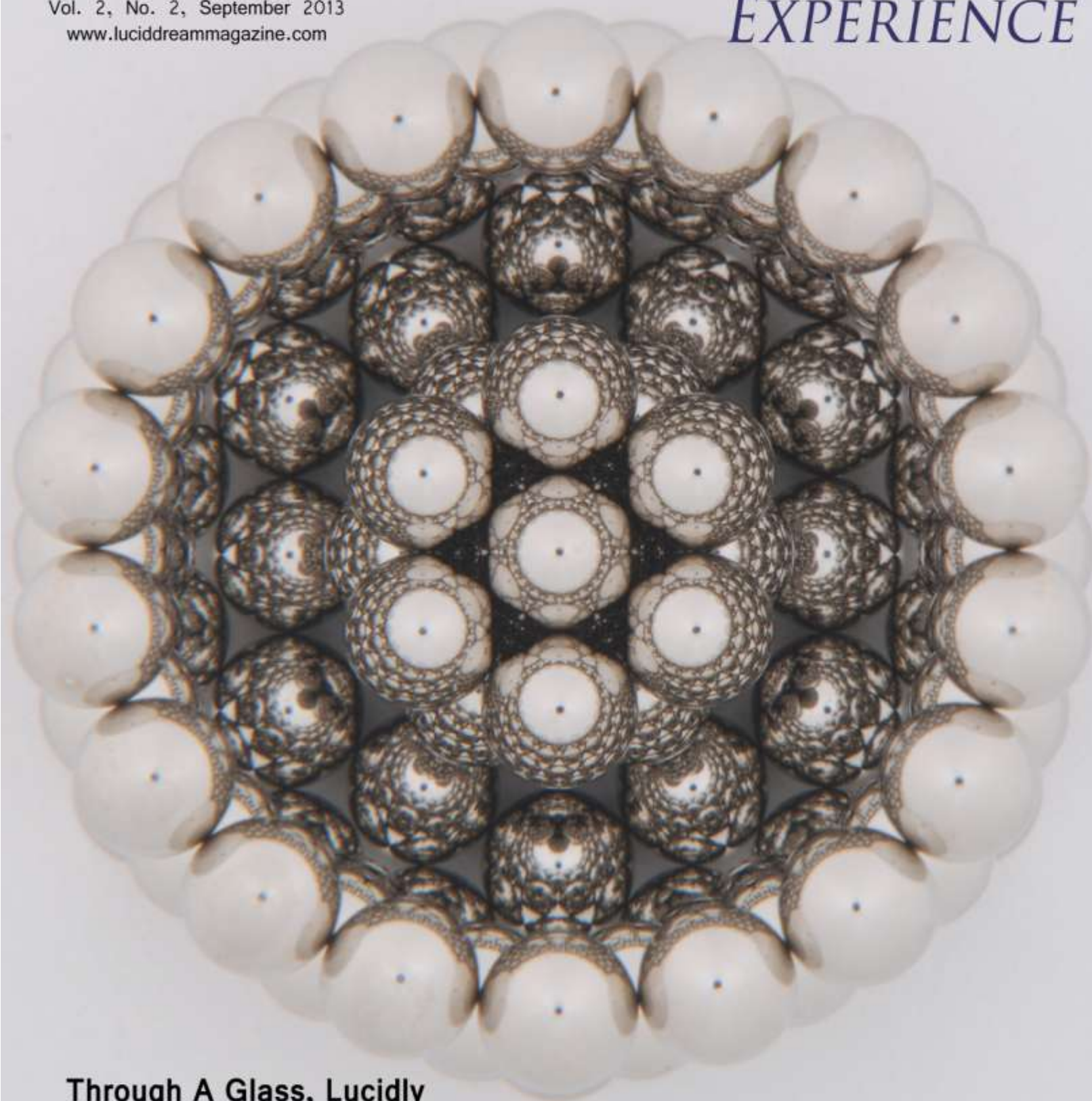




LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*

Vol. 2, No. 2, September 2013

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**Through A Glass, Lucidly
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Author, Teacher and Speaker, Robert Waggoner, is past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). A lucid dreamer since 1975, he has logged more than 1,000 lucid dreams. In his highly acclaimed book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, Robert shares a lifetime of lucid dreaming discoveries and adventures. For the last ten years, he has been the co-editor of the online magazine, *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, the only ongoing publication devoted specifically to lucid dreaming. Visit the Lucid Dream Exchange at www.dreaminglucid.com

To learn more and to enroll in the Lucid Dreaming and Lucid Living Workshop go to www.glidewing.com





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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

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

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**DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW
WITH CHARLIE MORLEY
BY ROBERT WAGGONER © 2013**

Buddhist teacher, lucid dreamer, and author of the soon-to-be released book '*Dreams of Awakening*', Charlie Morley seeks to awaken all sentient beings. Check out his interview with Robert Waggoner.

How did you become interested in lucid dreaming? When did you first hear about it?

It was a couple of months before my 12th birthday. It was a Sunday afternoon and I was bored, as all 11 year olds are on Sunday afternoons when it's raining and there's nothing to do. So I started sifting through the Sunday papers looking for the mail order gadgets leaflet which I used to love. As I was flicking through them I saw a full page advert for something called a NovaDreamer (the famous lucid dream induction device). I was like, "Mum! I do this sometimes! When you know your dreaming! I do what this mask does! Mum, I know what I want for my birthday!"

My Mum says it started earlier, but from my memory the journey began on that Sunday afternoon. I never did get that NovaDreamer for my birthday but the seed had been planted nonetheless and began to sprout a few years later when I got into lucid dreaming properly.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?

Wow, I can't actually remember my first *ever* lucid dream but I do remember my first few intentional ones. I remember what shocked me was just how realistic it all was and how natural it all felt. It was as if this was how *every* dream could be and that it was non-lucid dreaming that was weird, not lucid dreaming.

What did you make of that?

The realism of it all? I thought it was awesome, like being in a computer game!

What about lucid dreaming caught your interest and attention? What made you want to have another lucid dream and pursue it further?

As a teenager, it was the free accessibility of lucid dreaming that was one of its real selling points for

me. There was no equipment to be bought, no initiation to be done, no club to join. The only commodities required were sleep and determination. Also it was great place to have lots of sex, and for a teenager that was a pretty strong motivation to explore it further!

When you become lucid, does it result from a particular induction or incubation technique? Or have you simply trained yourself to notice the unusual when dreaming?

Nowadays it's much more about confidence than anything else. If I am confident and energised then sometimes I just *know* that I am getting lucid that night, but I do still have to practice the techniques of course. I am not a natural lucid dreamer actually. That's probably why I'm pretty good at teaching it, because I know what it feels like to be out of practice, to have droughts and most importantly to be able to train hard and get back on track.

When I got into Buddhism properly in my late teens I started doing some of the Tibetan dream yoga techniques as well as all the Western 'LaBergian' techniques that I had been working with up to that point. I also started doing quite a bit of meditation and practising meditators often have a much higher rate of lucid dreams than non-meditators. This is because mindful awareness during the day directly translates into mindful awareness during dreams. In fact one of the original lucid dream induction techniques is mindfulness meditation

For many of us at the beginning, lucid dreaming seems like a wonderful entry into a virtual reality, where you can play around and indulge any fantasy. Does that describe your early experience, or did you immediately see the deeper potential of lucid dreaming?

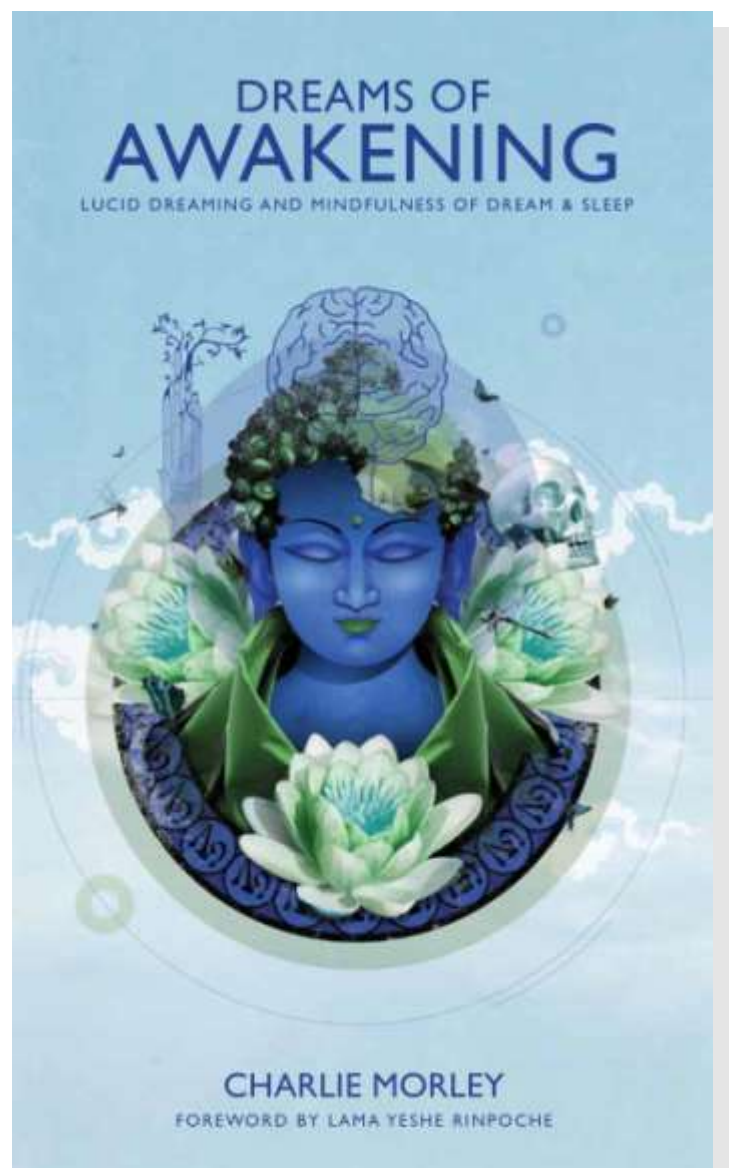
Robert, the only potential I saw in lucid dreaming when I first started was the potential of getting my rocks off! When I first taught myself to lucid dream at the age of 16, I used it for nothing more than sex, drugs, and rock and roll. I wasted the first two years of my lucid dreaming practice almost exclusively on having sex in lucid dreams!

In fact it acted as a great motivational tool for me to get lucid as much as possible, but alas, it became a slippery slope down which I fell many times. And

although I laugh about it now it was quite damaging actually because as in waking life, we are creating and strengthening neural pathways while we are lucid dreaming, which means that if we engage in actions while lucid, we are creating neurological pathways associated with that action, which can then become activated in the waking state. Hence the slippery slope because it set me up to have a really strong habit towards sex, which at 16 that can be a very tricky thing!

So what happened to give you insight into lucid dreaming's larger and more profound potential?

When I was 17 I had an accidental LSD overdose, which was terrifying and led to months of recurring post-traumatic stress nightmares. At the time I was reading lucid dreaming books and I remembered the section on using lucidity to heal nightmares, but



whenever I got lucid within these recurrent nightmares I was so consumed by fear and dread that I would usually just end up yelling, 'Wake up! I want to wake up!'

Unfortunately, as you know, this just happens to be the *most* effective way of ensuring that a nightmare recurs, because in no way does it resolve or heal the psychological trauma fuelling it. At the time, however, I was simply too distressed to face my demons fearlessly. But one night I finally decided I'd had enough. I set a strong threefold motivation: to intentionally engage the nightmare, to become lucid within it, and to face the source of the trauma.

That night the nightmare came and the little bald-headed dwarf who had somehow come to represent the trauma appeared as usual, signifying imminent insanity. But this time I recognized that I was dreaming, and as he approached me, I finally turned to face him. Rather than run away, I yelled at him: 'Enough! I've had enough! OK, I get it! I see now! But please just leave me alone!'

Suddenly the dwarf's face changed and then the entire dreamscape changed into a 17 year old's vision of paradise – in this case a beach full of bikini-clad girls and people skateboarding and drinking cocktails in the sun! Crazy stuff eh? That was the last time I ever had that nightmare. Four months of post-traumatic stress cured by one lucid dream. It was then that I realized the huge potential of lucid dreaming.

The Buddhist practice of dream yoga includes lucid dreaming as a main technique. But dream yoga also exists within a larger philosophical framework. Tell us about some of the main ideas of the dream yoga practice, and how they assist the lucid dreamer.

Dream yoga is a collection of transformational lucid dreaming, conscious sleeping and what in the West we refer to as "out-of-body experience" practices aimed at spiritual growth and mind training. Lucid dreaming may form the foundation of dream yoga, but through the use of advanced tantric energy work, visualizations of Tibetan iconography and the integration of psycho-spiritual archetypes or *yidams*, dream yoga goes way beyond our Western notion of lucid dreaming. If we translate the Sanskrit word *yoga* as meaning 'union', we get a

'Four months of post-traumatic stress cured by one lucid dream. It was then that I realized the huge potential of lucid dreaming.'

clue as to what dream yoga is about: the union of consciousness within the dream state. It is a yoga of the mind that uses advanced lucid dreaming methods to utilize sleep on the path to spiritual awakening.

The most far out aspect of dream yoga is that within Tibetan Buddhism, the main purpose of these sleep and dream practices is preparation for the dreamlike after-death *bardo* state. Each time we fall asleep and dream, we're getting a trial run for death and dying, so every time we fall asleep consciously or have a lucid dream, we're training for the conscious recognition of the death process and the dreamlike after-death state called the *bardo*. The after death *bardo* is like an in between place which our mind stream enters into after we have left our bodies at death but before we have been reincarnated into a new body.

According to the Tibetan *Book of the Dead*, if we can manage to recognize the dreamlike hallucinations of the after-death *bardo* state as manifestations of the mind, we have the possibility of experiencing full spiritual awakening. The ancient texts say that even if a yogi has practised meditation for a whole lifetime and still hasn't attained full realization, he has one last shot at it: death.

My guru and dream yoga master, Lama Yeshe Rinpoche, once told me, 'If you want to know how your mind will be during death, look at how your mind is during dream. If you can remember to recognize the dream consistently, then death means nothing to you, because you can recognize the death *bardo* as a dream, and then you can be with Buddha.' When it's 4 a.m. and my alarm has gone off, reminding me to write down my dreams and to get lucid it's those words that spur me on.

In the Buddhist practice of dream yoga and lucid dreaming, the fundamental goal involves enlightenment within this lifetime. But from a western perspective, your average person still has to work through their stuff – like shadow issues of denied, ignored or repressed issues, limiting beliefs and also unhealthy mental habits, etc. – before they have much chance of going deeper. Does the dream yoga tradition address dealing with your “stuff,” or does it simply encourage you to seek enlightenment?

Absolutely. Enlightenment is a process, not a light switch. The spiritual path starts where we are which for most of us is neck deep in our own bullshit, so yes absolutely we work through our stuff, we examine our neuroses, we embrace our shadow (Tibetan Buddhism is all about shadow work in fact) as a way to gradually enlighten our minds to our full potential. This potential may well be full spiritual realisation in the end, but perhaps simply being more balanced, kinder and more real while we get there is actually the more important aspect.

Lucid dream work is said to be a very powerful tool to use along this path to enlightenment though. In fact, doing spiritual practice in the lucid dream state is said to be so powerful that we have the potential to reach full enlightenment while we sleep. The first Karmapa, the spiritual head of the Kagyu school of Tibetan Buddhism of which I am part, attained full enlightenment at the age of 50 while practising dream yoga. So we shouldn't think that spiritual practice in the lucid dream state is somehow second best to waking practice – it can be even more effective.

Did you have any lucid dreams which helped you see yourself more clearly and work through shadow issues or limiting beliefs? Did these lucid dreams help you along the path towards the larger goal/s of dream yoga?

Totally. Shadow work is one of my main practices. My book contains lots of reference to shadow work and in fact my relationship to my shadow can be charted through my lucid dreams. It's pretty powerful stuff though so you have to have a kind of “warrior's mind” if you are going to enter the darkness fearlessly. Not a warrior that fights of course but the peaceful warrior who rides into the

bad-lands with a flag of union, not war. I also had quite a lot of dreams encouraging me to teach, which I ignored of course until I was actually asked to teach and then they seemed to make some sense in retrospect.

As I recall, you follow the Kagyu branch of Buddhism, and its long tradition of dream yoga practice. Many of us have read Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche's book, which offers the Dzogchen Buddhist perspective on dream yoga. Do the Kagyu and Dzogchen practice have any broad differences in their approach to dream yoga? Or do most of the differences involve fine points of philosophical distinctions?

Yes, there are lots of differences (and it would probably make quite boring reading for most people to explore them here) but both schools are essentially offering tools with which to gain lucidity and then spiritually beneficial practices to apply within the lucid dream state. There are many differences between the dream yoga practices of each school of Tibetan Buddhism let alone between those of Tibetan Buddhism and the Bon-Dzogchen approach of Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche. However, one of the standout features of the Karma Kagyu lineage is that dream yoga teachings are usually reserved for those on a 4 year retreat so although I am not teaching full on dream yoga it is interesting that the Lama's are allowing us to explore these practices more freely outside of retreat nowadays.

Your Buddhist master has authorized you to teach dream yoga, right? Tell us a bit about that and your experience as a teacher of lucid dreaming.

When I first got authorised to teach, although I had been into lucid dreaming and Tibetan Buddhism for years, I was nonetheless, a 25 year old Londoner making my living as a rapper in a hip hop crew! So it was a totally bizarre situation! I guess the teachers could see that I had some potential though and that I could help people learn how to have lucid dreams. And for them that was all that mattered I guess.

“Authorisation to teach” is kind of like a formal seal of approval given by a Lama in order to allow a person to teach at Buddhist centres and temples.

‘By becoming lucid, we see through our mental projections, and each time we do that we are creating a habitual tendency towards seeing through our mental projections in the waking state too.’

It's not something that's given very often and it's definitely not something that's usually given to a 25 year old rapper whose only experience of teaching is running drama workshops for Young Offenders! So I felt totally out of my depth, but somehow I trusted that although I might feel utterly under qualified, Lama Yeshe Rinpoche and Rob Nairn (my teachers) seemed to think that all this was for the best. The good thing about feeling out of your depth of course is that you get to see how well you can swim, so I was forced to start studying and practicing lucid dreaming (and Buddhism in general) to a level which would keep my head just above water at least.

Also, you have recently signed a book contract and will have a book on lucid dreaming published. What is the name of your upcoming book and when will it be out?

Yes, it's called *Dreams of Awakening* and it's published on worldwide release by Hay House in the first week of November this year. It's available on Amazon now so any readers who might be interested, you can pre-order your copy now! I also have a CD called "Lucid Dreaming, Conscious Sleeping" which launches in November too, also through Hay House. It's a collection of guided meditations into the hypnagogic, lucid dream, and conscious sleep states. It's also got some nice heavy beats on it too, not all pan-pipe hippy stuff! Ha ha!

In the book, do you include any personal lucid dreams that truly blew your mind? Could you give us an idea of one, and what it meant to you?

Yeah man, there are over 20 of my most mind blowing lucid dreams featured in an appendix at

the back of the book. There are some really far out ones including healing myself of ear infections through lucid dreaming, doing spiritual practice, and deity manifestation in the lucid dream, having Locale 1 OBE's, and receiving teachings from within the lucid dream too.

