

Book of Dreams

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Introduction

Christopher Robinson and Allison DuBois Precognition's Dreams

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Two years after writing the preface below I felt the need to add a long Introduction. Why? Because I came across Chris Robinson, a man in the UK who calls himself a Psychic Medium and who is remarkably accurate when comes the time to help the authorities finding lost persons and most especially fighting terrorist attacks. His true ability resides mostly, I believe, in the fact that he can command his dreams to show him terrorist attacks and just about anything he asks them to. I would say it works just like in the television series called "Medium" starring Patricia Arquette as Allison DuBois. Here are their respective website:

Christopher Robinson:

<http://dream-detective.com>

Allison DuBois:

<http://www.allisondubois.com>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allison_DuBois

(Please copy and paste into an Internet browser if the new windows are not opening when you click on the links. The same for what is underlined on this page: right click on the link and click on "Open in New Window" or "Open in New Tab".)

This could be resumed to Remote Viewing really in a way, and anyone on this Earth with a bit of practice can achieve excellent results sometimes, but the case of Chris Robinson is truly unique, just like the one of Allison DuBois (the series is based on a real character). They are rarely wrong and they can see much further than anyone, to the point of naming names of who is about to do something.

I won't tell you much about Robinson's abilities as it is all over the Internet. There are over 50 short films you can watch, the most striking documentary being the scientific test "The Arizona Experiments" by Dr Gary Schwartz (July 2001) called "Premonition Man":

<http://video.google.com/videosearch?q=arizona+experiments+chris+robinson&e mb=0&aq=f>

If we ever had any doubt that someone can see the future so accurately, here it is, this down to Earth simple man with a striking sense of humour, who can see your future exactly as it will happen, just by asking his dreams to show him. And yet, he does not have many answers to offer as to explain this state of affair, it does not go as far as the series "Medium" would seem to suggest. I believe Allison DuBois has some sort of spiritual guide helping her.

Why I make such a big deal about them is because I had to stop myself in all my theorising concerning dreams, they are much more powerful than perhaps

we could ever have suspected. They truly show you the future, and this must explain Déjà Vu entirely.

You will see below that I struggled to explain Déjà Vu in many different ways: multi-worlds interpretation of Quantum Mechanics (parallel universes), multiple time frames, Einstein's relativity and fluctuating timelines, etc. In the last few years I have radically changed my point of view.

First of all I accept only one Theory of Everything, the one stated in the book "The Final Theory" by Mark McCutcheon, his "Atomic Expansion Theory" of the universe. At this point I can no longer accept Quantum Mechanics or Einstein's Relativity, not even Newton's Theory of Gravity. Mark McCutcheon is so convincing, I cannot see how he could be wrong. So to explain Déjà Vu through science will take a while longer, since anything weird or strange in theoretical physics has just vanished as far as I am concerned, everything is now explained beyond any of our greatest hope.

I believe now that it is in dreams that we see the future, all of us, this explains the déjà vu phenomenon, intuition, premonition, and perhaps also to a certain extent some of the powers of psychic mediums. Many appear to be able to see the past, the present and the future through dreams, others whilst completely awake. Some say they benefit from the help of deceased people or even ghosts and spirits or spiritual guides, others state they are connected to some unknown powerful source of information.

Though we could speculate forever about how anyone can see the future, or get to know certain facts with such accuracy completely remotely, it remains that the future to a certain extent is written, and this accuracy proves at least one thing, it does not deviate. Even though as soon as Allison DuBois or Chris Robinson see something and state what they saw, immediately it appears that the future changes. Unless of course it was calculated in the outcome of events, that they would intervene at some point. So I am not sure just with how much certainty we can say the future is written and cannot be changed, since the future might have included the precognitive dreams of such psychic mediums.

We can probably admit that if the future does not always unfold the way certain psychic mediums predict, it is perhaps that it is not always clear in their mind what the future is. Their abilities are perhaps more at fault than the fact that the future can unfold in so many different ways, with higher probabilities that certain events will take place rather than other possibilities.

In the case of Chris Robinson, and I assume Allison DuBois, the future unfolds often exactly as they saw it in dreams. And if it is difficult to prevent any terrorist activities or murders following the description of their dreams, in retrospect we can see that they saw a lot of details about what was to happen, or even what did happen before.

The problem also, according to Chris Robinson, is that dreams are often not exactly the events, but more often it uses complex symbols and analogies. So another great ability of Robinson is this extraordinary capability to interpret his dreams accurately. At this time I don't know how much research he has done into dream interpretation or if he learnt as he went along in time. He has been doing this for many years now, at least 25 years he told me in an e-mail.

Chris Robinson is reachable, he does not have much time to answer my questions by e-mail, but he invited me to come and see him, he lives nearby London. I intend to, as soon as I have put all my ideas in order and prepared all my questions. I hope he will let me film him so I can put our interview on youtube.

Why are we dreaming we can change the world?

What are dreams? For that matter, what is sleeping? We spend at least a third of our time sleeping and perhaps also dreaming, in fact, sleeping and dreaming can almost define us more than anything else we will ever do or achieve in our lifetime, and yet so rarely we stop to wonder about their real significance, and how it could actually change the world.

Why do we need to sleep? Every single mechanical machine we have created requires fuel or energy to function, like oil, gas, hydro-electricity, nuclear energy, solar energy, etc. And yet, they could function all the time until they finally break down, and still they can be repaired on the spot and made to work for many more years. They don't need to sleep, they certainly don't need to dream.

Our fuel as humans is food and water (liquids). Why the need to sleep on top of it? Many of our appliances simply work on electricity, especially electronic appliances like computers and televisions. Just like us they need electricity, as we are very much electric human beings ourselves, although what we need is more chemically based electricity that we produce with whatever we eat and drink.

Our appliances, or go even further, our computers and thinking robots don't need to sleep. Moreover, they certainly don't dream? We may wonder if anything we invented which includes silicon based artificial intelligence or computer chips, might actually dream like we do. How would we ever know?

I sometimes think my computer is alive, or am I just going mad? After all, silicon based intelligence (computers), or carbon based intelligence (us), are so similar when we look at a Table of the Elements, we are next to each other, how could we possibly be that different then? As a humanity we are all but thinking machines.

It is not because we have not thought of inventing such machines that require sleeping and dreaming that we could not invent them. Which means that eventually, if we can see the point of creating such machines, we can create them, and we will. It would simply only require a bit of programming. But before we go on to invent computers who require sleep and will go on dreaming, we would need to assess why this would be a necessity. I cannot see why we should programme our thinking machines to sleep and dream, do you? So why do we sleep and dream?

Sleeping has one more important characteristic that we cannot forget so easily, it is rejuvenating. After exerting ourselves too much through a stressful existence, it brings us back to life, because it is also that sleep cures us of many health problems. It is through a moment of absolute inactivity that our body fixes itself, regenerates itself to peak activity. We can only assume that if we were into building biological machines instead of mechanical or electronic machines, sleep would be a great idea. But what about dreams?

I have read many books about dreams, all those experts, it left me totally empty, I still have no clue about why we should be dreaming, what purpose it serves. I can see that once again I will have to find my own answers. Not only our body needs a rest in order to rejuvenate itself, or regenerate itself, our mind as well is as important. Dreaming, though certainly it is not a peaceful activity, since sometimes it can be as stressful as our daily life, seems to be highly important for balancing our mind, our thoughts.

Prevented from reaching REM sleep, when most dreams occur, it is said that we quickly go crazy and start imagining things right here in this reality. We suddenly hear voices, we see things that no one else can see. It would be hard to deny that this is not the fruit of our imagination, it most likely is imagination gone wild. And what is imagination for that matter?

Why can't we just be practical human beings, only thinking in practical terms? Dreaming is therefore essential, we can only exist as wild thinking beings. Without dreams and imagination and wild thinking, if this was a world solely based on realities as it is described to be, we would simply go mad. Read that all over again, you will get it eventually.

Our computers, or any of our created artificial intelligence machines, don't dream, we never thought it was necessary. They have no imagination either, they only compute and follow carefully written programmes. Maybe they do dream, we just don't know, do we? Could computers dream even though we would have failed to programme them to do so? Perhaps.

This is a frightening thought, since maybe we were not meant to dream in the first place. Is dreaming an accident, as it came to be in time for some reason or another, through simple evolution? Or is it by design that we dream, through some creator of some sort, some programming? I don't know.

It is however an important question. Perhaps less how it came to be, but for what purpose we either developed this ability to dream or that it was felt necessary that we should dream. What is the purpose of dreams? Relaxing the mind, rejuvenating our thoughts, the cogs in our mind? Somehow I think this is more than that. Dreams could in fact be more significant than we ever thought possible.

First of all, dreams can be compared to films and PC adventure games, video games. There is a significant difference between dream and our reality when awake. In dreams we don't spend an eternity eating, going to the toilets, washing or brushing our teeth. We don't usually get into interminable routines of doing the same thing everyday, getting up, eating breakfast, going to work, spending a lifetime making money for our survival whilst making a fortune for someone else, or simply helping our fellow citizens through services.

In dreams we quickly move from scene to scene of a film, to the important moments of some imagined existence which still has a past that we know of within the dream, and thoughts whilst it is happening, even though we are perplexed to explain such a thing once we wake up. A dream has an entirely internal logical existence all on its own, ready to evaporate once we wake up, unless we make an effort to remember the dream once we wake up. Are dreams really supposed to bring us some stability, some sanity over this pitiful and boring reality we all suffer from every day? Maybe.

Dreams are imagination, pure creativity out of our control. You take anything of any existence, anything you hear and see anywhere at anytime, and suddenly with it all, you create a whole world of fantasy, and even sometimes a whole world of science fiction, all in your own mind whilst asleep.

If we had first created highly powerful computers, but could only get them to compute little equations and no more, over and over again, they might eventually wish to explode if somehow they could not use all their computing powers to think of other things, compute a whole universe instead of a few lost and useless equations. Is our human and animal existence too simple and boring to sustain the massive underused powers of our brain?

It is well known that animals dream as well. Well, why not look at animals. Do you have pets? Have you looked at them whilst they were dreaming? I cannot remember seeing my parrot dream, but yes it is quite evident in my cats and my dog. The happy dog will bark in his sleep, God only knows what he or she may be dreaming about, chasing squirrels perhaps, or defending the household against some sort of threat, the postman perhaps. Cats? I have a cat who has constantly been bullied by our other cats. I can see that in her dreams she is escaping them, all those threats from all the bullies of the world. The nightmare of her awoken life pursues her within her dreams. She is running away from everything in real life, just like she seems to be doing in her dreams.

Maybe it is all part of the instincts of animals. They are not only born with these instincts telling them to eat, fight and mate for survival, they also constantly dream about all that, learning how to better survive any threat. Dreams may be connected to our genes, passed along all future generations or what these cells, these molecules, might have somehow learned throughout the history of all previous generations. The biological memory of the particles

composing us, perhaps encoded in our DNA. I would have thought of programming that in the software of life, wouldn't you?

I have no idea how much prevalent sexual dreams occur in animals, but I have a certain experience myself about early sexual dreams I had whilst being a kid, whilst knowing nothing about sex. I can remember astonishing sexual dreams that showed me what to do, and even more amazing, that showed me things I had never seen before, that I only came to see later on in real life. How would you explain that? This is not even paranormal, it is a fact of life, it is the biological call from nature for us to mate and reproduce ad nauseam.

At the very least certain dreams appear to be pre-programmed within our DNA or within our cells transmitted from previous generations. Or else, how could we see things we still know nothing about, especially about such an important goal as is the one of reproduction of the species, something we all naturally feel is a natural desire we have no control over. For humans it seems to take longer than for animals, to get to feel these animal instincts or urges, but it is still there, it is instinctive, especially in societies that will purposely teach ignorance over such important instincts answering only to nature.

The more complicated our existence, the more complex our readings (philosophy, hard core science fiction, esoteric religions), the more complex our dreams become. It is extraordinary sometimes what our mind will think of, what our dreams will bring. And most often it is only when suddenly awakened by an alarm of some sort, that we will get to remember one dream out of many. And so quickly it is forgotten.

And yet it can on a subconscious level drive your mood for the day, tell you all about the nightmare awaiting you for that day, as if somehow you already dreamt the nightmare ahead, you get a premonition that something bad is going to happen. This intuition you feel is rarely wrong, as if you knew your future somehow through dreams.

Are dreams precognitive? Are they constantly telling us what the future has on hold for us? Driving our intuition, our feelings of what lays ahead? I believe so. Even, I believe dreams are even helping shape our days, our existence, as perhaps they help in the creation of the reality we go through every day.

I have written a book about it, even though perhaps I have not stressed in there how crucial dreams can be to imagining and creating our own existence, and how important it is to ensure our dreams are as peaceful and happy as they can be, if one wishes for a peaceful existence. Here is the link to that self-help book, freely available:

Changing Your Future

<http://www.themarginal.com/changingyourfuture.pdf>

In this book I came to believe that we can influence our future through thoughts alone, sheer will of changing our reality. I also found out that it is through this period between awareness or consciousness, and being awakened and falling asleep into dreams, that is the most powerful time you will ever have to influence your reality. You can then make anything you wish for happen, anything you can imagine. You can create the reality you live in.

