopathy, applied kinesiology, chiropractic, homeopathy and diet among the suggested treatments.

## Lucid Tests, 10/26/90

*In the midst of a lucid dream, I'm in an outdoor, forested area. I look up and see, a ways off, a man wearing a turban and sitting on a low rectangular, coffee table surrounded by a hookah, pillows, and other oriental paraphernalia. So I walk over and lean down to his level and extend my hand.*

In Lyme disease, the body is infected by a bacteria which is transmitted by ticks. Ticks love wooded areas with lots of foliage, piles of rocks and other hiding places.

*"Hi! Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Linda Magallón." The energy of my approach must surprise him because he undergoes a metamorphosis. By the time I'm close enough to shake his hand, most of him has turned into a coiled ceramic snake with a light lime green glaze. He seems like a childish creation with chips in the glaze along the bottom coil.*

*Nevertheless, I can still feel a human hand and even as a snake he still retains his turbaned head, so he reminds me of the caterpillar from Alice in Wonderland.*



# Health and The Lucid Dream

The Lyme disease bacteria is corkscrew-shaped and it can metamorph!

This infectious spirochete is a clever and debilitating thief. It's been documented to hide in the cells where it evades most antibiotics. It has the ability to transform its appearance chemically, in much the same way a criminal might change clothes and hair color to evade detection and capture.

I'm glad I was able to find correspondence between my dreams and Natalie's ailment. This incident helped demonstrate to me that it was possible to obtain intuitive impressions in lucid dreams, even from below the surface of the body.

Unfortunately, this 20/20 hindsight was of no help to

Natalie. I wasn't able to decipher the symbols until after she was diagnosed and I'd read about the symptoms and shape of Lyme disease. I wonder how many other clues to life and health are accurately pictured by our dreaming minds but go unrecognized because we have no effective way to express them. I suspect that there's plenty of verbalized and written information we haven't translated well because we're working with the wrong technique or flipping through a dream dictionary for words we've selected without considering that the labels might be inadequate.

In my research, I've discovered that, even in a fantastic dream (and Wonderland's pretty fantastic!) there are specific dream characteristics that regularly correspond to waking

life. I call them "Consistent Clues." They've been found in the lab and field experiments of dream psi, subliminal perception, remote viewing and regular dreams. I believe our ability to decipher dreams will improve tremendously, if we would avoid looking just at the labels that we write in our dream reports and pay particular attention to the Consistent Clues instead. My dream successfully applied 3 of them to the central object: the \*color\* lime as a \*pun\* for Lyme plus the bacteria's corkscrew \*form.\* And the snake's metamorphosis, which was an accurate \*metaphor\* for the spirochete's ability to transform, was the main \*motion\* in the dream.

Why not try out "Consistent Clues" on your own dreams and see what happens?

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**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
-

## Hummingbird-Shaman

Someone is doing the dreaming tonight  
Someone else wanders alone  
Into cobalt-blue skies.  
Thought it was me at first.  
But "I" wear shaman robes  
And speak in tongues  
And see the world below  
Through a hummingbird's eye.

Before this uncanny flight was the  
Frozen river of arms and legs  
That wouldn't move  
Until they thawed in a rumble  
Of bones, whistles and crackles.

But then the navel spoke  
Like an eightfold path-with-spokes  
speaks  
With swirls and whirlpools of  
Daffodils sinking into the Buddha's eye.

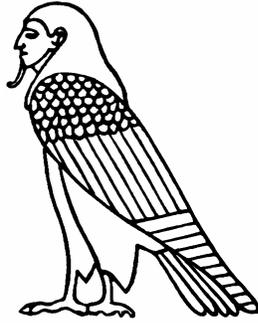
A tunnel, a shrinking,  
A pushing and more shoving  
Other souls aside  
Competing for a slide  
Inside a silvery tube.

From HIS eye I follow a serpent or  
The Straight path of purple feathers,  
A galactic hummingbird,  
Taking me, the reluctant shaman,  
Into a vessel of sorts.

The egg-vessel travels farther, faster  
Than cosmic wings can,  
Farther than I have ever been  
Or can fly fast, even on good  
Cosmic wind days.

Someone is doing the dreaming tonight  
Someone else wanders alone  
Into the precipitous silence.  
Thought it was me at first.  
But "I" wear shaman robes  
And speak in tongues  
And see the void  
Through a god's eye.

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# WILDs, OBEs, and SLEEP PARALYSIS

**Janice**  
**September 11 2003**

Today I had a false awakening that progressed from being in a kind of gray nothingness into a dark sleep paralysis state and thought to myself, "Hey, you know, maybe Corey [from alt.oob] is right that people tend to project imaginary content onto OBEs. Let's get serious and try really hard to get a realistic view of the room."

It was all dark and I couldn't move much yet besides my "astral"/dream arms and hands, so I pried open my eyelids and looked directly across the room. I saw a big mirror. I didn't think that was right, but realized that I wasn't sure what was supposed to be there! I woke myself up enough to open my real eyes and found that I was lying quite flat and my second pillow was covering my eyes, so I couldn't even cheat by peeking in RL without sitting up. :)

I slipped back into the state and tried the same thing, but this time there was a round stained glass window there. I knew that couldn't possibly be right, but again, just couldn't remember what I should be seeing. I tried projecting myself over to the other side of the room to look around, but everything was indistinct. I had a false awakening in which I got up to type up the account on the computer on my desk, then realized something was wrong because I don't really have a computer on the desk in my bedroom. Another brief awakening with that darn pillow in the way, then back again to SP!

By this time I'd had it with this, threw in the towel and decided to go out and look for some action. I rolled "out" and headed out the bedroom door without being able to see. I had no problem thinking to myself that "the door should be right about here and the hallway goes this direction and the stairs are coming up and you can just jump down to the bottom," so my map of the environment was generally in place; I just couldn't remember the details of what was in my own room.

I don't think I got very far before I woke up, still kind of fuddle-headed, and looked to see just what the heck across the room was so godawful hard to remember: a simple window covered with purple drapes and a TV set in front of it.

**Sam, October 14 2003**

I'm 27 years old and have experienced sleep paralysis and lucid dreams since I was a child. I experienced the vision of the Old Hag [Editors's note: classic SP phenomenon] at the age of 4 and I can still remember the experience. I'm from the UK but have spent the last 5 years in Sydney, Australia.

Most of my previous hallucinations during SP have been fictional, however most recently I have been hallucinating visions of family and friends.

Last night I was at a friend's home. It was around 11:30, my friend had gone to bed and I was still watching the TV. I did have a few chocolate biscuits at this time and I was lying on my back on the sofa. I also remember being very tired so these may have all been factors of why it occurred.

I regularly experience SP and Lucid Dreams so I'm aware when I'm having the experience. However last night was quite a strange experience. Initially I felt myself falling into an SP state and I was paralyzed but could see around the room and the TV. Then I saw my father and could hear my mother speaking in what was the bedroom my friend was in. They were arguing about something to do with me (they have been divorced since I was 8 years old). I started to call out for them which is something I always try during SP but to no avail. Then my sister came into the room and looked at me and said "Can't you see he's asking for help?" I then began to relax and the hallucinations went. I could still see around the room and the TV. This was when I fell into a lucid dream and I knew that I should relax. My body felt like I was sitting up and then my legs went into the air and my head down so I had the feeling of entering into the floor. The floor is a wooded floor and I could see the wood and feel the density of it. I then came back from the floor and floated up to the ceiling and felt as if I was hovering just below the ceiling. I then felt as if I was back in the sofa and I felt pain in the back of my leg like something was biting me. I thought it was a rat and then I felt panic set in as I wanted the pain to stop. I tried to call out for help.

The reason why last night's dream was a new experience is because usually when I try to call out no sound comes out, but this time I knew that I was breathing heavily and I knew that sound was coming out, but not as clearly as I would have liked it to. This was when my friend who I woke from a deep sleep in the other room woke me up. I came out of the trance and glared up at her. She asked me what was wrong and said that I must have woken up the whole neighbourhood with my moaning. This I thought was strange because whenever I've been in SP before I've always felt like I can't be heard. I think my friend thought it was all a little strange so I explained to her what it was and said that I would download details on it from a web page so she could read for herself and try to get an understanding of what I was experiencing. As anyone reading this might know, explaining the experience to someone that doesn't

suffer from it can be quite difficult without sounding strange. Well I hope that's interested somebody and I'll keep you posted on my next experience.

**C.S., July 28 2003  
Thinking Too Much**

I lay awake until 8:30 when I heard loud noises coming from another room. I yelled, "Daddy!" and attempted to get out of bed to check the situation. However, I could not move my body. I kept forcing myself up to no avail and realized I was dreaming. Knowing that I could have a lucid dream, my determination increased.

Suddenly, I was walking through the rooms of a house. I was certain it was my house in the dream. However, it didn't look like my rooms. I passed a mirror and thought I'd like to have a sexual experience, watching myself in the mirror. Then, I saw a handsome elderly gentleman standing next to two women. I thought one of the women was his wife. I first thought I shouldn't have sex with a man in front of his wife. The second thought reminded me that I was having a lucid dream where anything goes. Thinking too much woke me up.

**Michael, October 2003**

This was a particularly cool little WILD (Wake-Initiated Lucid Dream). I had drifted off using the 61 points meditation, but in a specific variation that I had thought about from Robert Bruce's *Astral Dynamics* - instead of trying to just focus awareness on these points in sequence, I was imagining touching these points using my fingertips in a circular motion - like a physical version of visualizing something - focusing on the sensation until the spot would tingle. It worked really well.

I become aware of my dream body, sitting at a desk; I am feeling the tingle in the tips of my fingers, just like in the exercise. As often happens in lucid dreams, I feel the need to jump up and down and shake my limbs, as if to get the circulation moving through my body; so I did this, hopping around the desk a little with a two-footed hop while chanting to myself, "Lucid dreaming, lucid dreaming." It helps me focus. When I'm done, my whole body tingles gently.

Then, I look at a small mirror mounted on the wall. I notice that I look much like my regular self, except that my eyebrows have been almost completely removed. There are a few individual hairs, looking kind of twisted and forlorn, sticking straight out of my brows, maybe six or seven on each side. I remark to myself that this looks very odd, so I reach over to the desk and pick up a black marker that is in a cup with pens and other stuff, and draw my eyebrows in at approximately the right location and shape. I don't get them quite right, but it seems OK to me.