I had one particularly far out one when I went into the lucid dream and started chanting a Tibetan 100 syllable purification mantra, just to see what would happen. Suddenly hundreds of projections of monks and nuns flooded into the dreamscape and started chanting with me. Then my guru appeared. Then all these shadow aspects appeared, attracted by the manta and started to be integrated and transmuted. And finally at the end of the dream I sang a song of love to all these hundreds of projections of both my inner darkness and Buddha nature and they all joined in too! It was mind blowing! They say that saying just 1 mantra in the lucid dream state is worth masses in the waking state so that was a very beneficial lucid dream to have had apparently.

Awakening to a larger realization seems a primary goal of Buddhism. In your mind, how does lucid dreaming help us 'awaken'? And in what ways, do your Buddhist practices help you awaken more deeply?

In a lucid dream we become aware that what we believed to be real (the dream) is not real but instead in part a mental projection. So by becoming lucid, we see through our mental projections, and each time we do that we are creating a habitual tendency towards seeing through our mental projections in the waking state too. In the Freudian sense, as you know, 'projection' describes a psychological defense mechanism in which we unconsciously project our own unacceptable qualities onto others. In fact, what annoys us most in other people is often a trait we are working hard not to recognize and accept in ourselves. Once we establish a stabilized lucid dreaming practice, however, we are engraining a new power of recognition that can 'see through' projections, not only of the dream type but of the waking type too. This is how we begin to wake up and live lucidly, because we start to recognize our waking psychological projections in the same way as we recognize our dreams.

From a Buddhist point of view as well, every time we lucid dream we are experiencing a new perception of reality, one in which we are the co-creator, and the more we experience this, the more we may also perceive waking reality in a similar way. Each time we do this we are creating a habit of recognition. It is this habit of seeing through illusion that forms the crux of lucid living and plants the seeds of awakening in our daily life.

When you think about your life as a hip hop dancer, performer, and all, did you ever imagine becoming a Buddhist teacher of dream yoga? What advice do you have for beginning lucid dreamers?

No way man, it was never even on my radar! It's been a crazy journey up to here and its only just beginning too, I hope. All I know is that I am so grateful every day for this life that I now lead and I am so thankful for everybody who has ever come to a talk or attended a workshop because they each made this dream a little bit more possible.

For those dreamers just starting off on the path, my advice is to train hard but know that it takes time to master. Lucid dreaming is like surfing. First we just have to play around in the white water, learning to get up on the board, having fun. Then we start to drop in on waves from point break, often as many as we can as fast as we can, like we think the waves are gonna run out or something! But then after a few years of surfing we learn to pick our waves carefully, drop in smoothly and have long intense rides that not only do justice to us a surfer but do justice to the wave too. Happy surfing!

Charlie's first book *Dreams of Awakening* is available from Hay House, Amazon, and all good book sellers from November 3rd 2013. For more information on Charlie's courses see www.charliemorley.com

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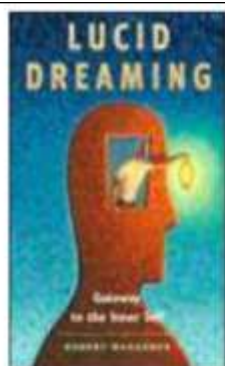
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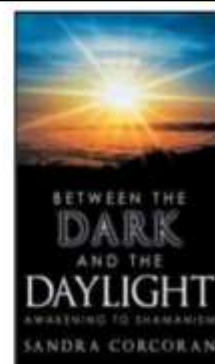




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Robert Waggoner is the acclaimed author of, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, a past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) and co-editor since 1999 of the magazine, *Lucid Dreaming Experience*. Robert lectures nationally & internationally on the topic, and has been interviewed by CNN, ABC News and others as an expert on the lucid dream experience.



Sandy Corcoran is the author of *Between the Dark and the Daylight: Awakening to Shamanism*, co-creator of The STAR Process™: soul retrievals, and a shamanic counselor. Mentored since '83 by indigenous wisdomkeepers in North, Central and South America, she offers private sessions, workshops & esoteric journeys nationally & internationally in alternative energy healing, dream decoding & women's rituals.

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Through a Glass, Lucidly

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*For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:
now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am
known.—1 Corinthians 13:12, King James Version*

The word “lucidity” implies “clarity” but what if we also see the lucid state as holding the potential for “transparency”? Photons pass through transparent materials without becoming dispersed. As a result, we can see light through the surface of a clear window or a lake. In this context, what might it mean when, in our lucid dreams, we become “transparent to transcendence”? What if, in lucid dreams, we can learn to “pass through the mirror” and then experience our inner light and the light of Being?

My own lucid, mirror experiences have evoked these questions in me. The more “transparent” the dream-mirrors, the more the mystery deepens. The dreams answer and ask, reveal and conceal, illumine and veil. In this article I will share with you some of my own dreams-as-mirrors from non-lucid to fully lucid dreams.

Before 2005, I'd experienced mirrors in dreams as two-dimensional surfaces. However, encounters with dream mirrors, such as in this non-lucid dream (2005), peaked my curiosity about mirrors as possessing multiple dimensions:

In the dream, I recognize the setting as one of my first pre-verbal memories from infancy: During my afternoon naps, because the contrasting light and dark shadows through the small rips in the blind covering my bedroom window frightened me, I would climb out of the crib and crawl down the hall to find my mother. She would pick me up and put me back in the crib only to have me crawl out again. Eventually, she gave up on putting me down for naps.

In the dream, I stand in darkness as an adult watching the closed blind, wary of the bright light emerging through its seams and tears. A white beam of fiery laser-white light cuts a vertical line in the blind. I feel deeply afraid. Then I notice that another horizontal line forms at a right angle to this line and recognise a word beginning with the letter H.

Many years later I realized that the word I perceived in the dream appeared in mirror writing, as it would if written on the other side of the blind. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to read the text from my vantage point in the dream. If you place a mirror at a right angle to the text in the box, you'll be able to read the word as it appeared in the dream —>



Reflecting upon this dream some years later, I see the darkness of the blind as revealing not only my unconscious position towards myself—one that veiled my inner light—but also as mirroring back to me

the mysteries of the inner world and the potential contained within it. Unbeknownst to me at the time, the dream intimated the revelatory mirroring experiences in lucidity that would follow in spite of my fear and resistance.

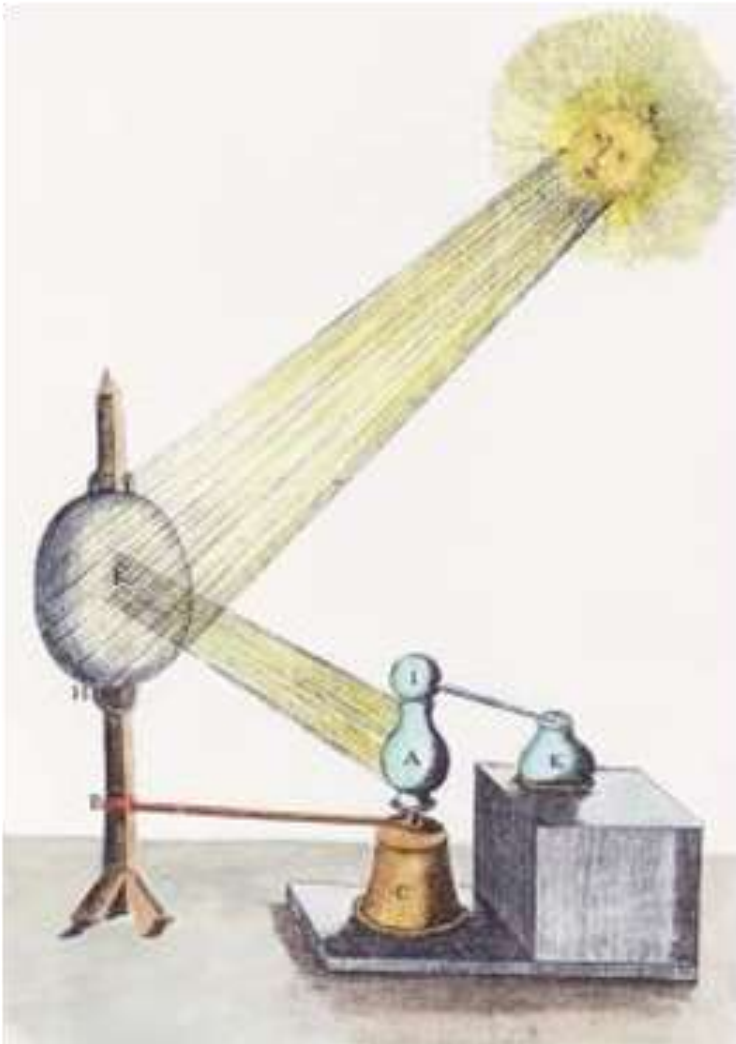
From a psychotherapeutic perspective, dreams function like mirrors, reflecting aspects of our body, mind, soul, and Spirit—in a way metaphorically similar to how the moon reflects the light of the sun. In the Kabbalistic tradition, I have come across the idea that God withdrew the Absolute to reveal the mirror of existence—dreams form part of that revelatory mirror. Thus, how we relate to our dreams-as-mirrors and to mirrors reveals much about our physical, psychological, and spiritual condition.

In my own case, as a child I felt rather frightened of both my dreams and mirrors, even as their beauty attracted me. The mirror in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* left me distrustful of mirrors and their

magic. The looking glass world of *Alice in Wonderland* unsettled me. Like many children, I had the dim awareness that I'd somehow been born on the other side of the looking glass to begin with, a place of unpredictably, broken teacups, mad hatters, tantrums, and creatures under the influence! I longed to escape that world into the “real” world of beauty. But the worst association with mirrors came from “Bloody Mary”—when at an all-girls slumber party someone whispered that if you chant “Bloody Mary” into a mirror in a dark room, the image of Bloody Mary would appear in the mirror. After that I felt afraid to enter a dark room if it had a mirror in it.

At fifteen my relationship with mirrors began to change when I decided I wanted a large antique dresser with a matching mirror and a four-poster bed. So, I worked at my father's office, saving up until I could buy the set. The mirror stood about four-feet high and six-feet wide with a strong wood frame that curved along the top and was straight on the sides. Two smaller side mirrors flanked the large central mirror. Though I could easily see the beauty of the mirror, I could not see my own beauty in it. When I went to Europe in 1990, the mirror and bed stayed behind in the United States, but they have reappeared in significant dreams. And now, after a series of more illuminating mirror-dreams from 2006 to 2013, mirrors no longer frighten me, not even in the dark.

In honour of these mirror-dreams, I have collected a number of mirrors and now feel a resonance with the alchemical and Sufi idea that mirrors reflect the light of the Soul and Spirit. The Sufi mystic and teacher 'Abd al Qadir quoted Mohammed's observation: “The man of knowledge makes images while the wise man polishes the mirror upon which the truth is reflected.” Abd al Qadir explains: “When the mirror of the heart is completely cleansed by being polished with the continuous evocation of the divine Names, one has access to and knowledge of the divine attributes. The witnessing of this vision is only possible in the mirror of the heart.” Thankfully, as I have found in my own dreams, even if we feel our heart's-mirror may need more polishing than we can manage in a lifetime—or even, perhaps, many lifetimes—an agent of “grace” can cleanse our heart's-mirror for us, revealing the archetypal Spiritual realm to us.



An engraving from the work of Athanasius Kircher, a 17th century Jesuit Scholar and alchemist, illustrates a similar idea from an alchemical point of view. In the physical world, Kircher had an interest in optics and constructed his own prototype of the magic lantern, an interest this image reflects. Alchemically, the image also depicts the *calcinatio* or heating up stage of the alchemical process.

On the plane of spiritual alchemy, I view this engraving as illustrative of the light of Spirit or Pure Awareness that shines upon the alchemical flask of the individual psyche through the light reflected in the mirror of the heart. To me, the image suggests that in dreams-as-mirrors and dream-mirrors, the light of spirit and light of the individual interpenetrate and “heat up” the unconscious, bringing to light both our hidden Shadow and divine potentialities. As the physicist Richard Feynman notes: “Photons don’t really bounce off the surface of the glass, they interact with electrons inside the glass.”

Tracking my own mirror dreams over a twenty-year period, I’ve noticed that the initial mirror images appear to “interact” with the make up of my inner world, reflecting back a perception of my own self-image and psycho-spiritual development. The more psychological reflections have depicted psychodynamic scenes from my childhood or images of myself in which I have appeared rather disembodied and “ugly” to my own eyes. By 2008, perhaps a result of much inner work in a psychotherapy-training program, I became more able to see my own beauty reflected in a dream-mirror, as in this dream excerpt:

...At this point, I have become semi-lucid and think that I want out of the dream scene. I get up and go to open the door. A large mirror with a golden frame hangs on the back of the door. In the mirror’s reflection, I see “myself” or what looks like an enhanced version of me wearing a long, white cotton hand-made nightgown. While I recognise myself, it also feels strange to think of this beautiful being as me. At this point, I realize that I’ve made the “mistake” of staying caught in my mind and trying to get “out of the room” rather than becoming fully lucid and getting out of my mental realm. Then I wake up.

But, not until 2009 could I see and contain mirror

reflections of my inner beauty in a more embodied way, as in this sub-lucid dream from 2009 called “Inside, Out”:

I wear a white dress to a wedding where I will be giving a teaching. The dress looks like one I bought in my mid-twenties but only felt comfortable wearing in my forties. The wedding takes place in a sanctuary that reminds me of the Baptist church of my childhood, but much larger and full of people. I give a teaching on the Holy Spirit. After the ceremony, a man with dark, curly hair—who has appeared in other dreams—walks up to me and says, “You still have no idea of the impression you make on people. How full of the Spirit you are. How you touch them and how beautiful you are and how you change the room when you walk in.” I recall that I had said the same about my father that same day in waking physical reality and have the vague recognition that I dream. In the next scene, I stand in the church’s bridal dressing room in front of a three-part, body-length mirror feeling desirous of having a colorful dress. I notice I have bare feet and that I have put the white dress on inside out. For a moment I feel terribly embarrassed, and then I think, “Well, the man still said what he said even so.”

To me, the mirror’s reflection marked a movement towards a fuller expression of the soul’s inner beauty in the outer world. Since this dream, perhaps in keeping with the fairy-lore that wearing clothing inside out makes one invisible, my own reflection has rarely appeared in a dream-mirror. Interestingly, in waking physical reality, the thinner the glass, the less light it reflects as more photons pass through the surface. In the inner realm, we can liken this to a thinning of our ego defences that makes the psyche more “transparent” to archetypal dimensions.

My recognition of a mirror’s beauty generally sparks full lucidity and “opens” the mirror so that I can pass through it, as in this 2009 dream called “The Oval Mirror”:

I carry a young girl playfully piggyback style in a large room of neo-classical design. Sheer, white curtains billow in the floor-to-ceiling windows. I notice my footfall on the wooden floor and our laughter filling the space. The room looks empty apart from an enormous, 10-foot oval mirror with a

golden-gilt frame that we pass by on our right. Two immense, living figures stand on either side of the mirror. I set down the child and return to the mirror. Standing before the mirror, I do not see my reflection, but I do become acutely aware of the unusual size and beauty of the mirror. With this awareness, lucidity comes. Again, I feel the bittersweet realization of both the potential before me to enter the mirror and my own weariness. But this time, rather than giving in to the feeling of weariness, I decide to “wait on the Lord”—if the Lord wants me this way, the Lord will take me. And then, after a moment of such waiting with my head bowed, I feel lifted into the mirror.

My dream body disappears and again my being feels taken into a black, luminous space vibrating with a gentle wind full of the Spirit. At first the refrain, “Oh Holy One” comes to my lips, but then I just remain silent. My “hands” feel full of spirit, and my being fills with ecstasy. The pleasure feels exquisite, but I focus on receiving the infusion of knowledge it contains. After some time, I feel “returned” and “see” the mercury-like surface of the mirror as I tumble through it, popping back into a dream....

Through entering mirrors—or finding oneself taken into mirrors—in lucid dreams, I have come to realize that how we interact with reflective surfaces in our dreams can open up new dimensions in our experience of the dream reality and of ourselves. When we see a dream-mirror, we effectively see a-mirror-within-a-mirror giving us the potential to look into infinity.

For example, if you have ever stood between two mirrors facing each other, such as in a dressing room or beauty salon, you may have noticed that the mirror imagery appears in an apparently infinite series. By extension, we can consider mirroring surfaces within dreams as holding the potential to create a similar effect with the dream-as-mirror, inwardly opening up a window into our infinite potential.

The following lucid dream (2009) illustrates the effect of looking-into-infinity both literally and figuratively through a dream-mirror:

In the dream, I find myself exiting through the main doors of the sanctuary in the Baptist church that I

attended growing up. Normally, the doors open to a foyer lined with windows floor-to-ceiling, but in the dream the long, horizontal window looks like a mirror, and two wall-sized side-mirrors angle out from it at either side to my left and right. With the recognition of this incongruity, I become aware that I dream. An intense white light radiates from within the mirror and nearly blinds me. I experience the light as an infusion of the Spirit and think of it as purifying light. In the dream, although I feel very curious about the world beyond the mirror, the intensity of the light awakens me.

Although in this dream I remain unable to contain the light, I recognize the Spirit’s inner radiance and my desire to engage with “the world beyond the mirror”.

It seems to me that the shape of a mirror can represent our capacity to contain the infinite potential reflected in the mirroring surface. In alchemy, the alchemical flask symbolises the principle of containment in which the transformation of matter takes place. Similarly, the framed mirror also serves as a fitting alchemical image that refers to a dreamer’s capacity to contain his or her emotions as well as paradoxical positions.

For instance, from a psychotherapeutic perspective, a mirror without a frame may refer to a lack of healthy ego-boundaries and/or openness towards liminal experiences. More symmetrical mirrors and frames can indicate a movement towards inner balance and harmony. The color of a mirror frame may link to a process of psycho-spiritual development. But only exploration of the *dreamer’s* associations with a given mirror can reveal the mirror’s full range of psychological resonances.

Over time, in my own experiences, dream-mirrors have not only initiated but also facilitated deeper lucid dreams. In such instances, it has felt as if the mirrors serve as thresholds into ever deepening dimensions of consciousness as in this lucid dream (2010):

.... With lucidity, my being feels lifted onto the black winds as the dreamscape and my body fall away. The winds carry my consciousness hard and fast a great distance and then suddenly I

experience a deep descent.... My being approaches a sea of golden hexagons and for a moment I think of a honeycomb...Again, after plunging through the hexagons, I feel surprised when my consciousness emerges into a vast tabernacle of blue and white like the sky...

I feel whisked to the front of the massive sanctuary where two apparently celestial beings hasten to open a small arched door. With great joy I think, "The Holy of Holies! I am being permitted to enter in!" I feel surprised that the back of the altar looks like a mirror out of which an intense white light shines. For a split second, I recall how in the Jewish tradition the searing light contained therein could kill those who entered the Holy of Holies unsanctified, but the deep joy I feel outweighs this concern.... As my being gets brought closer, I briefly "see" my mother in the altar's shining mirror.

In the mirror's surface, she looks radiant and well. She beams out at me. A backdrop of azure blue and white frames her blonde, shining hair. It becomes apparent that at this speed I, too, will enter the mirror's surface into the blue and white light. My mother has died some years ago, and I believe that I see her revealed as fully herself in another dimension. The thought comes, "Does this mean I have died?" I sense she has appeared to silently welcome and reassure me. But we have no chance to communicate because, at great speed, my being feels taken through the mirror's white light into a black cloud that cools, cleanses, and refreshes me. The cloud envelops me in love. I recognise this cloud from other lucid dreams. My soul repeats, "Oh Holy One" and sings out hymns of praise and feels delight. This goes on for some time with the cloud whirling around and

through me in a kind of dance...