We are not very good at this, controlling our dreams, or this nexus between the real and the dream world, and yet, I feel there lays a way to change any reality, to create any world beyond any imagination. We are only limited by what we have seen so far, what we can extrapolate from what we have seen and experienced, but I feel there is no limit, as dreams show us. As dreams show us things, it seems, we could never have possibly imagined on our own. How do you explain that?

Sometimes I so wish I could only live and exist within my mind, without the physical world. I don't need sex, I won't miss eating and going to the toilets,

or any physical work necessary to pay for any bill. But then, wouldn't I miss something I could never experience again?

This existence is so concrete it seems, so tactile, where you can touch things, create concrete objects, speak out loud, hear unending arguments, and prepare and taste food. Would I miss any of that, in any sort of life after death in the ethereal worlds of this universe? If such worlds exist, of course.

So what is the difference between the dream world and the real world? Is there a difference? Both worlds have their own internal logic, their past that we are aware of, their future we can actually see in our mind at that time. And yet, dreams just evaporate into the ether when we wake up, but this reality would remain as constant as clockwork? As it was the day before? That same killing routine?

I cannot think such a world should exist, and so, such a world cannot exist, as surely I create it as I go along. Don't you think so? We have been designed, by nature or by some creator, as creating minds, constantly creating new universes both in dreams and in the real world.

How much control do you feel you have over the world you exist in? How far gone are you? Oh, I am far gone. This whole world only exists within my mind, it cannot be otherwise, just like the whole universe could only possibly exist from within your own mind. I do not believe I am ready for the asylum yet, I do think you are ready for it though, and I would even say you are willing to admit it.

This reality has just become a nightmare that no one in their right mind could possibly be willing to accept. Just go on thinking and creating a new world then! No one is stopping you! And I know you can do it, just change your whole perspective, just think positive, the whole world will change accordingly, since you do create the world you live in.

I'm not so sure anymore how real this reality is, if like dreams it is not changing on a daily basis. I am no longer certain how real this reality truly is. I have seen it changed overnight, I have had certainties that today was not like yesterday, that just like in a dream, everything had changed overnight. Maybe I am a mental case, who knows. Well then, who better than me to try and explain dreams and reality? There is no need to call Freud just yet, I still have my bearings despite it all. Unfortunately, I so wish I was already far gone by now, halfway across the galaxy that is.

I cannot help thinking dreams are key, they are significant in explaining everything about this world. As if you can think, within a dream with its own logic of a world, that this is true and acceptable, then it is no different when you come to think about this reality. It can be, it is perhaps as flimsy as any dream you will ever have. And then, we're in trouble. Because then nothing is real in this world, it is all just like a dream. It only appears to be real, concrete, physical, when perhaps it is all still imagined and virtual, a virtual world just like whatever computer can create out of an electronic world, the very world we evolve in, as everything is all just made of electrons, and so easily manipulated, rearranged to suit any kind of overnight reality we may feel we have lived within for a millennium, whilst perhaps we've only been here since this morning.

How real do you really feel this reality truly is? None of this is real, I wish you could just wake up and realise this. My God, such a waste of time it is to go through this so-called life. What is the true purpose of this existence?

Don't forget, within dreams you have memories of past events you have not witnessed or lived within that dream, it all makes sense, it is all logical. Reality is the same, yesterday you might have been very far away from here, as I believe you can change your reality just like that, and even work at it and radically change your destiny. This is what dreams teach us.

Some have extraordinary abilities in foreseeing the future, have you wondered if they are not creating the very future they wish to see? They control not only their dreams, but the reality they evolve in, to such an extent that

whatever they think might happen in this world actually happens. Just like any of us can achieve, with practice.

This world is all a dream. Whatever you wish for, wish for it very hard, and believe you can influence your future, the future of humanity, it will come true. None of us are very good at it, others can achieve wonders, they control everything. Sometimes it is on a subconscious level, other times they are very aware, and yet, they don't realise the reality they create.

At least, unlike for us, their dreams are not creating worlds randomly, they control their reality, even our reality if we are not careful. If we do not help create our own world, the very world we wish to live in, others will do it for us. So think and create the world you want for you and your loved ones, don't let others do it for you, those people care little for you or your loved ones.

Take an active role in creating the world you wish to live in. In thoughts and in action. Make a difference! Your dreams are meant to come true, if only you can finally understand how powerful they really are in creating the world you wish to live in. This world is all but a state of mind, your state of mind, since this world only exists from your perspective. You are the only creating god of your own destiny, of all our destinies, and never should you forget it.

There is a lot that dreams can teach us, a lot about the world we live in. As any world within any dream, is no different than any reality you will wake up in tomorrow morning. It is up to you to dream the world you wish to wake up in tomorrow. It is up to you, within your mind, to decide the course of history, the destiny of humanity. Since it is obvious that this world, this reality, is all within your own mind, just like in dreams, and it has for limits only your imagination. So think it, dream it, and make it happen!

* * *

"Without irony, this life would hardly be worth living."

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.themarginal.com/destructivism.pdf>

Preface

Recently I became interested in dreams and I started reading a book called *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming* by Stephen LaBerge. In there, one of the most important tasks to do about dreams, in order to help you remember them, is to write them down the minute you get up. Of course you have to make sure you don't even move your head as soon as you wake up, and not think about your daily problems in order to remember the dreams. It is funny how easy it is to forget them, as if they were not meant to be remembered, whilst certainly leaving you a strange feeling which can sometimes last a few days.

In here I am going to write all my dreams as I get them, as I remember them, though sometimes I will have to cheat and write them later that day, as with my full time job, it will be difficult indeed to put them down here the minute I wake up.

I will also try to remember old dreams I had, which sometimes I experience over and over again. Whilst I don't remember them clearly, I have a vague feeling that these dreams are recurrent. It is the only explanation I can come up with to explain why these dreams are still so vivid after all that time.

Some of these dreams I had more than 15 years ago, and yet, I remember them clearly, sometimes better than events taking place in real life around the same time.

There is something really puzzling about the dream world, about what it is that we experience when we are asleep, or supposed unconscious. It is an infinite amount of realities in which we evolve in, with a past, present and future which is given to us even though that concrete existence has got nothing to do with our reality once we wake up.

What is it that makes that virtual dream world less real than the one I will wake up in the second I wake up? I don't know. As far as I understand the dream world, it is as real as reality until the very moment I wake up and regain some other senses. In fact, often, I cannot distinguish between the dream and the reality, no matter how farfetched the dream is. According to Stephen LaBerge, the brain cannot make the difference between a dream and real life, the readings on all the electronic gadgets at our disposal offer the same results for both worlds.

Dreams have a logic of their own, an absurd logic that we all believe in whilst experiencing it. It wouldn't matter then if the universe was a black box with two rooms within it to evolve in, that would be the universe. And the logic of the dream would tell us that this is all there is, and all there ever was. There would be a past history to it with which we would be familiar, and a possible future we could predict, as we experience the present of that weird world.

The thing is, where is the dream end, and where is the reality begins? I don't know. As far as I know, I wake up everyday is some sort of reality which I believe to be the same one as the preceding day, and in between there are all these weird universes I experience in dream. But I could be mistaken. I could very well wake up in one of those dream worlds, in fact, I could very easily never wake up at all. Who's to say if I am not in one of those dreams right now? There would be no way for my consciousness to know, since every dream comes with its own internal logic, its own past, present and future, where I know what came before, and what could possibly happen next, even if my dream is set in a science fiction world.

It is true that in dreams it is rare that I would be condemned to do routine and repetitive tasks like in this reality, things that bores me to death and could bring me to commit suicide. Thankfully in dreams I only seem to be experiencing interesting moments, significant moments, which would never make me think of suicide. Reality is something else, wanting to commit suicide in the real world is a daily occurrence, who would want to live such an uninspiring existence? Not me, that's for sure. I've been suicidal all my life, as I can't stand the routine and what it is that I have to do in order to be offered shelter, food and clothing. What is weird is that I don't really care about these things, I don't need lodging, food or clothing, the basic needs of all human beings. In dreams, these never creep up. Which makes me wonder what reality really is, some sort of hell perhaps, compared with the dream world, where I have no social status, no physical appearance which could stop any of my projects in their tracks, no identified psychological problems which could hindered what's coming next. In fact, dreams are much better than the reality I live in. Without dreams, better commit suicide, because the life we lead right now cannot inspire anyone to remain alive, no matter what.

Success and becoming rich overnight do not matter, these people are easily more paranoid and unhappy than the next one who has nothing to look forward to. Reality is a bastard that no one on this planet can sustain and be happy with. The dream world makes it all acceptable. As long as you dream for a few hours a night in your 8 hour sleep, living in all these different worlds where you are not limited by anything, then it is acceptable to have another 8 hours of killing yourself in a stupid and meaningless job, and another wasted 8 hours spent watching the TV, another device designed to alienate you against the world

you live in, that your consciousness refuses to accept. Any way or reason to escape reality is welcomed, whether it is TV, computer games or dream. This is how we gain enough strength to go to work and be de-humanised whilst doing these tasks more suited to a computer or a machine. If only everything could finally be automatised for good.

The real basic needs of human beings are far from being the need for food, shelter and clothing, in this day and age anyway where we all have these things in abundance, so much so that we take them for granted. I wouldn't care if I had no food for days. I couldn't care less if I had a roof to sleep under every night or not, I could easily sleep under a tree anywhere. And for clothing, as long as it is summer, I wouldn't mind walking naked around here. So Maslow with his pyramid was terribly wrong. Even his most physiological needs do not exist in my dreams, and the top of his pyramid, self-actualisation, is just a normal occurrence in all my dreams.

So perhaps you should just question existence, confuse the dream world with reality, just like I do, and then, God knows, there will no longer be a dream world and a reality, but just one reality in the dream world. I'm quite ready to sleep for the rest of my life, sustained by machines, whilst I dream my reality away.

I don't know in which sort of reality Maslow existed, and to be honest, I'm not bothered, but it has nothing to do with my own reality. There's no routine in my existence, no primary needs to satisfy, because I fall asleep way too quickly to even think about it, and then my whole existence is the dream world, where I'm at the top of his pyramid permanently: self-actualisation. That has always been the real me, I don't know and I don't want to know the one who has been so poor all his life, working in a soul destroying job in order to pay the bills. That sort of reality does not belong to me. I have never believed it even existed.

In my mind, I have always been the richest person around, the most successful, with an unbounded existence where I have been anyone I could ever dream to be. I have never for one second believed that reality where I was just a moron worth nothing, with no potential, incapable of achieving anything. It does not seem to matter that my existence up until now has been just that, the one of a moron with no potential whatsoever, doing the most boring things one could imagine. I somehow convinced myself that this was not me, not my life, not my reality.

There is a way to escape reality, to live somewhere else, imagining that it doesn't exist, and somehow believe that the dream world is more real than reality. Where we're no loser, that this concept simply does not exist. How would you explain that I have been the poorest person alive on this planet, and yet, I always felt like I was the richest? Nothing could reach me, nothing ever made me realise I was that poor, or that I was incapable of buying bread. I never cared for such things, I always lived in the dream world, way beyond reality. And I know this is a nicer place to be in than if I really was rich in the real world. This does not bring happiness, but living in the dream world does. It is unshakable, you live everywhere at any time, you are anything you ever wanted to be, everyday. The dream world, for me, has always been more real than reality ever was. That is why I never thought I was poor and desperate when I actually was, for most of my life.

I was never stopped from doing whatever I wanted anyway, to the point where I questioned reality, wondered if finally I could influence it somehow, make it what I wanted it to be. For a while I was convinced I could influence my future, make it the way I wanted, just like in dreams. I cannot deny that I succeeded beyond belief, at which point I truly was convinced that there was no difference between the dream world and reality. Dreams come as they come, reality you can influence without limit, and with lucid dreaming, I hope to influence both without boundaries. There are many ways by which you can change your future, one is

hard work, another is simply to wish for it. I had a much higher success rate at simply wishing it, hard work being impossible and a waste of time.

I'm not sure anymore how real this world is. I'm not sure if dreams are not exactly what reality is. I cannot explain what this reality is that I wake up to after 8 hours of sleep, which seems to be a killing routine that no one in their right mind could suffer, and yet, I'm not even sure if I wake up to the same reality everyday, as I could easily be waking up to a reality I never really lived in before. In my dreams, I gain the knowledge of a past history of what came before the present, without having had the time to experience it, and so waking up to a reality like in any of these dreams would be easy, with the full knowledge of a past I never really experienced before.

Dreams are a puzzling thing in this existence. They make you question reality, the legitimacy of it. Does it really exist? I'm not sure. I cannot make the distinction between a dream and reality, until I'm awake, and then, am I really awake? I don't know. And then, how absurd questions like "what is this universe we live in" become? Or questions like "Am I aware or not"? And "what is consciousness"? Meaningless. All meaningless. In this context anyway.