I walk over to a closet that has sliding doors, and decide that I want to put my hand through it, to gain control over

working with the dream environment. This dream seems particularly cogent, and I'm not distracted by urges to run off, so I'm enjoying the chance to experiment. I try a couple of different methods, but my right hand resolutely refuses to pass through the wooden closet door. I open it a little, and slip my left hand behind it; I can see the hand in back, as if the closet door is translucent glass instead of wood, but it's still thick like the real wood door. This time, I try putting my right hand through, and I wonder to myself if it will pass through my left hand as well, and what kind of sensation my dreaming mind will come up with if it does. Instead of passing my hand through the door, though, the door crumples; it feels like a softer version of styrofoam. I look down at the door, which is crumpled between my hands, and laugh.

I walk through the house, which is now decidedly the Kingwood house. There is nobody else here. Walking through the living room, I think to myself, what should I do? I begin to talk out loud, half to myself, half to the dream - "This seems to be a fairly strong, stable dream environment - should I go flying? Find some fun boy and try some dream sex?" Then, I remember a recent lucid dream where I ran from a bunch of thugs who were beating up a young man. I had tried to go back and intervene, knowing that the thugs probably represented some kind of problematic issue in my mind, and remembering the exercise of seeking out problems in your dreams in order to understand and overcome them. So, I decide that's what I ought to do - try and find out something about my mind through the dream.

I announce to the dream environment in general, in a loud, clear voice, "Okay... any issues that have been hanging out in my subconscious, and want to come out in the open where I can deal with you, please present yourselves, preferably in a clear and sensible way, and I'll do my best to understand." As I'm saying this, I walk through the dining room and out through the back door.

When I get outside, I see a couple of huge piles of dirt in the back yard. I laugh, and say, "OK, I guess this is fair... I do have problems with piling things up." [Note: for all my Virgo perfectionism in some aspects of my life, I'm an organizational nightmare. Many things get lost in piles of crap, and I have issues with things seeming to become immovable "heaps" - where I can't raise the emotional energy to tackle a task, because it has glommed together with other tasks until they seem insurmountable.]

I walk over to the piles, which are as clean and crisp as if they have been poured from a dump truck. The pile in the front is blond sand, and behind it is a pile of dark topsoil, which is partly covered in grass. I climb up the sand pile, and from the top I can see that there is a shape like a keyboard on the edge of the taller topsoil pile. I laugh, and admit that this is probably fair as well - I definitely spend too much time on the computer, which can sometimes lead

to things getting put off and not dealt with (and thus, piled up). There is also a deep, straight-sided hole between the two piles, and I look down into it, then jump nimbly over to the top of the taller pile.

I decide that the best way to deal with this, will be a shovel. I pick one up, and begin to shift soil from the top of the pile, throwing it down to the adjacent yard. I have experienced similar dirt-leveling in real life, where the objective was to turn the pile of soil into an overall even layer. I keep digging it down, bit by bit. I think to myself, I might benefit from a bigger tool, like a backhoe, but I realized that this would not be as realistic; I need to handle the dirt one shovel-full at a time. The dirt is heavy, but also soft, like potting soil. It has roots sticking out of it, like there were trees in it before it was dug up.

As I'm digging, some of the dirt shifts, and I can see a black shape underneath. I move some more of the dirt, and I can see that it's a black wrinkled shiny surface, like vinyl or varnished leather. It looks large. There is a little shape in the center, like an opening. Looking at it, my mind picks out the pattern, and I realize that I'm looking at the side of the head of a black elephant. Its skin is shiny but wrinkled, and hard like old leather. It startles me, and I wake up, wondering what it represents.

[Note: my black cat Buio, whom I've had since 1992, died last Wednesday, and we buried him in the back yard. The soil is similar to the dream, including the texture and the tree roots. I don't know if this explains the image of the elephant, or if it represents something else.]

### Janice, September 21 2003

I took a nap this evening and had a whole series of highly conscious OB-type LDs for the first time in ages. I seemed to settle into SP fairly quickly, complete with a mild buzzing sensation by way of vibes, mostly centered in my arms (for fun I tried to charge them up and visualize shooting out a fireball, but nothing happened).

Unfortunately everything was very dark and I only occasionally caught glimpses of imagery any time I got "out." Plus I had the door open and my fan off, so I kept being disturbed by noises and finding myself either back to a sense of lying in SP or to a sense of floating "above my body." The SP seemed quite strong, yet I found that I could break it merely by jerking my head a little. I kept thinking that I should get up and seal out the noise, but knew I might not get back into the state if I did, so I put up with the disturbances instead.

This kept me from getting anywhere interesting on the numerous occasions when I tried to escape into the dream version of my town out the replicas of the bedroom window or front door. Mostly I had to entertain myself by producing sensations of twirling and falling and such. But at least my lucidity level was much higher than it has been in the false

awakenings that have been standing in for OBEs this year. Not perfect, but still very good.

I remembered my card experiment,\* for instance, and thought that while I could probably reach around the wardrobe and create a card in my hand by feel, there was no point since I had taken the real cards away and had not set up the experiment again yet since then. I knew that the light seemingly seeping from behind the wardrobe had to be bogus because since I had removed the cards I had not turned the nightlight behind there back on.

I also recognized immediately that I did not really have a small TV on the floor by my desk, although I was taken in by an amplifier that I saw on the floor on the other side of the room that did not really match the subwoofer that is there in reality. There was some typical light switch functionality difficulty when I played around with the switch on the replica of another nightlight that I really did have on in the real room; the light only went off in the dream after a delay while I fiddled with the fake amplifier, the switch on which did nothing.

On the occasions when I went downstairs in the dream, it would be all dark down there too, and I remembered that in reality it was well lit. Finally in the last segment I managed to get as far as the dream version of the 7-11 on the corner, which was dark and empty, so I did my best to create dream imagery by singing and imagining interacting with people. I was successful in creating some vague people but finally woke.

\*I've hidden a playing card behind the wardrobe that I can look at in an OBE, then check to see if it matches the real one there when I wake up, on the off off off off chance that I have a "real" OBE someday.

**Rich Stammler, June 14 2003  
Control and Dream Projection**

(This dream came after an induction exercise asking the question on OOB and lucid dreams. The question to my dreaming self was why can I not, and how do I do it?)

Dream: I am at work, and I am holding a device for projection or controlling projection shaped, like a PDA. This is a device like a remote control, which controls slides on a presentation screen. I am helping a coworker conduct a briefing, which is classified at the highest levels (I work for the government) and I was helping him. I messed up control of the briefing screen and the device came apart in my hand. It was composed of many thin layers and I fumbled to get it working again. I believe, eventually I did get it working although this was not strong in the dream.

I had a discussion with a lady who was going to work with a special data set. I discussed what was needed with her and made fun of her that she would never get to complete the task. Winston was there (my boss's boss). I was in the room and the briefing was starting and being conducted by

someone else I knew. I attempted to move this chair and in the process hit this guy's hand and hurt it. He was sitting, watching the briefing.

I wanted to get to another room on the other side of the briefing room and left to go there. The rooms and the briefing room were more plush than our present work area, almost like a plush hotel. I left through a door in the back and outside, down a highway and under a thruway overpass that had a dry streambed under it. I followed a paved path that traveled down under the overpass along the streambed. I moved down and turned left and skidded down like I was on a skateboard gliding down and thought I might not make the turn but did.

Here I played an alternative where I saw water in the streambed, couldn't make the turn under the bridge, and landed in the stream. However, I continue and see a black man, middle aged, coming toward me on the path. As I went by him he threw a handful of grass in my face and even chased me for a short distance, I wasn't concerned and hit the end of the path to jump down four feet or so on the other side of the freeway overpass.

Interpretation: I don't incubate dreams very often but sometimes the dreaming self provides a wealth of material and I believe this is a good example.

It is interesting that the dream talks of projection by using my work experience of controlling the projection of briefing slides. The briefing is at the highest classification so not many are allowed to participate in it, perhaps a limiting belief about OOBs and lucid dreams and the magnitude of the difficulty achieving them. I have trouble with the control mechanism for the briefing and the many layers of the self that must be coordinated to make it successful. I believe the female coworker is an aspect of me that feels I must amass a lot of information to be successful in OOB and lucid dreaming. My belief is that I will not persevere and collect the data. It is interesting that the other self is female, which speaks to the intuitive part of me.

As the briefing is about to begin I move a chair and hurt this fellow who is there to watch the briefing. He is participating in the projection. This is a representation of my concern that I will inadvertently harm someone else in any successful OOB. That someone else could be an aspect self of me.

I wanted to move to another room, a place past the projected self and took a circuitous route to get there. In the dream I am actually having a low level flying dream levitating down the path. So the dreaming self has taken me into the realm where I want to go (although I wasn't lucid but lucid enough to play with alternate dream scenarios under the bridge).

It is interesting that I am going down under the overpass, deeper into the self and what I encounter is the black man. I

*Continued on page 27*

# Are You Awake?

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As a small child, did you ever wander into your parent's bedroom, walk up to the bed and stare intently at them for what seemed like hours? And then, when something stirred in their sleeping awareness and their first bleary eye opened to look at you, did you questioningly ask, "Are you awake?"

That sort of thing happened to me a few weeks ago in a lucid dream. I was sleeping alone in a hotel in Rancho Cordova, CA on a business trip. About 3:30 in the morning, I awoke and told myself that I would have a lucid dream, and then I felt the "feeling" of being lucid. Roughly an hour later, I experienced the following:

I sense something. Someone is there. I can feel someone there. Visually, I have only the "gray state" that seems to exist as the intermediary state between visual dreams. Yet something, some presence, I sense. At that point, I realize, "I'm dreaming."

Now, I feel with certainty that someone is watching me. I am momentarily confused, seeing only gray -- but then lucidly, I decide to simply open my eyes.

I open them.

Staring at me intently, less than a foot away, I see a man's eyes looking soulfully into mine. I sense from him the thought, "Are you awake?", and then see his realization that I am lucid, awake in the dream.

I see his full face and expression. He looks familiar somehow, as he gazes into my eyes -- then, "I" seem to see from his eyes - wait, his eyes are "my" eyes!! Suddenly, some awareness awakens within me - I get excited and wake up in physical reality. I ask myself, "Was that my inner self?" "

Who sees through these eyes? While waking we assume that deeper aspects of our self lay dormant in our psyche. We assume that our anima, our animus, our archetypal selves - they sleep, while we are "awake". Our wise old woman, our heroic self, our inner child, our creative genius, our daemons - do they slumber all the day long until empowered by the spark of dreaming?