Then I become curious and notice that since going through the glass, I've been carried "back" first, so I "flip" over and feel amazed to "see" what I call the fingerprint of God: a golden sphere with swirls of golden light in it similar to the whorls in a fingerprint...I gaze at this form in wonder feeling I see the true Holy of Holies.... From this one light, two red diamond lights emerge. The red, shining light feels deep with both joy and suffering and traces the golden lines of the fingerprint. The red fills the image, spills over its edges, embraces me, surrounds me completely and pierces my heart. Although I wasn't raised a Catholic, a part of my being thinks, "This is the sacred heart of Christ. This is what is meant by being in the sacred heart of Jesus!" There comes tremendous humility, healing, and hope in this. Then my consciousness feels moved through the red back into a dream. At this point, I realize I have not died...

In the lucid dreams, mirrors within mirrors appear, reflecting increasingly subtle dimensions of conscious and light. The mirrors have a kind of magical active essence, but this doesn't necessarily



mean one can't get to the bottom of the rabbit hole, so to speak, because I have the sense that in the dreams, as in holy tabernacles, there resides a Holy of Holies, literally and metaphorically. When we reach this point, the dream opens its central teaching to us.

Over time, I have noticed that lucid and non-lucid dreams may mirror one another in intriguing ways, even if dreamed years apart, reaching across time and space. For instance, in 2006 I had a non-lucid dream in which the dresser mirror of my teens showed up with a large, moonlit rattlesnake curled up at its base. In that dream, the snake bit me between my brows. Waking Dream work with the dream suggested an opening of the inner-eye of insight associated with the third eye. After this dream, there came many in which the snake re-appeared in various guises. But, in 2011, for the first time a snake appeared in a fully lucid dream I call "The Lucid Snake," that a dream-mirror heralded:

Wake up in the night. Still feel very weary. Say some prayers. There comes that strong rush of feeling without words. It takes me moment to realize I stand before a wall-sized mirror because I can't see my own reflection. As a result, it looks as if the room simply continues. Finally I recognize that the sky blue sofa with white pillows looks so long because its length has apparently doubled in the mirror. The colour reminds me of the azure blue space that sometimes appears in lucid dreams and with this I become lucid. I say spontaneously, "Okay God, let's go!" I move towards the mirror and enter it in a rather forward manner that surprises me as the mirror gives way. It takes me a while to find my equilibrium on the black winds as the feeling of desire consumes me.

The black winds carry my soul a great distance. Then, I experience a sharp descent that opens to a still place. Find myself back in a dream body resting on what I first imagine as a large square mosaic of a tiled floor. The square contains me as I rest in the middle on my side in a foetal position eyeing the design— a mandala like pattern with four parts and a central core radiating outwards in black, white, beige, and brown. Then, I once again feel surprised as the square tile begins to undulate.

Turning my head to the right, I see a large snake's

head looking round back at me. But I feel safe, because, like a mother protecting its young, the snake sniffs gently around my face with its long, dark tongue. I realize the snake won't harm me as it moves around me, embracing me in its coils. With this awareness, the feeling comes that I'll be taken out of the dream back to waking consciousness....

For me, these two dreams taken as a whole remind me of the alchemical symbol of the ouroboros, the alchemical snake that eternally eats its own tail—an evocation of life's constant re-generation. The symmetrical, circular form of the ouroboros not only depicts life's eternal cycle of birth, death, and resurrection, but also the union of opposites. In some alchemical images the ouroboros has wings. The winged ouroboros balances the qualities of Spirit and Earth, imaging the alchemical principle: Make the volatile fixed and the fixed volatile. In other words, materialize spirit and spiritualize matter.

The contours of the ouroboros frame infinity like a mirror. In lucidity, our consciousness can become "the still small point" through which infinity then enters into the finite physical world. In my own experience, it has felt like dream-mirrors form a crucible for this process. The following lucid dream provides a snapshot of this process in action:

Wake up in the night and pray.... Suddenly, although it doesn't seem to me that I've fallen asleep, I see myself in a mirror. "Oh, a mirror," I think, "I can enter this." With this realization, lucidity comes, but just as my being begins to move through the mirror, I see in the momentary reflection that the area between my brows swells, dissolves, and opens. This brings to mind what my dream teacher in waking physical reality had said about the third eye serving as my main entry point to the inner world. Only this time, I feel aware that my mind has lingered too long on the mirror image. And as a result, just as the mirror dissolves and the black light infuses my being, my consciousness moves back into waking physical reality. As I rest on the bed, the joy and power of the black winds continues to rush through my being. My body feels absolutely electric.

For a brief moment, the mirror in this dream apparently captures the process of becoming "transparent to transcendence".

The reciprocity between myself and this dream-mirror reminds me of ‘Abd al Qadir’s teaching on the nature of human consciousness as a mirror that shows two sides—both what we perceive as dense and coarse as well as that which we perceive as fine and exquisite. He describes the human heart as possessing two eyes—one we use to see the realm of forms in manifestation that the outer light reveals and one we use to see “only that which is rendered by the light of unity and oneness.” I believe that in dream-mirrors we can sometimes see simultaneously with both eyes of the heart. Because of this, we can become simultaneously aware of the outer and inner light of unity that the mirror and our being contain and reflect.

In dreams, when I come upon a dream-mirror, even now I may become too preoccupied with the image the mirror holds, and with my own projections into the mirror, to recognize the call to lucidity and the look-into-infinity the mirror holds. Yet, without fail, I have found that the mirroring surface, ever calm and clear, reveals, without judgement, the state of my heart, helping me to more fully know even as I become known. In my own experience, it has felt like dreams-as-mirrors and dream-mirrors can help us to become more transparent to transcendence. The mirror’s equipoise holds the promise of not just an experiential look-into-infinity illumined by the light of Being but, ultimately, an experience of Being’s beauty and love mirrored in our hearts.

1. Campbell, Joseph, *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space: Myth as Metaphor and Religion* (New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1986) 20.
2. For more on potentialities within the lucid state refer to: E. W. Kellogg III, “The Lucidity Continuum” (Presented at the Eighth Annual Conference of the Lucidity Association, Santa Cruz, June 28, 1992 and at <http://www.driccpe.org.uk/portfolio-view/the-lucidity-continuum-ed-kellogg>).
3. Jung, Carl Gustav, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, trans. W.S. Dell and Cary F. Baynes (London and New York: Routledge, 1933, 2002) 185 -186.
4. For more on my experience of lucidity as a child, see the DreamSpeak interview with Robert Waggoner http://www.dreaminglucid.com/lde/lde1_4.pdf
5. For a detailed description of the Waking Dream Technique used with this mirror, see <http://www.driccpe.org.uk/portfolio-view/the-waking-dream-technique-in-practice-nigel-hamilton-video>
6. Hadrat Abd al-Qadir al-Jilani, *The Secret of Secrets*, trans. Shaykh Tosun Bayrak al-Jerrahi al-Halveti (The Islamic Text Society: Cambridge, 1991) 76.
7. Feynman, Richard P., *The Strange Theory of Light and Matter* (Penguin Books: Great Britain, 1990) 16 & 76.
8. Feynman, 28.
9. See http://www.exploratorium.edu/snacks/look_into_infinity/ for more on this effect.
10. For more on the technical nature of mirrors see “The Science of Mirrors” www.luciddreamalchemy.com/Resources, my work for the 2013 PDC, and the DreamSpeak interview with Robert Waggoner http://www.dreaminglucid.com/lde/lde1_4.pdf
11. For a brief breakdown of key colors linked to alchemical processes reflective of psycho-spiritual transformation see <http://www.luciddreamalchemy.com/page/lucidity-symmetry>.
12. I will write more on this theme in an upcoming IASD *Dream Time* issue.
13. For a detailed description of the Waking Dream Technique used with this mirror, see <http://www.driccpe.org.uk/portfolio-view/the-waking-dream-technique-in-practice-nigel-hamilton-video>
14. Al-Qadir, *The Secret*, 62.
15. Al- Qadir, *The Secret*, 56.

Can Dreams Be Mirrored Digitally?

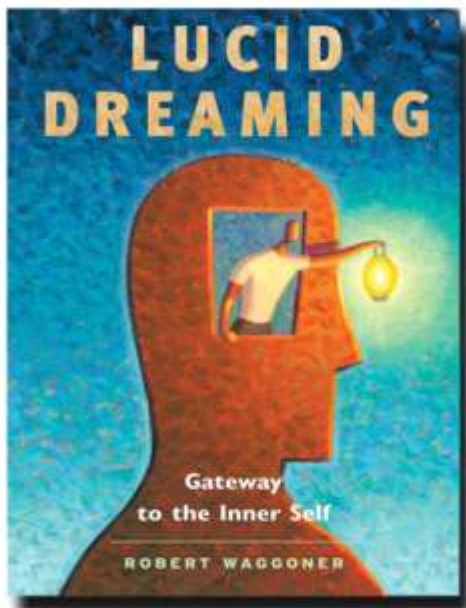
Bill Murphy/Science Correspondent

UC Berkeley neuroscientists addressed that question in a paper published September 22, 2011 in the online journal *Current Biology*. The team consisting of Shinji Nishimoto, An T.Vu, Thomas Naselaris, Yuval Benjamini, Bin Yu and Jack L. Gallant at the university developed a system to capture activity in the visual cortex of the human brain and reconstruct it as digital video clips that can be played back. While questions remain regarding what humans perceive visually versus what is imagined in our minds, it is theorized that the process used to reconstruct images we see could be used to record dreams. Professor Jack Gallant - UC Berkeley neuroscientist and coauthor of the research - suggest that movies we watch may in fact result in brain signals similar to what we experience when dreaming.

In the Volume 1, Number 3 December 2012 issue of *Lucid Dreaming Experience* magazine, I presented other research by neuroscientists using a functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging (fMRI) system for lucid dream research and included additional details of how they operate that can be referenced by those interested in learning more about how these systems function. Detecting metabolic and vascular responses within the brain is useful, but these two processes are very slow compared to the fast firing of the hundreds of thousands of neurons that occurs during all mental activity. This limitation has required most researchers to limit the process of decoding brain signals within the visual cortex to what happens when viewing a static image.

However the UC Berkeley team wanted to reconstruct the visual experiences from what they called “natural movies”, which is what occurs when watching life unfold before your eyes, or while viewing

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Gary S.

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Daniel W.

recorded video clips, and possibly what happens during visualized dream sequences. The self imposed challenge they accepted was to understand what happens while engaged in experiencing natural, dynamic visual events so the volunteers (which included the researchers themselves) watched a large random library of video clips to track and record how the brain responds to various types of moving images. According to Nishimoto, this was addressed by developing a two-stage model that separately describes the underlying neural population and blood flow signals.

A database they referred to as a dictionary was assembled that associated brain activity in response to viewing the various shapes, edges, and motion of numerous videos. This was used to create a computer model that would predict how the brain would respond to a wide variety of visual stimulation. They now had an encoding system that could be used to reconstruct moving images based on the dictionary of recorded brain activity. By analyzing the brain activity of the subjects while watching short clips and movie trailers, the computer models would assemble new digital video files by averaging and assembling images obtained from videos posted on the internet.

Although the reconstructed images are not exact matches for what a person would be seeing or imagining, the result is a method that works to reassemble an approximate version of the original mental image based on brain activity responding to visual stimuli. The limitation imposed by the slow process of using an fMRI has been answered with some degree of success despite the reconstructed video appearing blurry due to the recreated video being assembled from hundreds of samples of videos that only share broad similarities of movement and shapes.

Following is an example of a single frame of a video viewed on the left with the reconstructed single frame generated by the computer on the right:

Presented clip



Clip reconstructed from brain activity



Neuroscientists are in general agreement that all mental processes have a consistent neurobiological basis. If correct, then it stands to reason that recording dreams may someday utilize a reliable method that has its origins in the exciting work we see being conducted today.

The research is tedious, has limitations, and there is some debate in the lucid dreaming community regarding the methods used described here, but the work by the team at UC Berkeley is promising. For those involved in lucid dream research, it is especially encouraging. Advancements in medical technology continues and an improvement to what is currently available would be welcome as fMRI systems are expensive, noisy, require subjects to remain still and are not designed to detect the electrical impulses in the brain.

But with determination, the UC Berkeley team has made an important contribution to recording mental visualization and reconstruction that can be viewed by others. As a researcher of lucid dreams, I look forward to what the future may reveal for those who strive to document dreams with content created intentionally.

For an inspiring 30 second video of the work by the researchers mentioned in this article, view the following clip posted on YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nsjDnYxJ0bo>

More information on the work of the Gallant Lab at UC Berkeley can be found at the following website: <https://sites.google.com/site/gallantlabucb/publications/nishimoto-et-al-2011>

Am I Dreaming?

© Thomas Peisel

When I was a teenager, I would carry around a dream totem in my pocket. This odd item took many shapes over the years - an old 9mm bullet, a 25 cent plastic monkey, a pocket compass. What the item was didn't matter as much as the function this object served. Every time I would see my totem (or feel it in my pocket), I would stop and ask myself, "Am I dreaming?" I wasn't just an angsty teen with too much time on my hands, I was training myself to become a lucid dreamer.

The idea was simple: If I made it a habit to ask myself this odd question throughout my day, that same habit would carry over into my dreams. Soon, I would find myself in a dream asking, "Am I dreaming?" and this time I would answer, "YES!"

Dreams have always fascinated me just like they have for many of us. Even in my earliest memories, back to when I was sleeping in a race car shaped bed, I remember knowing that dreams were more than just dreams. The first time I was lucid in a dream I was soaring above the clouds with a whole group of Canadian geese. It was one of the most exhilarating experiences I've had. Here I was a young kid, and I'm completely awake inside my dream flying miles above the Earth at breakneck speeds alongside a flock of geese. Wow! Oh, I can remember it like it was yesterday - the wind rushing against my face, the heat of the sun warming my back. I knew I was dreaming, therefore I knew that I could do absolutely anything. I was lucid dreaming.

'I can remember it like it was yesterday - the wind rushing against my face, the heat of the sun warming my back. I knew I was dreaming, therefore I knew that I could do absolutely anything. I was lucid dreaming.'

It wasn't until I was a teenager looking at my compass totem that I began having these experiences again. This time around I wanted more than just the thrill of flying or the occasional battle against Freddy Kruger - I had some serious questions! (Yeah, right. What do you think a hormonal teen is doing with unlimited possibilities of a lucid dream?) But really, I was curious about understanding the dream world and how things worked. I remember thinking, "If I could figure things out here (in the dream world), I could understand the dynamics underlying our waking lives..." Little did I know this inquiry would take me deep into the rabbit hole in understanding the nature of consciousness and the nature of reality. Who are we really? How does this reality work?

I never understood the idea that only our waking experiences were real, and that our dreams were fake or our "imagination." When I was lucid in my dreams, I could see, smell, taste, touch, and hear, just like I could in my waking hours. Yes, the dream world was real. Yes, it was my imagination (or at least responsive to my imagination). But wouldn't that make our waking experience the same – real, but also responsive to our imagination?

I felt like a scientist. My dreams became my own personal laboratory. A place where I would test out my

understanding and skills. At this point I was getting better at staying lucid for long periods of time. I could hold onto my awareness with little effort (in the early stages I would only be able to stay lucid for minutes at most). I tested out how to move things with my mind, walk through walls, how to create or change the dream environment with only my intention, how to travel within this space at the speed of thought, or speak to the "locals" who frequented my dreams. I met some of the most incredible teachers in my lucid dreams who explained to me what this inner universe was all about. Being "awake" in my dream taught me that nothing was separate from me. Whatever appeared externally--that scary monster, the benevolent king, the beautiful sunset bringing tears to my eyes - was just a reflection. The dream world was alive and responsive and because it was intimately connected to me, I could change it.

For me, I can no longer separate dreaming from waking (a mild case of schizophrenia I'm assuming). Both are just different states of the same present moment. But dreaming teaches us a bigger story about ourselves and reminds us that we are the creators, or the dreamers of our lives whether it's day or night. It can empower us to know that just like in our dreams, we have infinite possibilities available to us and that if we want to change the dream, we must change ourselves (our thoughts, emotions, beliefs, expectations). It might be difficult to conjure up a black Ferrari with just your thoughts, but that is EXACTLY where it begins (personally, I'm gonna kick it old school with my red race car). Nowadays, I no longer keep a totem in my pocket, but I think if I did I would answer that golden question a little differently now. "Am I dreaming?"

"Why yes, yes, I am."

Thomas Peisel is co-author of *A Field Guide to Lucid Dreaming*

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Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

By Joan C. Harthan, PhD.

I visited Pompeii in 2005 and marvelled at the wonderful wall paintings, many of which depict the imagery of reflection. I saw Narcissus looking at himself in a pool of dark water, Thetis reflected in the gleaming shield of Achilles, and the woman in the Villa of the Mysteries whose image is reflected in a hand mirror. It reminds me that Carl Jung cited Faust and the magic mirror to illustrate his idea that the conscious and unconscious minds must perfectly balance each other if we are to achieve harmony in our psyche. I'm also reminded of the story *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There* (1871) by Lewis Carroll in which there are many mirror themes, including opposites and time running backwards. Of course, modern illusionists use mirrors to entertain, and some would say, deceive. A cleverly positioned mirror can trick us into accepting a manipulated view of reality.

Scrying Mirrors

It's likely that primitive humans used natural mirrors, such as pools of water, to seek spiritual enlightenment, seeing them as portals to other worlds. Mirrors are rather like portable pools of still water and it's likely that mirror scrying, which can be traced back over the centuries, evolved from water scrying. If you've ever tried this, you may have experienced your face change and morph into someone unrecognisable as you look into the depths of the mirror by candlelight. Some advise gazing into the mirror at an angle, so as to avoid seeing your own reflection. This was a divination technique employed by John Dee who used a large black obsidian mirror, and also by Cecil Williamson whose dark mirror can still be seen on display at the Witchcraft Museum in Boscastle, England. I believe that dream mirrors act rather like scrying mirrors, giving insight into ourselves and our possible futures.

Dream Mirrors

Mirrors reflect whatever is in front of them but dream mirrors are more allegorical, rather like the woman in the Villa of the Mysteries mentioned earlier whose reflected image is the view that we see from outside the picture, rather than what would truly be reflected. In the same way, our dream mirrors may reflect things we do not expect to see or that we may not immediately recognise.

A study was done by LaBerge and Levitan in 1993 to assess how successful a group of people were at carrying out specific tasks during lucid dreaming. One of the tasks was to find a mirror in their dream and look closely at what was reflected in it. Subjects were instructed to move their hand to their face and observe whether or not their reflection did the same thing. They were then to pass through the mirror and see what was on the other side. The idea was that the first part of the task was something that could easily be done in their waking reality, but the second could only be done in a dream. Twenty seven people took part in the study



and the results indicated that it was easy to find a mirror and look into it to see a reflection, although it was commonly found that the reflection was different to what a waking reflection would have been. Nearly half of the participants (41%) reported that, in at least one of their dreams, the image transformed whilst they were watching it. Walking through the mirror proved easier than anticipated, with 86% of participants doing this in at least one dream. Many of them found a completely different scene on the other side of the mirror. Lucid dreaming apart, this study illustrated the diversity of image reflection. Even when we look at ourselves in a mirror in our waking life, we can be deceived, as the families of sufferers of Anorexia and Body Dysmorphic Disorder can testify, so it should be no surprise to us that our dream reflections are distorted. LaBerge and Levitan concluded in their study that self-image is psychologically loaded and, undoubtedly, has very complex internal representations. These are bound to give rise to strange images reflected in the dream mirror.