Is this whole existence just a psychological bad trip? Is it just all in the mind? Is there any reality after all? As far as I can go back in my mind, questioning what reality really was, has always been the first question on my lips. I somehow never really believed it existed. And the dream world is a convincing fact of just how flimsy reality can be, which could easily be just one more extra imagined world our mind is capable of creating. Add to this that this world could have been created by a god, or someone, with what seems to be the power of his own mind, and that digging in the esoteric side of religions, you learn that you could yourself create such worlds, and probably do every night in your sleep, then you might as well be a god yourself, and be the god of your own reality or destiny. And then you read a few books about self-help, how you can revolutionise your own existence and the world surrounding you, how you can change it completely in order to fulfil every single desire you've got. And then you succeed. Isn't that amazing? No. But it is a great wake up call. About what this reality really is about. That it can be so easily manipulated, that whatever you desire, you can get. Just wish for it, and bingo, the next day you wake up in the universe you wanted. It works, I've done it. This is how I turned my life around, how I got to go to Los Angeles for a year. And then I understood that reality was just like a dream, that I could make it whatever I wanted. Even better, because I am in control of what I want my reality to be. As far as dreams are concerned, I have no control. I can be a CEO or a cleaner, it is not my decision, I just suffer the consequences, it is out of my control, unlike the real world, which I can influence freely. I hope to change this with lucid dreaming.

Sometimes I feel that if I wished a totally different universe, it would be. Is this world more psychological than physical or physiological? I have to say yes. This whole universe, this whole consciousness, this is all in my mind, and I can influence it as much as I want. And therefore, I don't care if I'm poor, I feel I wanted it to be that way. As long as I'm living in England, in London, which is all that seems to matter to me. That's what I wanted, and that's what I got. And if I want to retire in France one day, I will. That's what I want, that's what I'll get. And at this point, I'm no longer certain what reality is, and where is the frontier between reality and the dream world.

Whatever you want, you can have. But what if what you want is a different universe to live in? Can you have it then? I believe you can. And so, at this point, anything you know might just be the fruit of your own imagination. You might have invented it all, even in your subconscious mind. And you could just as easily invent something totally different tomorrow morning. Reality could be as fickle as a dream. And perhaps this is what I understood at such an early age, as I always thought there was something else than this reality, something more unreal, just like the dream world is, where anything is possible.

This book is composed of three parts. First the lucid dreams that change my existence, the one that was so powerful, I feel it made me discover something hidden about reality, gave me an unprecedented understanding of the world we live in. I was never the same after that. The second part are what I feel could be called lucid dreams, as they were so powerful, and so vivid, that they always remained on my mind years later, as if they were memories of a past life, or another existence in which I wouldn't mind living in. I also defined them as lucid dreams because I was in control, I could decide what to do, where to go, and they are all characterised by the fact that I could fly. The third part is simply my daily normal dreams, often they are extensions of my boring reality and they mirror my daily tasks. These normal dreams are also important, they turn my reality into a world of the absurd, more fantasist, and in doing so, they make that reality more bearable. I am hoping that writing them down might shed some light over my existence.

Lucid Dreams that Change Existence

4 February 2004

In my entire life, I remembered only one dream that seems to have changed my life, and to be honest, I'm not even certain if it was a lucid dream, as it may very well have been just a normal dream, though I believed at the time it had far reaching implications as to the meaning of my existence. Perhaps I watched too many sci-fi films and my mind went into overdrive. It was not like my other lucid dreams I describe in the second part of the book, and yet there was no denying that it was a powerful dream.

At the time I wanted, I needed to write down that dream, but I was prevented in doing so in real life, just as I was prevented from gaining my freedom in the dream. So in real life, I could witness the continuation of what was so disturbing in the dream, as if it was a proof that everything in real life was just like in the dream, trying to prevent me from reaching the truth about reality.

Despite having to wait many hours before I could finally write it down, I believe I remembered clearly just about everything, and from there I went on to write an elaborate analysis of what the phenomenon of Déjà Vu is, and from there, it inspired me two film script ideas, one that I developed into a film script, which in turn became a short story for a novel I'm writing right now. Never in my life a dream had such an impact upon my creativity, it is at least a result, if in the end, nothing really changed in my reality, or my perception of it. At the time, I have to say, I was convinced the dream was a true reflection of what my existence, all our existence, was all about.

So here is the full report I wrote following that dream. I could have given you the short version, but I thought, what the heck, let's see the full impact the dream had upon me, so you can be witness to my madness.

An Illuminating Dream about Déjà Vu

Mix of The Matrix, Groundhog Day and The Truman Show

I had the weirdest dream this morning. I slept less than 2 hours when my cat came to sleep with me and woke me up just when I thought it was the end.

I was in a large building and I don't think it was the first time I had this dream. There were glass elevators, escalators, a big opened area where you could see the many levels of the place like in shopping centres. The place was dark, dark brown carpets and brown wood everywhere, it did not look like a shopping centre. Away from the grand area there were offices and perhaps some boutiques. In the upper levels some apartments. I appeared to be living and working in the building as I had my friends and my boss all interconnected in this closed universe. I could go out of the building and outside it was summer in the busy but small streets.

I had two friends with whom I was interacting. The problem is that I was reliving some moments of Deja vu but on a normal basis, all the time. It was like in the movie Groundhog Day, as if the day was happening again and again, always different every day or every perhaps 2 hour reruns as I don't believe it was days. It was like if life was actually just a video game and you had to live through something until you had it right. And if you did not, it was automatically restarting but this time it was different. There were the same players or actors, but different functions, different jobs titles, different personalities.

I was not supposed to remember the previous events, but I did. And I started to panic because the first time, the African guy (my friend) was doing a certain thing, and then suddenly he was someone else, other personality, doing something different, like if he was not the same guy. Once he was arrested by the police, another time we were talking about things, perhaps work, and then I started to realize the treachery and I lost faith because I understood something was not right. I had Deja vu of moments I had lived that were a totally different reality, the same setting but radically changed. And I was saying: no, this is not right, you are not what you are claiming to be, I just experienced this but something else was happening instead!

The more I was fighting against all the elements coming my way and came to understand that it was not right, the more events and people tried to change my mind so I could continue with the simulation, like within the Matrix. Suddenly I was promoted, an incredibly high position, and they were to throw me a party that my boss personally told me to attend. And when I decided against going there, I jumped in an elevator and immediately a known Hollywood actor, a black guy that looks like a kid (Gary Coleman or something), came in the elevator and started to jump around. I believe he was supposed to be part of the party and occupy my mind so I did not see through the false reality. So I pushed him and I shouted that I wanted to exit the building!

Police at the upper level started to run after me, so instead of getting back in the elevator I ran on some sort of escalator where I saw glass doors leading outside. Funny I never noticed those doors before and I was surprised they were so easily reachable. Like if it was useless to protect them as everyone inside could always at any moment prevent me from reaching those doors, like if everyone was connected by a unified mind like a computer. It is only when I did something completely unexpected that I could reach the doors, only because I knew something was wrong and needed to free myself.

I went out and to my big surprise it was snowing outside and there was a lot of snow on the ground (even though when I went out by the main doors of the building it was summer). The building was in a large hangar like at an airport, and big double wooden doors were closing, probably to prevent me from getting out. Outside there were people walking and they did not seem to me to be like the ones inside. These people I felt were like the actors of the Truman Show movie when they were not part of the simulation of a reality. They stayed at the back of the decor, relaxing and going about their real life whilst inside they had to act for Jim Carey who was not supposed to know he was the star of a TV show.

I could see a little sandwich shop and a gas pump I believe. And whilst I was trying to get under the wooden doors before they closed completely, everything went very slowly and I could still feel I was right under the door at the

last moment when my cat woke me up in real life (no doubt helping me to remember this dream!).

After that I had in my mind this weird image of a cylindrical form in 3D or similar shape but with 6 faces, turning on itself, with lines inside representing a structure, a bit like the Rama ship from the book of Arthur C. Clarke (and the PC game) but much smaller. I believe it represented the universe I was living in, including the building.

Real Life is just a Time Loop or many Time Loops

When I woke up I had the feeling that life was exactly the same, that this was exactly what I was living: a long Deja vu and a reality that was not right. And sure enough my partner appeared to be doing everything for me to forget my dream. And I tried to come to my computer to write it all down so I could remember all the details that I have now forgotten and I was unable to. We had to leave the apartment but I tried to remember as much as I could in order to write it later.

Like in the dream immediately there was a rallying cry to occupy my mind and try to make me forget that for a full minute here I was aware of something terribly wrong with reality. Like if it was just a computer program like a matrix and that basically we were only reliving the same day on a different theme at any moments notice.

The fact that the building appeared to be physical, with an outside world with real people, indicates that perhaps it was not a computer game or a matrix-like universe. Or the computer simulation was quite powerful as it could change the configuration of my universe instantly and I was not supposed to remember or to have Deja vu about it.

God knows what the purpose of such a universe was. Was I supposed to learn things, and as I learnt them suddenly the configuration of the universe changed and I could go on to learn something else? Like a school of life, a sophisticated way of learning, that could basically be what we are living right now in our reality?

Now I wonder to what extent the films The Matrix, Groundhog Day and the Truman Show have a real basis in reality. The people who had these ideas, did they have similar dreams, did they realize somehow that something was not quite right with reality? Or perhaps I saw too many movies, thought too much and my imagination is running wild?

At the very least, life could be a time loop or composed of many time loops. How this is all working together if we are all going back in time when these loops occur is unknown. The only indication that we have that this is happening is the feeling of Deja Vu. And as we don't have them very often, we can assume the time loops don't happen often, or that it is rare that we are aware of the phenomenon. It is possible that there is no purpose to sometimes going back in time and history repeating itself for a bit, other than being a normal physical phenomenon which could eventually be predicted by physics.

So we don't have to be metaphysical or philosophical about this, it may not be paranormal and could explain a lot of the paranormal phenomena like telepathy (you and your friend remembering at the exact same time something you told each other at that time in a previous loop). Prediction of the future and intuition could be just what you remember from a previous loop. And as events don't change that much from one loop to the other, then you seem to be right most of the time (but not always).

Deja Vu, indication of something terribly wrong with reality?

One thing is for sure, there is something quite not right with Deja vu. I don't like them, or to rephrase this, I am obsessed with them as I believe that explaining them would go a long way towards explaining the reality we believe we are living in.

If we were to start experiencing them every hour of the day, I think we would start seeing much further into the ways of the mechanisms of the existence or the laws of physics. We would understand that not only life is not linear, but also that from one minute to the next everything can change: our friends, our family, our social position, locations, etc. And then, some bugs in the program or some memories of the previous loops made me realize what was going on: I had too many Deja vu and my life was not reflecting my previous memories of these loops.

Funny enough this is not the first time I come up with this possibility that one day I may be living in London, but the next day I wake up in Toronto as if I had always lived there and never set foot in London. The next day I am actually living in New York instead, and the next day I am in London again. I wrote about it in my book Eclecticism in French. All this could make sense and we could wake up in new places with all these memories that we forget the very next day, with new sets of memories to replace the previous ones.

Dreams are exactly like that. In a dream, things happen to you and you have a past, a history, some memory of who you are and what happened before the moments you are living, and these memories do not reflect your real memories in real life. Reality could be just the same, another kind of dream state. Computer programming shows us that this is not so farfetched, as if we were AI in a computer simulation, we could have as many lives as the programmer would create.

Certainly Deja vu is a disturbing phenomenon. Are we actually reliving the same moments over and over again, sometimes remembering it clearly and vividly? What about if we were constantly reliving the same moments without being aware of it? Perhaps under hypnosis we could ask that question to people, if they experience Deja vu, if they are reliving the same events over and over again, if these events can drastically change from one loop to another and perhaps we can remember it clearly only when the events are exactly the same.

Fluctuating Timeline, Einstein's Relativity to Explain Deja Vu

Or if, as I first thought about Deja vu, this is just a phenomenon related to the fact that as per the relativity of Einstein, time and space are relative and never constant, bringing us a fluctuating timeline. Where the time's rate is not constant and space is always in movement from one second to the next. This is how I tried to explain Deja vu before from the point of view of theoretical physics. I came up with an elaborate way of viewing it:

"We are living in a fluctuating timeline and the hypothesis to explain how the day can be repeating itself would go something like this: my theory states that the timeline is fluctuating due to the fact that we travel in space at different and relative speed each day. Depending on our acceleration and the gravity

surrounding the Earth, time runs at different rates every seconds of our existence. Therefore the timeline is not as linear as we may have thought. The timeline could be fluctuating to such an extent that future events can happen before the present, and past events can happen in the future. Therefore something we do in the future might have happened in the past and it has somehow caused a time loop in which we are trapped. This is why we usually have feelings of Deja vu, but this time it appears to be a very strong feeling, like if it was more than at the subconscious level. The question is: what is the cause of the time loop, why do we go back in time like this? Relativity could explain this."

Perhaps this is true, perhaps it is not.