As I head toward my third decade of lucid dreaming, I am beginning to wonder (by virtue of lucid dreaming) about the nature of identity. Less and less each year, do "I" seem to be a lone "me." More and more, do I begin to think that the actual "I"- or the actual "me" - is a community of aware selves. While I routinely and unthinkingly group the various aspects of my self under the designation of "I," it appears that I may be more accurately a "group" self, a psychological construct - in some sense, I am an "Aware They".

This community of aware Selves may be consigned to "back room" functions by the ego, or allowed out only at dream recess, or deeply felt imaginings, or battled into submission by chemical warfare when deemed "unruly" by the ego or cultural conventions, but this community of aware selves is here. It is now. It is alive.

If awareness was the sole province of the ego, then there would be no dreaming. Think about that.

If the "ego" was the only awareness, then when the ego was finished with the day, exhausted and asleep - "awareness" would end as well. And then when the ego awakened in the morning, "awareness" would awaken as well.

The fact is that awareness is apart from the ego. Awareness continues - the ego sleeps. When we come into dream awareness, as the ego sleeps, obviously some part(s) of us (some part of this community of aware selves that seems to be the actual state of our being) accepts that mantle of awareness, that cloak of perception and functions quite nicely in the dream state.

In lucid dreams of mirrors, we often consciously see that the "face" staring back at us is not the physical face laying in the physical bed -- it may not even be the same race, the same gender, the same age. As we consciously explore, lucid in our dreams, we routinely receive notice that the "I" is not one, but many. Though we may spend our waking hours, unaware of the community of selves that seems to compose our larger being, the psychological flexibility of the dream state shows our true situation - we are many.

While waking, we often fail to be aware of those moments when we suddenly act "uncharacteristically". Similarly, we rarely consider the history of our "self", which examined thoughtfully in many cases, would show distinct changes in thoughts, behaviors, moods, interests and states of being over the years (if not in one day alone)

Though the ego could be said to captain the ship of Self, the ego exists with a larger crew - and if nothing else, they influence the captain, the direction of the ship and the inner workings - even if the captain remains blissfully unaware of their existence. In case of multiple personalities, however, one can see evidence of a mutiny on the Ship of Self

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# THE MORE LUCID DREAMS PROJECT

## Getting More Lucid Dreams

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This is a short report on the More Lucid Dreams project. During five weeks, starting on July 26th 2003, an online group worked at getting more lucid dreams. As the members of the group chose to submit many dreams, this also became a unique dream sharing experience. We witnessed many interesting psi dreams in the group, especially mutual dreaming. However, here I will only report about the main aim of the group: getting more lucid dreams.

### Background

Sometimes it seems there is more interest in lucid dreaming than in, for example, dream interpretation. Ever since the invention of the World Wide Web, there have been web pages about lucid dreaming. The Usenet discussion group alt.dreams had so many topics about lucid dreaming, that the alt.dreams.lucid group had to be created. After Usenet, email and web discussion groups became popular. Again, lucid dreaming showed up amazingly often.

What always surprised me is that although interest is high, many complain that it is hard to get lucid dreams. As I didn't mind getting more lucid dreams myself, I decided to organize an online group aimed at getting more lucid dreams.

### Small Steps Approach

The approach I used is based on several ideas:

The first one is that people generally have little time, need their sleep, and prefer simple exercises above difficult ones. For these reasons I used Castaneda's hand gazing as the basic exercise. Other suggested exercises also needed minimal time, and could be easily integrated into the daily routine.

The second idea is that it always helps to break a difficult task up into various smaller objectives. There are many definitions of lucid dreaming. I used the most basic one, being that one is aware of the dream. Everything else I presented as separate indications of special dreams. Additionally, I also offered two types of pre-lucid dreams. As a result, the chance of being able to score a dream as special in some way or another, was fairly high. After five weeks of dreams, this also gave some insight into whether indications of special dreams are related to awareness of the dream.

The third idea is that it helps to combine lucid dreaming with more awareness during the day. It makes no sense to strive for more awareness during dreams, while still running on automatic pilot during the day. This fits nicely together with the first point of integrating lucid

dreaming with the usual day routine in a way that doesn't require extra time.

For various reasons I asked potential participants to incubate a dream. One thing I hoped to discover was if there could be certain resistances against lucid dreaming. That didn't seem to be the case, so I didn't pay much attention to it during the project.

### The Group

I wanted 20-25 members for the group. There were 22. However, two never showed up, two others dropped out early. The project ran in the middle of summer, so it happened that some members disappeared for a week or so due to vacations.

Almost all of the incubated dreams showed an optimistic view of the project. Quite a few had an incubated dream that was lucid. I have to add that many members of the first group were experienced with lucid dreaming. The group was supposed to be for both novice lucid dreamers and somewhat experienced lucid dreamers, but absolute novices turned out to be in a small minority.

As part of the program, I encouraged members to submit dreams, lucid or not. The group knew how to take a hint, and submitted some 365 dreams in five weeks time. Including comments on the dreams and other discussions, this means that keeping up with the group must have been challenging. I'd considered slowing the group down at some point, but got the impression that most members had made the decision that they wanted to do it this way.

From the 365 dreams, a total of 145 were lucid. A few strong lucid dreamers in the group pulled up the average, but even so it still is an impressive number.

### Conclusions



As I'm going to host a second group, I only want to give a few general conclusions. Besides, the group is too small to discover anything about, for example, the effectiveness of particular exercises.

At the end of the five weeks I asked group members to fill in an evaluation form. A large majority of the participants spent a lot of time on the project. Looking at this large sub group, there were a few who were already having lucid dreams often. They didn't see any improvement in frequency, but appreciated how they learned to do more with their lucid dreams. The not so frequent lucid dreamers did almost all report an increase in the number of lucid dreams. The member who was less satisfied about the number of lucid dreams during the project, really did quite well on her own. It just happened that this first group attracted many people who had had lucid dreams before.

Quite a few members remarked that the group did wonders for their dream recall. That may be true, but I also noted that not everyone seemed to have that luck. Which is why I will continue to advise potential members of the second group to work on their dream recall.

After this first group I wonder whether there is a correlation between dream recall and lucid dreams. Dreamers who submitted more or longer dreams, seem to have a higher percentage of lucid dreams. There were a few exceptions to that rule, and with the group being small, it's hard to say whether this means anything.

As a last observation, I was impressed by the stability of the dream environment of some of the dreamers, especially the dreamers who submitted many lucid dreams. I've read authors who say one starts with awareness, then works on stability. Somehow I got the idea that awareness and stability may be two sides of the same coin.

### Second Group

From the beginning I've wanted to do two groups. The second group should start on November 15th. I'm looking forward to hosting the second group, and to comparing the results. I haven't yet written about some of the special exercises, so as not to spoil the surprise for

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*Imagine--you are five years old. You've fallen asleep on top of your cool white sheets on a hot summer night. The sun is still low in the sky but you've drifted off to sleep. Suddenly, you find yourself floating above the green grass, levitating higher to the same level of the bright blue mailbox, then drifting skywards to see the brown and white birds sitting on the telephone wires. Imagine--the next day you run out to the front yard, flop face down onto the grass, and try with all your might to float above the lawn, destined by gravity to fail miserably, and only then realizing that your adventures the night before were a dream.*

*This was my first lucid dream and began an unforgettable journey into inner landscapes, artwork, psi, and finally achieving dream lucidity on a repeatable basis.*

*It was 28 years later that I participated in Harry Bosma's "More Lucid Dreaming" project. Just when I thought there was nothing new to learn about dream lucidity, Harry provided us with incubation exercises that brought me literally to the edges of the universe! My dreamscapes have changed since participating in his group. Before this group, my dreams were very small scale, involving people I had close personal contact with. The MLD project opened my awareness to a more global scale, and I connected with people that I never met except for online dream transcripts.*

*Harry's MLD project was instrumental in my learning more about lucid dreaming, incubation, and dreamscape awareness. The project connected dreamers from all walks of life and situations, and connected them together by producing an online environment of safety and respect. We all began the group as separate dreamers, with various dream lucidity skills. Many of us experienced various forms of mutual and psi dreaming during the project. And I think it is safe to say that we all left the group with a new awareness of the benefits of lucid dreaming.*

Laura Atkinson

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## DREAM NETWORK

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members who also read LDE. I hope to write about these special exercises in a next issue.

# SOME DREAMS FROM THE MORE LUCID DREAMS PROJECT

Lucy Gillis, July 13 2003

## Incubated Dream - What the Scenes Mean

[Before sleeping I re-read the instructions for the incubated dream we were asked to have before the MLD Project starts. The basic idea is, "What do your dreams think of this project?" This is aimed at seeing if anyone has any reservations about lucid dreaming. I don't think I have any reservations, so it will be interesting to see what develops.]

I'm in bed, in what looks like the house that I grew up in. I know that it's late, I've slept in. It's quite dark. I look at a digital clock on the bedside table and see that it reads 11:50. That seems wrong. It's too dark for it to be 11:50 a.m. I get up and go into the hallway. I see that my sister M and possibly my mother, are in another bedroom watching tv. I lean in the doorway and ask them what time is it. They say it is 11:50. I reply "At night?!" I can't believe I've slept the entire day. "No," they say, "in the morning." I turn away from the bedroom door, still feeling that something isn't right.

I then realize it isn't right because I'm dreaming! I'm so thrilled to be lucid! I then suddenly remember that I had incubated a dream. Recalling this makes me even happier. I walk away from the bedroom so that the noise of the tv doesn't distract me. I go down the hall toward the kitchen, (purposely passing the living room) speaking out loud as I go: "I've incubated a dream to see why I like lucid dreaming. When I go into the living room and look out the window, I will see my answer." I say this both to reaffirm my intentions and to stall for time for an appropriate scene to form beyond the window.

I then turn around and go back up the hallway, this time entering the living room. There are no lights on, it is dark in there but it is bright enough for me to see where I am going. I stride past the familiar furniture and go straight to the east-facing picture window. It is dark outside, like early evening. The scene outside is nearly identical to what it would be in waking life. The first thing that captures my attention is the canopy of brilliant stars shining over the entire outdoor scene. A few wispy clouds drift lazily across the sky. "Ah! The stars!" I cry out, for I know that they are an important symbol and represent "astral travelling", lucid dreaming, and out of body states. They also represent going beyond usual boundaries and breaking free of limiting thought.