Incubating Lucidity Using Dream Mirrors

I experimented with looking into dream mirrors in a lucid state back in 1991 though the demands I placed on myself were much less onerous than those placed on LaBerge's subjects. My efforts were moderately successful though certainly not easily won. My problem has always been that I



lack the commitment needed for sustained effort; an essential ingredient for intentional lucidity. The preparation involved daytime programming of my subconscious by repeating the phrase, "I will recognise I am dreaming every time I see a mirror in my dream." To maintain lucidity I found that rubbing my dream hands together worked exceptionally well and also stabilised the images and the environment; a technique I have used to great advantage ever since. I incubated the lucid dreams by using the intention, "Let me find a mirror in my dream, realise I am dreaming and record what is reflected."

Here is one dream that came in response:

I'm looking in a mirror and the face reflected back at me is of an elderly man, aged about 60-65. His face is quite pleasant but has very deep wrinkles, particularly under his mouth and on his huge wide chin. His hairline is receding and the top of his head is quite smooth and shiny. His face is expressionless. END

In this dream I was lucid enough to recognise I was dreaming and to remember to scrutinise the reflection in the mirror. However, I lacked reality testing as I remembered being startled by the reflection, not because it was of a man, but because my face was so wrinkled! Jungians may say that this was a representation of the wise old man archetype, or perhaps my aging animus. Those readers who believe we have all lived before may see this encounter as a reflection of a past life. For me the jury is still out on all possibilities. Of course if I'd been totally lucid I could have asked the gentleman who he was and why he was in my mirror. Next came the following dream:

I'm living in an old fashioned house with my ex-husband. However, we've been arguing and he's gone out. I'm alone in the house. I walk down the stairs. There's a large mirror on the wall at the bottom of the stairs. I see the reflection of a man walking across the room with his back to the mirror. I get to the bottom of the stairs and look for him in the room. He's not there, the room is empty, yet I can still see him in the mirror. I recall that vampires are not reflected in mirrors. END

In the years since those dreams I have

experimented with lucid dreaming techniques on and off, though didn't continue with the protocol of using a dream mirror as a cue for lucidity. The majority of my lucid dreams are spontaneous. What frustrates me more than anything else, however, is the fact that I often fail to recognise blatantly obvious lucid triggers and I think this is a common problem. A false awakening dream from last year is a case in point:

I wake up in bed in a strange bedroom. Dawn is breaking. I need to go to the toilet. I get up. The bathroom is down a corridor, two doors away. I walk in without turning on the light. There's a mirror on the left hand wall and I stand in front of it. I see my reflection and it is completely normal. Suddenly a huge, dark face peers at me over my right shoulder. It's the face of a black woman; her hair is a mass of small circles or lumps. I feel momentary fear. I turn around in order to see her more clearly and discover she is a huge bust of a female Buddha on the opposite wall of the bathroom. END

A few days before this dream I'd been looking through the (then) current edition of Lucid Dreaming Experience (Vol 1 No.2 Sept 2012). It had a picture of Buddha on the front cover and contained one of my articles, (Lucid Predators), which considered the possibility of accessing a level of reality, during lucid dreaming, where autonomous entities reside. It was the week of the IASD Online PsiberDreaming Conference and Robert Waggoner had mentioned my article on a discussion thread the day before the dream. It's hard to imagine my dreaming mind coming up with a clearer trigger to startle me into lucidity! Not only did it utilise my old instruction to recognise I'm dreaming if I see a mirror, but it also used the cover of the LDE magazine itself! To my great frustration, I just didn't recognise that I was dreaming. Which just goes to prove, using the analogy of the metaphorical horse to water, the 'dreaming you' can take you to a reflective surface but only the 'lucid you' can drink from it.

LaBerge, Stephen and Levitan, Lynne. "Testing the limits of Dream Control: the Light and Mirror Experiment". *Nightlight* 5 (2) Summer 1993. Available online at www.lucidity.com/NL52.LightandMirror.html

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Jordi Borrás is a psychologist and directive member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams in Spain and Portugal. He's also a member of the Institute of Transpersonal Psychology in Barcelona, is linked to different media in Spain, and is a consultant in various television and radio programs. He received the teachings of Tibetan dream yoga from Lama Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche. He uses dreams as a therapeutic tool.

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LDE Lucid Dreaming Challenge

September, 2013

by Ed Kellogg

(© E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

(This feature presents cutting-edge lucid dreaming tasks. Participants agree to accept personal responsibility for any risks should they choose to undertake challenges, which may bring about mental, emotional, and even physical changes. We invite those of you who try these tasks to send your dream reports to **LDE**. If you would like to submit an unusual lucid dreaming challenge of your own for consideration in a future issue of **LDE**, please contact Ed Kellogg at alef1@msn.com.)

Dream Mirrors in Theory and Practice

*"So," said Dumbledore, slipping off the desk to sit on the floor with Harry, 'you, like hundreds before you, have discovered the delights of the Mirror of Erised.' . . . 'But I expect you've realized by now what it does?' . . . Harry thought. Then he said slowly, 'It shows us what we want... whatever we want...' 'Yes and no,' said Dumbledore quietly. 'It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desire of our hearts.'" J.K. Rowling, **Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone***

In ancient times, mirrors seemed rare and precious, and many cultures endowed them with magical properties. They believed that mirrors not only reflected the soul, but also had the power of retaining part of the soul of those who looked into them. Although mirrors have become inexpensive and common in modern times, some of these ancient beliefs have stayed with us, for example the common fear that breaking a mirror may bring seven years bad luck.



Whatever one believes about physical mirrors, it makes sense psychologically that dream mirrors may indeed reflect the soul, and in addition may also reveal to dreamers hidden aspects of themselves, serve as powerful mediums for obtaining important information, and act as useful portals to other dimensions and realities beyond the gates of mundane thought.

For example:

Some Possible Uses of Dream Mirrors

1. As a scrying tool - to see:

- A specific event in the past
- A specific event in the future
- As a window to see into parallel realities
- As a remote viewing tool, to see events somewhere else
- Personal Information

To get information on your LifePath - your mission in life, perhaps even to see your soul mate or life partner

To get healing diagnostics - to see your state of physical, emotional, mental, and even spiritual health

To get healing prescriptions - using the mirror to display information for optimizing health, or to cure disease, including what to eat - general diet, and specific foods

To see past lives, future lives, and alternate selves

Business Information:

Job Opportunities

Investment Advice

2. As a Problem Solving Tool:

As a focus to heal parts of yourself, or to invoke and interact with hidden aspects of Self, such as one's magical child, shadow selves, other positive and negative aspects

3. As a portal to go through, or to bring things through.

Use as a "Stargate" to visit / experience other dimensions or realities

Step into a different time

Tour the Magical Multiverse - from "Neverland," "Rivendell of Middle Earth," "The Emerald City of Oz," "Hogwarts," "The Fountain of Youth," the "DreamTime" lands of myth and legend, to "fictional" worlds of all shapes and sizes

Challenge 1: Seeing Yourself in a Dream Mirror

In your next lucid dream find a mirror (or any other reflective surface, like a pool of water, or a polished metal surface) and look for your reflection in it. You may look like your **WPR** (waking physical reality) self, or ... you may not. Dream mirrors may provide literal or symbolic information about the physical, emotional, or spiritual state of the dreamer, or they may reflect something entirely unexpected, depending on the dreamer's conscious intention, the environment in which they find themselves, and the influence of other forces.

Record your experiences in your dream journal afterwards in detail, including colored drawings illustrating what you see. As you write down your dreams, pay special attention to what your dream body looks like in the mirror – do you resemble your **WPR** self or do you look different? If different, what sort of dream body do you see? Your dream body may represent the mental image that you unconsciously hold of yourself, the underlying state of health of your physical body, or something else. Use your intuition to tune into what your dream mirror reflection represents for you.

Challenge 2: Dream Mirror Divination

In your next lucid dream find a mirror (or any other reflective surface, like a pool of water, or a polished metal surface) to use as a scrying tool to tune into information of interest to you, similar to the way the Magic Mirror worked in Snow White. In order to better focus your intent, you might want to create a magical chant in **WPR** in advance, to repeat in front of the mirror when you have a lucid dream.

For example, if you want information about your health, you might try the chant: "Mirror, mirror that I see / Show my state of health to me!" If you want to ask a more open-ended question, try: "Mirror, mirror, Above, Below / Show me what I most need to know!" (In my experience, the rhythm and rhyming of chants can make them an especially effective means of focusing intent.) After chanting I suggest looking away from the mirror for a few seconds, to give the image a chance to manifest without interference.

Record your experiences in your dream journal afterwards in detail, including colored drawings illustrating what you see. What did the mirror look like? Describe its size, shape, and any unusual optical characteristics it might have had. Perhaps you'll find that some kinds of dream mirrors work better, or at least differently, than others. Use your intuition to tune into what the image you see in a dream mirror represents to you.

Challenge 3: Using Dream Mirrors as Portals

In your next lucid dream find a mirror (or any other reflective surface, like a pool of water, or a polished metal surface) to use as a portal to another world. You might want to think of the mirror as something like a "Stargate" - the dream reality version of a wormhole connecting to other worlds and parallel realities. Unless you want to trust to luck, to better focus your intent with respect to a desired destination, once again I suggest creating a magical chant in **WPR** in advance, to repeat in front of the mirror when you have a lucid dream.

For example, if you'd like to visit Neverland, you might try the chant: "Magic mirror that before me stands / Take me to the realm of Neverland!" After chanting, I suggest waiting a few seconds, and then to confidently, and lucidly, walk through the mirror to see where it takes you.

Record your experiences in your dream journal afterwards in detail, including colored drawings illustrating what you see. Use your intuition to identify the destination that the dream mirror brought you to.

Appendix 1: Some Examples

Seeing My Aura in a Dream Mirror: A Diagnostic LifePath Dream

EWK 3 94 (Sub-lucid) *"I use a mirror to see my aura, but find I must hold it very close to me to get it to work. I don't see any colored energy bands across my face, but instead see a sort of orange energy with patterns. My Ray (the energy inflow from which the aura energy outflow around the body depends), that defines my function in life, has light blue energy in the middle, and gold energy on the outside. The cone shaped ray going in the top of my head has rings in it, and on the outside I see a sort of banner, in Old English lettering, that says "Christ's Nuts + Seeds," that confirms that I have a Second Ray function as a messenger, someone who conveys spiritual information from 'the above to the below'. I feel glad my ray does not look visible to anyone other than a few very talented clairvoyants. . . ."*

Comment: For better or worse, <g>, this dream changed my life. Until this dream, I generally kept my mouth shut with respect to sharing information with others, even when I thought the information would prove useful to them and felt strongly impelled to do so. I understood my own fallibility, and this maxim from Matthew deeply resonated with me: *"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."* After this validation that my life path as a messenger required sharing information with others, at least when I felt a strong impulse, I began to do so, while making a habit of qualifying myself, adding any necessary caveats, and to trying to stay non-attached to the results.

A Dream Mirror Metaphor: Meditation Skills

EWK 26 44 (Lucid) *" . . . I fly up a number of levels until I arrive at the top and go outside, and see what looks like a mountain top, like Mt. Fuji. I encounter a young girl there, who shows me a 7-8" mirror that represents my meditation. The images look blurred, but recognizable. She tells me that most people do not have a mirror, until after years of Zen practice. As I have a blurred mirror, she recommends that I*

should either have therapy (?), or take up Zen. A couple of Zen masters/teachers come up to me and serve me oriental/Chinese type food."

Comment: Mirrors as a metaphor for true Mind, and of the Buddha-nature, play an important role in a number of teaching stories, especially in the Zen tradition. For example, in the 13th passage in ***The Sutra of Forty-Two Sections***, Buddha says, *"Those who are pure in heart and single in purpose are able to understand the most supreme Way. It is like polishing a mirror, which becomes bright when the dust is removed. Remove your passions, and have no hankering, and the past will be revealed to you."* To my mind this dream used a quite novel but appropriate variation on this metaphor, in which the dream mirror congruently symbolized the qualities of my Self-Reflective meditation practice, not through its obscuration by "dust", but by drawing attention to the reflective qualities of the mirror itself.

Using a Dream Mirror to See "Past Lives"

11 50 (Lucid) *" . . . I go down the stairs to the living room, and find a group of older English(?) men and women waiting for me. Apparently they sit on some sort of judgment or advisory panel. They direct me over to a "mirror" so that I can see my past incarnations. Looking in the mirror, I see a blue-eyed, horse-faced, lantern-jawed man, who somehow seems feminine looking. This changes into another figure, more similar to my present body. Then a woman appears, at least 9 ft. tall and of apparently another race. When I touch her breasts it feels as if I touch myself. Several more transformations . . . in one I wear a blue cloak, and a mask and hat, that together make a sort of helmet. He looks very impressive - I feel real sense of power in this one. Taking off the man's helmet, I see a face similar to my own. . . .*

I see several other transformations, and then go back to the advisory group where we have a discussion. A man shows me many pictures of myself in past lives, some apparently with him. I see a blond Scottish man, who died young, and another from Italy. . . . I tell the man I want to know my purpose in life. "Very commendable", he says, but nothing else. A woman comes over and gives me advice about women, relationships in general, and sex."

Comment: Whether one believes that I experienced "past incarnations," symbolic representations of aspects of myself, or something else in this dream, depends both on the psychological models that one subscribes to, as well as the beliefs and experiences one has as the nature of reality. For myself, based on the felt sense during the dream, I'd go with "past incarnations," but with the caveat that these incarnations still exist in the present, at least limited way, as aspects of my psyche. Incidentally, I had this experience eight years before the movie *Defending Your Life* came out, which has a "A Past Life Pavilion" scene in it that very much reminds me of this lucid dream.

Using a Dream Mirror to Heal an Area You Can't See

EWK 37 73 (Lucid) *" . . . I decide to do a healing on my teeth. I look at my face in a mirror, and point my right index finger at my teeth. I chant, "From My Hand Shines an Energy Beam / To Heal My Teeth with Power Supreme". A white yellow light and foaming liquid projects out of the tip of my finger, and I direct it at my upper and lower teeth. My teeth look white and perfect, but I guess from the vigorous response that they really needed the cleaning and healing. The foam tastes pleasantly of lemon, like lemon yogurt."*

Comment: Lucid dream healings of oneself have become increasing commonplace, but sometimes one can't directly see the part of the body that needs healing. However, just as with physical mirrors, dream

mirrors can let one see parts of the body by reflection that one can't see directly, allowing the dreamer to better focus their healing intent, as well as to receive visual feedback as to the effectiveness of a healing technique.

Revealing a Different Point Of View

EWK 39 116 (Fully Lucid) " . . . I focus on doing the **ALC** (**Alef Lamed Chesed**) chant, trying to bring down blue **Chesed-Lovingkindness** regenerative energy. I look in a big mirror, and while I already have on my blue robe, to my surprise I see I wear a red robe in the mirror, worn over my red Pendleton plaid wool shirt - I look dressed all in red. I wonder at the meaning of this - does the mirror reflect the other half of the process - **Geburah**, and the energy of breaking down? I continue chanting **ALC**, and look at my image, willing/intending blue. I begin to see changes, my clothing gets darker, and black gloves appear. I look away for a bit, then back. Now in my reflection I see I have on a deep lapis colored blue robe, a purple shirt, and that even my body has turned blue. I experiment with projecting qi gong energies from my hands, and blue lightning coronas from hand to hand, the color of Tesla's violet ray . . . "

Comment: Sometimes dream mirrors will "reflect" something quite different than what you expect to see. Although sometimes apparently idiosyncratic, I've found that these differences highlight important information, allowing one to see the situation from a different, but often quite relevant, point of view.

Using Dream Mirrors as Portals

EWK 24 49 (Lucid) " . . . I become lucid, and while walking down a very interesting rectangular corridor, with 1930's - 1940's wood paneling, and many objects d'art. I intone aloud my "Mind over Matter" chant. I see a mirror and decide to use it as a portal and walk through it. After I step through, suddenly everything becomes **much brighter** - I enter into a large room, where everything now looks far more expensive and luxurious . . . "

Comment: Just like Alice in Lewis Carroll's **Through the Looking Glass**, lucid dreamer's can use mirrors as doorways into alternate realities. However, even more than Alice, where one ends up may prove quite different from what the dreamer saw reflected in it. Lucid dreamer's can also choose, or at least intend, what sort of reality they want to go through to, by focusing their intent, for example through chants or affirmations, before passing through.

We invite those of you who try these tasks to send your dream reports to LDE. If you would like to submit an unusual lucid dreaming challenge of your own for consideration in a future issue of LDE, please contact Ed Kellogg at alef1@msn.com

Crossing The Abyss

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Entering the Lucid Dream State by Harnessing the Magical Power of Intent

Throughout my life I have had an intense interest in exploring the capabilities of our consciousness. This journey has taken me on some amazing adventures to dimensions of reality that are hidden just beyond the veil of our physical world.

Because of my familiarity with altered states of consciousness and my regular excursions to these locales I sometimes forget how the vast majority of the population never tread within these magical levels of reality. The overpowering nature of physicality entices us into a false sense that it is all there is; we blissfully forget our true nature as an energetic point of consciousness and foolishly believe that we are merely our physical bodies and nothing more.

Hidden in plain view are the signposts that indicate a wider reality field to those that are open to receiving the signals. The dream state is one of these signposts. Every night we merge with the larger awareness and upload our daily experiences. It is scientifically proven and accepted amongst the general populous that we each enter the world of dreams every night, yet for most people these nocturnal excursions are at best mildly interesting, but for most entirely irrelevant. But one thing is sure, we all have not just the natural ability to dream but have no choice in the matter.

“Hold on a minute, I never dream,” say some, but this is not the case. ‘Never remember’ the dream is more the truth. The way our minds tend to operate is as a filter which retains the elements of experience one believes to be useful and lets go of the elements to which it holds no importance. Therefore if one has little interest in retaining these nightly experiences then there is small hope of remembering anything much of one’s dream life.

Natural laws govern our physical and non-physical universe, the reasons these laws exist and work the way they do is beyond our comprehension, but nonetheless night follows day and the tide continues to roll in and out whether we know the mechanics that cause the events or not.

Everything manmade starts its existence in the realm of thought. An etheric form emerges from the non-physical and solidifies into matter. The magical creator that brings forth the materialization of the thought form is Intent.

Without intent these thought forms remain in the realm of the non-physical until intent is applied to bring them into the realm of matter.

When we look around us, assuming we live in normal civilisation and not high in the mountains, our sensory field is filled with the objects that have been materialized, the house we live in, the table at which we sit, the computer on our desk, the clothes we wear - everything in our physical environment is moulded by the thought of man and brought into being by the power of intent.

Following the natural laws of the universe, anything that can be conceived in the realm of thought can be manifested in the physical world.

How then does this apply to the dream state? Understanding and utilising the power of intent is the mechanism by which one will be able to place access to the dream state with waking awareness under volitional control.