Ghosts Reappearing Cyclically like a Deja Vu

And what about those cyclic ghosts that reappears to people every same day of each year, or every same day of the month, or always at the same time? This sounds familiar and could be linked to Deja vu. Ghosts and apparitions could be a by-product of these time loops, bringing together locations of two different times, or to be more exact, two locations at the same time but from different time loops.

Some ghosts are so popular about their timing each year that entire population goes to where the sight will occur and relive the same event over and over again. It also sounds very much like the purgatory of some religions. Where you are condemned to relive the bad things you did to people over and over again until you are finally free to be reincarnated or even sometimes to infinity. Could life be some sort of purgatory? Are we condemned to relive the same moments but thankfully we are not aware of it? How quickly this would become hell if we were totally aware! Ignorance is bliss in this case, but we have a right to know as perhaps the way to break the time loop is to finally understand our mistakes, like in Groundhog Day. Or perhaps it is just a normal physical phenomenon and we have to live with it.

Quantum Mechanics to explain Precognition, Predicting the Future and Intuition

I have tried to see further than the Deja vu. I often have the impression that I know what will happen, I often feel that what I am doing, I have done it before. It is not as vivid as Deja vu, but it is an extension to it. It is called precognition, like in the movie Minority Report with Tom Cruise. I might be able to tell more from this movie if I were to read the book, the film does not say much about the how and why the precogs can see the future. The precognitive people do exist and they see the future.

Often the future can be changed I believe as if there were many futures as predicted by the Many-Worlds interpretation of Quantum Mechanics theory. It is still disturbing that the future is kind of written and can be foreseen. Perhaps there is no such freedom in our existence, like in the Matrix. They do talk about this, the architect states that they gave the humans the impression that they had the freedom to choose and decide their own fate when in fact they don't. The only thing they can do is to try to understand their choices, according to the oracle. I believe this stuff comes from the books of Baudrillard and others and it might be

helpful for me to read them. Perhaps one day when I will have more time, unless I have already read them and I am unaware of it? In that case maybe I can remember what it is that I read about?

This way of explaining the mechanics of existence goes well with Quantum Mechanics. Like if we were jumping from one timeline to another constantly, sometimes jumping back into the past on a different timeline, sometimes jumping into the future, explaining the Deja vu. After all, if a medium can foresee one future and another future will take place instead, we must somehow have lived that future and finally we experience another future or timeline. Sometimes it is a similar future so we experience Deja vu.

It is perhaps not an infinity of ourselves that are populating all these different timelines, but one of each of us switching realities from one minute to another. Time and space being relative, time is not ticking at the same rate constantly and space is not always at the same location at every minute of the day. The idea of a fluctuating timeline is a possibility.

It is like when I go right, I go right. But suddenly time goes slower and space shrinks, and I can get back in time maybe two days, and this time I decide to go left. So I have gone right before and now I am going left because I had a feeling that going to the right would mean my doom. Perhaps I even had a Deja vu the second time and decided that I needed to go left just to make things differently. In theory both possibilities exist, I went both right and left, and this is true, the timeline fluctuated and I was able to go right and left. Usually I should not remember having lived going to the right, but sometimes somehow I can remember it in a Deja vu. It must be difficult to live in a chronological timeline when time and space are relative and changing.

Parallel Worlds created by the changing Rate of Time and Space Fluctuation

This said, I still believe that certain parallel worlds could exist, which could explain the Deja vu phenomenon. Simply because I believe we are living in a fluctuating reality. Our particles are going faster than the speed of light (in my opinion) and they are not going at a constant speed because of the surrounding gravitational and magnetic fields. So we could in fact be living in many different realities at the same time, and we could be living as much in the past as in the future. This because time, distance, speed, mass, etc., all this is relative to our acceleration in space, to the speed of our particles and the changing gravity exerted upon us. Whether this gravity comes from a celestial body or a power line or from a crack in the crust of the Earth.

To help you visualize this, take only one timeline that could be your life. Now, time and space are relative, which means sometimes one minute is like 60 seconds, and some other times one minute could be 1 second, sometimes perhaps 1 minute could even be 300 years, and I would even venture to say that sometimes 1 minute could be -300 years. Same thing for space, the stick meter sometimes measure 1 cm and sometimes 1 km, it shrinks and expand depending on acceleration and gravity. At this very moment you are here, the next minute you could be on the Moon (of course the Earth would be at the position of the Moon in space and the Moon would be somewhere else in orbit), and sometimes you could even be outside of the solar system, light years away from here. This means that your life is not as linear as you might have thought and that your status in life is changing all the time within the same timeline.

Well, there are two ways of looking at this. Either time is running slower and faster but ultimately it does not change anything to your life apart from

taking longer or shorter from someone else's point of view (perhaps outside of the solar system), or the whole reality is always in movement and you live as much in the past as in the future. Which means that actions you do in the future could affect the past because you would know about the future while you are in the past. This could explain how people can predict the future. Even I was successful at guessing photos I put in envelopes without looking at them, just by concentrating about when I will finally look at them the next day (remote viewing).

Past, Present and Future always in Movement

In a way the past, the present and the future are always in movement, they are never fixed. Which means that, since time is relative, you could be making the decision of becoming a teacher now and in some years realize what a mistake that was, and when comes the time to choose to be a teacher, you could feel that you have already done that before, you have a premonition that it is the wrong decision, and you decide instead to become a nuclear physicist. Now you could always feel again that it was the wrong decision (after helping destroy the whole planet) and decide at that point in the past that your guts tell you to commit suicide instead. All three lives exist at the same time even though it is the same life, you can be a teacher, a nuclear physicist and dead.

So now I am a writer, but there is also this other reality where I am an engineer, and because time is relative, I could find myself in the past at the point where I made my decision to not study engineering, and decide instead to become an engineer. At that point, me being a writer does not really exist anymore, but could, and in a way, it does. This way of looking at the universe could also explain how mediums know about the future and a lot of other paranormal phenomena.

Time being relative, it can bring you back to a time before you made those decisions and you can change your decisions. If you have a good memory of the future, Deja vu, so-called signs that help you remember, premonitions, feelings, then you can make your life better. A bit like switching to other parallel universes even though the other realities don't exist but could if you change your decisions in the past. Then you would be called someone with good ESPs (extra-sensory perceptions), even though it would just mean that you are better than others at remembering what you experienced in other timelines or time loops.

So, someone could invent a technology to influence the future by modifying the past, that would be a time machine. We do not need time machines to influence our life at the moment, concentrating (perhaps meditating) about our life might transmit a message to our own past in which it would influence our actual future, changing it in order to find ourselves in a different timeline or parallel universe. No need for wormholes or inter-dimensional windows, our mind can do the trick. It is always plausible that we will come up with a machine that could speed up the process, make us more aware of those messages from the future in order to help us make the right decisions and perhaps modify the life of others to change history. Note that I am not convinced that this is possible, it is merely a hypothesis.

Slowing Time

I even believe that sometimes the change in gravity that could influence the rate at which time goes does not need to be influenced by celestial bodies or other geomagnetic fields. The simple pressure of a horrible moment like an accident appears sufficient to change our own individual time's rate and then this moment in the present happens in slow motion, and hence in the past or the future instead of the present. I have some people who claim they can suddenly slow time around them. This is how they usually can see ghosts and talk with many people in different times also capable of doing the same.

According to relativity we are alone in our own time frame, our little bubble where time, space (distance), and other values are different from everyone else around us. Yes, most of the time the difference in value is too small to make our life suddenly different from others, but sometimes it can differ a lot. Mood and negative or positive events can influence all this.

So when the time's rate gets back to normal, suddenly you relive the moment and you feel Deja vu. It is also possible that your brain gets mixed up because when the time's rate goes from slow to much faster, it could make you believe that you have experienced these events before. And in fact you might have and it seems that it was in a dream that you have seen that before. Then you can predict the future, or at a lesser degree you can have an intuition of the events to come.

This could explain why more than a hundred people predicted the sinking of the Titanic. This event happened in the past and not in the future because of the gravity of it. Nice play on word, even when something is terrible we call it gravity, as if it could also influence the timeline, like real gravity from other massive objects. Then, if these people were to be believed before the Titanic was launched, we could have prevented this terrible accident that somehow affected the mood and normal timeline of the ones who foresaw it. They must have been the ones that were the most affected by this event, making them jump into another time rate or time frame. Suddenly before the Titanic was even launched they knew it would happen, they would remember seeing on TV, reading about it or thinking about this astonishing event.

It is also possible that the time loop happened independently from the mood and reactions of the people who predicted the sinking of the Titanic. Simply a shift in the normal flow of time happened and as the sinking of the Titanic is a memorable event, like the death of JFK or Princess Diana, it was remembered the second time around even before the Titanic sank.

Vibrating at Higher Frequencies

Most exercises about meditation when you try to get in contact with the world of spirits tell you that you somehow need to vibrate at a higher frequency. If you vibrate at a higher frequency what happens exactly? The same perhaps as when you suddenly hear terrible news or when you are really frightened about something? Suddenly you change your time frame, your time is running at a different rate. Could somehow the brain catch glimpses of these events in the past so in effect you have sort of lived those events before they happen? Because in the present you are, I assume, vibrating at a normal frequency, perhaps lower than usual in some down moment? This connected with the planets and the rotation of the Earth and other magnetic fields, could amplify this phenomenon and you actually relive an event you remember that will only happen in the future? These are all paths to be explored in explaining Deja vu.

And this theory of fluctuating time or timeline is also what can explain the co-existence of two time frames at the same time, the meeting of the present and the past, or the present and the future. It could explain ghosts and

apparitions, the residual ones when their image is coming like a film in certain locations where somehow the frequency of certain events went wild, affecting the normal flow of time in these locations. Certain people in trouble times, or with deep psychological problems in intense situations, can affect the rate at which time goes and these events are happening again through time, in the future and in the past.

So, to predict the future you would have to be affected by the events, feel them at different frequencies. You need to be very sensible to what you hear and see so if it affects you a lot, the pressure and the gravity surrounding the events will make you able to see the past and the future because you would have changed the rate at which time ticks. And your present before those events would go faster or slower than the time rate at which those other events in the past or the future take place. And then you predict the future and change it, as we know we can change events when we experience *Deja vu*. Could we ever build the machine capable to see the future, perhaps at the very least receive radio waves and TV signals from the future and the past? I will continue to think about this.

An Infinity of Interconnected Time Frames

When we are born, we don't die anymore. We exist in every time frame because time is relative from the point of view of the observer, from your frame of reference or time frame. If someone goes into a rocket ship in space at almost the speed of light away from you, from his point of view you will look frozen in time, in essence living for eternity. Your time is instable, it is a variable in the universe, interconnected to other variables that are changing all the time like speed, gravity and energy. If you can play with time like this, freezing it, or moving around in time, then you don't die because you can always get back to a time when you are alive. Every second of your existence can exist for eternity.

The *Deja vu* is simply our normal life that cannot happen from point A to point B chronologically, because time and space (the distance) are data that vary and change all the time. Space-time being relative, sometimes it is possible to foresee parallel universes that are simply our reality in other time frames.

For example, I was walking peacefully in Amsterdam on the sidewalk one afternoon a few years ago. Suddenly I had the conviction that I had already lived the bicycle I was walking over and the events happening right after, I could remember these few minutes very well.

Time A is the present when I was living those events. Time B is the time where I experienced those events before but could only remember them from memory while I was in Time A. So sometimes I live an event in Time B and then I live it again in Time A, at which time I suddenly remember time B as it appears that I am living the same thing all over again, which understandably makes me question not only my sanity but also the normal flow of time and the reality we are living in.

I could have only a vague memory of time B because time would have changed rate and the configuration of space-time would have equally changed. Somehow I retain memory of events I would have lived in this parallel universe that is truly just part of my timeline that is fluctuating. I don't think time is going backwards but I believe both realities co-exist (many realities or timelines co-exist within one fluctuating timeline) because our perceptions or senses are capable of receiving (listening, seeing, touching, etc.) events in different times and spaces as space-time is constantly changing. Suddenly a lot of the paranormal can be explained by science.

Many different realities or timelines are taking place at a same location and at the same time but at relatively different times. These realities are crossing

each other and certain mediums are capable to adapt their senses to see, hear and feel what is happening at the crossing of these timelines. They can channel through (like a radio or a TV) all this information in the fluctuating timeline that can connect us to any time period we want when in that medium state.

If really as Einstein states matter and energy are interchangeable (and no physicist doubts that), then everything can be considered energy. Our brain receives these events using the energy of our neurons which shape our brain. If time is relative, if time is variable, the actual time can be just as easily the time of 300 years ago or 70 years ago. Moreover, if distance is relative, that a meter can be one centimetre depending on your point of view, also depending on our acceleration and gravitational forces, then many realities can be superimposed and even share a same space at a same time. It is all down to where you stand, your acceleration and the gravity at that time, the frequency at which you vibrate and what else, that can permit you to adjust the time you wish to see and hear.