I press my fingers to the glass, pushing softly at first and then with more force to see if I can penetrate or at least melt the glass. It remains solid and I can feel the coolness and hardness of it under my fingers. I decide to stop trying and to look at the rest of the scene. Directly ahead of me I see part of the driveway, and the small hill past the narrow brook. It is lush with trees and small leafy bushes. To the

left is the lake, and the familiar land on the other side. I notice that far down the lake, there is a "fold" of what looks like a massive snowdrift or a cloud covering part of the hills there. I know it isn't natural and wonder what it could be.

I also notice lights moving, off to the left, then disappearing. They look somewhat like car headlights, but there are no cars, and the lights don't even follow the road. I turn my gaze to the right, up to my uncle's house. His picture window curtains are wide open - I see that the room beyond is lit. I assume he is watching tv. Then I see him come to the window - the lights have caught his attention too. I assume that he thought it was car lights. Seeing that there is no car coming up the driveway, he turns away from the window and goes back to whatever he had been doing. Still looking up at his window, I notice that there is now a wrought iron framed design all around it, with long curving pieces of wrought iron within the frame. It looks like a decorative picture frame. There is nothing like this surrounding his windows in the waking world. I know that this is an important dream symbol, but I don't know at the moment what it means. I'll have to think about it later.

I then feel like I'm waking up, and go into a false awakening. I am still in a darkened room, the surroundings are the same as before. This time I'm trying to write down the dream. I have a pen and notebook. The notebook has a hot-pink spiral coil spine. Something doesn't feel right. I begin to write and then almost immediately know that I am still dreaming. I feel close to waking, so I "pull" myself back, deeper into the dream. [Hard to explain how that feels, as it is something that I did with my will and my consciousness in the blink of an eye.]

My sister comes along and I excitedly tell her what I've been doing. I tell her that I am dreaming and that I nearly woke but I pulled myself back into the dream. I explain that I want to write out the dream, but I wave the notebook in my hand and say that it won't be there when I wake up. I say "I'm dreaming! You're dreaming!" I then proceed to tell her about the online lucidity course and that I had incubated this dream before sleeping.

I walk her over to the window and show her the scene outside. I explain that the stars represent my desire to travel beyond physical boundaries, into the universe. Looking up to my uncle's place, I see him in his window and I instantly say that that symbol means that others in other dimensions can see me, interact with me, communicate with me, while in the dream state. Though I don't voice it, I also feel that my uncle represents other aspects of myself (my psyche) that I can chose to meet and explore.

M and I walk out of the living room as I continue to excitedly talk about the dream. I know this is a good way to

assist in recall of the dream, by going over the main points again.

I then notice the full-length mirror at the end of the hallway. It is wider than its real life counterpart. I skip down the hallway, and seeing a scene inside the mirror, am thrilled to say to my sister that "I create blue skies too!" (I had been wondering about the dark scenes before.)

In the mirror scene is a quiet town, straight streets, orderly houses (that need paint jobs) and a larger building, like a hall or community centre (also in need of a paint job). There are no people or traffic, all is still.

The sky is bright blue with a few fluffy white clouds drifting in it. The large building is familiar, though the view I have of it is perpendicular to what I recall I have seen before, and I try to remember which coastal town it belongs to. I tell M that I know I have seen it while travelling with S.

Next, to my right, out of the corner of my eye, I see a tiny tv. (Perhaps it is a reflection of the one in the room beside us, as there was a tv there in the earlier part of the dream). There is some program on and I see a miniature Leslie Neilson emerge from the tv, along with one or two other Canadian actors. I laugh delightedly and tell M that "My dreaming mind also has a great sense of humour!" [I love Leslie Neilson, he cracks me up!]

I then feel that I am getting close to waking up. I think that I could remain in the dream if I really wanted to, but I want to wake and write this down. So I "push" myself toward waking [also hard to explain, sort of the opposite "direction" to my previous "pulling" into the dream]. I open my eyes, reach for my notebook and pen and begin to write immediately.

[It seems that my dreaming mind kind of changed the meaning of the incubated dream instructions, probably because I don't feel that I have a resistance to lucid dreaming - conscious or unconscious. So I "unconsciously" changed the question to "Why do I like lucid dreams?"]

**Katie, July 27 2003**  
**New World Order**

I don't recall how the dream started or how I got lucid, I only recall that I knew I was dreaming. I lay on the grass, looks like the small side lawn at my parents (I've had a lot of lucid dreams there) on my back with my eyes open and request, "I want to go up." This resulted in me seeing tiny crystalline fragments in pale pastels swirl down from the sky.

As they reached me I felt a lifting feeling. I repeated my request and the crystals continued. Instead of rising up though, I had a vision. I saw text scrolling as if through a computer screen or microfiche reader. It was scrolling faster than anyone could possibly read, but I could occasionally

catch words like God or another name I took to be an Eastern (Hindu) god. I was content, figuring that at some level I was taking it all in; or perhaps that the speed indicated the details of the religions didn't matter so long as you got the gist of it. I don't clearly recall my thoughts.

Then suddenly I was seeing just the right arm of a god, perhaps Shiva. Maybe a statue. Very dark skin, gracefully outstretched, adorned with golden clasps.

Then the dream changes and I'm in more of a story mode, still lucid. I've realized that I can create a new world, sort of. I imagine a world with unlimited abundance: showers of fruit (apples? lemons?) come rolling off the roof.

The leader of the town, mayor or whatever (the place has kind of an early Eastern European feeling) plunges his hand down into the earth, lucid dream style, and pulls out a fistfull of formed gold nuggets like ingots, which he scatters in the dirt laughing. I think, nuggets? I'm editing this as the "writer", wondering if the gold should take another form.

Then I see to my chagrin that they're actually Reese's Peanut Butter cups because that's the closest my imagination could come to gold nuggets. Dream shifts again. I'm an observer as a man stands at the counter of a nice hotel. He's dressed in a full-length skirted robe. It's black, but with small ornamentation, quite handsome. I believe he's got dark hair and a beard and wears a particular kind of hat I don't know the name of. He covers his eyes as he speaks, which is a sign of respect in this culture.

At one moment the theme is that the opulence of the world comes at a price; perhaps this man has been called in for interrogation? But then the theme changes again and I see a couple of different people check into the hotel, much more modern looking, American types.

Now the theme is how selfish they are, how arrogant, how they treat the young female clerk with contempt, give her a hard time when they can't get what they want -- which is room 21. I see K. going up an elevator, musing to herself, 'I sure would have liked room 21' but no sense that she was rude to the clerk.

Then I'm one of these unpleasant people, a rich woman, in Room 21 and my observing dream self finally finds out what my character apparently already knew: that in Room 21 you can have sex with the very attractive if somewhat sullen young man who provides room service. The dream ends there.

I had a startling non-lucid dream after waking, in fact it was kind of hypnagogic. A man and God were looking through files in a box, which were records of my progress (as a dreamer, I think). I think the man may have been the one at the hotel, and he was 'my teacher'. It was quite clearly linked to the lucid dream and it startled me completely awake again.

**Ralf, August 17 2003**  
**Hands Full of Dream**

I'm somewhere in a building. Dimly lit, white walls, ceiling not that high. The room is large. Don't remember anybody else there. I'm on the left side of the room and remember the task to collect things and hold them. I find a small, grey limestone, hold it in my left hand and a white fossil shell (Glycera or so) with a broken edge, hold it in my right hand. I think, they will serve well for our experiment. (In WPR I have collected a lot of fossils.)

I really hold the things tight, as I go up some steps and take a left turn into a corridor. The dream begins to fade, environment gets blurry and grey. I get really lucid now for the first time in the dream and think: After all, this is a dream. Why should I wake up physically and not use this occasion to lucid dream?

I try and rub hands to stabilize and prolong the dream (I remember we just had discussions on that in the ASD psi dreams thread). But rubbing is very hard and it seems all the ceilings and walls are closing in on me and hinder my movements. I feel the things in my hand. Now I have to decide: If I keep on rubbing, they will certainly vanish. I do keep on, it feels like some jelly is levigated (ground, dissolving) between my hands, then rubbing gets faster, while I feel like I'm moving my physical hands. Part of me wants to give up and thinks the dream is over. Part of me keeps struggling to prolong the dream and doesn't want to be fooled by seemingly physical reality perceptions.

I keep rubbing hands and look around. I see a pale blue stripe somewhere in front of me. Don't know why, but someone starts counting backwards (a male dark voice again, or was it me, involuntarily?): "Four, three, two, one, zero." I fuzzily remember some commands given from the off during counting, like stage directions. While counting, the stripe broadens and in the end looks like a snippet from a film scroll, just four pictures, showing a scene at the waterside. Blue water and skies, rocks. I look closer into the water and in the same moment find myself in the scene, sitting in a tiny boat made of wood. Some people are there with me. But I don't want to be distracted and research the water. Wonderful clear water. I seem to loose lucidity in this moment, dream recall ends here at least.

**Analysis:**

**A: Current Concerns**

Many sources come together:

- The task for MLD (more lucid dreams) group (an online lucid dreaming project of Harry Bosma, Lucy was there, too): Hold something in dreamworld and bring it into WPR.
- The messages on prolonging LD in ASD psi dreams.
- Started re-reading work of Seth/Jane Roberts in the evening.

So for this dream, anyway:

Harry: 1 point (if not more)

E.: 1 point (in cooperation with J., of course)

Seth: 1 point (and JE., who inspired me to read his works again)

In German we have a wording: Success has many fathers. And mothers, too, as it seems here.

**B: General Impressions**

Well done: I remembered the task, did the first three steps with remembering, collecting, holding. But then...I wasn't clear enough and - I must confess - maybe not brave enough to go on with the task. Just imagine the tremendous, life shaking effect, if I actually found those things in my WPR hands.

I didn't feel that fear in the dream. I just thought it was a fine occasion to have a more extended LD. And that I did at least. And got another glimpse of what the dreammaker may be.

Harry, I think your MLD project for me at least works, as you intended: It seems there is a better cooperation now between dreammaker and (lucid) dream - ego. The shell - rather exact copy of one special fossil shell I found. Even the red dust on the surface, not to mention the missing edge.

**C: Conclusion**

OK, a close miss on our task ;)

Comment November 2nd: Warm regards and happy lucid dreams, Lucy and Robert, and all of you LDE readers!!!

**Laura Atkinson, August 11 2003**

I woke up at 5:49 a.m. this morning and wrote this dream. I woke up crying:

I was in a bookstore. A woman was helping me choose new books. I identify this woman as my friend Louise. The beginning of our conversation was very normal. Lucidity begins when I realize that Louise has been dead for over ten years. I choose this opportunity in my dream to have a conversation with her.