The first step on beginning one's journey into lucid dreaming is *Intending* to regain ones waking awareness within the dream state. Really deciding this is what one wants is sending out an almost mystical message to the larger awareness that you are open and ready to receive what it is you are asking for.

After one has set the initial intent to begin dream practices, practical awareness techniques are applied that help one regain consciousness within the dream space. The more fervour and motivation that is applied to ones practice the more success one will have.

Early practices will include proven methods such as reality checks and looking for inconsistencies within the dream space that will act as a signal to alert one's waking rationale to the state in which one resides. These exercises along with many others will begin to awaken the dreamer within the dream resulting in what we know as a lucid dream.

What many lucid dreamers find is that the results are a little haphazard. Sometimes they are able to become lucid and at other times they cannot.

This issue can be frustrating and it had perplexed me for many years as to why some nights were blessed with lucidity while on others I was enveloped by the abyss not to return until daybreak.

As I continued my exploration of consciousness and non-physical reality in general I began to see that intent played a huge part in one's ability to control when and how one would take one's waking awareness through to the dream world.

I began to notice that in my more recent years that I no longer needed to find specific cues to trigger lucidity. The training wheels were off as such, and I simply began to notice the change of state and I would become lucid.

Another noteworthy lesson also began to emerge. The more motivated I was on any given night to have a lucid dream, the more likely it was to occur. I realised that if I decided, *really* decided that is, that I would have a lucid dream, I could do it whenever I wanted.

The realisation of the effect of motivation allowed me to develop a high intention technique I called, 'The Determination Technique.'

I was already practicing energy work for between 30 – 45 minutes a day at varying times and I got very used to sitting in the half state between waking and sleeping where I would observe the contents of my mind as my body began to sleep. I would feel the energy movements throughout my body until there was not much sense of the physical body left more just a big buzzing ball of energy with my mind sat in the centre.

At times I would get energy body movements, sensations of arms or legs moving or my whole body rotating or just wobbling. This was all pleasant enough but never during the day whilst doing this practice did I achieve full projection of my consciousness. However in analysing my practice it is safe to say that this familiarity with sitting in the half state is very beneficial as a pre-cursor to what I considered my real practice, the night time practice.

Most of my lucid dreams and OBE's were at the point of sleep onset or a couple of hours in, so I can personally attest to the fact that far from being as some would recommend 3 x 90 minute REM cycles in to sleep I was accessing straight from waking after a period of deep relaxation (and sometimes boredom!) sat in the half state. So for the Determination technique to work, pre-requisite number one is to hone your ability to lie in the half state between waking and sleep for long periods.

I realised that the strong determination to retain the 'me' that operated in physical reality as I entered the Abyss of sleep was an important factor to the success.

I would allow myself to fall into the half state watching the changes in my state of mind. I noted that breathing changed as one began to fall asleep; the in breath became shallow and the out breath slightly stronger and forceful, and how that changed my state and began to make my mind drift. Because of this drifting I began using mental affirmations to myself as I was going to sleep, nothing specific but along the lines of, 'Tonight I will recognise the dream state' or 'I remain aware' or 'I will become lucid in my dreams tonight.' I would keep doing this until my mind would naturally wander and I found that unconsciously I had stopped repeating the phrase.

When I noted this I would pull my attention back from the border of sleep and repeat my phrase in my mind. I would then find I was drifting again and I would pull myself back and reaffirm my intention. Each time I got to the invisible boundary of sleep I would pull my attention back so that the last thought on my mind as I went to sleep was that I would become aware in my dreams.

Another observation from the half state was that during sleep onset the mind instantly began to naturally try and merge with the energetic Abyss as if it were smoke dissipating into the air. One has to control this dissipation if one is to make it through to the other side (the dream state). One needs to pull back the elements of consciousness that allow the waking 'You' to 'Be' and keep it from being enveloped by the irresistible pull of the Abyss.

This technique I tried and tested night after night, and for me it proved to be the Holy Grail I was looking for: access to the dream state with conscious awareness on demand, and I hope by sharing it here it will help others achieve the same success.

A Summary of the technique

Observing the mind

Build in the habit of observing the mind as you go to sleep. Try to build your ability to sit in the half state between sleep and waking for as long as you can before going to sleep. Watch as the fogginess comes in and tries to envelop you. Get used to pulling your awareness back and not allowing yourself to drift into it and lose consciousness.

Watch your breathing and note how it naturally changes and watch how that effects your state of consciousness. When you can do this for perhaps an hour or so without being carried into sleep you will be ready to try the technique as laid out below:

The Determination technique

Go to bed before you are really tired with the sole intention of having a lucid dream....be DETERMINED that you will achieve it.

Affirm to yourself in your mind 20 or so times, 'I will become conscious in my dreams tonight' or simply 'I remain aware' and really mean it.

As you lay there ensure you remain alert as your body begins to get tired.

Remain as still as possible throughout the exercise, if you do **need to move don't worry but it will take longer to get to sleep.** This is not always an issue as the longer you remain awake can assist.

Remain absolutely determined to stay there as long as it takes to go to sleep and become lucid. REFUSE to allow yourself to go to sleep because you become bored or too tired. Simply do not let your mind give in to sleep. INSIST that you will **stay 'awake' as long as it takes for you to achieve your objective.** If you find yourself drifting off to sleep unaware, drag your awareness back to being awake and reaffirm your intention to remain awake until you get out of body.

Imagine your awareness is like a laser beam and you are forcing it through the barrier of sleep to the other side. Do not allow the **'I' that is thinking to dissipate.**

Every time you have a thought unrelated to becoming aware after crossing the sleep barrier, pull your thoughts back to your intention to have a lucid dream, ensure that this is the last thought on your mind before sleep.

Eventually your body will become too tired to stay awake and if all goes well you will enter the dream state with full awareness.

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Many psychologists and philosophers view dreams as a metaphorical mirror of the ego, psyche, soul, or some otherwise hidden aspect of oneself. Lewis Carroll's book *Through the Looking-Glass* has his character Alice step through a dream mirror into an alternate reality – where, among other challenges, she's told that she only exists as a character in the Red King's dream. People have a variety of fascinating experiences when dreaming of looking into a mirror, and lucid dreamers often experiment with mirrors in dreams. What do we learn about ourselves in the looking-glass of dreams, and how do they serve as a portal into possibilities hitherto undreamed?

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I n Y our M irror D reams



Jamila Suzanne Metal Ball/Bowl

March 2012: about to enter into a lucid dream workshop and given the task to look for a reflective surface and see what happens. I had two dreams: one the first night where when I found the reflective surface and realized lucidity, I woke up. The second night is as follows:

The dream begins with a relaxed leisurely feeling, as if I were strolling through scenes; alleyways, roads, homes, fields of nature, all scenes washing through my psyche. I begin to seek out a reflective surface, not just any reflective surface, one that can accurately show me more of myself. I gained lucidity early in this dream space, as I was moving from scene to scene.

As I walked into a restaurant-certified style kitchen I knew I was in the correct place. I gave the room a quick scan and located my reflective piece. About a foot above my point of reference on a shelf was a large stainless steel mixing bowl. A ha! I thought and moved closer to it. People were buzzing around me, but it was as though I didn't notice them or they me. I stood with clear focus and asked it as I looked into it for an accurate reflection of myself.

Almost before the words were out of my mouth or nonverbally through my brain - I can't remember which - the bowl crumpled into a tiny ball, smaller than my fist, like aluminum foil might do and then I dissipated into a bright ball of light myself. Off the metal ball/bowl went leading and I followed, fast. We went zooming, traveling far. It felt like I was inside energetic circuitry and then all of a sudden we stopped.

Pure emptiness. Dark, calm, non-attached spaciousness. I woke.

Madeleine Mirror Trigger

In my dream I was looking at my reflection in the mirror and realized that my mirror self which actually looked a little different, yet I knew it was me, had her eyes closed.

And that actually prompted my rational thinking to kick in and ask, "Wait a minute - you're looking at yourself with your eyes closed?" I then realized that I was dreaming and wished to fly. Instantly I was bolting upwards but got stuck in some plastic fabric (in the ceiling?). After trying to dig through, something told me to give up digging but instead give it another try flying.

So this time the feeling of flying lasted for what felt half an eternity before I lost focus and woke up.

I might add that I'm no skilled LDer or OBEer and that I can't recall dreaming of a mirror ever before. Anyway, it was great fun!

Gustavo Vieira Talking to My Reflected Self

I had a beautiful, somewhat philosophical experience of lucid dreaming with a mirror. I'm doing several things but I am not lucid. Then, in the dream, I walk into a room that has a mirror with my reflection. Then I become lucid. I think, "I see my reflection in a mirror in a dream ...Never before has this happened to me."

So I start doing some reality checks. I look at my reflected hands, look into my eyes, say my name... I notice that the reflected body is different than mine. It has some similarities though. Another thing I notice is the movements. They're not coordinated with what I do.

So what do I decide to do? I go inside the mirror to the other side (the reflected side). My "other self" is amazed and I start to talk with him:

Me: "Who are you"?

Other: "I am me and you are you. Where do you come from?"

Me: "From the other side of the mirror."

Other: "So I am you, too."

Me: "But you're not making the same gestures as me. This body I see is not mine. It's different."

Other: "When you dream about your mother or your grandmother, are their bodies also different?"

Me: "Hmmm ... No..."

I think about this question as the dream fades away. I see a little light and hear a little sound as if to say that the dream is over.

Rebecca Turner Several Mirror Dreams

Rapid Aging Process (2000)

I turn to face a mirror by the front door to see what I look like. It looks like me, but older, with messy hair and scary eyes. As if she reads my mind, the reflection starts to age rapidly and I get older and older. It's like the scene from the original Time Machine movie, a sort of stop-motion effect. My skin wrinkles and my hair goes gray and I am haggard. I am an old lady, with my mouth wide open. Then my teeth crumble and fall out and I become a corpse! I have just sped through my life!

Bulbous Eye (2008)

I am non-lucid and feel something poking in my eye. I go to the mirror to check it out. My left eye is massive and bulbous, at least 5 times bigger than it should be and popping out of my head. I am not that surprised though, and I poke at it to see if I can dislodge the thing that's causing all the scratchiness. Then it suddenly hits me that my eye should not be this big! I become lucid and get out of there fast. I don't want to see the giant eye anymore.

The Mirror Portal (2011)

I see a mirror in the hallway and decide this is my chance to teleport. I feel more lucid now, and this time I approach it slowly, pushing my fingers through the surface of the mirror and it becomes liquidy.

I push further into the mirror and finally my eyes go through and I emerge into a big meadow with a train track running through the middle. It is WAY better than I imagined. The sky is romantic - purple, blue, pink and orange - and the fields are full of beautiful wild flowers. The hills are rolling which I had not expected and there are mountains in the far distance. I am overjoyed!

These dreams were first published at Rebecca's website 'World of Lucid Dreaming' www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com

Sally Terrence Drowsy Lucid Mirror

My first prolonged lucid dream (and first mirror experience) was influenced, I think, by two things. Firstly, I had already had a two hour nap during the day, so when I went to bed that night I had some extra mental energy to give myself the suggestion to become lucid. Also, I had been reading a very relevant passage from Castaneda just before sleep:

It is the middle of the night, and I am lying in a bed in a very large dorm (unknown to me in waking life). I know that a friend of mine is sleeping on the other side of the room. I drift in and out of consciousness in slow waves. At one point, I feel as if someone is sitting gently on the edge of my bed. In the darkness, with eyes still closed, I question the reality of this sensation and fall into sleep again. Once more, I slowly develop this vague feeling, and wonder if it is a dream or hypnagogic hallucination. I linger on it a little, thinking maybe it is real, but then drift back to sleep anyway.

Awhile later, I feel that the person is reclining beside me, between myself and the wall. I slowly realise it is another friend, K, with whom there is some mutual attraction. I reach out and touch him, surprised and amused that he would approach me like this, without words, and with others nearby. I am also aware that somewhere else, my body is asleep in a different bed. I feel his chest, mainly to test that I have access to the sense of touch. It is perfectly realistic, which always amazes me in dreams. K helps me get up, and we go out into the facility – a complex of old buildings that a group of people have been using for a gathering of some kind.

I am in an extremely drowsy state throughout the dream, perhaps similar to coming out of an anaesthetic. I walk very slowly, only with assistance, and am not really capable of speaking much. But I feel contented and cared for, and very happy that I am lucid. K leads me around with total patience and compassion, aware of my impairment, and without judgement. He is my attentive friend, lover, assistant and personal entertainer. He introduces me to some people sitting in a kind of loungeroom, and then we go on several other adventures. He dresses up and clowns around to amuse me.

At one point, he wears a strange jacket, with rounded metal panels on the cuffs. He puts one of these to my cheek, in a very gentle movement like a teasing play-fight. I like this, both because I enjoy that he is clowning with me, and also because it gives me another opportunity to test my sense of dream touch. The metal is cold against my cheek, perfectly realistic, which makes me happy.

As he helps me walk through the hallway, I see a mirror on the wall. "How interesting," I think. "I have never seen a mirror in a lucid dream before". Cautiously I look into it, wondering if the reflection will be true to life. Certainly, it is my face, although my skin has a strange blotchiness to it. I put this down to my dream consciousness being imperfect, rather than thinking I am sick. I do not wish to look too long, in case the image begins to distort.

Maria Isabel Pita The Ancient Mirror An Excerpt: Full Blue Moon

...I lose all visuals but instead of darkness I'm immersed in a bright heavenly blue color. It's very strange because there is an oval or egg shaped opening directly before me I can see through to a space beyond the blue but that is still part of it, and there's still not really anything to look at except a slightly darker blue but which is very faint and pixelated, like a dry brush stroke, or a very, very far away cloud.

I'm still lucid, fully rooted in the dream, which feels very stable as I wonder how I can get through this blue. Void space is usually black or filled with stars. After a short while, a scene literally forms out of the



blue as below me I see two very real looking brick fences parallel to each other, the outer one slightly taller, which seem to surround a long structure. I'm able to quickly fly between them and through a rectangular opening in the innermost one. I land in a very pleasant and very long open air courtyard area of sorts.

I remember seeing but can't identify elegant black wrought iron details. The clear sunny atmosphere is part of this location's elegant wealth, but not in a monetary sense at all. Yet even as I turn right and begin walking, I'm suddenly inside and the atmosphere is dark and shadowy, the muted illumination hinting at a time before electricity. Some of the tables to my right are occupied by dark figures, but I'm primarily aware of myself. I'm very tall and very slender, and I'm conscious of being in a constant state of sexual arousal, which I have well under control but which is definitely there, and stoked by the sense of eyes on me as I walk, displaying myself and my availability. I'm wearing a long dark-red dress with a subtle gleam to the material held up by thin straps, the bodice and ankle-length skirt meeting tightly at my waist contributing to my contained excitement.

I come to the end of the broad aisle where it is much darker and suddenly see a large mirror hanging on the stone wall. I walk right up to it curiously, and am astonished to see that I don't look remotely like myself in this life. The tall thin body and face are most decidedly not my own. I study my reflection closely. It is that of an older woman with small, almost pinched features framed with branching wrinkles. I'm somewhat dismayed to

observe that not only am I not very attractive, I'm seriously getting up in years. Who I see reflected before me is someone completely unknown to me. I step even closer to the mirror to study this woman, wondering what incarnation she hails from, what past or parallel life.

The curious thing is, I distinctly sense that her looks don't affect her contentment, her quiet, if somewhat resigned, pride in herself and what she has to offer. I understand that in this place there are still people who will take pleasure in her, who will use her, satisfying her own needs in the process, and that this is enough for her. I get the sense of an ancient location where she is akin to an offering made to a temple; she has no other life and does not desire one. She is glad to be in service here.

Obeying some unknown impulse, I open my mouth wide, so wide that my jaw dislocates like a snake's, and in the black cavernous opening I perceive a substance akin to quicksilver that also possesses the muted glowing softness of a pearl, its dark-green depths lightening on the surface to jade. And from this liquid mist (for lack of a better way to describe it) another egg-shaped face emerges or is born, as though rising from the black depths of my throat. I'm slightly amused by the ghoulish scene, but primarily I'm intrigued by the appearance of what I take to be another incarnation, just one of innumerable others. Staring at what feels like a very ancient egg-like embryo of another *me*, who once was or still is somewhere, I phase out of the dream.

Melanie Schädlich The Old Woman

Within a long series of lucid and non-lucid scenes, including false and real awakenings, I had the following lucid episode:

I am in my childhood home, aware of being in a dream. I pass a mirror and notice an old woman in the mirror with white hair tied in a knot. Her face is full of wrinkles and there is a very warm and friendly expression on her face. She radiates happiness, wisdom, and a kind of satisfied relaxation. I also see a face on each side of the old woman's face, at different times, somehow.

One of these faces shows me, but with black hair like I had some years ago. I ask the old woman "Who are you?" At that moment she somehow morphs into me, but the face is still old and has black hair. I think: 'Okay, that is me at an old age and I will be happy!' I stay in front of the mirror for a while. Old and young faces are taking turns and are transforming from one into another.

At one point there is the old woman again, but with creepy black eyes. Another time, I seem to recognize my late grand aunt and I feel really happy to meet her here and I call her name, but the image gets blurry again. Then I see the old woman from the beginning again, but now she looks ugly and crazy with a mad and lopsided sneer and black and protruding teeth. I think 'Crap, what if that is me when I am old...' I feel very uneasy now.

But then the image again turns into the kind and charismatic old woman and I intentionally look for similarities between her and me by comparing my 'real reflection' (which I see on the left side of the old face) with the old woman. I believe I find some similarities (after awakening I thought that there had not really been any) and I am again convinced that the 'reflection' shows me when I'm old, which makes me feel relieved and happy. I then have a false awakening.

Shelli Harry Potter Mirror

The following dream was with the aid of some supplements, and was lucid for all parts from the beginning.

OBE. I am with a bunch of other people. We are part of a musical about Harry Potter. I choose to be Snape. No one else chooses the lead three characters as I move away.

Scene changes and I am flying on a broom through Hogwarts. I am trying to hide. There are many tunnels of stone and I easily maneuver through them. Some are quite small. I have a real sense of urgency to hide as the final battle is raging and Voldamort is trying to get me. I find a bed with lots of pillows piled on it and lay near it. I see Hermione go by.

I get up and see a mirror. I want to see myself. I look like I do now. I then recall some people at MM [Mortal mist] talking about going through mirrors like a portal. I try to put my head through it but no success. So I put my hand through and it works.

I go through the mirror to a scene change and am in a baby's room. The baby is there, about 8 months old. We are able to talk to each other. She says her name but I don't quite get it as it is slightly mumbled so she repeats it. Her name is Julia. I immediately think of the Beatle's song, "Julia". I ask if she wants to go downstairs and she does. So I pick her up and take her.

Her mother is there, sitting in a chair asleep. She is about 30 with short dark hair. I gently wake her and tell her that we are dreaming. She seems pleasantly surprised. I tell them that we can fly and I do, still holding Julia. Julia loves this. I put her down and grab her mom's hand and we fly around the room.

I had a FA and an experience with a "negative" entity, then another OBE and had the following which was an extension of the above dream.

I am back at Julia's home. Her mom is happy to see me and Julia is now 4, running around the room in underwear only. I am in her bed, naked. Her mom tells me that her husband has heard about their experience with me and didn't quite believe it. He then walks in. He has a uniform on which reminds me of an astronaut in training. I am introduced to him. He sits on the bed to my left, Julia's mom is to the right. He asks me how I know we are just dreaming. As he is asking, he seems to want to feel under the covers.