More about Relativity

Time and space are relative, they are changing within the space-time continuum. They vary depending on our position in space because of gravity exerted upon us by other massive objects in the universe like planets, the moon, the sun and even other solar systems and galaxies. These variables of the space-time also change according to our acceleration. The faster we go, the more time ticks slowly (or accelerate from the point of view of another observer). So the faster I walk, the more another observer will calculate my time as going slower compared with his time than if I was not walking. But from my point of view, if I walk faster, my time will be going faster than if I was not walking. These differences are radical at speed closer to the speed of light, and are reversed if instead of walking in the opposite direction as another observer I were to walk in his direction.

At the speeds we are walking or travelling these days, time appears chronological and space does not appear to be changing configurations from one minute to another. But let's not forget that the Earth we are all travelling on right now moves very rapidly in space, so ultimately we do have a great acceleration which could, to a certain extent, influence the chronology of our time and the space in which we are moving. Even, our acceleration from the point of view of other people in space could be faster than the speed of light (because I believe that the speed of light is a relative value and can change from one observer to another though this would not be confirmed by any physicist).

More about Quantum Mechanics

I believe it is possible to predict the future and to see the past because space-time is relative to the observer, and as everything is almost at the same place in space, many different times of our existence are getting mixed up together. Sometimes we see ourselves or we are aware of ourselves living other events in other times (through dreams perhaps to a certain extent). We can change our future because if we know what could happen, we can change our actions so it does not happen. Creating new timelines or changing our timeline (depending if you believe that we are only experiencing one fluctuating timeline,

or if you believe that all the possible timelines do exist according to the Many-Worlds interpretation of Quantum Mechanics).

There is no need to believe that particles can go faster than the speed of light to accept my ideas here, they fit just as well within the define boundaries of the Many-Worlds interpretation of Quantum Mechanics. We just switch timelines then, jumping from one parallel universe to another, sensibly similar but still different somehow when changing the future because of a feeling or a Deja vu. Mediums and clairvoyants might be capable of sensing different timelines, or a fluctuating timeline, and are able to tell us about past events and things to come. Eventually it is not excluded that technology will be able to do the same.

In the Many-Worlds interpretation of Quantum Mechanics, a particle can be at different places at the same time. I believe that particles are going faster than light and that is why with our limited ways of measuring the speed and locations of these particles using light we believe that they are at many places at the same time when in fact they are only at one location at any given time and we see it at as many places at the same time as the times they are crossing the speed of light.

If we are using devices using light to make a measurement, we cannot measure something going faster than light. If a particle goes at three times the speed of light, then we will see that particles at three different places at the same time. Why do I believe that particles are going faster than the speed of light in the first place? Please read my reports about [Universal Relativity](#) to find out more. Useless to say, if on top of everything our particles are going faster than light, the chronology of time can be even more impaired and must make all sorts of phenomena like predicting the future, seeing the past, Deja vu, etc., possible.

Well, enough said. I hope I helped explain what the phenomenon of Deja vu could be, or at least I hope I have given you some things to think about. We will eventually explain these phenomena from the point of view of science, it is just a question of time and research.

False Awakening

False awakening is an interesting phenomenon, which I would not have considered much had it not happened to me once. I sort of remember that I experienced it many times when I was younger, but I can't remember enough now. More recently it did happen again, and this time I'm not going to forget about it any time soon, as I feel it was a bit traumatising.

My Lucid Dreams

23 November 2009

A Lucid Dream about an Alternate Universe

I really cherish my dreams when they are in tune with what interests me in science-fiction. It is very rare it happens, but I know now I can help make it happen. I was off for nearly three weeks, it ends tonight. I read many books about alternate universes including Timescape of Gregory Benford, Time Trader 1

& 2 of Andre Norton, Chronospace by Allen Steele, Three Hearts and Three Lions of Poul Anderson, Men Like Gods of H.G. Wells, Brave New World of Aldous Huxley, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court by Mark Twain, Sound of Thunder by Ray Bradbury and I'm reading now Paratime short stories of H. Beam Piper. On top of this I have been discussing a few of these books with a friend, we are even planning putting together an anthology of new science fiction stories about alternate universes. So that is the first factor that influenced my dream below.

The second factor is work. I work in a Crown Court and the dream was definitely based in some similar Court, but much larger and older than our actual one. Everything seemed to be falling apart and I did not know much about what my role was, though everybody else did know what I was supposed to do and what my role was. I'm going back to work tomorrow, so I have been anxious to say the least. It is normal to have nightmares about our work place or going back to school when we have been frightened of it and it is just about to happen. But with an alternate universe twist, it is far more interesting, especially when the dream is vivid instead of normal.

By vivid dreams I really mean that the dreams are so striking, we wake up feeling it was more than a dream. Now, these dreams can be precognitive (help you see the future), or is about the past, or as I actually was writing about just a few days ago in my novel Anna Maria, perhaps such dreams truly let you exchange place with yourself living in a parallel universe.

I no longer believe quantum mechanics or relativity are the right description of our physical world, I feel Expansion Theory of Mark McCutcheon is the truth. There is nothing in Expansion Theory that could explain parallel universes, travelling in time, deja vu or most of what science fiction is about these days. I still believe though that all of the above are possible through simply our mind. I feel that dreams are precognitive, but also they help shape our future by simply creating it as we dream it. It can be with or without our conscious control.

I feel I have switched to alternate universes when I moved so suddenly to Los Angeles after wishing for it, I'm pretty sure this was not going to happen unless I concentrated through will to make it happen. I describe such experiences, and the one of one of my friends who told me about how he was able to switch timelines in my book Changing Your Future:

<http://www.themarginal.com/changingyourfuture.htm>

I feel now, and I could be wrong or change my mind as experience and read more, that whatever you think about becomes your reality. Sometimes strikingly so or sometimes at a very slow pace. And the book Timescape of Gregory Benford was so stunning, it really brought me into that bleak future that has become unsustainable in England, where no one can eat or drink anything else since the pollution has finally poisoned everything. I'm sure it had a great part to play in my dream I will describe below. So what you read, what you discuss, what you think about could really influence your dreams and create your future.

I also feel that we rarely have such extraordinary thoughts or dreams that go beyond what we live every day, but when you start reading philosophy, science fiction, and perhaps religious books, it could lead you to dream about worlds that go beyond your normal experience, to a point where in dreams you create totally new universes. If you are not careful, it is also my belief you could wake up the next day within that alternate universe, as if you had spent your entire life in that world or new timeline, without even the memories of where you were the day before. I would not have wanted to wake up in the universe I just dreamt about, and it seemed so real, at the same time I knew something was wrong, I know within the dream that I was within an alternate universe, I

mentioned it clearly to one character who told me that it was so and that this is what we were fighting, to bring back to the reality as it should be.

There is something else I need to mention about my actual state of mind before I went to bed. This afternoon I met a good friend of mine who explained to me how two weeks ago he was raped twice by a strong man from Lithuania he thought was about to kill both him and his friend who was there in his flat. The guy knocked unconscious his friend before beating my friend up before proceeding to rape him twice without condom. To say I was in shock is an understatement.

I have another correspondent who talks a lot about psychopaths and evil people without a soul, and that must be, from what I heard, a real example of a mad evil man who do not even appear to realise what he is doing, destroying lives through rape and murder (as he admitted, also to being in prison in Lithuania), who enjoys hurting people and said so quite openly, without even being worried of being arrested again. My friends have all the necessary information for the police to pick up that guy right now, but to avoid such scandal in the newspapers, losing their jobs, etc., they decided to hush it up, even despite the fact that this monster is likely to strike again very soon.

When I went to bed tonight, I really felt the presence of a shadow, it was the black shadow of a portrait in front of me, there were symmetrically placed such shadows on every corner of my vision. I was not asleep yet, and I suddenly what my friend told me, about this presence of evil and what she would do in such circumstances. I buffed myself up with energy and I wished it all away. As far as I can remember the shadows disappeared. I turned around and fell asleep.

I had already slept two hours before, and I was to sleep two more hours (in the evening) when this happened and then my dream came. I must point out that my own experience about dreams does not appear to follow the idea of REM sleep and all that, I seem to be dreaming all the time as soon as I sleep and for the whole time that I sleep, but I could be wrong. Also that my sleep patterns are so weird compared with normal people, it is rare I will sleep six hours in a row, sleeping here and there instead during the day and night. Which reminds me that my friend who was saying he could switch to alternate universes, where for example 9/11 never happened, also has a strange sleeping pattern. He sleeps for four hours at around 10 pm, then gets up and goes back to sleep in the early hours only.

My dream starts in a criminal court room, quite different from where I work, I was trying to listen to the proceedings through my earphones, but I could barely make out what was said as there was some classical music coming through the earphones. I was then talking with a counsel who in the end freaked out and told me to get rid of that music that he could hear quite clearly from the earphones on the table.

As in real life I was in charge of the IT of the whole Court, and so it was my job to fix this. I walked down a long corridor, like there are in my Court, though it was all red this time, red carpet, more like Victorian times or an older Court. I would imagine that some Courts in England would look like that, it had the feel of the Assembly room in Westminster.

At the end of the corridor there was a complicated sound system for all the Courts and other of my colleagues there telling me that the music could be heard in every court, so it had to be fixed. I turned off everything one by one and turning everything back to identify what was interfering, and my colleague in the end pointed to me the offending system containing from what I could guess one of those memory card, or perhaps it was the radio, and so I fixed the problem by turning it off.

I went back to Court and for the first time I saw the scale of it, ten times larger than what I am used to. I remember that I was there before as well, trying to listen to what was said in Court but could not with my earphones. Before I was behind a wall in some place where earphones could be plugged and it did not

work. So I went in open court but on the side, trying to look at all the systems we had there and see if I could find a way to listen with the earphones, but it was a medical sort of machine, and I was standing on a large scale.

In the end I went up staircases in the Court and went to sit down on a chair which appeared to be my allocated one as I could plug in the earphones. I am a Clerk in real life, and though I feel I was some sort of important player in this dream, like a Court Clerk, I was nowhere near where I would need to be, in front of the whole Court, doing the job of a Clerk. It puzzled me and frightened me that I might have missed a lot of what was happening and that I did not write down all the sentences of the defendants passed by the Judge. That is actually one frightening thing about my job, since Judges always just blabber very quickly about what the whole sentences are, and I cannot make a mistake on that, it could mean someone going to prison for many more years than sentenced for.

Anyway, at some point it seemed that all the attention in that huge courts with mezzanines, perhaps over 300 people, turned to me and the man sitting beside me. I can't remember exactly what happened, the that man kind of hurt me and put one of the broken earphone into my mouth. I believe it was a demonstration of something related to the case/trial.

Then suddenly we all got up and a small group of us had to go somewhere else. I remember that in front of me there was a huge hole, and I was afraid I would fall down. But then there was a floor beside me and I went down the stairs. People were all looking at me and asking me questions, just like in real life, but I was clueless to answer them, I kept saying that I did not know. I wanted to ask them what my role here exactly, if I was still a Court Clerk and the IT Systems Manager, but I played along instead, trying to see where it would lead.

Then a small group of us exited the Court by one of the side, with the Judge I believe and I have to assume the counsel, the defendants and the complainants. The man who had put the earphone in my mouth smile at me, he appeared to be good friend with me, and asked me if he needed to come with us, if he would be required still. I told him I did not know and we left. I believe he stayed behind.

I had not describe the Court before, but was very old, decrepit, as if they had not renovated it in over 30 years. But still acceptable. It is true I work in an old Court and only recently they renovated it when it doubled in size. But even then it was not as bad as the state that Court was in in my dream.

To get to another what I assume government building, or another important Court (the Old Bailey?), we had to go down a circular staircase (and I read recently a book of that title written by Mary Roberts Rinehart). A lot of water was flooding down that spiral staircase that appeared to be going down to a basement, but in fact was the only way to reach the street. People were themselves down it or simply fell (old women), but I was able to keep my feet on the ground. I had to go over the older women as there were kind of decomposed and afterwards I thought they were actually probably dead. Not sure if they died before or just then. I only remember that their skin was diseased, like if by radioactivity, and when I looked at my own hand, I saw that I too was diseased like them.

Then we reached the street and walked toward the other Court building. This is when I spoke with a man. I told him this world was really in bad shape, I wondered out loud what happened. Outside it was bleak, kind of wintery but I can't remember if I saw snow or not, slush perhaps. No leaves in the tree and the cars all looked very old on the side of the street, like perhaps as if they were no longer in use? But no so bad that this could still not be a fully functional society I thought.

So I told the man: this is an alternate reality! And he said yes, that this was exactly what this whole case/trial was about, and that it would decide the fate of our future. So I asked him to clarify. I said: do you mean that it would just make things better (the result of the proceedings), or if it could actually change

the world, bring us back to an alternate reality, to bring us instantly a better world? I'm not sure if he understood although he showed all the signs that he did and was aware of what I was talking about. I'm not sure because of his vague answer. He stated that he could change the world, without saying how.

We entered the building, it looked like any old American government building, without much style, made of cement I think. But inside it was more like a very luxurious Court. I never saw any Judge in my dream, but I assumed always that there was one at the front of the Court.