Laura: I was so mad that you left us so early in your life.

Louise: Yes, I was too.

Laura: Are you ok now? What is it like "up there"?

Louise: Laura, it is like a giant salad. A place where everything is green and healthy. You can even pick gumdrops from the sky if you want. No one is alone. People are reunited with everyone they ever loved.

I give her a hug, and while we are hugging I say this: "I was so mad that you left us. I couldn't believe it when I read it on the announcement board. I thought it was a typo, thought it was your grandmother instead of you."

Louise: So was I, but look at me now.

**Lucy Gillis, August 8 2003**  
**From the Alan Rickman Fantasy Files**

[Very long and stable dream, with lots of activity and dialogue. Lucid at end of dream - a subtle lucidity, it seems I was having more fun with the dream than with going lucid. Order of events is uncertain.]

I am with British actor, Alan Rickman, in a large one story house (long house) that seems to belong to me, Ma, and M. Alan and I are attracted to each other, in a playful way. We talk a lot, and laugh a lot. As we sit on a couch, . . . I look up over his shoulder and see someone [not sure if it was Ma, M or Anne]. I tell whoever it is that this is Alan Rickman. . . . almost immediately we are alone again.

I tell him that I love his voice, that he has my favourite voice. Then I correct myself by saying that it is Steve Perry [lead singer for Journey] who has my favourite voice. [I am interrupted when I am saying this to him, but the details are forgotten now.] At some point I am standing, tending to something, while he is sitting on the couch. We have been talking for quite some time. I tell him that Nova Scotia will always be "home" for me. I ask him where he is from. I say "York?" [but I meant the Yorkshire Dales. ] He smirks and says some place in the US. I giggle and say "Not with that accent!"

Then I say something about wanting to go to Scotland again, but it not being possible just now. Nonchalantly and with a wave of his hand, he says, "I'll take you to Scotland." I brighten at this idea, knowing that he means he would travel around Scotland with me and that we would have a great time. We are going to go to bed soon. Ma and M are already gone to sleep in their own sections of the house. I want to tidy up the place a bit first. I go to a room where I think there is a kitten trapped behind a closed door. I've been hearing a cat meowing for a while now. I am surprised when I open a door and a cat jumps into the room from behind me - a large orange and white cat, not a kitten at all.

Walking back to Alan, I pass two people (an older male and female?) sitting quietly. They look at me expectantly. Without breaking my stride, I tell them that I can almost feel like I am waking, I feel a slight rising. I don't want to, I want to stay in the dream. For an instant I feel like I am the whole house/dream scene and I sense a feeling of expansion - like me or my will contains the entire length of the house. [Hard to describe.] I mentally "pull it all down," to stop the slight rising sensation. It lasted only a second, but it's done the trick - I don't feel like I am close to waking anymore. This happens again a little later (the feeling like I'm waking, a slight rising sensation) but again I am able to stay in the dream.

My lucidity is so subtle. I am enjoying the dream so much that I have no desire or even thought to grab my lucidity and "take over" or make changes. I continue to tidy up a bit, noticing that Alan is now in bed, under white sheets or

bedclothes. He holds a small pad of white notepaper and is writing on it while reclining comfortably. I ask him what is he writing. He says it is his dreams - that he keeps a dream journal. I know that I am taking too long (that I will wake soon), and I hurry to brush my teeth. [This may be the point where I felt the waking sensation for the second time.]

At some point I make a joke about this scene being from "The Alan Rickman Fantasy Files," implying that I have many fantasies in which he plays a role (as though they are lined up; a shelf of tapes or DVDs). Before I can get into bed with him, I feel I'm waking. I try to stay in the dream, but notice when the imagery is no longer around me, but in my imagination only. Unfortunately this time I can't step back into the imagery in my mind, I'm feeling some pain from my sleeping body and must get up.

Comments: Woke soaking wet, it was so hot under the covers. I was stiff and sore, hadn't moved all night, stayed in one position, my right arm pinned under me as I slept on my right side. Also had a headache. But the fun dream and subtle lucidity had me in such a good mood that I ignored the discomfort as I scribbled down the dream into my journal.

[Watched an old episode of The Barchester Chronicles last night before sleeping - a young Alan Rickman was one of the main characters. He is one of my favourite actors and I do love his voice. Harry Potter fans will know Rickman as "Snape."]

I nearly missed the lucidity when I first woke. As I began going over the dream in my mind, while getting out of the uncomfortable position I was in, and tossing back the covers, I realized that I had been lucid, but had suppressed it just enough for the dream to unfold without my conscious mind trying to direct it. I was thrilled!!! I've had other dreams where I have deliberately chosen (in the dream) not to be lucid, but this was different - like my conscious mind didn't make that decision this time, but my dream mind did.

Well, as for the Dream Maker theme, I certainly felt like I was the Dream Maker when I experienced that moment of expansion when I felt that I was the whole dream scene. I'll call that a hit!

Also, for those of you who haven't tried taking a break from the exercises, perhaps you'd like to give it a whirl. I did no exercises yesterday, had a lousy day at work, and then WHAM! Lucid without trying. Of course I'm sure that the exercises previous to this and keeping up with reading everyone's posts to this group helped to keep lucidity tucked somewhere in my mind.

I do believe that if it weren't for this on-line course and the attention I've put on my own dreams over the last few weeks that I would have missed the subtle lucidity of the

*Continued on page 28*

# MANIFESTING COLOR IN LUCID DREAMS

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I love the vibrant colors of a lucid dream. That's one reason I go flying - to see the spectacular dreamscape. Often it's so amazing that I can't help but burst into praise, "Oh, how wonderful! How wonderful!"

The colors of a dream are usually compatible with waking life, but they certainly don't have to be. While lucid, I've come upon a peach-orange woman, a man with phosphorescent eyes, a woman with a blue face, purple musical instruments, a Kool-Aid grape colored diving board and some Mexican-style pyramids in bright, primary colors. I've also see colors that have no equivalent in physical reality.

Sometimes I try to create colors. Either I'll incubate a color in the waking state in the hope it will show up in my dream (it usually does). Or I'll attempt to change whatever colors I see while I'm lucid and dreaming.

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## White Transformation 9/25/87

While lucid, I am walking from room to room with my husband Manny. We are talking and comparing views. I peer down at the ground and notice that the rooms we're passing through are a sickly green. There are also items of many colors strewn on the floor. We come to the last room as I decide to transform things. Because I want the room both cleared and changed in color, I sweep my right hand across the scene and call out, "White!" Nothing happens. Undaunted, I try again. This time the carpeting changes to a shade of grey-white. "White!" The side wall changes to white, but the far wall remains sickly green. Again. The far wall changes to white, but the curtains are still dark in color. "White!" Finally, I'm extremely pleased by the fact that everything

in the entire room has changed to the color white and that there are no more items remaining on the floor.

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## Checkered Flying/Circle Telekinesis/Color Changes/Kundalini Elections 3/12/88

I'm flying over hills and checkered farmlands. (I wake briefly and return to sleep).

I am seated with a group of people in a circle. We are practicing group telekinesis by levitating several different sized and shaped objects, including a notched steel bar about 8 feet long. We first rotate it, like a helicopter blade, then move it from side to side. Afterwards, I levitate what appears to be a potted plant container covered with gold foil. I bring it towards me and then move it back several times, as a demonstration to the people around me. On one pass, the gold container comes quite close to my face. When I will it backwards, it won't go! Instead it crowds even closer. I think to myself - I'm too attached to it. So, with an effort, I relax and release the pot. Gradually, it moves back to the center of the circle. (I wake and return to sleep.)

I'm in a much larger room than the previous dream, standing and interacting with people. The dream is also brighter, colorful and more animated. I eventually become lucid as I'm talking with a small boy. His head is my height because there's a row of single beds in the room and he's standing atop one of them.

"Since this a dream, why don't we have fun?" I suggest to him. Then I turn and look toward the end of the room where there are at least three large plate glass windows. Through the glass I can see the multicolored horizon of a sunset. The second window pane frames a large leafy tree, like a magnolia, covered with

large white flowers. "Green, green!" I call out. After a slight pause, all the flowers become the same light green color as the rest of the tree. That was pretty easy, I think. So I pick another color. "Blue, blue!" I exclaim. Instantly the flowers change to a powder blue, while the tree leaves remain the same green tint. "Hey, this is a snap," I say, snapping my fingers in front of me to emphasize the point.

Well, I've been successful with two colors. Let's try another. "Red, red!" This time there is a long pause and when the flowers do change, they spring up colored pink with white patches. I muse how the difficulty of transmutation seems to be related to the color I choose. (I wake briefly, with the image of the room still clearly in my mind, then force myself back to sleep. I successfully re-enter the same room.)

I continue thinking of the color changes and talk about the ramifications of my experience with some of the other folks in the room. Then I go to the far end to join a group of people. We listen to a dark-haired man and a blonde-haired woman (probably dreamworker Jayne Gackenbach) talking animatedly about the dangers of overwhelming transpersonal energy experiences. I'm aware that (dreamworker) Bob Trowbridge is to my right although I don't actually see him. The woman exclaims about the intensity of (her?) kundalini experiences. I try to explain to the two of them that an out-of-control experience is the result of preprogramming. "Yes, I certainly understand and I believe you," I tell her, "but it's not necessary. The energy can be powerful and get out of hand, but it's not inevitable." For some reason, as I speak, I am fooling around with a light switch on the

wall. I also sense (dreamworker) Gayle Delaney standing nearby.

Then I move back to the center of the room and talk to another woman about the event that just occurred. She must also be a dreamworker because she starts to interpret the scene, right here in the dream! The woman calls the bunch of dreamworkers "six elected officials" and I realize that there probably were six people in the group at the end of the room. The woman suggests, "It could mean that you elected (to do) something."

"Yes, it could," I reply, "But it could also mean \*elections,\* like ASD (Association for the Study of Dreams) elections. Very often what I dream about becomes true in the waking st... (state, I almost say, then change my mind)...becomes fact in my waking life."

(At this point I wake and realize that, for the entire second half of the dream, despite the fact that the conversations were logical and consistent with my waking experience, the "me" that was talking about dream interpretation, wasn't the Linda of this waking existence! Well, that makes sense. The state of dream interpretation is its own weird reality. :-))

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#### Purple Plum For Kyla 5/5/89

(Note: Kyla Houbolt and I were trying to manifest objects in the waking state - that is, we were affirming for ourselves and each other that we would come upon the objects spontaneously, in the course of the day's events, rather than by deliberately searching for them. Kyla wanted to manifest an amethyst crystal ball, so I pictured a spherical purple object in my imagination.)