I ask him to give me his hand. He leaves his left

hand under the covers but gives me his right. I tell him that if we weren't dreaming I wouldn't be able to do this, and put my index finger through his hand. He looks intently at it and I wake and start recording the night's experiences.

This was my second LD with a mirror, but my first with using it as a portal, which I will do again when the next opportunity arises.

Darryl Anderson **Memorable Mirror Experience**

This is a dream I had when I was a teenager. I'm 50 years old now. I had read an article about entering mirrors in a lucid dream, so I was determined to try this the next time I had a lucid dream.

What I recall is that I was in a house when I became lucid. I remembered what I wanted to do, so I quickly ran around the house looking for a mirror. I came across a full length mirror and stood in front of it. I don't recall if there was a reflection of me. I proceeded to walk into the mirror.

I pushed my hands through it first, and when I did, something unexpected happened. Where my hands met the mirror it became sparkly like 4th of July sparklers, and I could hear electrical noises.

I was amazed, but I continued to push my way through. Every part of me that touched the mirror sparked. I was unable to make it completely through the mirror before waking up, but the experience was memorable.

Helmy Parlente Kusuma **Billboard and Mirror Portals**

This dream occurred about two years ago. I don't remember the exact date, but this was my first lucid dream. I was driving in a convertible with a lady beside me. We were chasing another car. The car we chased suddenly jumped into a billboard and disappeared. I decided to follow suit. The billboard was a portal.

We arrived in another kind of environment and the car we chased was nowhere to be found. We didn't care because we were amazed at this new

environment. I said to the lady, "We are in a different dimension." (At this point I became lucid.)

Here was a vast field filled with 'billboard' portals and there were many people hanging around and about. I decided to explore. The lady was now not with me. I saw some crowd and went there. It was some kind of an exhibition. I went inside. Inside the exhibition there were many people in formal attire and there were many human body-sized mirrors.

Men in suits were explaining to the other visitors about those mirrors, and ladies in bathing suits were standing by the sides of each mirror.

I sauntered around and asked one of the men in a suit whether there was a mirror for parallel dimensions? He didn't seem to understand, so I asked again whether there was a mirror for interplanetary travel? He glanced away and left me.

I shrugged and decided to try the mirror myself. I went to the end of the room and put my hand to a mirror. The surface of the mirror felt fluid-like but not like water; more like jelly that left no residue. I hesitated and pulled my hand back. I thought what the heck and braced myself. I pushed all the way through the other side of the mirror.

It was the same room but different situation; there was nobody there, save one man sitting next to the mirror.

I went back through the mirror and now the air was heavy. It was like walking through water. Breathing was quite an effort. I felt my lungs struggled for air. I swung around my hands and could feel the resistance of the air, just like swimming. There was no residue on my body. Then I noticed that the air was colorful, many gradients of pink.

Suddenly my aunt called me. It turned out that the visitors of this exhibition were mostly my relatives. I thought to myself that because this was a dream, I just wanted to do a reality check. (But I woke up.)

Paul Sauers **The Woman in the Mirror**

My affirmation before going to sleep was to surrender to God and to have a dream where I

would realize that I was dreaming and become lucid. My goal was also to have a spiritual experience or meditate within the dream.

I was at a lavish English dinner party where all of the waiters were dressed in elaborate and highly colorful costumes of the 17th century. They were serving primarily pudding and pastries that were being smothered in various forms of cream and brandy sauces. I particularly remember one with bananas and another with raspberries that I was spooning out from a desert tray that was being handed around. There was an attractive middle aged woman in a velvet red dress who was assisting me with the servings and getting me to try different ones. Everyone was pleasant and the tone of the evening was somewhat subdued.

I also noticed in the dream that there was a somewhat stoic waiter sitting in an alcove near me with some writing below a mirror that I could not read (I suspect that this was an attempt to get me lucid). The waiter later got up and assisted at the table.

I had the feeling that there was an extremely attractive woman, who I could not see watching me and smiling at me from the corner of my eye.

Later, in the dream I stood up and was able to see her in a large baroque mirror. The mirror had somewhat of a bluish blur or reflection in it. I though it is what one would perhaps expect for glass or mirrors of that period. Her form was indistinct, and perhaps somewhat ghostly, but I sensed her beauty and love.

I immediately became lucid, and did flying twirls in the room to confirm my lucidity. I then decided to do my meditation.

I started with "I surrender to God's love and desire to experience more Truth and Knowledge of God. I am the resurrection and the Light. I Am a child of the Light. I Am saved by the Light. I Am protected by the Light. I Am sustained by the Light. I Am the Light of the world and that is my only function. I Am Infinite Being."

Soon after my meditation I awoke and was asking myself who the woman in the mirror was and

sensed (was told?) that it was Mary the mother of God.

This made sense to me in that in one of my meditations I have a mantra listing all of the names of God and actually include Mary in the list.

Olli Erjanti Fluid Mirror

I'm dreaming of being in my grandmother's house. I walk in a room empty of people and look outside at traffic from a third floor. I think that this a place that that I usually dream of. I think that I need to do a reality check to know if I'm dreaming. I walk out to a dark corridor towards kitchen and try to float. Gently I start rising toward the ceiling. I think , "This is cool. I learned to fly. I have to tell my friends."

I'm not still sure if this is a dream and realize that I need to do another reality check. I float to the bathroom and look for a mirror and reflection. First I see myself quite normally floating in the reflection but then my image starts to go fuzzy and get fluid distortions. I see myself like through a fog of green-gray light. I realize finally after two reality checks that, "Yes this is a dream." I enjoy floating in the air for a while and start thinking what to do when I start to wake up and open my eyes in my bed.

Maria Isabel Pita Mirrors in Lucid Dreams

In the dream, I dream that I'm asleep and dreaming. I enter a bathroom, where I stop short before a mirror in which I am reflected along with another woman on my left and my husband on my right. The woman's intent expression, the half smile on her lips, hard and challenging, gives me a slight shock that focuses me.

I clearly see myself in the mirror so when I look down at my body and can't see it, I suffer a slight moment of panic. Then I realize it's because below the waist I'm wearing a white or light-gray tunic that blends with the fog in the glass, whereas my upper body is clad in a geometrical garment shaped like an inverted black pyramid that is well defined. Looking at it, I know I'm in a dream, which in the earlier part of my dream was my intention, to become lucid.

I walk out of the bathroom and stand poised on the threshold of an archway at the top and center of the building looking down a grand flight of steps such as one might find in a Cathedral. The city beyond it is very nice looking, all white with golden details. I'm savoring the sensation of being absolutely, perfectly lucid as I slowly take flight. I'm in no hurry, simply enjoying the knowledge that I'm awake in a dream, when suddenly a featureless veil falls over my eyes and I can't see a thing.

I wait, but nothing happens, and after a few moments I experience a false awakening and dream that I've just awoken from a lucid dream. I find myself in a crowd of people entering a large building evocative of a train terminal, like Grand Central Station. I'm moving purposefully, and when I pass a public bathroom, I recognize it as the one I entered at the beginning of my lucid dream. I push open the door and look for the mirror I know will be on my right as I walk in, and there it is, which confirms the reality of my lucid dream. I wake for real.



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Healing Tinnitus in a Lucid Dream

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As a DJ, getting tinnitus was always something I worried about. Even when I was younger I would sometimes hear it after a big night out, but luckily it would always go away the next day. I remember the horror of hearing the ringing and praying that I would promise to wear earplugs forever. Unfortunately it didn't and one night whilst I was DJ'ing, I pressed the wrong button and a high-pitched screech blasted through my headphones into both my eardrums.

Shortly after, I found myself at a ten-day silent meditation retreat. The apparent silence was only supposed to be broken by stealth like a nun who would creep outside our rooms ringing her bell to indicate that we should stop meditating here and meditatively move to another location to meditate some more! "Why does she never stop ringing that damn bell?!", was the persistent thought that I tried to ignore as I dutifully focused on one spot underneath my nose. I decided it must be some kind of test.

A few hours later, the terrifying truth descended on me. It was in my head and it wasn't going away. I can't really explain the fear that comes with this realization. Thank Buddha I was in the perfect place to learn a technique to deal with it. Still, not long after I was released from the confines of the retreat, all the benefits of the under-the-nose focusing faded and I quite literally went mad. I couldn't sleep let alone live with this God-awful noise. After months of freaking out, seriously considering chopping off my head and failing to find any solution, I realized I had no choice but to surrender to it. The tinnitus was here to stay and there was no cure and no escaping it. Five years passed, and the tinnitus had well established itself as the new silence in my head.

I had been lucid dreaming all my life, but it wasn't until a few years ago that I truly comprehended all the useful things you could do within them. In fact it was after reading Robert Waggoner's *Gateway To The Inner Self* that a whole world of options opened up to me that I had never considered. One of the most exciting of these was healing. So it was one morning that I decided to address this issue.

In a dream: I find myself in a huge, tall, futuristic, glass building. On the third floor some scientists are doing some unpleasant experiments on a little man (a TV actor) and myself. I become slightly lucid recognising the strangeness of being here with this actor and decide I need the experiments to stop. At this point the whole building gets picked up as if it were on a crane and is transported, to what I recognize from a distance to be an astral city. Now my lucidity is very good. I stare out the window and the scenery is spectacular. I watch as I see the city approach. Eventually the building lands on the ground.

I leave the building and on my way out I notice a mirror. I go and look at myself in it. I am wearing all black and I have a good figure, shoulder length hair and I look a little South African. "Oh, it's not quite me, but I look pretty." I am amused by my different reflection. I walk out through the glass doors of the building and on to the city that looks a bit like Tokyo.

There is a table of girls sitting at a bench. I sit down next to them and tell them about the building and the experiments and how I had to get away from the pain. Suddenly I awake.

I get comfortable again and start to drift as thoughts circulate through my mind. I think of all the pains I have; my back pain, pain from a motorbike accident, the tinnitus and the emotional pain gathered over the years. I wonder if I need to face my pain to balance my body. My ears are ringing loudly and I

consider that maybe the tinnitus is an alarm alerting me to listen to my inner self. I decide to address this once and for all and I tell my subconscious that I would like to feel all my suppressed pain in a lucid dream so that I can start to heal it. I add that I only want to do this if it is a positive thing to do.

I have a trick I use to get my body to fall asleep whilst I can remain relatively alert. Ironically, listening to the loud ringing helps me to stay focused and gives my mind something to do. I thank it for its usefulness. I focus on relaxing and finding my peace within the noise. I worry that I need to keep my mind active so as not to forget my lucid mission. Then I remind myself that my subconscious always knows what my plans are regardless, and that my higher self knows how best to heal me. I trust that it will help me if it is in my best interest. I realize that to find peace, I must surrender and stop trying to figure things out. I just let go and gradually, my body falls asleep.

I find myself in the darkness between dreams with images flickering, starting to form a new dream. I remain alert enough to notice my tinnitus is there. As I focus on it, I thank it for being a point of focus and I feel truly grateful for any lessons it has to teach me. Progressively it fades until it has completely disappeared. This doesn't completely surprise me as I am used to tinnitus-free lucid dreams. It is however, lovely to hear it disappear in this way.

As the new dream fully forms I lose some lucidity.

I am with my friend S. in the 'Tokyo-like' city. She is showing me some squat exercises by a wall. I copy her and ask her if I'm doing them right. She says I am and I feel encouraged. "I'll race you!" she says and we start flying. She is winning but then I become fully lucid recognizing the city from the previous dream. I suddenly understand that I can fly as fast as I like. I playfully fly at warp speed trying to beat her only to remember that she can fly equally as fast too.

S. and I land in my mum's garden. Caro is there with a couple of our friends. Caro and I start walking around the garden. It's a beautiful bright day and it feels so lovely. We walk to the back of the garden and there is a pond filled with life. There are big frogs and newts in the water, it is a little dirty, but it's full of activity. I turn to Caro and say, "The pond

looks wonderful like this, all the life has come back to it." Then suddenly I realise something "Hey, there is no pond in my garden any more. This is a lucid dream! "Oh yeah!" Caro says as if she really already knew, but was indulging me.

Suddenly I remember my purpose to heal my suppressed pain. I shout out to the dream. "I need a guru!" but then I realize that isn't going to work. I reason with myself "I've made that mistake before; no one can heal you but you. What I need is my higher self, I need myself!" I then call out to the dream "I want to feel my unrepressed pain", (meaning I want to feel my pain unrepressed). Suddenly my body starts to hurt a lot all over and it is hard to move. Everyone else in the garden becomes frozen and my mouth starts to seal over so I can no longer speak, (like Neo's mouth in the film The Matrix). I can barely open it, as hard as I try. I feel completely inhibited to express myself.

"I don't need to put up with this!" I think. Suddenly I launch myself at my frozen friends. I give them all a giant hug sending them all the love I have.

I awake with a thumping heart. I listen and my tinnitus is gone. I spend the whole day checking again and again but it's definitely gone.

I was ecstatic, jumping around and phoning everyone I knew whom I could talk to about it. Now many months have passed and it still hasn't returned, I am truly grateful!

I have given this healing quite a bit of thought. From a non-esoteric perspective it makes sense that tinnitus should be quite easy to heal through lucid dreaming. Tinnitus is caused by the brain misinterpreting the signals it receives. Commonly when tinnitus is caused by hearing loss, the brains fills in the missing frequencies it can no longer hear.

In most cases there are actually no sounds occurring, it is just the brain's subjective interpretation. In this respect it makes sense that if you can access the subconscious mechanism that controls this, you can also change it. I am sure that lucid dreaming has the power to help millions of tinnitus sufferers find silence once again; it is truly a powerful gift.

See Caz Coronel's website at www.cazcoronel.com

Love's 4th Dimension

© Maria Isabel Pita
<http://lucidlivingluciddreaming.org>

When someone you love dies, wouldn't it be wonderful to still be able to see them on a regular basis? This might popularly be considered a "pipe dream" question but the actual answer is—Yes, you can, in your dreams and in your lucid dreams.

The knowledge that we have 'bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial' is by no means new. One of the profound joys of lucid dreaming is the gift of directly, consciously experiencing our supra-physical body while still "muffled in flesh." Many lucid dreamers, myself included, lose their fear of death. A lucid dream is, in essence, an existence in a mental dimension of growth, fulfillment and creativity. This experience of transcendence, which is also vividly sensual, is a life-changing revelation. And dreams have always, without fail, let me know when someone I loved was getting ready to cross over.



In the summer of 2006, I had this vivid little dream:

My father, I call him Papi, and his wife are sitting together at a small round table on an upper balcony of an outdoor restaurant. The sun is shining but they both look very sad, depressed, low energy. I walk up to them and remind Papi that we're supposed to visit the pyramids together. He tells me he doesn't think he can make it. I'm very upset and insist we have to go, reminding him he promised me we would.

A few days later, I received an email from my father informing me that he had been diagnosed with Leukemia. In the following months we grew closer than ever as together we confronted the mystery of death, and I did my best to help him face it without fear. The pyramids of ancient Egypt are monumental expressions of an unshakable belief in immortality. Metaphorically speaking, my father and I did, indeed, visit them together. Seven months after his diagnosis, he passed away. The evening after his funeral, I was standing in the bathroom of a hotel room my husband and I were staying in on our way home, and as I brushed my hair I heard my father say joyfully, "Maria, my love!" His voice did not register in my physical eardrums but was not outside of me either; it was as clear as a bell ringing directly in my head. "You were right, Maria! You were right!" I went to bed that night determined to have a lucid dream and find him on the Other Side:

I find myself standing in a small town of sorts staring at the entrance to a theater, and at once I become lucid. I concentrate on the open door through which people are streaming out onto the street, absolutely determined my father will be one of them... and there he is! At once we're embracing, but I notice he looks a bit groggy and confused. He warns me in the way he always did when he was worried about me—You have to be careful here, Maria. Even as I keep my eyes on his face I realize it has changed and I am hugging a man with a similar build and complexion who isn't my father anymore. Abruptly he collapses at my feet as though shot through the heart at the same time I notice another man standing nearby. The stranger's intensely focused eyes stare directly into mine and his smile is so chilling, I realize it is imperative I get away from there as fast as possible. I launch myself into the sky and fly away...

I believe this man was one of my Guides protecting me from the dangers of a "place" on the Other Side I was not prepared for, but to which the force of my grief and love propelled me, hence my father's warning.

I had the following dream about a year ago:

I'm working late at night in my study, writing about lucid dreaming. As I finish a chapter and sit back contentedly, Papi walks in. The sense of him is utterly real, totally present, his white dress shirt luminous in the darkness. Smiling down at me, he rests his hand on the back of my chair and says—This is the future. I understand he means we're already living in the future by being together in my lucid dreams.

Not long ago, I had one of the most special dreams of my life to date:

I'm driving alone at night and turn left into the driveway of my childhood home. I think of parking on the grass to the right of the driveway, but that isn't necessary; I can park in the official spot because I'm in charge of the place now that no one is living in it anymore. The inside of the house is the deepest, darkest black imaginable. I experience a faint tinge of anxiety about entering it and staying there for a while, but I know there aren't any intruders lying in wait for me or any other hostile forces I need fear. But as I approach the front door a car pulls up and parks in the grass in front of the house. I'm very happy my family has arrived and I need not wait for them inside all alone. I'm so happy Papi is in the back seat! As he leans forward, he says something to me...

I don't remember the transition but now it's a lovely sunny day and I'm walking toward a long white structure. The single story building is surrounded by a white stone walkway punctuated with matching benches looking out on lush grass and flowering



trees. I follow the walkway until I come upon Papi sitting on one of the benches. I ask him if I can sit with him and he promptly moves over as he apologizes—Sorry, but here we tend to sit in the center just because we can. I reach for his hand and cling to it. In the peaceful silence, I become acutely aware of being there with him. I look around us, and the lucid sense of being fully present in the moment intensifies as I say—You know, we're sitting here now in reality, but we could also already be sitting together on the Other Side, with nothing to fear, not ever... To which Papi replies—I feel we could be, because of the sun.

Minutes after waking from this dream, I walked outside with my dog and a fine mountain mist enabled me to look directly at the rising sun. There it was in all its orange-gold splendor, the solar disc as clearly visible to my naked eye as the full moon. The vision felt like a blessing, like a gift from my father telling me we truly had been together in my dream.

In our recreation room there is a very comfortable queen size guest bed that folds down from the wall. A few months ago, I decided to make this room my official lucid dreaming space on two nights a week. At the very least, I would be guaranteed sleep uninterrupted by my husband tugging on the sheets or the cat jumping on the bed, and I also felt it might help concentrate my intent to become lucid on an even more regular basis. On my first night sleeping in my new space, I had this dream:

May 2, 2013

I believe I'm awake and lying in my new lucid dreaming bed in the rec room when my husband suddenly walks in with our dog, who he mischievously drops on the bed. I demand—What are you doing here? You know I'm trying to sleep and have a lucid dream! It's extremely unlikely he is really there and I wonder—Am I dreaming this? I'm not sure if I wake for a few moments after this and go back to sleep, or whether the false awakening continues, but now I'm alone facing the wall at the foot of the bed and a door that is not there in waking reality. The door is open and I recognize my parents' old bedroom, the one they shared when I was a child. I get the strong sense of Papi, but of course he won't be in there anymore... Feeling just a little unnerved, I close the door. I would rather fly

through the window, but when I plant my hands against it I'm disappointed it feels perfectly real and solid...

Waking, I open my eyes to the star-like waning moon shining down on my face. I lay there absorbing its light feeling it can help me lucid dream...