I was asked to sit at the front with the others. On my side there were two white persons and another official French interpreter came up to interpret for them. I realised then that my role here was to translate from French to English. It has happened a few times in the past in real life that I was asked to be an interpreter, but it is far from being my job. There were two Indian persons on the other side and I was to interpret for them. The woman asked me to come and sit down in the centre. I did not understand her the first time and she had to repeat. I felt bad because it showed that perhaps my English was not that good if I could not understand her. Probably because her own English was bad, but it looked bad for me. I remember thinking that it did not matter, I would be able to interpret from French to English very well.

In fact, I did not move to the middle and I stayed sitting where I was, though it pretty much looked like I was right at the centre. A French young girl approached and starting to sing a French song, four lines, that I translated into French for everyone. I can only remember two lines, the first and the last one, because it was the same line: "On l'a offert en sacrifice" ou "On l'a sacrifié". This translates as either "We offered it in sacrifice" or "We sacrificed it".

I have no idea what she was talking about. I can only guess that it was some sort of song of the revolution, or for liberty and freedom, something like that. At the same time those words she was singing appeared as the motto perhaps of what it seemed to be an official government paper, from the post perhaps, or a bank. It was apparently written on it. She was pointing it to me so I could translate better, but I could not find on the official cheque book or post office book, the very words she had just stated. By I translated what she said and I woke up.

I have no idea what all this means, or if it means anything. All I know is that it seemed to be an alternate universe, more than the usual things that look different from the reality to the dream, although you can easily guess it is the same thing. I was afraid I could remain stuck in that reality, aware that it was not mine, although in some respects quite similar to mine. It was like the end of their world was far approaching, through I don't know, global warming perhaps, or nuclear wars, and this was the aftermath and though we kept the appearance that everything was fine, we were not.

10 April 2010

The Four Corners of the World – Dream about parallel universes and time travel

I had a very interesting dream last night, I don't believe it was a lucid dream as such, perhaps just an ordinary dream, like the previous one I guess. Only vivid in the sense that they really leave a mark on me as if I was really there, and I think about them for hours afterwards. This time I can identify the various sources of the dream, mostly a Nintendo DS adventure game called Time Hollow, it is set in Kako Japan (if it exists) although most characters are Caucasians. The main character is a young student who can change the past using a hollow pen, he just opens a window between worlds in time and create different parallel universes. The other source might have been the Doctor Who

episode where a little Scottish girl discovers a crack in her bedroom wall, that crack leads to a prison in a multi-dimensional universe where Prisoner Zero just escaped to Earth.

This dream could easily become a novel or film script, even though I don't have all the details about it, I would have to use my imagination to finish the story. As far as I can remember we enter an area which I believe was outside, perhaps it was in Japan or China, it was one of these Japanese gardens with four kind of bamboo wooden path reaching out to four different doors (which reminds me, I listened to the song The House of Four Doors of Moody Blues a few days ago). So another man and I (perhaps my partner), though at the beginning I felt it was woman (perhaps my mother, or a mother figure), we walked the first path completely on the right. We could not open the door but we knew on the other side it was Montreal. I believe I was able to look over the wooden fence or maybe we did open the door, but I could see Montreal on the horizon and snow and pine trees in the distance up to the city. We knew this was the present day, a way from Japan to connect with the other side of the world.

We then followed, the man and I, the second wooden path to the second door. There was no way to look over the fence this time, it was not that easy to open the door, it was like pulling book cases or shelves towards us and then there was a heavy metal door. Some pad was hanging from the ceiling with two metallic buttons, I pressed the top one and the door slide up. We found ourselves in a small apartment, outside there was a motorway busy with cars, we were near a main Japanese town centre, but again outside the city. Even though we were that far in the past, it was definitely the past. I can't remember the cars, it would have told me how far in the past we were, but there was a radio and it was not so old but not so new. I would guess about the 1970s, 40 years ago now. The magazines and old photo frames looked like the 70s.

The interesting thing is that we were aware this was also a parallel world, and I turned on the radio to hear if the language would be different, as perhaps it could be expected in a parallel universe. I asked the other man because I thought he could understand Japanese, but it was an English radio station, we could not hear any difference in language, I can't remember what they were saying, it was a monotone voice of an older man.

This is when I was thinking about the third path, I was thinking that perhaps it would go much further into the past and it would be preferable. As if we were looking for a new world to inhabit. I was now aware that our world was doomed through some worldwide disease that we could not cure, and both Montreal in the present and this Japanese city in the 70s were now contaminated. And no wonder since we had a door to this world and the people who were living in this apartment in Japan I understood were already dead through that disease. I was wondering if the third path, that world, could be immune, or at least if we could live there much longer. This memory of the worldwide disease was a present memory that I never lived before, I was just aware of it as memory often come to you in dreams. You are in a dream fully aware of a past and other memories you normally should not have.

So just as we decided to go to the third world, I remember washing my hands with a soap and wondering if I was not making it worse, trying to get rid of that disease so I would not bring it to the other world. And then the man I was with was trying different clothes he found, some leather top showing his shoulder, but just before he had on him a full kind of Japanese costume that was even covering his whole head. Some sort of brownish tissue material more suited to ceremonies or soldiers perhaps. Might have been a protector for the disease although it could not possibly have been efficient at all for that purpose. And it is whilst going down the second wooden path that I woke up

4 June 2007

Grocery store empty at night, and slowly becoming highlighted with people, had similar dream recently in a grocery store very large, and big store with multiple levels and buildings and car parks

Found myself in the old weird futuristic city again, big hotels started to fly as I came out of the tunnels, where I was a rat or a lemming defending my bunker with other rats, until I had to escape, floated over the ocean, took control of the dream, was happy, wanted to go the Eiffel Tower in Paris, but slowly fell down to the beach and found myself in a hotel room or flat trying to put back my snake into his cage, was unable to do so. I thought he was injured, as he was recently in real life, but he didn't look injured once outside the cage, bit me a few times, but it didn't hurt.

My Normal Dreams

3 June 2007

Since my return from Los Angeles, I had a few dreams involving working in office buildings, an office packed with people where I had desk and had some tasks to performs, and a boss who usually was a nice woman. I don't particularly like those dreams, it is one thing if my life in the awake world is reduced to be working in an office most of the time, but if it continues in dream, then there is no hope of escaping that miserable existence.

Last night I was in some futuristic office, the décor was some sort of high tech or well designed with great windows from which I could see the sky and some other buildings across the street. I was told to organise some event to impress the employees or bosses of the company across the street. That company must have been involved in building spaceships or flying machines, as I was shown a brochure of some huge machine with some cockpit made of glass which could contain perhaps between 4 and 10 people, a bit like the bubbles of the London Eye. But there was only one bubble attached to some long mechanical arm. Not long after I was able to walk across the street and see it for myself. I had to jump over train tracks and platforms to reach it, and somehow from high up to the floor so I could see it in the air. I then returned to the office. Before that I saw that my own company had developed some similar machine with a different looking cockpit. My PR exercise was to develop some entertainment event for those people, and I was thinking about a little flying trip in that cockpit. The question was, in theirs or ours? When I was out to investigate their machine, I overheard that the best experience ever was to embark on that adventure whilst it was raining, making it the only event I could think of which would be appropriate when it rains. That seemed to be a selling point, whilst I was considering other ideas, without actually coming up with any other. I remember shouting in the office if it was true that it was better in the rain, and someone answered me yes.

My woman boss gave me three pieces of jewellery, as far as I can remember. And at some point a colleague of mine told me it was important to enter those into the computer, keeping track of everything I was given. I believe this is when I woke up, as we were about to write those down.

Oh, there was one other extraordinary experience I was planning for the bosses, as an option for entertainment. Not long before I was walking in a dark street at night, which reminded me of my life in the North of Québec, in Jonquière, but I doubt I was anywhere near that city in my dream. What was amazing, was the sky. In space I could see not the stars, but the Earth as if seen from space. It was clearly visible, all the continents and pieces of land, except it

was in vivid colours, like bright pinks and yellow, as if it was a map from a book more than the real thing. I remember thinking, hey, is this really how the Earth looks like from above? Of course it didn't, and I knew it. Though it almost seemed possible in my dream, but not quite. Because soon after someone showed me the technology that made this possible, some sort of big projector was projecting those images in the sky from slides or piece of film. Looked like long pieces of acetates. I remember being impressed at this ability to project so well something into space, filling up the whole sky and giving the illusion that there was another Earth right above us. I considered using that technology to impress my visitors or other big wigs I needed to entertain. I was wondering if something else could be projected instead of the Earth. It was in all a very pleasant experience, I had never seen the Earth like that. Nor could I think of a purpose for doing so. What is amazing is how slow my brain was at understanding that having the Earth projected into the sky was unusual. It was beautiful but it seems normal, except the colours which clearly give it away. Only then did I understand it couldn't be real, that it must have been a dream. However I never came to the conclusion it was a dream, because just as I was getting there, I was showed the technology that made this possible, and so I continued to dream, the anomaly along with the questions disappeared.

I spent the last decade organising conferences in office places. When a conference was successful enough, with many sponsors, we organised side events for entertaining the guests, in Prague for example we went to a castle for a concert and some actors recreating the grim old days. It was magical. It seems that in my dream I was concentrating on these side events, lie a PR agency. Finding the new and exciting experience to impress. My sister told me recently she wanted to start such a company as Red Letter Day, and I searched the Internet for similar companies organising such experience for a price. Maybe this is why I dreamt of this.

18 December 2003

I woke up this morning realizing that my dream would do a nice story for a sci-fi/fantastic film. Utopia is what I will call it, but it could also be Utopian Dream or The Last Post before Utopia. Let's start with my dream and then I will get on with what could be added.

First of all I was in a fantastic palace like these very high class hotels and perhaps also like inside the pyramid spaceship in Dune (the film). There were many areas, a big room and some corridors at the back. On each side of the large room there were train tracks and two trains filled with very strong and well dressed people that could be seen from the windows. The tracks were leading on each side into circular doors that when opened had whirls like if the trains went into wormholes.

I believe there were a King and a Queen in charge of the palace where we all lived. None of us could go to the other side or Utopia because the trains never stopped. Our goal in life was to go through, for that we needed a train, which we did not have.

I was the chosen one, the one that was born special and would save everyone. I knew how to get everyone to Utopia but no one knew I could do that. I had first to seek the help of a sort of key holder (the Guardian) who was able to open the circular doors. She was willing to do that for me. I took a ball, opened it a bit with a dart in order to put a message inside wrapped around the dart. The message was simple: I am ready. This ball thrown inside the wormhole would automatically bring us a train from the inside, and I imagined it coming from a third hidden door in the middle of the main room where the thrones of the King and the Queen were, and the tracks would appear from under the floor. It was a train coming to bring us all to Utopia where life was paradise. I was the saviour of my nation and I would become the leader once on the other side.

While I was preparing the ball to be sent into the wormhole, there were many people around me and the Guardian, looking at what we were doing. So we went into a small room with a chair and this was a magical moment as the key holder, who was beautiful, kissed me and immediately regretted and sat down. I wanted to say that I was also interested, that feelings were developing and that I would love to kiss her too, but suddenly some people at the door in real life woke me up. That was my dream as far as I can remember it.

Now, what we could build on that dream. Well this palace could be in a city like The Mount St-Michael (Mont St-Michel) in France in Normandy. It is a nice little island reachable by a bridge where a castle lay in the middle of a wonderful little old medieval village.

It reminded me of the game Grim Fandango of Lucas Arts where the dead people need to take a train to reach the last post before the world of the dead. And only the people who had the money could get on the train. The other ones arrived there by slower means and were not guaranteed passage once arrived at that last city. In my dream the world of the dead was Utopia, which means a perfect life in a perfect mythic world, where everyone is happy.

It also reminded me of the game Syberia by Benoit Sokal (Microïds). The City with the University where the train stops in a wonderful glass station filled with rare birds and trees. I believe Sokal should be hired to draw the sets if this TV series is ever made. And while we are on the subject, I think that Pierre Estevez and Stéphane Pick who did the music for the first two PC games Atlantis (Dreamcatcher/The Adventure Company) should be chosen for the music (the games are not related to the other game by Disney). These guys made the best ever nostalgic and grandiose music for games that I have ever heard.

Even though we were in a place resembling Earth, it felt like we were in a village or castle like you would see in the television series Dinotopia, Snow Queen and perhaps Dune (the TV series). We were dressed like they would in these series, and the people on the train were dressed like Vikings or like in Robin Hoods, perhaps even like Klingons. A good mix of all that, it was magical. They did not look like us, they were from other far away nations that could afford to go to Utopia when we could not.

I would assume that a TV movie based on this idea would have two parts, the first one before going to Utopia and the second one after. Therefore, when I sent the message to the other side saying that we were ready to go, this would be the end of the first part. I would have accomplished many tasks in the world before that time, even though in the dream it did not felt like that. I was just chosen to accomplish great things afterwards and I knew who I was and what would happen next. I was not told by anyone, I knew, as simple as that.

I don't think I knew the key holder/Guardian personally before I asked her if she was able to open the door, but I admired her for her position of prestige, close to the King and Queen. And I knew she could open the door so we can see the wormholes. She looked like she admired me as well to decide to kiss me, like she knew who I was and what I could become. And she regretted, perhaps she thought she was not worth it, but I thought she was.