Lucid in a darkish room, I am talking with a well-dressed, light-haired woman seated on and surrounded by symbols of luxury. She gestures for me to come closer,

then places a purple gift into my left hand. It's about 2 to 2 1/2 inches in diameter, shaped like a fruit, with a worm-like protrusion circling its "waist." Attached to its stem is another smaller purple fruit, without the wriggly addition. The first object is hard (stone or plastic); the second is warped like slightly deflated plastic and feels softer when I touch it.

"Oh, is this for Kyla?" I ask, excited that Kyla's and my experiment to manifest a purple ball for her is "coming true" so quickly and with such unique artistry here in the dreamstate. The woman indicates assent while I try to describe it, "It's an apple or..." "A plum," she finishes for me.

"And I'll get my ball..." I say, fingering the smaller object. I remember we were going to try to manifest a ball of a different color for me, though I don't remember which one at the moment. The woman indicates, yes, I'll get it later. Her manner leads me to believe she is closely interested in Kyla. "What is your name?" I ask, but she does not reply. "Are you a counterpart?" (I mean a counterpart of Kyla's.) The woman turns in silhouette and squints her eyes to concentrate. "More like family," she says. When I ask her name again, I perceive "Hansen," but don't know if she's said it, or I'm creating the name in my mind.

Then there is a scene shift and I find myself in a brightly lit room filled with men, standing around as if at a party. I talk to several but don't recognize either their images or feeling tones. "Bob Trowbridge," I remember aloud. "Bob, are you here?" I call out to the crowd. "What does he look like?" asks a tall man with longish dark hair.

"He has a beard and grizzled hair," I reply, looking around to try and see him. But he's nowhere to be found. I hesitate, wondering how to "go" to where he is without

disturbing the dream scene and all the people in it. A man with short dark hair at the bar cart assures me, "Go ahead and spin." I spread my arms and twirl like Wonder Woman.

The bright new scene contains only women, dressed in elegant black and white formal clothes. I watch one woman with curly light hair walk past me. She seats herself behind a long rectangular glass table covered with china and crystal. All the walls are mirrored and the furniture is glass and chrome or gold. The sight and feelings are full of opulence. "Is this Marin County?" I ask the woman. When she hesitates, I try again, "Is this San Rafael?" She nods her head and I know I'm in the right place.

"Bob?" I call out. As I turn around to face the rest of the room, a shorter woman passes me by. She reminds me of Bob's friend Diane Bick but has her dark hair plastered in spit curls in a Greco-Roman style around her face, as part of her costume.

"Ye-es." The response comes from a woman with her back to me. Her medium-length dark hair is cut in a pageboy and is topped by a jaunty beret with black and white sections edged in gold. Her dress is also multicolored and made from the same thick velour. It bells under to give the appearance of a costume from the time of Romeo and Juliet. But the dress ends just below the knees and reveals a pair of white bony legs. They are so incongruous with the rest of the outfit, that I crack up. Is this \*Bob\*? In his woman's form? The spindly legs put me in stitches. Bob ignores me. At first.

Then, as I continue laughing, he moves away from me, wiggling his butt in a mock sexy female coochie-coo. I collapse in laughter onto my knees.

# POTPOURRI

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

**Christoph Gassmann, October 24 2003**  
**Flight and Sex**

I was on a long walking tour, first alone, then together with a companion. But the companion was like an elder responsible brother. He always wanted to touch me, which was tiresome for me. I withdrew, let him go in front, and launched for a flight.

The landscape was very beautiful, the awareness of life and the colours became very intensive and vibrant. In big turns I flew over the hilly landscape and enjoyed the flight and the view. I arrived finally over a plain, which was covered with a huge park with trees and regular footpaths. Some people could be seen walking along the paths.

From afar I saw the back of a beautiful young woman with black hair which caught my attention. I directed my flight towards her and approached her with high speed. I realized that my speed was too fast and that I would crash into the woman. Somehow the crash was not too bad and I kissed her. Unfortunately the dream began to fade away and I woke up hearing some rush in my body and my ears.

Comment: Soon after waking up it became clear to me that this dream had the quality of a lucid experience but it lacked nearly completely the self reflective attitude. Quite the reverse, my state was instinctive and not very conscious. I was very relieved when I recognized that I did not need to follow my "elder brother", that I was free to fly, which was quite natural and logical to me in that state, which was "the unquestionable reality" at that time. But soon afterwards, I followed my instincts, without any questions too.

**C.S., January 15 1995**  
**Sex With My Husband**

I heard the P.E.S.T. go off. I said, "Am I dreaming?" I looked around for a reality test. Everything looked okay. I was lying in bed on my right side. I wasn't sure so I decided to get up to check. I walked into the hallway. Suddenly I tripped and fell to my left. I could feel my foot hit something so I thought, "I must be awake."

I could see into my bedroom and everything looked normal. My husband was sitting on the floor, hammering something into the floor. I asked him what he was doing and he replied something that I don't remember. I do know it was totally illogical like, "I'm hammering bananas into the floor." I then knew I was dreaming since his reply was so ridiculous. I asked him, "Do you know you are dreaming?" He didn't answer so I yelled the question. He replied, "Yes." I didn't know what to do next so I thought I should have sex with him. I'm always having sex with strange men that I create in

my dreams and then telling my husband the next morning about the dream. It would be more tactful if I had sex with him. So we did. I could feel his penis in my vagina. However, I wasn't getting aroused to orgasm, so I decided to do something else.

I flew out my room by way of an open doorway, covered with a red, printed cloth. I was flying very low and thought I was having a very low level lucid dream. My vision was not clear. I decided to have sex while flying. Then I was suddenly lying on my left side in bed again.

My mother was coming into the hallway. I didn't want to wake up so I thought, "Should I stay asleep and develop the lucid dream further or should I wake up?" (At this point I believed my mother was not a part of the dream but was really coming into my room.) She stood next to me and said, "It's time to get up." I felt we had something to do so I woke up.

**Dreamingoddess, October 2 2003**

I am looking up at the night sky filled with stars and rise off the ground. I say "Lucid dream X10" and shoot into the sky like a bullet. I land in a room with others who have also been lucid at one time or another. These people are showing me their drawings and writings of their lucid experiences. These records are unreadable. They appear to be scribbles on a page. They only make sense in dreamtime. This inspires me to create my own record of my experience when I am conscious. I am also curious as to how to go about developing a dream language to translate between the waking and dream states. I have a false awakening and I am wondering if I am really awake...

**Katie, October 3 2003**

[This is actually a non-lucid with a false awakening that becomes lucid (phew). I left the first dream in because I think it ties into the question in the second dream. I was raised a Catholic, um, not very successfully! I consider myself deeply spiritual, but a lot of what the Catholic church represents to me seems misguided if not completely wrong. But my dreams are often frankly religious in a very Catholic way. I think this dream evolved from, among other things, reading Ursula K. LeGuin's *Another Wind* which concerns dreams and the afterlife. Interestingly it was preceded by a dream of being held hostage, which is a dream I've had since I can remember. I've begun to wonder if it's a dream about spirituality as I'm usually part of a group being held somewhere; we don't know what the captor(s) want from us. Captors are usually indifferent or mildly benevolent, but always mysterious. Anyway, with that long pre-amble, here's the dreams!]

I had a classic hostage dream last night but don't remember it, just remember waking and thinking about it. Dreamt I lived in a city above the clouds. Connie and Jenny and maybe one other person were standing looking at a huge hole in the clouds; the clouds were so thick you couldn't

even stand near the hole and see beneath them, only the sides of the hole. They were beautiful, the way you see clouds from a plane, and the hole was realistic, gorgeously detailed. I guess we were making a joke about something, related to the hole maybe. There was a moment of silence and then Connie said quietly, "Well. Be nice to her." This changed the tone and made us all more gentle and thoughtful.

I headed back for the building where we all lived - seems to be featureless concrete without windows. I noticed that the ice (we variously live on ice and clouds) between where we were and the building is melting. I bring this to C and J's notice, they thank me for the heads up and as a precaution have everyone move closer to the building. The melting area is a narrow band of ice/clouds, if it melted, the people on the far side would have been cut off. I go toward the building and see there's significant melting here too. I think it's probably going to mean that we fall through. I go inside and wander around these small, blank, bleak rooms laid out like a maze almost. I have a book I just bought with me, wondering if I should have jettisoned it for weight, not being willing to. I'm fatalistic about what I think is going to happen, not very frightened.

Suddenly there's a big jolt and the building tilts to one side. It's happening, I think. Everyone is yelling and I start to run toward the people, presumably in a common area. Then I think, I don't want to die there. I head back and think, but I don't want to die in this stupid little closet either. I think that pretty soon water will come rushing in and drown us (as if we're on ice over an ocean). I try to think about what that death will be like, how long it will take. There's a sense of peace almost knowing there's not a goddamned thing I can do about it. Then we're falling, all the way through the ice/clouds, and hurtling toward the earth. The floor seems to be transparent now and I can see the earth coming up towards us. I think I should watch, it must be beautiful in a way, like when skydivers take films, but I don't want to experience fear, so I close my eyes.

Among the yelling is one man's voice telling another to get his children under control if he's to have any chance of saving this ship. Saving? There's a possibility we'll survive? But the impact alone will kill us won't it? I see the landing as an observer from outside; the man (played by Sean Connery) has brought the "ship" down at an angle enough it doesn't have too bad an impact, on the ocean, where it skims across the surface then bumps up against the coast, like a boat bumping a dock. It's a little domed city, self-contained, and we'll survive. I wonder if the city actually has the ability to impact the world around it, outside of it. I go around turning out some lights, except for one antique one with a blue and white porcelain base, that won't turn off.

I go outside my house, stand on the porch and look at the sky. The sky is completely covered by a dome of clouds, except in the north there's an opening. It's not just "up" it's

at about 2 o'clock, up but a little to the side too; the shape of the hole describes the arch of the dome of clouds, so to speak. "Well, Zoe," I say, "That's where we fell from the sky."

I wake up. It's time to get up and go to work, so I get up and start undressing, wandering lazily around the house - my parents' house. I'm wearing my old dark green shirt belted tightly with a narrow leather belt high at the waist, and it feels good to take this off. I'm wandering around the front of the house lazily undressing as I go. A big truck goes by, unusual looking. It's a car carrier but carries the cars in a big wooden case open on one side, each car having its own little compartment so that they face out sideways.