I believe I'm awake lying on my left side facing the dark room, the glass doors behind me. In the dream the flat screen TV runs parallel to the top of my head whereas in reality it forms a right angle with my head. I tense when I hear a quiet yet distinct, absolutely real voice. There is someone in the room with me, I have no doubt about that, but I'm not as scared as I should be because it sounded just like Papi who spoke a single word in Spanish—Por favor. (Please.) I find the courage to ask—Que? (What?) He answers—Ven aqui. (Come here.) That seems like too much to ask because this is really creepy. I protest—Pero tengo miedo, Papi! (But I'm afraid!) His reply translates to—Move now. Don't wait. I struggle to sit up; it's difficult to move and not just because I'm scared; I have a hard time coordinating my limbs. Managing a sitting position, I know for a fact I'm dreaming when I see my father sitting in front of the bay windows, his sky-blue sweat pants distinctly visible in the darkness. My fear mostly evaporates then and I approach him. I'm not surprised Papi is here; it feels right and natural, like the next step in our nocturnal relationship.

He gestures apologetically and I notice that in the dream space there are no other chairs. I say quickly—That's okay, I'll just sit here. I perch on a child-size circular table in front of him, the sort kids sit around to draw and have fun. Papi is smiling at me but I'm a little concerned he is as thin now as he was before he died. He begins speaking in Spanish—You know, when you're rupturing inside...

The details escape me but I understand he's talking about the last few hours of his life and the nightmare ride in the ambulance in the middle of the night. I sense he needs to share this with me, for both our sakes, but am distracted by how oddly high-pitched and reedy his voice is becoming. I say—Papi, you sound funny... and you don't really look like yourself. His smiling response is perfectly eloquent. Of course, on the Other Side no one has

a fixed form. As I study his face, familiar yet slightly different, I phase out of the dream.

I woke too soon to hear everything he had to say, but my father apparently wanted to share the last moments of his life with me, when he was confronting the ultimate fear. The more I thought about it, the more this dream seemed to embody the question—Are you ready to rise above your fears? I may have passed an important test by conquering my dread and getting up to speak with him. The child's drawing table was a very positive symbol of beginning something, of creatively learning and growing. "Move now, don't wait," Papi said, words I don't believe are meant to be taken only literally.

It is significant that the first night I slept in my new dream space my father came to me so vividly. I believe he is encouraging me to do everything I can to strengthen and fully develop my natural lucid dreaming abilities, urging me to "move now" with my dreams. The door to his old bedroom appeared at the foot of my bed, opening onto the past and our physical life together, then he greeted me with the word "Please" from the opposite side of the room... Please let us continue growing together in this lucid 4th Dimension bridging physical reality and the Other Side?

Three months later, there is no doubt in my heart that Papi helped baptize my new lucid dreaming space. So far, every time I move to the rec room at around 3:00 in the morning, during my Wake Back to Bed ritual which includes thoughtfully reviewing my feelings and intents, I have at least one, and frequently three or more lucid dreams. Most nights my dreams begin in the rec room and, recognizing it, I immediately become lucid.

My father's love and presence are as much a part of my life now as before he crossed over, and in a profound sense I feel closer to him than ever before. Perhaps because I wholeheartedly believe an ongoing relationship with deceased loved ones is possible, is one reason I remain accessible to them in dreams, my love and faith akin to a bonfire burning in the darkness of Mystery.

Lucid Dreaming Learning Curve Done With Mirrors

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In preparing for this issue of LDE, my original intent was to write about my most memorable lucid mirror dream, illustrated with a photo¹ that Richard Wilkerson (of IASD) had taken/created several years ago, and which I felt reflected the dream perfectly. I also wanted to choose some lucid mirror dreams for the 'In Your Mirror Dreams' section. With a quick word search through my files, I found the main dream I wanted, then randomly selected four more dreams.

The most memorable mirror dream is meaningful to me on two levels. First, it is one that is fairly unique for me in that, rather than stepping *into* mirrors - like I'd done dozens of times in the lucid state – instead, I called my reflections *out* of mirrors.

To call my reflected images out of multiple mirrors was not a consciously pre-planned or incubated dream task. The idea came to me spontaneously within the dream itself. But to call it an idea isn't quite accurate, as the impulse was not so much thought-driven, as it was emotion-driven. It was strong desire to interact with parallel (aka probable) selves that inspired the moment. Which brings me to the second point.

Shortly after I began lucid dreaming, over 25 years ago, I also became interested in leading-edge theories of multiple universes (and by default, multiple selves) existing simultaneously with ours; an interest that has never waned. I had also entertained the idea² that the lucid dream state might serve as a kind of meeting space where probable selves could interact in a more conscious state of awareness. So it was no surprise when my keen interest in parallel/probable selves spilled over into my dreaming, creating imagery and events depicting multiple selves and multiple realities.



Photo credit © Richard Wilkerson

As mentioned, I also chose a few mirror dreams intended for another section of the current issue. When it came time to proofread and edit my selections, I was in for a surprise. What I hadn't realized earlier, was that I'd 'randomly' chosen lucid dreams that each contained common elements (besides mirrors) and that when taken together, appeared to look like a progression of sorts, working towards the 'outcome' of the main dream that I had originally wanted to write about. It was like each dream was a snapshot of my 'dreaming education,' in my learning to find and interact with probable selves within the lucid dream state.

So, instead of one article separate from a few dreams for another section, it became obvious that all the dreams had to stay together. Following are the lucid dreams, with common elements and key features in boldface.

Mirror Imaging – Outside the Mirror (April 1993)

I am in what seems to be my childhood bedroom. I know I'm dreaming because I see furniture there that does not belong. Q is sitting on the bed. There is a huge **mirror** on the wall behind me and a rough, incomplete **door** frame nailed to another wall. Excitedly I point to the odd doorframe, and say, "This isn't supposed to be here, though I *recognize* it!"

There is another woman in the room with us. I tell Q that this woman is a dream figure - even though I know Q is a dream figure too. The woman does not look like me. Without knowing why, I begin to **will her to look like me**, but it doesn't seem to be working. Her hair is too straight and a little shorter than mine. (In this dream my hair is much darker than usual and is permed, though I don't recognize this as being out of the ordinary.)

She is also too short; she comes up only to my chest. I will her taller, as I pull up on her shoulders until she is my height. I notice her face is still not like mine; she has a thinner nose and a pointier chin. I have to keep looking at myself in the huge mirror in order to remember what I look like so I can better visualize her looking like me.

At some point, she and I loosely **embrace and dance around in a circle**. I am hoping that the **slow spinning** will somehow make her look more like me . . .

Morphing Mirror Multiplies (April 1993, from same dream as above)

. . . I'm still lucid when I remember the mirror experiment I wanted to do. I go to a full length **mirror** that hangs on a **door**. I kneel in front of it and look at my reflection. My hair is on wrong! It looks like a bad wig, on crooked. The hair style is messy and different from real life. The colour seems to be correct though. I push the hair on my head **trying to make the image-hair move** too. It doesn't work.

Next I put my hand to my face. I note that my hand and face is chubbier than in waking reality. I peer at my image. It seems OK now except for the chubbiness.

Then I start to have problems with the mirror. Its surface gets dark and I no longer see an image in it. In the next instant the mirror is smaller and is on my lap. Then, it changes again, and there are **multiple layers of different coloured 'mirrors'** (or some kind of coloured reflective surface), and thin, different coloured papers (with writing on them) separating each mirror. I'm reminded of thin layers of **carbon paper**, back before **photocopiers** were in use.

I lift off alternating layers of paper and mirror: a blue paper, then a blue mirror, a black paper then a black mirror, etc. I see a silver paper not far down in the **series of paper/mirrors** and know that a 'real' mirror will be just under it. The entire scene soon blurs and changes, and I'm dreaming non-lucidly again . . .

Perpendicular to Infinity (June 1993)

. . . I start to get up to write out my dream when I look across the room at a beige couch and a sandy -coloured carpet. I say to myself, 'This isn't right. I'm still dreaming.'

I get up and walk through the house. At the end of a **hallway** is a large rectangular **mirror** hanging on a wall. In front of the mirror is a vase of pretty flowers on a polished dark wooden table. I feel the impulse to fly through the mirror, so I run at it and launch myself into the air.

As I easily fly through the mirror, another identical mirror scene appears. I fly through that too. Each time I fly through a mirror I am met with more and more identical wall/mirror/table/flower scenes. This goes on for some time, and I wonder if the **series of mirror scenes** is infinite.

Not content with flying through endless mirrors, I stop and change direction, **flying perpendicular to my previous flight path**. This takes me into **another room**, . . .

Multiplicity Triggers Lucidity (June 1995)

(Much activity and confusion in this long dream - many things chaotic and constantly changing.) . . . I'm in a moving car with X and Y. We are all in the

back seat, no one is in front. I ask Y, "Who is driving?" He and X then both squeeze into the front seat. . . . I look behind me and it seems as though there is a **long and narrow room** stretched out behind us, yet it's still part of the vehicle. It is cluttered with furniture, books, and other odds and ends, and is dimly lit.

Among the clutter, I see a full-length **mirror** and a man's reflection in it, though the man is not in this room/vehicle. He wears a dull reddish shirt. I then see **multiple reflections** within multiple reflections of this man in the mirror. It makes me think of parallel realities and infinite probabilities.

Looking to the right of the mirror I see another man with his back to me standing at a sink. He has straight shoulder-length grey hair and is wearing a long black coat. I think he's washing his hands. He turns his head slightly to me and I observe a faint knowing smile on his handsome face.

In my confusion I've forgotten that X and Y moved to the 'front seat' earlier and I think that this man by the mirror is up front driving. But if so, he'd be in two places at once (or **two selves?**). If he's driving, how can he be here too? Just as I'm pondering this, I notice **a door to the right** of the man. I can see (through windows, and through glass in the door) that just outside of it is **a line of people** waiting to get in. But we're moving! How can the people be standing outside the door, while we're moving? Then I get it. It must be a dream! It's the only explanation.

Now X is beside me, and I turn to her and say, "It's a dream! We're dreaming!" She understands and smiles, which surprises me a little, as most dream figures don't seem to believe me when I tell them we're in a dream . . .

Multiple Mirrors, Multiple Me's (December 1995)

An awesome night of dreaming – three lucids! plus several false awakenings, and then:

. . . I go upstairs but my bedroom **door** is different, made of very old wood. I open it, suspecting that I'm dreaming. When it opens to **another, and another, and another, and yet another identical door**, I KNOW I'm dreaming.

Instead of opening more multiple doors, I decide to fly down the **hallway** to explore another room. Easily gliding down the corridor, I make a **sharp right turn into a huge room**, like a ballroom, empty but for large, floor-to-ceiling **mirrors covering all of the walls**.

I land in the middle of the room, and turn a full **circle**, looking at my image reflected in all of the mirrors. Excited by the symbolism of probable (parallel) selves, I call out, "Probable Me's!" in the hope that the **reflected images** will 'come alive' within their mirrors, and then step out into the room with me.

Almost instantly there is a lot of movement and activity in each of the mirrors, then the flat, two-dimensional images of myself begin to transform, becoming three-dimensional as they step out of their mirrors to join me in the ballroom.

The women are in constant motion, moving throughout the room, talking and laughing, some gathering in small groups, some in pairs, some preferring to be on their own. Though many of the women are **identical to me**, some look slightly different, and **some no longer look like me** at all. Even their clothing has changed since they came into the room.

I'm curious to see a 'me' who is the most opposite of who and what I am. Immediately, I think to try to find a "pregnant me" as that would be the most opposite to me, since from early childhood I knew I would never want to have children. Soon I see a very pregnant woman with dark curly black ringlets (nothing like my hair colour or style) wearing a large dark coat. As she walks past I study her face, and though I detect a very slight resemblance, she looks perhaps more like a distant relative, than another self.

All the women are still moving about; there is faint music playing, as though this is indeed a ballroom or dance hall. Then I see some people (me's) together in a large group and immediately what comes to mind, is the idea³ of groups of me's coming together in a symbolic gesture of the intent to learn from and support each other, through shared abilities, strengths, wisdom, healing, etc., to join our best resources for the benefit of us all. I want more and more groups to form, to take part in

this playful 'pooling' or 'integration' of our best attributes.

As if they can read my mind, a group of about 7 or 8 me's with their arms entwined around each other in a big group hug, sort of **dance** or glide towards me. They **spin in a large slow circle**, as they get closer to me. I feel I'd like to get 'absorbed' or swept up into the group, but they make no move to pull me in. Somehow I know that I am welcome to join them if I want, but it must be me who makes the move – they will not simply scoop me up, or pull me into their **group embrace**. The choice must be mine.

However, just as I decide I'd like to join them, I begin to feel my bed under me, and my conscious awareness shifts to the physical. Since I'd had several false awakenings between lucids this night, I remain still a moment, to see if I am really awake or not, or if can I get back to the dream. Unfortunately, this time, I'm too awake to slip back into the dream.

As seen in the sidebar, besides the mirrors and reflections of course, other common objects are doors and hallways (i.e. 'long narrow room').

Multiplicity/series is a common feature as well, in mirrors (mirror/paper, mirror/table/flowers scenes), reflections, doors, selves, as well as the 'line of people.'

Spatial configuration is also an interesting aspect, though I'm unaware of the specific significance. Rooms/doors being perpendicular to hallways, mirrors, or series of scenes, in two cases me moving 'in sharp right turns,' or perpendicular to my original direction.

Other selves are implied by the men (Multiplicity Triggers Lucidity); the one in the mirror and his reflections, and the man by the mirror and the possibility of his other self at the front of the room/vehicle. There is also my attempt to make the dream woman 'look like me,' which implies creating another self, from the first dream, and of course the multiple other selves in the last dream. Even the thought of carbon paper and photocopiers ends to the concept of other selves, when they are views as 'copies' of myself.

Naturally, there are many ways to perceive and interpret the symbolism in these dreams. Since we live in a linear time based reality, I'll begin with that perspective, describing the progression as seen in the dreams in their chronological order.

In the first dream, my interest in interacting with multiple realities/selves is perhaps indicated by my poor attempts to will a dream figure to look like me. On some level was I (unconsciously) trying to create the experience of interacting with another self? I couldn't even remember what I looked like, and had to refer to a mirror to check my image. Oddly, I found it neither strange nor frightening that I couldn't remember what I looked like. And another odd thing – the 'rough, incomplete door' that I recognized. From where did I recognize it? And why did the recognition cause a feeling of excitement? Could the doorframe's appearance, 'rough and incomplete' represent my level of 'ability' at that time to connect with probable selves?

Without giving it any thought, I embrace the dream figure, and we move in a slow spinning circle, and for some reason I seem to think that this will help, that by spinning together she will somehow 'blend' with me in a way that will make her look like me, (or become another me?) Or was it some forerunner of the larger dream experience to come, in which groups of me's are embracing and spinning, while I hope that this symbolizes the pooling (or blending) of our abilities and talents, etc.?

In the same dream, with another mirror, I'm still trying to create an image identical to me, but this time with my reflection, and not with another person outside of the mirror. I'm not successful. Soon the mirror itself changes, becoming a series of mirrors (with coloured reflective surfaces) separated by thin paper. Am I using mirrors as symbols of multiple realities? Do the thin papers represent membranes between universes? (And does 'membrane' imply brane cosmology, associated with some multiverse theories⁴)? Does the thought of carbon paper/photocopiers refer back to my attempt to make the woman look like me, or in other words, make a copy of myself?

In the next dream, lucid, I'm entirely alone, and I don't even note my reflection when I see a mirror

at the end of a hallway. I take flight, and this time, I enter the mirror, soon realizing that I'm flying through a series of mirror scenes, each identical to the last. Was I finally learning to travel through multiple realities, my conscious mind translating the event to appear as a series of mirrors? Then, to break this endless pattern, I fly off at a right angle (perpendicular) and find myself in another room. Was this a forerunner of the future dream in which, after meeting with multiple doors, I flew down a long hallway, then took a sharp right into the ballroom?

Lucidity comes later in the dream after that. Again, my desire for interaction with probable selves is evident in the symbolism of the multiple reflections of the man in the mirror. Because of the 'faint knowing smile' of the other man, the one by the mirror, I get the impression that he is a friend or guide who may have been helping me with my 'dream education.' Certainly the idea of him being in two places (or being two selves) contributed to my becoming lucid; then seeing a line of people (in series) at a door (located perpendicular to the mirror) somehow helped confirmed it. (Also, I have to wonder if X and Y were helping me in some way as well, as it seemed odd to me that Y would smile, and understand when I told her we were in a dream. It's as if she knew that all along, and it was me who was the last to know!)

Finally, in the last dream where I attain my desire, imagery similar to that of the previous dreams are evident: the multiple or series of doors, my change of direction (perpendicular to the doors) down the hallway, the large room (perpendicular to the hallway), with walls lined with mirrors, each reflecting my image, and the other selves embracing, and spinning in a slow circle. (You could also say that the images of the embracing selves in circular motion, '*circles back*' to the first dream where I embraced the woman and we turned in a slow circle.)

From the first dream to the last, it would appear that I was on some kind of learning curve, as I attempted to reach my goal, each dream contributing something that carried over to future dreams. But that conclusion comes with viewing things in a linear manner.

It is believed by many scientists and philosophers alike that essentially all time simultaneous and that

Common Elements

Mirror Imaging - Outside the Mirror

- incomplete door frame (recognize)
- try to make woman look like me, (i.e. an alternate self)
- embrace
- circle, slow spin
- mirror (needed to check on what I looked like)

Morphing Mirror Multiplies

- hallway
- door (on which mirror hangs)
- multiple mirrors (series, with papers)

Perpendicular to Infinity

- series of mirror scenes
- another room perpendicular to series of mirror scenes

Multiplicity Triggers Lucidity

- long narrow room (shape like hallway)
- mirror (man's reflection, but no man in room)
- multiple reflections (but no other mirror in room to cause that)
- guide (in two places at once, or two selves)
- door (located perpendicular to mirror)
- series of people behind door

Multiple Mirrors, Multiple Me's

- door (multiple doors)
- hallway
- another room perpendicular to hallway
- circle, slow spin
- mirrors (on all walls, side by side)
- circle, slow spin (me to see reflections)
- multiple reflections
- circle, slow spin (group of me's)
- embrace (group of me's, group hug)

we think that events come one after the other because of the way our consciousness is focussed. In other words linear time is an illusion, a trick of perspective, not unlike some grand illusions performed by magicians with craftily placed mirrors.

With that in mind, the perception/interpretation of events changes. Viewed from a larger perspective, where time does not apply at all, all the events (dreams) are simultaneous. From that point of view then, the dreams can appear as variations or

aspects of one larger event, simply viewed from different perspectives. You could select any one and call it the core event, and “see” how the others relate to it.

In other words, if the ‘Multiple Mirrors, Multiple Me’s’ dream is chosen as the ‘core’ event, then the other dreams, like facets on a mirrorball, display a version or fragment of the larger event. For that matter, Richard’s photo could be taken as the ‘core’ event, making all the dreams appear to be inspired by that image. Or, perhaps this article can be seen as the ‘core’ event, and the photo and dreams are reflections inspired by these words. You get the idea.

However, since most of us are experiencing life in a linear fashion, it makes it easy for me to conclude, (from a certain point of view), that on a learning curve through lucid dreaming, I fulfilled a strong desire, in meeting and interacted with probable selves, with conscious awareness in my dream state.