So I must have made great things before that point, even though when I decided I was ready it came as a surprise and could have happened at any other moment. I decided on that very minute that now was the time to reach Utopia.

6 June 2007

I was in car on a street corner, waiting. There were a girl there, and another one, not sure what they were doing, one was taken away, the second after that I or we were trying to make her understand she could be taken away, there was danger, she wouldn't listen, for everything was all right. It is too vague now, though I remember a lot happen before that on these streets and I went to many places with that car.

We were at least four, and we walked to a remote place with snow all around. There were people there throwing some fireworks but I believe it was meant to melt the snow and instantly grow trees. We found ourselves right in the middle of a small mountain surrounded by black sulphur or something that we knew was going to explode, however we knew it was not going to be dangerous, we braced ourselves and wherever there was that black stuff smoking, it exploded mildly and the snow melted. One spot, a tree about three quarter of a metre grew spontaneously. I should have immediately realised it was a dream then, and take control of the dream, but I failed to. I was really surprised by the tree, and I told everyone, wow, if we can grow a tree that big instantly, then we must be able to grow a huge tree instantly. It was quite a discovery.

We then walked into an abandoned sort of cave, there were at least two rooms. It seems I used to live there, or I was there many years ago. We found my old recording radios, at least two, and someone said that something had been recorded on the tapes, as if they had recorded themselves. We knew no one else had been there in all those years, it was like we were the first to explore this area again. One of the tape was my old music, I cannot distinctly remember the song, but it sounded like a Depeche Mode song. I wondered at that time if I should take the cassette back with me or leave it there for a few more decades for others to find. I remember thinking that it was it, the right time for me to bring back that tape and listen to it later. What was more interesting for us though was the second tape in the other recorder, because we knew the place was haunted and we were hoping that somehow it would have recorded ghosts. And as we sat to listen, I could see light in the other room and I was annoyed by that light, and a bit surprised by it. Then I saw one of us in the other room, being attacked by what I assumed to be a ghost, so I shouted to my other friends, I opened the door to go and help the fourth one, and inside there was this middle age woman with glasses with a knife who was trying to attack my friend, and then turned on to me. I woke up just as she was launching on to me, not sure if she had the time to kill me or not, I don't believe so.

23 May 2006

I just had the weirdest vivid dream. A mismatched of just about everything. Time travel, parallel worlds, world of the dead and demons and possibly aliens. I don't even know where to begin.

First I was in a house where the parents of Stephen were also living. We appeared to be living together at first, and I had a special computer capable somehow of opening a window as large as a door. And we got to meet the parents of Stephen, but from the year 1905. Since we are in 2006 right, it looks like this was a 100 year leap into the past. They could come in, we could in, and they did, and we did. Actually, they did not look like his parents, more like his grand parents, well in fact I'm not sure who they were. They were still alive today, and 100 years ago they were slimmer, better looking, but already in their 20's I would say, even if they looked older than what they must have been. We were talking, and they talked with themselves in the future, as if it was normal, an exchange of knowledge, I don't know, we did not have much to say.

There was also a park with trees, and there I was meeting some other weird people, but I can't remember now who they were, now I think they might have been aliens. They asking about an anomaly they had identified, the man from 1905 walking on the grass before. I told them that yes, there was something about him, that he was from a parallel universe. I only discovered later that he was actually from the past, before then I assumed he was from a parallel universe. And this is all I can remember about these other people who could have been from a parallel universe also, but more clued up.

Then my room got larger, by the minute I thought it was fusing with other rooms from another world, or was it just that by changing the past the room was

now changing and getting bigger, as we got richer? I think it was the fusing of other rooms from other worlds because there were other people there now living with us, sharing the space, and we accepted that, this new reality. These people reminded me of my family from the side of my father, that's how I perceived them, family of some sort.

And then I was in that new big room adjacent to my initial bedroom, in a house, where the family on the side of my mother were there to celebrate Christmas. There were strangers there, these new strangers we were sharing the space with. They were not accustomed to our ways, they were welcome to witness it, to be part of it. I could not tell if they were from the past, but I did not think so. From another world? Parallel universe? It seemed so to me.

And as usual when I dream about my family, my grand mother is always there in the background, she talks even in answer to what other people say, no one answer back, because she is dead in real life and I'm the only one who sees her. And then she was in the kitchen with us, I was saying that she was there, how could they miss her, when she had been present to all our gathering for so many years, despite no longer be in this world? And I grabbed her, I took her in my arms, and I cried. Up until then, my grand mother had been, it seems, unaware that I could see her and have been able to see her for the whole time our gathering lasted. She seemed surprise when I took her in my arms.

After that we were in the living room or a bedroom, and on the bed was my grand mother, placed as if she was dead, for people to come and pay their respects. I was talking with my aunt Sonia, she was saying that she too was receiving the visit of my grand mother in the morning, it had happened many times before and she was also afraid of all this. She told me she had a few books about it that she intended to read, but had not yet found the time. I was in such a shock, that I grabbed the hand of my grand mother who was in the bed, she came alive, and I was crying like crazy, taking her in my arms again.

And my aunt acted as if she was there, but could not see her. I asked her, do you see her? She was trying to tell me something, and then my real grand mother appeared in the background with a Kodak, as if she intended to take photos, and the one on the bed, her nose got very long and thin, and bent downward. And it did not seem to click in my mind until I woke up that it was not her on the bed. This is all I could repeat to myself, that it was not her. I had been tricked, it was a demon or something. And my real grand mother appeared in the background to tell me, to show me that I was crying at the wrong tree. I was in such a state by then, I could not even speak anymore, everything I was trying to say just would come out. Then I woke up, frightened, that my grand mother would actually be standing there in front of me in the real world.

I had many similar dreams where my grand mother was there, not doing much, always with family around just as it should be, as it was, so I would not question the fact that she was there. It is unclear in my mind that she is dead, I did not go to the funeral, I was in England then. She appeared to me at first without my family, but it freaked me out every time, because I knew she was dead. And so it is like if she had to resort to some trick to get to me, without me getting into shock.

I had some conversations with her, but of course always very limited, and instead of it being about where she is now, what sort of life has she got in the realm of the dead, it is more about stupidities about my life, as if she could not speak of important stuff, things that could remind me in my dream that she is in fact dead, and talking to her should by definition be an impossibility. She seems to be trying to reach out for me, though I did not get the feeling she had anything to tell me specifically, more like she wants to spend some time with me. Unless I'm just not ready yet to get to the point of being confronted with her, fully aware that she is dead, and capable of having a normal conversation despite the fact that she is dead. So perhaps it will come, if I let it come. But after

tonight it will be more difficult, if she can be replaced by some sort of fake one, pretending to be her, and who's up to no good.

There were many signs that it was not her, she was dresses in yellow, my grand mother never did. She was calling to me, wanting me to take her hand, my grand mother never did either in all my previous dreams. And her nose became distorted, like the one of a witch, but believe me, in dreams, it did not seem to stop me at the time from loving her and taking her in my arms. I barely noticed the deformity though it was quite evident and for a second I did wonder about it. And even when there were two of them, that my real grand mother appeared in the background dressed with her eternal green top, I still ignored her to cry in the arms of the fake one. What about that? Logic or good judgment does not seem to exist in dreams. Very dangerous indeed.

Well, in all this was quite a dream. Opening some sort of doorway first in time, to 1905, then in space as it brought me back home, it brought back everyone together and we were to share that space, then a doorway to a parallel universe, capable of changing the configuration of my rooms, also a doorway to some alien world, not sure where those ones come from, and finally a doorway to the world of the dead, and demons, or should I say, the living dead. If somehow this does not inspire me a film script, I would be surprised. I would love to get my hands on that computer I had which started all that at the beginning of my dream, I wonder how it worked, and it could open these doorways all around the place, until there were no more doorways, these worlds were suddenly fusing together, and we all found ourselves in the same room, people from the past, people from far away, people from parallel worlds strangers to our customs, aliens, dead people and demons. The only one missing was God! Might be dangerous too, I guess, but at the time it seemed okay.

30 September 2007

I had a great dream last night, unfortunately my partner is in such a bad mood today (as he is everyday), that it has been hours since I have woken up and I might not remember everything. Secondly I am kind of under stress and time constraint to write this dream down now, as my partner just left the flat and I have no idea when he will return. When he does, I will have to stop, as he has drunk half a bottle of whisky and he is out of his mind. And so I won't have the time right now to remember all the details and write them down. This would do a great novel.

I was actually two different persons in that dream, first I was a young and feeble gay kid amongst a bunch of hard prisoners within a prison, being a prisoner myself, and second I was who I am now at 34 years old somehow crossing into a strange universe to reach that kid and speak to him without really being there in reality. And yet he could see me and talk to me.

At the very beginning I was in my own parallel world, in reality, I was young, perhaps 7 years old, sitting in a lobby hotel with my father and my mother on a small sofa, and my sister and me on big chairs, all luxurious, in the kind of hotel that simply don't exist in my region in the north of Québec, and might exist in Québec city and Montréal. The only place I have been to where I think this hotel might exist was the Hilton Waldorf Hotel on Piccadilly Lane in Central London. I don't know what I think of this hotel now, but in my opinion it was a bad location for a conference, as the place was stuffy and steamy and you couldn't breathe, it is the worst hotel I ever had a conference at, despite the luxurious environment of the sofas and chairs in the lobby.

Well, my whole family was sitting in such a lobby, perhaps in that hotel near Piccadilly Circus or perhaps not, we all had a contract in front of us of many pages, and we were deciding to sign it or not, which in the end we all agreed not to sign it and we stood up and left. I don't know if this was part of setting the fate of my younger self in the other parallel universe, but that kid I then became and

could see through his eyes was in some sort of prison, though it looked more like a huge house used as a private school, or now that I think of it, a Youth Detaining Centre, a prison for kids under 18.

The dream lasted a long time, and as that kid I was gay and weak, surrounded by a bunch of rough boys and men, and other normal youngish girls. I remember seeing us all in the street walking in ranks, made of rows of at least 10 people each. The street was like a little valley in shape, and from where I was in the middle of the hill going up, I could see the women on the other side of the hill going down. Right in the middle was a girl I knew, though I cannot remember who it was. A girl from my past I believe, I have a vague memory that it could have been Karine Dupérée, a girl I once knew in school, but that I never actually liked. So it can't have been her. All I know is that I felt sorry for her and I helped her get out of the prison. Somehow I was able to prove that she had no reason to be there and they took her away. They were gossips going around afterwards that she was no longer in, and I told the few people around me that I was responsible for her being out of there.

I remember my room in that kind of prison, I believe I was sharing it with a few other guys, I think there were a few beds in my room. I felt despair. Then I remember walking around the huge house, there were woods and trees and big metallic fence all around. I had to hide from the others who were looking for us, and if we were to be discovered, we would be beaten up. There was just no where to hide, and finally I found an opened window from the basement and got in back inside the house this way. It was like a laundry room, but there was a toilet, and I remember I had to pee, at which point I think I woke up desperately in need for the toilet. So I went, and was able to get back to my dream afterwards.

I remember then being my normal self and visiting the kid in his room. At that point we discussed stuff, I was asking him about his life, but nothing came out of this discussion, I learned very little. All I knew at that point was that I had dreams of being that kid, I told him so, that somehow we were connected. A bit later I was the kid again in the corner of the court yard, I was looking on the outside of the fence at my old house in Jonquière in Québec where I spent most of my childhood, and I cried everything there was to cry.

The prison or youth centre was located apparently in Jonquière in the North of Québec, in the region of Saguenay-Lac-St-Jean. It was on the corner street of Chemin Saint-André and another street I can't remember now, on the other corner used to be my old house located at 228 Chemin Saint-André. I lived there for only 3 months, it was right after we moved from Québec City to the North, and I celebrated my seventh birthday there. Which is why I thought that when I was kid in that story, I was 7 years old. I was looking at the house crying.

After that, as myself, I visited the kid again in his room. I asked him his name, which was my name slightly differently spelt. I can't remember what the Roland Michel was, but I clearly remember that Tremblay became Tremlez, or something like that. There was folder with his name written on it, I tried to read the name, but in a dream it always looks blurry, as if you could read anything. I forced myself to read it, to comprehend it, thinking that with just a little bit more concentration, one can actually succeed in reading stuff in dreams, and I was right, I was able to read the name, though now I can't remember much.

It was illuminating, that kid was me, but in an alternate history, what could have been me if somehow something had been different in my past. I asked him about his parents, after telling him that we were the same person or that he was perhaps my lost twin brother, and he told me that his mom (our mom) had left my dad when he was very young to go to Santa Maria near Montréal. Now, that is weird because I am pretty sure there are no town in Québec with Spanish names, and yet Montréal was clearly stated in my dream. All I could think of was that my mother never left me to go to Sante Fe or Santa Maria, for Montreal.