That's weird I think - then I notice the cars look like Matchbox cars and I wonder if I'm dreaming. Hm, yes, I'm dreaming. Well, what should I do? I have been wondering (in this dream, I guess) about the death of Christ and what it meant about the death of humans. There's a square water-cooler bottle there. I look through this and out the picture window where the spruce is nicely framed. I compose my mind quietly and wonder the question again. I seem to understand for a moment that we couldn't have death the way that I do now. I wake up.

I'm confused about the last dream. I don't know where the question about Christ's death came from. In Catholicism his death meant that we automatically go to heaven or something whereas before everyone was in purgatory? I'm not even sure, but his act of "dying so our sins could be forgiven" meant that what happened when a person died changed after that. Not a part of theology that's ever interested me before; it seemed like just another stupid, absolutist doctrine.

I've always hated the idea of heaven and hell, of anyone being excluded from heaven because of their religion, or lack of it, or even because of their "sins". Something is tickling at me, I think it's Robert's Seth presentation,[ASD PsiberConference] a line about folks experiencing the afterlife as their cultural and personal beliefs lead them to. I'm not sure I can grasp or explain what I meant by having death the way that I do now. It's like there's the level of me that had that insight, and the much stupider me trying to understand it. Death as a warm and intimate thing; death as something that is with you during life, not just at the end of it. As something practiced for, rehearsed even, throughout life. Death as another side of consciousness that we try to learn about as we live.

**C.S., July 23 1994**  
**Visiting Wonder World**

(I programmed myself to have another lucid dream where I would be in Wonder World.) I heard noises in my room from all over. My husband was in the bathroom. The radio was playing from one end of the room, and people were outside talking. (This was my sign that I was going lucid.)

Then since I knew I was dreaming, I told myself to go to Wonder World.

I was outside. All I could see was green foliage - mostly ivy. I was so delighted to finally reach Wonder World that I created a pleasant happy tune. I attempted to remember the words as I sang but stopped for concern that too much concentration would awaken me. I took a deep breath and thought how wonderful it was to breathe clean fresh air; I could smell absolutely nothing. Then I saw Mary Jane and Joe S from my school years. I greeted them happily. I asked them what was the name of the town. Mary Jane said "Ukatele" and that I could remember it when I awakened by saying, "You could tell me." We were walking by a lake to a resort or house. Night was falling and it was getting darker. I was awake (false) in my bed. I checked the time, but I couldn't see it. I knew I was still dreaming, so I said, "I'm in Wonder World."

I was walking towards my mother. I was so excited to see her looking in a dream just as I remember her. (She lives in Scranton and I have not seen her in six years.) We hugged each other. The reality of it filled me with emotion. We started to walk in a hallway of a building. I asked her if this was a nursing home and she said "yes". (She really lives in her own home.)

I was surprised that I could feel my body similar to when I was awake. It was heavy and aching. My niece, as a child, was next to me and wanted me to carry her. I picked her up and carried her down the steps. She was too heavy. My arms and legs hurt so I had to put her down. (I false awoke). I was in bed so I looked at the time. There was a toy tank in front of the clock. I knew I was dreaming as I picked it up, since I don't own this toy. I looked around the room and out the windows. I could see so many soldiers, guns, and tanks that it looked like a military camp. I decided I didn't want to be in this world. So I spun as fast as I could, telling myself that I wanted to go to Wonder World. (I false awoke).

I was back in bed, so I looked to see the time but I couldn't see it clearly. I realized that I don't have a clock radio so I must still be dreaming. This time I heard my mother's voice talking with someone in the hallway. Even though I wanted to go to Wonder World, I thought I'd check out the activities in the hallway first. I walked into the hallway and saw mother talking with the most gorgeous 6'6" tall, blonde man I ever saw. She introduced us. I didn't listen, I was absorbed in his beauty. He said, "Let's go into your bedroom." How could I resist?! I was happy to see my bedroom was not my awake bedroom. This one was very attractively decorated.

He stood in front of an opened closet. I stood in front of him. As we hugged and kissed, he shrank to my size. I could feel his hard penis in the right place. A part of me wanted unbridled sex and another part thought I didn't want another sex dream. At that time, a coat or some other type of clothing fell on him, and I lost my desire for sex. I really woke up, this time.

### Robert Waggoner, September 29-30 2003 Pain, More Than Desire

(A long dream precedes this lucid awareness, so I have shortened it)

I'm with my mom on a trip, heading west to Colorado in our van making deliveries. I'm upset, when I realize that my brother has us making a number of deliveries. We get to a town and my mom shows me a brochure that my brother made. The brochure ended with a comment like the 4-H slogan of "health, hands and heart".

As we walk into a mall, I see various people. I notice a woman who looks like Pam R (one of a pair of identical twins). As we follow a person out of the mall, I realize that this is simply a dream. The energy behind this idea gets stronger and I go back to the "commons" area. I see some young women and think about making love, but as I look into their eyes, they seem to reflect pain, more than desire. I move along, simply enjoying the various dream scenes and the textures and complexity of the whole event.

### Gabriella, August 2003 Through the Picture

I decided to incubate a spiritual dream. After an awakening it's easy to induce a lucid dream.

I dream that I am in my house and I realize I'm dreaming. I remember my wish and I ask for help to see God. A man in black appears behind me. I am afraid but he gives me glasses, and through these I see his real nature: he is an angel!! He brings me into a house in order to make me experience God. I must cross a picture put in middle of the room and of which I see only the reverse side of the picture. But I hesitate and I don't know what to do. Then I awaken.

### Dreamingoddes, October 7 2003 Missed Cues

A close friend, Leigh, is standing beside me in the out of doors. He is not saying a word. I am asking him to tell me I am awake. He still says nothing. I recall that in my dreams I can X10 anything, last time however, I did not specify LUCID. In this instance my speed became X10 and I really enjoyed the fast speed of travelling. I remember how much I really like to fly at top speed. So I decide that I want to travel at x10 rather than deepen my lucidity. However, it does not work very well. I am in the air but there are many obstructions as the vehicle traffic is also 3-dimensional. There are cars everywhere. I am carefully trying not to collide with any vehicles. I am thinking to myself "Whoever came up with this idea didn't do a very good thing."

### C.S., July 16 1994 Flying Thoughts

(I remembered that I should lie still in the same position to have another lucid dream, so I did just that. I thought about a lucid dreamer's desire to know how to fly in waking life.)

I was sitting next to Onno. His vibrations caused me to fly. Since flying is one of my lucid signs, I immediately realized I was dreaming. I was standing up, flying forward in the room toward a wall. I flew slow at first and then speeded up. At my thought, I turned and went back and forth. I realized I was able to fly when awake just as in dreaming. I awoke suddenly with opera music playing in my mind.

(I understood that flying in a dream is just a mental vision of a scene moving with the proper angles and dimensions that creates an illusion of flying. It's like Disneyland's panoramic show that makes people feel that they are actually experiencing a roller coaster ride....)

**Robert Waggoner, October 15-16 2003**  
**Rock Wall - To the Arctic**

I seem to be on a trail. As I move along, I realize that the trail seems to conclude at the foot of a massive reddish rock wall - it's huge. Staring at the rock wall for a moment, I simply realize that "this is a dream!" With that, I force myself to fly upwards, and keep flying as I think about what I want to do. Suddenly, I get the idea that I can fly anywhere easily, and so I decide to fly to the Arctic. Just as suddenly, I begin to accelerate through the sky and then it is as if a "sky cave" forms (like a wormhole), and I fly right through it and land face down in the Arctic.

Jeez - that was a bit of a shock and not a very smooth landing - I was simply there, face down in the snow. The snow was extremely powdery, so I kept pushing it aside, looking for rock, but only found crystal clear ice. I began to wonder what had prompted me to come to the Arctic at all. I awoke into physical reality.

Hilarious final note: Just as I finished typing this into the computer, I looked up and saw that the university golf course had turned on their sprinklers, but it is so cold here in Iowa that the water is turning to snow! I live in the Arctic!

**Katie, October 2003**  
**Two Lucid Dreams**

Here's a couple of lucid dreams if you think you can use them. I told the woman mentioned in the first dream about it the next morning, because it felt more-than-me, and she thought it was a great dream but remembered none of hers from the night before, so no wild "mutual dream" revelations. Which is probably just as well, since I'm her direct supervisor at work!

The second dream was a little creepy, with some nightmare flavors that I deliberately deflected. When I woke up all I could feel was the nightmare piece; only when I wrote it down did I see the "common area" had been reproduced from first dream -- a very positive symbol. That gave me some thought about the role and reason for creepy "upstairs" themes in my dreams: do I choose that motif in some way because it's a familiar battle? When I was much

younger (jung-er!) I read Jung's definition of neurosis as energy stuck on a single point, and that resonated with me. The "upstairs" motif relates to childhood trauma, and I think my dreams are telling me that maybe now I choose to dwell on that rather than grow past it, because in a way it has grown safe and known. I'm sure there's a "self-defensive" pun on "safe" in the kitchen part. Also, the place I work during the week was founded as an orphanage in the 1890's. Much food for thought here.

**September 18 2003**

Dreamt I was standing in the backyard at 317 at sunset with Phoebe (sometimes there's another woman, a friend of hers I don't know well). In the direction of the setting sun is the world's tallest mountain, which we refer to by name. I don't know what name we use, and I'm not sure what the world's tallest mountain is, even. I say "<Mountain name>, huh? Watch this." And fly to the summit. Except now it's a really enormous building. I'm on the roof; there's a radio antenna on it. I think, I should have flown onto the tip of that. My audience is very impressed. I may show them how to do it. They say it's wonderful I've gotten to that next level of dreaming. Huh? I feel embarrassed at showing off, and they clearly know more about dreaming than I do. Phoebe asks me if I've gone through the door yet, I don't know what she means. So she makes one for me. In the neighbor's yard now; I stand a little back as Phoebe concentrates then makes a rectangular shape in the air with her hands. I don't see a door, but she tells me to go through. She can't go through with me. I do step through, and everything is as before except there's three cupboards of different sizes and colors placed around the area.

Phoebe can't see what I see, but she coaches me verbally because she knows what's supposed to be there somehow. She tells me there should be a cupboard; I tell her there's three. She says to my left should be one that's mustard yellow colored. There is one there but it's green. That's the right one, she confirms. Go ahead and see what's inside. With a little trepidation I open the doors. At first I think it's empty, but then a tiny gray snake, no more substantial than a wisp of smoke, darts out and bites me on the finger of my right hand. I convey this to Phoebe and she says, "Good. You've been cured." Cured might not be the right word; maybe confirmed or something. It happened the way it was supposed to anyway.