And it was all done with mirrors.☺

References

¹ Many thanks to Richard Wilkerson for both creating this image (which first appeared on the cover of ‘Electric Dreams’ in 2005) and for granting LDE permission to reprint it in this issue. To check out the ‘Electric Dreams’ Archives, go to <http://www.dreamgate.com>

² See Chapter 16 of *Seth Speaks*, by Jane Roberts: “From any given point of your existence, however, you can glimpse other probable realities, and sense the reverberations of probable actions beneath those physical decisions that you make. Some people have done this spontaneously, often in the dream state.”

³ See Chapter 16 of *Seth Speaks*, by Jane Roberts: “To the extent that you are open and receptive, you can benefit greatly by the various experiences of your probable selves, and can gain from their knowledge and abilities. Quite spontaneously, again, you often do this in the dream state, and often what seems to you to be an inspiration is a thought experienced but not actualized on the part of another self. You tune in and actualize it instead, you see.”

⁴ For a brief summary of various multiverse theories check <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Multiverse>

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE



Party Mix!!

December’s issue of LDE will be a party mix of whatever you care to send us!

There is no specific theme, but keep in mind that all submissions must be about the lucid dreaming experience.

Deadline for Submissions is
November 15, 2013

Submit through our website at:
<http://www.dreaminglucid.com/submitdreamsarticles.html>

Suggested Themes for Future Issues Send in your dreams or articles any time!

Touch – Does anything unusual happen when you touch or are touched by a dream figure?

Portals – Does passing through a doorway, or a window, etc. lead you into unexpected or unusual places?

The Void – Have any of your lucid dreams involved black light, complete absence of visuals, or void-like environments?

Music – Do you hear music in your lucid dreams? How does it differ from waking reality? Does music occur only in certain lucid dream situations?

Multiple False Awakenings – Have you had several false awakenings in a row, each one resulting in you becoming lucid again? In other words a series of lucid dreams all connected by false awakenings?

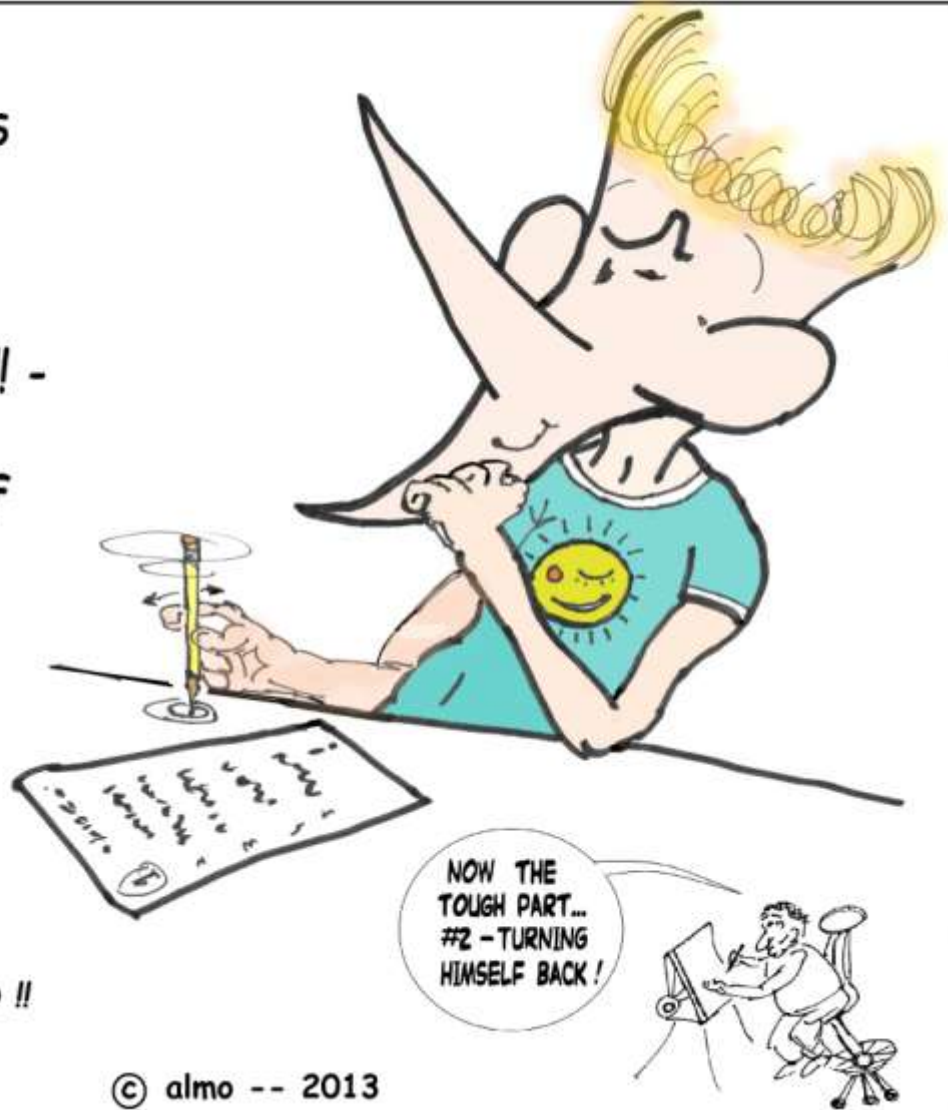
This is just a short list of potential dream themes – we are always eager to hear what our readers would like to see in LDE. If you have a suggestion for a lucid dream theme, drop us a line through our website via our submissions section on our website www.luciddreammagazine.com or email submissions@dreaminglucid.com

My Top Ten

MY TOP TEN
MOST AMAZING FEATS
ACCOMPLISHED
WHILE
LUCID DREAMING !!! -

#1 - TURNING MYSELF
INTO A
DEVILISHLY
HANDSOME
CARTOON
CHARACTER !!!

signed
billy lucey
aka KID LUCID !!



© almo -- 2013

My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your "Top Ten" lucid dreams?

Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

"What is your most...?"

- memorable ● profound
- entertaining unusual or bizarre ● enlightening life-changing
- other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!

(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)

In Your Dreams!

Catherine Burns The Stairs to the Barrow

I was walking with a woman I didn't know across flat grassland towards a hill with a stone barrow on the top (like the bronze-age entrance graves I'd seen in the Scilly Isles recently). A sign said that the barrow was closed, but I could see people milling around it and inside it.

There were some stairs cut into the foot of the hill and I started up them, but as often happens in my dreams the ascent became steep and precarious. When this happened I recognised it as a dream scenario. I checked by looking at my hands. My hands looked fine but not quite as stable as in waking life so I decided it must be a dream.

As per my latest reading, instead of addressing the nearby dream characters, I addressed the dream directly. (At this point a German Shepherd dog materialised on the ground below.) I said to the dream 'How can I make myself a kinder and nicer person?'

As I spoke, my body, without any direction from me, moved away from the stairs and started ascending in the air. I felt a bit uncomfortable with the speed of the ascent although it wasn't very fast - just 'definite.'

The dream didn't reply and I woke immediately, but behind my closed eyes was a phenomenon of white dots that I'd never experienced before. I've since got further in my reading on lucid dreams and realise that my question might have been worded better.



Janyce Collins Flying

The other night I was dreaming and got in that delicious state where I was aware of the dream. A man in a gnarly, high HP truck was chasing a woman down the freeway. She did this brilliant fake-out maneuver using an off ramp, and, at the last second, veered back onto the freeway. I was in the RH lane and drove

past him as he was negotiating the off ramp.

Our eyes met and I knew it was going to be bad. I was trying to get away in my little 4 cylinder and he was bearing down... I took an off ramp, and he was on me. I think, entirely lucid now, "OK, then I'll just fly away." So I opened the door and did so.

Whenever I make the decision to fly, it is usually so exciting that I awaken. I managed to breathe myself back into the dream...

It took a bit of time to find a thermal, but I hooked one, climbed out, and was smugly looking at him from far above, thinking, "Ha-ha!" But that's when I realized that even as I had the ability to fly, he had the ability to stretch. So did his dobermans...I decided to awaken.

My lucid dreams are always about flying. It's just where my mind goes. I've been doing it for a long time, and it's never NOT been flying. (Not complaining, at all! Just wondering what it means. My favorites are when I run, extend it into leaps, and become airborne!)

Laurance Extraphysical Hometown

Towards the end of a fairly long dream, I found myself walking around a crowded airport, accompanying an undercover policeman. We were strolling by a conveyor belt of moving baggage when I started floating over it. I must have been hungry because the baggage transformed into tempting food dishes and desserts, triggering lucidity.

After telling the cop that this was dream, I asked the awareness behind the dream to transport me to my extraphysical hometown. The scene shifted to a resort-like, coastal town with many white buildings, resembling somewhat a Mediterranean or Greek island setting. I floated around until I came to an outdoor bar or party, where I started asking people where I was.

At first, I couldn't get anyone's attention, but then someone told me "Thandavier." I then asked where Thandavier was located, but they had difficulty responding. I tried to explain; e.g. is it in the Western or Eastern hemisphere? They indicated

they understood the concept, but it wasn't an especially relevant question, which in hindsight seemed obvious because I was asking for a physical setting for an extraphysical place.

I soon woke up, and after jotting down some notes, I drifted back into a hypnagogic reverie with profound but forgotten imagery and symbolism.

Olga The Universe is Infinite

I was getting ready to sleep (face down) when all of the sudden I knew I was in a lucid dream. I felt someone reach for me and lift me towards the ceiling, and I said through telepathic communication, "We are leaving, but please keep me face down until we are out in space."

I saw the building I live in, then floated towards the clouds. Then I turned around and could see a part of a very big wing at the edge of my left eye and somehow I knew it was an angel. We flew at incredible speed. I could see galaxies moving as spots.

Toward the end of my dream I saw three ethereal see-through old men; one of them held up his left hand, in which was a whole spiral galaxy, like the Milky Way about the size of a baseball. Somehow I knew they were making decisions about their destiny. The angel said they were Gods and above them there were other gods - the universe is infinite 'don't worry.'

Then I woke up and felt like I had really been out in space. My heart felt full.

Gustavo Vieira Bending Technique

Sometimes lucidity comes to me just because I sense that the ambience is very dream-like. I mean, I feel lighter, the lights are clear but a little blurry. On this day, when this triggered my lucidity, I remembered to try to do the street bending technique, as seen in the *Inception* movie. I've been thinking of doing that for a couple of days. It was easy to do, but it was hard to maintain it:

I'm on a street near my house. I start thinking about bending the street. It folds up easily and

stands upright (90 degrees). Then I want it to bend over to be on top of the street where I'm standing

This is done but in a very fast way. I hear a bang. As this was very fast, I put the street at its original location (I unfold it). I try again. I concentrate more and the whole street bends more slowly up to 90 degrees. Then it closes fast again. It makes a bigger bang sound, and it becomes a giant cube and starts rolling over the street like a dice. It destroys all as it passes through. It becomes a disaster. But it was an interesting experience.

Sharon Pastore C'mon Mom!

My sister and I are on vacation and are in a dark unfamiliar home with an art gallery and several floors. We miss mom (passed away 4 years ago). Just then, I see her face in the painting over in the corner! I become lucid at the sight of this. She smiles at us.

'Look, Cheryl!' I call out. I want to prove to her that mom is with us. My sister leaves or is suddenly gone, so I don't know if she saw her. I am then pulled from behind all the way around the house. C'mon, mom! I laugh - like she is having fun messing around with me in her goofy way (like she did when she was alive).

I am pulled up and down flights, even though I don't see her. I figure it's her. It's fun having her pull me around. In between the flights, I see myself in mirrors wearing my coral pants and my hair

pulled up. I start to get a little nervous. Finally, I am in a child's room in the basement of the house when the pulling stops. Feeling like I don't know what to say or do next, I wake up.

Alex Meeting With a Non-Human Female

I am very fascinated by lucid dreams - the very first one I had was just a few months ago. I remember realising I was dreaming and, seeing some guy sitting on the stairs to my house, I thought, "There must be a lot of potential for learning from these dream people while lucid dreaming."

I was in a pub in my dream when I became lucid, don't know how I became lucid it just happened with the realisation that this is a dream. I was walking around talking to people telepathically, (its always telepathic communication in dreams*) and no one was really interested in talking to me which is unusual.

I found an old friend of mine crying in a chair and was about to walk past him (I thought, "Hey I'm lucid dreaming I don't have time for someone else's problems") but decided to stay and see why he was sad. So I sat down across from him and he disappeared and in his place a female appeared. As soon as I saw her I felt an energy in my body that felt like a very intense meditation sort of energy.

She was definitely not human; she had a golden glow about her and seemed like a highly evolved



(spiritually and intelligently) being. She looked at me and said, "I told you not to do acid again. A second later I woke up.

*Interestingly, whenever I become lucid in my dreams the people around me become surprised that I am conscious in my dream and the communication that takes place is always telepathic.

Josh Langley How Changeable is My Dream?

I'm in a hospital ward, one of those old, 1950's ones, a little creepy in fact, when I become lucid. Earlier during the day I'd been thinking about what to do if I'd had a lucid dream and I thought about reality testing the scene of the dream to see how changeable it is. Now I had the perfect opportunity to do so.

I'm now standing in this hospital ward and I'm lucid with full consciousness and thinking awareness and remember my goal, so I decide to wipe the slate clean and say out aloud, 'Make everything disappear,' and it does. I'm standing in a completely white, empty room, devoid of anything.

'I want a chair,' and a single wooden chair appears.

'I want a table,' and a matching table appears.

It's at this point either the task is so boring or I lose lucidity, but dream images started to filter back in and I am swept up in another dream unrelated to what I was just doing.

However the task did answer my question, regarding the fact that I can change any aspect of a dream.

Gustavo Vieira A Talk With a Dream Girlfriend

I'm in a street. A woman on the other side of the street is looking at me. We know we are very close friends, maybe in a relationship or even married (but I only know this inside the dream, because I do not know who she is in waking life nor am I currently in a relationship).

She is beautiful. Short height, brunette, green eyes, her face kind of looks like actress Zooey Deschanel. We hug. We start talking a bit while walking and I become lucid. I decide to talk about dreams.

Me: "Can I ask you a question?"

Woman: "Yes, you can."

Me: "Do you know that this is all a dream? You are dreaming too."

Woman: "Really?"

I notice that she becomes a little disappointed to hear that.

Me: "Yes, you know why? Give me your hand. Count your fingers. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. You have 6 fingers. See?"

She is not very surprised.

Me: "Another question. We know each other..." (Here I notice that she is a bit disappointed to hear the word "know") "... ahm... we *like* ..." (same expression) "... we *love* ..." (she becomes happier) "... and we usually meet in the dream. But sometimes I wake up in the middle of the dream. When this happens I disappear and I'm no longer by your side. Did you never find this strange?"

Woman: "No, I understand. Notice the different cultures around the world. There are countries where when a woman is with a man and he disappears, she stays faithful and waits for his return. There are other countries that do not."

After we talk a little more, we agree to meet more often in future dreams.

Vijay Bhaskar The Power of the Subconscious Mind

I spoke to my roommates last night about the power of subconscious mind...

When I was dreaming I heard my roommates shouting, "Didn't you ask your subconscious to wake you up?!"

I then realized I was in the middle of a dream!

Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner



A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

★★★★★ **Definitely worth reading**, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

★★★★★ **Love the book.** Very informative and valuable information on lucid dreaming.

★★★★★ **The key to the lucid dreams world**, May 4, 2009 - I've had my first two lucid dreams on the second night after reading first 50 pages. The energy this book emits shifted my perception on very deep level and served me as a key to the lucid dreams world...

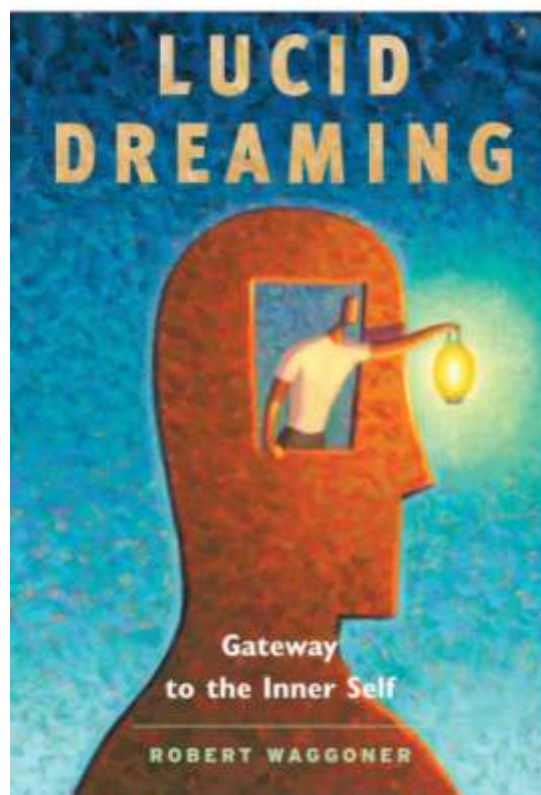
★★★★★ **Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self**, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★ **A solid guide and a hearty recommendation**, January 8, 2009

★★★★★ **Page Turner.** Expect a lot more from this author, October 29, 2008 - Expect much more from Robert Waggoner's generous and giving spirit in which he writes. His easy to read writing style focuses on reader understanding. I'm hooked.

★★★★★ **Intelligent and forward thinking**, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!

★★★★★ **Amazing and enjoyable**, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.





Golden Gateway to Dreams

31st Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams

June 4 - 8, 2014

DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina
Berkeley, California, USA

Call for Presentations

The Venue • The DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina is located on San Francisco Bay with sweeping views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. The hotel, with a pool and fitness center, is surrounded by a waterfront wildlife sanctuary with nature trails that offer spectacular views, hiking, bird-watching, fishing and even competitive kite flying on an international scale. Berkeley is a uniquely historical university town and home of the IASD Central Office. Spend time vacationing in the Bay Area and enjoy such San Francisco sights as the historic Fisherman's Wharf area, Chinatown, Alcatraz and riding the cable cars. Explore the nearby coastal beaches, redwood forests and Yosemite National Park.

The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers, about 150 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike along the shoreline nature preserve, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and a Sunset Cruise on San Francisco Bay.

Submissions • High quality proposals are invited addressing any of the following tracks: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and Anthropology; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; Dreams and Health; Mental Imagery; and the Golden Gateway to Dreams Conference Theme. Submission Categories include: Paper Presentations; Symposia; Panels; Workshops; Special Events; Morning Dream Groups; and Research, Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Papers. All submissions must be made online.

Deadline for submissions is 1 December 2013

Note the earlier than usual deadlines due to an early June conference date!
(15 February 2014 for Hot-off-the-press and Poster Sessions)

Go to www.asdreams.org/2014

for conference information and submission instructions.





The Lucid Dreaming Experience

www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank

<https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/>

Robert's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne

Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net

Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."

www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver's presentation of inter-dream experiments given at the June IASD conference in Berkeley:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

Rebecca's Website

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Lucid Dreaming Documentary

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

Ed Kellogg

http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/member/files/ed_kellogg.html

Christoph Gassmann

Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Nick Cumbo

Sea of Life Dreams

<http://sealifedreams.com/>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Al Moniz

The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Jayne Gackebach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

Maria Isabel Pita www.lucidlivingluciddreaming.org/

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

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www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Roger "Pete" Peterson

<http://realtalklibrary.com>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

www.dreamingtrue.com

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com