Now I go explore and am in a big common room. There's afternoon sun streaming in, lots of warm wood - wooden floors, wood paneling, wooden shelves, a color like cherry wood. There's some area carpet in forest green. Comfortable, beat up upholstered chairs and couches are arranged facing the middle. I'm really excited, this seems like a really great place for friends to hang out and talk; lovely but comfortably shabby. I tell Phoebe about it (she's still auditing me, but can't see into my dream). I ask her to come, formally invite her into my dream as if I know you

have to make a specific request out loud before someone can come into your dream space. She agrees somewhat reluctantly to come in just for a minute. My impression is that in creating this door and dream space for me, she's done me a huge favor, and this saps her energy somewhat.

### September 22 2003

Lucid from start. Across the street [from 317] at the foot of the hill leading to the reservoir. I think it's snowy. I see the trail (looks different, winding) and also a stairway. I think, that's cheating, putting in a stairway! I start up the trail, but it's a very difficult climb so I switch to the stairs. In the reservoir is a large house, an orphanage. I go in, now I'm a boy - possibly in short pants, like 1920s era. Another boy is there too, we're both interested in getting a tour.

There's a couple that run the place. The man takes us into the kitchen where the wife is. Again, old fashioned-seeming. She's got her hair up. There are about three little "safes" set into the walls, enameled. These are for keeping food cold; one even says "frigidaire" on it. I say to the woman, "My mother calls these [forgotten]". "Why is that?" the woman asks sharply, on the defensive for some reason. I answer politely and she relaxes a little. The man shows us the next two floors where he and the wife have their living quarters. These are big, open, mostly done in natural wood. Furniture is a little shabby but comfortable.

The next floor is where the orphans live. I can feel this dream has a strong potential to get ugly in the "going upstairs" way, so I have us go back down. Our tour concluded, the other boy and I go outside, debating which of us needs to get into the orphanage more (apparently there's only one slot). He says he needs it for his salvation; I say something similar, perhaps enlightenment.

It's not clear how an orphanage would contribute to spiritual wholeness - except I realized when I was recalling this that the 2nd and 3rd floors bear a striking resemblance to that dream I had about Phoebe, where I found a common area and got all excited: open and airy, wood is same kind, same shabby upholstered furniture. It's clearly a correspondence; in that regard it makes perfect sense that I need to be there for enlightenment. The 'going upstairs' thing might be what prevents me from it, like a distorting lens through which I see that makes me misperceive. Dunno about the kitchen scene.

### Dreamingoddess, October 17 2003

I am lucid during this time. In my dream I am standing and looking out a window with an obstruction on the right so I do not see the full view. On my right is a large white wall. I am about to do two tasks before I leave to go on my honeymoon. One: I must deploy the fleet, and as I look out the small view, I see that the fleet of space ships are turning around and awaiting my order. Second: has to do with the large white wall but, I am awakened...

### C.S., October 12 2003 Mirror Selves

Conditions seemed right for a lucid dream so I programmed to have fun in the dream by dancing, singing or whatever. I had lost my sense of well-being through pain and illness and wanted it back.

During a long, non-lucid dream, I was on top of a man who was lying in bed. However it seemed very strange that I should be lying on top of a stranger so awkwardly. I said to myself, "I must be dreaming." Suddenly my vision became much clearer, precise, and more vividly colored. I looked at my husband, who was standing in a corner, and told him he was not real. He was a dream character. I told all the other characters in the room the same thing. Then, I was looking in a mirror and assumed that I was a man, who continually changed in appearance. I turned away and noticed that I was a woman who kept changing in appearance and didn't look like me at all.

Remembering that I wanted to have fun, I flew into the air, trying all kinds of different maneuvers. I sang and danced and enjoyed myself all alone. Then, my attention went to my state of consciousness, which was changing to the awake state. I then went into a non-lucid dream. My feeling of well-being returned.

## The Conscious Exploration Of Dreaming

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### WILDs, OBEs, and Sleep Paralysis

*Continued from page 13*

don't know why he is black (could be a Jungian shadow self dialoguing with me) but the grass is significant because I have a tussle with myself about time spent working on my farm (cutting the grass) and time for creative pursuits (like collecting all the data needed to have an OOB). But this is in a playful vein and the dream is telling me not to take the self-generated conflict too seriously. Note, that I do get to the other side by going deeper and under.

## DreamSpeak

*Continued from page 6*

sure of myself and decided to have sex with the next dream person who came down the street. I did so, right in the middle of the road, with no inhibitions. I gave myself a suggestion to remain lucid afterwards and it worked. However, I now found myself alone, in front of a campfire. I took this as another challenge and stepped right into the center of the roaring fire. I was having fun and decided to try eating the flames. Interestingly enough, they tasted salty. Next, I appeared with nothing physical around me, so I decided that I would fly up and merge with the sun. I sped upwards like superman, accelerating rapidly until, about half way there, I heard a great sound. It was very intense, and yet blissful. I felt extremely lucid for the next several days in both my waking and sleeping states.

**Robert: Any final thoughts about experiments or experiences in the lab with Stephen LaBerge?**

**Beverly:** During one lucid dreaming experiment at the lab, Stephen LaBerge asked me to try healing my stiff neck in a dream by rubbing my hands and directing the energy to my neck. I tried this in a dream, and I found sparks coming from my hands. The sparks set my hair on fire, and I spend the dream trying to put the fire out. Even I wasn't always completely lucid!

In another lab experiment for a television special, I had to sing the song, "Row, row, row your boat.... life is but a dream." The week that the show was to air, they used a clip of me singing this song with electrodes all over my face, wearing my blue robe, for a commercial. It was shown several times a day that week. A few times, when I turned on the television, the commercial was playing and I saw myself saying, "Life is but a dream!" It was a very strange experience indeed! I decided it must be some kind of message from the universe, and I better pay attention. I was formulating the ideas that would eventually become what I now call, "lucid living!"

**Robert: Beverly, because you have so many great lucid dream experiences, we plan to continue this interview for the next LDE - and maybe even the one after that! Would you care to leave us with one of your favorite lucid dreams from this period?**

**Beverly:** This next dream serves as a good description of how our thoughts can create reality. I was in a lucid dream and I met a lovely fairy teacher who told me that she would give me the gift of seeing my thoughts manifest instantly in front of me. I found myself driving on a road around a large lake. I thought how nice it would be to be in a boat on the water. Instantly, I was sitting in a boat looking up at the road I had just been on. I was amazed. I must have imagined being in town next. In front of me on a dusty road, I saw a mysterious man walking towards me. He put his hand in his pocket. I thought, "What if he pulls a knife on me?" Sure enough, I noticed the blade. I was terrified, but just as quickly I tried to picture him merely scratching his leg. I was relieved when he did. Still, I was afraid that I would think more negative thoughts, and I wanted this all to stop. Yet, I didn't know how to do so. Finally, I decided to think of my bedroom and myself asleep. Sure enough, I woke up, and I felt that I had learned a great deal about how our mental states can affect our experiences.

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## Are You Awake?

*Continued from page 14*

-- whereby another powerful aspect from the community of aware selves takes over perceptually and appears, topside, in waking reality. So as you go about your day, and your night, and your life dream and your night dream, don't only ask yourself, "Who is the dreamer?", but dig a little deeper and search a little broader, and ask instead, "Who are the dreamers?"

**Are you awake?**

## Some Dreams From The MLD

*Continued from page 20*

above dream and would likely have not even written it out immediately when waking. Instead I would have probably tended to more immediate needs while the dream faded away to a few remembered highlights.

So, thanks everyone, for keeping me inspired and on my toes - even when I take a break! :)

**Katie, August 7 2003**

**Sex Pantheon**

This is hard to write because it's very fragmentary what I remember. I was lucid and met a man in a house who explained who or what he was, and his relationship to me which has some overtone of power (master? teacher? keeper?) but the feeling is passive, not harmful, almost impassive. I think I'm skeptical but he's willing to let me find out for myself how things stand. From here I meet other men, each of whom is an avatar of the first. Again, I'm skeptical, think at first each is independent and can free me. I know I chose lucidly who would be the first man, a baseball player in WR. Here he's doing something mundane and unspooky like working on a car. The first guy, with his claims of being some kind of spirit or superbeing or whatever, was a bit intimidating, this guy seems very normal.

But he turns out to be an avatar of the first guy, or at least in his employ. There's a couple more scenes like this. I don't remember if I had sex with each of them, but there was definitely sex involved. At the end I'm back at the spook's house, someone else from outside comes in and quickly tells me the secret of the guy, that he's missing something and here because he's trying to find it. Left alone again, the spook asks me if I believe that's true. He may be lying down, his voice is tired, passive, slow. I stammer "I dunno, maybe..."

That answer somehow makes the whole thing inaccessible to me, I'm out of the game and he's working with someone else. (I'd intended in this dream to meet the challenge of the dream group leader to see what exercises he would post for us; he said I'd gotten the next two weeks previewed in this dream.)



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# LUCID LINKS

## **The Lucid Dream Exchange**

[www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com)

## **The Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://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](http://www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm)

## **The Lucidity Institute**

[www.lucidity.com](http://www.lucidity.com)

## **Lucidity Institute Forum**

A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.

[www.lucidity.com/forum](http://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](http://www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html)

## **Electric Dreams**

[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

## **Lucid Dream Newsgroups**

[alt.dreams.lucid](mailto:alt.dreams.lucid)

[alt.out-of-body](mailto:alt.out-of-body)

## **Alt.out-of-body Website**

[www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html](http://www.geocities.com/janice240obe/index.html)

## **the5aint's website**

[www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html](http://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 Physically Challenged**

<http://www.geocities.com/lucidguild/index.html>

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

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

## **Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research**

[www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html](http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html)

## **Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"**

<http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm>

## **William Buhlman**

[www.williambuhlman.com](http://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](http://www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html)

## **Werner Zurfluh**

"Over the Fence"

[www.oobe.ch/index\\_e.htm](http://www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm)

## **Reve Lucide**

A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.

[www.revelucide.com](http://www.revelucide.com)

## **Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers**

[www.durso.org](http://www.durso.org)

## **The Conscious Dreamer**

Sirley Marques Bonham

[www.theconsciousdreamer.org](http://www.theconsciousdreamer.org)

## **Robert Moss**

Numerous articles including such topics as active and shamanic dreaming, plus upcoming workshops and more.

[www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

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