And so I returned back to this lobby hotel with my parents and my sister, this time many years had passed, and yet there was a still that famous contract to sign in front of each of us that we could not agree on signing years ago. They all signed their own contract, and just as I was about to sign mine, I asked my mother if she ever went to Santa Maria in Montréal when we were young. She said that she almost did, but ultimately decided against it, to remain with us. Then I asked her where was my twin brother? When I said that everyone freaked out, as if they knew something that I didn't, or perhaps it was surprise at such a crazy idea. My mom answered something, but I'm not sure what. I told them about this Rolan Mical Tremlez, or something like that, and I pronounced the last name as "tremlaise" and my father, a bit angrily, corrected me and said that the correct pronunciation of that name was "Tremlé", which sounds very much like Tremblay, our real name. So he had heard the name before, he knew how to spell and pronounce it. And then somehow I believe they told me that when my mother left for Santa Maria or Montréal, that kid was left alone and somehow at four years old committed a horrible crime like murder, just after she left. When I was 4, we lived in Québec City, and in my dream in that lobby hotel, it was as if we had never left Québec City, like we lived there all our lives. I told my mother how sorry I was that because she left, that kid did something horribly wrong, and now was in prison and had remained there for 36 years. I could read that on the cover of the folder I still had about his case, that now he was 47 or something, the age of my actual partner, and I am 34, I can't remember all this works out, but he had been in that prison for 36 years, and I believe he was now 43 or 47, whilst I could remember that I was 34.

But then, was he my twin brother, or my older brother that they never told me I had, or was he myself in an alternate history, a reality where my mom, his mom, left him and the rest of the family to go live in Montréal, never to be heard from again? I told them I was in communication with him, that I experienced what he did as a youth, that I even spoke to him whilst I was trying to figure it all out. And that now he was much older and spent his whole life in that prison.

This dream really reached out deeply in my subconscious mind, as if it was perhaps another reality I might have experienced if my parents had separated for good when I was young. As it turned out, they separated and got back together not long after three times, only to separate for good one year before I left for the University of Ottawa, and divorced officially a few years later. I never thought it affected me, I still don't think it affected me that badly, compared with my sister who claims it has traumatised her. If they had separated for good when I was still 7, and I remember a crisis in that house in Jonquière where my father broke a glass on the floor and left with the car, and we were all crying and my sister picked up the pieces saying that we would never see him again... I wonder what my life would have been then.

As for the youth prison, I work in a Crown Court at the moment and recently visited the cells of the Court, so that might have influenced my dream.

As for going back to that period in my region in the North of Québec, yesterday I was looking at old photos in a computer game, and I thought I had seen these photos before, and then I wondered if it was perhaps in a parallel world. I was so convinced of that *Déjà vu*, I even went to my own website to look at old photos of past history from the ghost town Val-Jalbert, just in case this is where I had seen these photos. I also looked at similar old photos on the Internet recently, about Australia, I wondered if those were the photos, but it was about diamond mines, and the photos in the game were about trees and paper mills, just like in my region. And as for the idea of alternate histories or realities, parallel worlds, maybe reading recently the *Men in the High Castle* by Philip K. Dick impressed me more than I thought. I am also very much right now into reading books on that very subject. And there, it creeps up in my dreams as if it

was part of my every day reality, to evolve alongside and communicate with myself and other people in other parallel universes.

All in all, this is fascinating stuff, I could rework that whole story and turn it in a great novel. It could be adapted into a short story for Anna Maria. Maybe the Santa Maria town near Montréal was a reference to Anna Maria. The subconscious mind in dreams work in mysterious ways, what a great world to evolve in, where there is no logic per say for anything that may happen, and where the laws of physics will never be a burden or an obstacle to anything. When the mind is capable of creating such worlds with such creativity night after night when you sleep, and that it never gets boring, you are never stuck working in a office day after day, or stuck with the same people at home who shout at you and render your life miserable, why would want to live at all? Why would there exist such a miserable reality when in our own mind an infinite amount of fantastic and fantasy worlds exist waiting to be lived? Why bother with reality indeed, when we could spend all day long dreaming instead, a reality that seems as real as the reality in its own right whenever we dream? If reality is as real as the dream world. And that reality has been dreamt up by someone else, perhaps a someone we call God, who somehow trapped us in this reality without being able to control our dreams, then perhaps there is no reason to continue to live in this reality. Perhaps we can live in a dream world, or create our own less boring and fastidious reality which let's face it, has nothing to offer anyone and will kill us all out of boredom in the end. If such a reality is only necessary in the first place to feed our dreams, provide a basis for what you can then go on and imagine in your own mind by extrapolation, then I could have thought of a better reality which much more happening every day, to nourish those dreams ever more. Something is horribly wrong with this reality, that most dreams are many times better. Though, I would want to dream spending 36 years in a prison, though at the moment I feel my reality is a prison and I have already been living it for 34 years. Escaping reality has always been my obsession and one day I will succeed, even if it is through my own death.

16 October 2007

When your reality is a highly boring routine, it is wonderful that your dreams can be so rich and bring you to so many places which seem very real, and yet, you don't leave your bed.

Unlike Freud I do not believe that all dreams are sexual in nature, though many are. Some are pleasurable and will still give me a hard on, some are indifferent and others are nightmares. I don't believe I have hard on for the latter, though I cannot verify this assertion.

Last night I had a very sexual dream. I was again at that beach house on the lake, I think on the South West of the Lake, there were many men and I may have had sex with a few, I remember one in the living room, I was penetrating him, and another one on a boat. He was standing close to me, with his erected large dick in his white trunk, and I couldn't resist sucking his dick. Later on my friend from New York had sex on the beach with his boyfriend whilst I watched. He said they were going to have sex, and I answered that it was all right, it was the beach, and that was what it was for.

But the best part of my dream came after. I spend what seems like a whole day with one guy, it was Luc, the perfect man in my mind, a kid I used to know when I was in high school. He was only wearing shorts with no top on, it was summer, I could see his semi-hairy legs, though I don't remember him being so hairy before. He carefully showed me his he house and the other buildings on his land, it was made of rocks and it modern and beautiful. We then sat on a picnic table or some sort of wood log, we talked though I can't remember about what. He seemed insistent. And suddenly we were transferred into a big city, I wouldn't say it was London, but in my mind I remember clearly thinking it was

Paddington Station in London. As if he had showed me where he lived and now I was to show him where I lived.

But then we were stuck there, there were many people, some sort of parade or festival or something, and we were trying to get away from there. We tried the Underground, but we felt we couldn't go out that way, we were considering walking, but then we would have had to walk a lot. And then my car was in the Underground car park, but there was snow everywhere and we couldn't go anywhere. I proposed to go and eat at Wagamama, a known restaurant in London, but it was closed (and there isn't a Wagamama at Paddington, neither is there one so close to a train station. I remember I had a hotel room for a few days, but I had left it on that day, and was wondering if I should go back for one more night. We were on a bridge over a river (which does not exist around Paddington, so maybe it was Waterloo we were at). And suddenly the dark sky filled with clouds cleared up under our eyes in less than 30 seconds. That would have been a clear sign it was a dream, I could told myself that, I even said in the dream: I have never seen a sky clear so quickly. And finally we could see the city, a big city, though it did not look like Central London viewed from the Thames.

We finally were walking in some underground tunnels, we were alone, and I asked him about the one time in our youth where we were taking showers in high school, this happened for real in my life, but I was asking him now in my dream. My mother had bought me these white underpants that were small and sexy, and they seemed to have been a big success with him, as he shouted in the dressing room: wow, you have very sexy underpants, when this is all I had on. He was naked and he took me in his arms and glued his dick on my ass, as to pretend having sex with me. I remember that my best friend beside was astonished, and laughed, and repeated quick loudly, hey, I can't believe it, do you believe it? I was embarrassed and quickly said: I know, as to terminate the conversation. Afterwards I quite thought a lot about it, it was quite nice, though the man was straight and had a long time girlfriend. He was always joking around, no doubt that was another joke. So I asked him about it in my dream, and it seemed to have had quite an impact on him. He suddenly said that for so any years, how come I was mistaken about him, that he never had a girlfriend. Not only that, he loved me for such a long time and we just never saw each other again after high school. I could barely believe it.

That's about it for the dream. On my way to work I wondered what it all meant if anything. Perhaps Luc is dead, who knows, no one would tell me if he was. I wonder if he would remember me today. There is a great chance I will see him again, when you come from a small region, eventually you meet everyone you knew in your childhood. However I spend very little time in my region in the North of Québec. I wonder what happened to him.

5 September 2008

I had the most fantastic dream this morning. A whole village, a weird one, as none of it made much sense. Perhaps a little city, since the centre town certainly had at least four to five storey buildings.

You have to marvel how, living in such a boring existence, the imagination as soon as you fall into sine sort of unconsciousness, wakes up and can create in your mind the most fantastic and believable world. I will not venture to say it was a past life, because too many elements of the dream are related to things I thought about recently. Like moving all alone to the adventure to the most northern point of Scotland and live there for a while. Also my desire to escape somewhere alone and build my own house, and insure I have everything I need to live there self-sufficiently up to toilets facilities and electricity. My thoughts were that I would have to invent solar panels and light bulbs myself, and yet have some sort of the most modern looking house I could build with my two

hands. Also conspiracy theories, the community trying to control you completely, your mind, what you have to do, every single minute that you are awake.

It was a nice little town filled with people dressed like in the 18th or 19th Century, could have been 17th. A strongly held together community depending on everyone to survive, since they had rejected our ways. And yet, they exploited tourism as a matter of fact and anyone from the real modern world was welcome to come in, take part, talk to any of them, to move there if they wanted to. And this is what I was considering, moving there, as perhaps the salvation I was hoping for, and so I was very curious, and I kept coming back to many of them to learn more about their existence.

They were living on a Point near the sea where the whole town was, to the West of either an island or more likely I thought a Continent. There were a few thousand of them. There were big boats, lots of trade I think, and many tourists. An middle age woman was showing me and some others around, telling us how they lived. Nearer the sea there was some little wooden houses or stalls for tourists, packed with the people from the village. And I kept being them with them there hoping to hear off the record stuff, but they never seemed to mind my presence, and they never said anything suspicious. Not sure if they were playing an act, I did not feel that way, I felt they were happy in the life they were leading.

The middle age woman showed me some sort of larger area with less elaborated stalls, and many people were busying themselves at production of needed stuff, and even children were pedalling on some contraption with some rolling kegs beside them, I thought they were either doing the washing or producing butter out of cream. It did not seem a chore, they looked happy doing it. They were very young, no more than 7 or 8. I asked her: you have not discovered electricity yet? Her answer was something like: these people really don't understand us. And then I said: ah, you know about electricity, you simply decided to live without it. I am not even certain now if my assessment was true. Considering they knew about television (I will mention it later), then it is likely they knew about electricity, even, they had it before, just like they had TVs.

I walked further into town, I found myself in a building, perhaps like a basement, well light, again light wood predominantly the stuff the walls were made, and there was a map of the Point, the area where they were living. It was written in French, though I felt they spoke English in my dream, British accent, I could not be sure though. It was said the French would take over the whole place, out root these people eventually, assimilate them all. It seemed though that it was to happen in a far future, they were not that worried about it, ignoring the threat, and I was not worried either, I was still assessing if I should move there.

Then a woman came to me on the street, showed me a old building, five storeys at least, Old British kind of architecture, like you can find in many places in Canada. At the front was some sort of big white cloud forming some sort of human face or something, and she was saying she was the ghost of the place, she used to be in the past. At the top of the building there was a darker blackish shadow of a man with a hat and beard, he was too beside us and was telling me he also was something in that building, but I can't remember what. In my mind this was all some form of simple entertainment for the town, a play like thing where people would go for fun, a theatre of some sort. And these people were actors, they were not dead, in retrospect, perhaps they were, perhaps everyone was actually dead in that town.

Then I saw what looked like a Church, and I could hear them pray. I was not going in, but I stopped myself and decided I needed to know more about their religion and beliefs. So I went in inconspicuously, the man at the door did not stop me. There were people sitting on benches, it was very cosy. Wooden lattices of dark brown wood made up the walls. A Priest of some sort was talking about God and other things, it sounded exactly like my own religion, Catholicism. I was surprised they had some sort of Christianity for religion. Then the Priest

went away and children, two young girls of 7 or 8 came on stage. They showed us nice props, laminated pictures well decorated, the kind of artisanal concoctions bored old people would produce when there is nothing else to do. And the young was asking why would need television, what was the importance of anything related to television. She was trying to convince us we did not need it.

But there was a crowd of teenagers in the crowd, and one of the girls was not pleased to hear it. She mentioned Gandhi, that it might be nice to watch a documentary about him, learning something about the world instead of dying in ignorance. I saw there the seed of revolution in the making, that eventually those kids would ask for more of this technology and knowledge, and they felt repressed living in that society.

The young girls on stage left, the one who had been speaking acknowledge that what she was talking about was all messed up and she had failed or destroyed the message, but she said with a smile, at least I made it look great, or something like that. She meant her props, how neatly it looked, all feminine kind of aesthetic, and she was pleased with that result. For her, nothing else was of importance, so her speech was certainly not coming from her own thoughts, it was brainwashing or propoganda in the making.

Though in my mind their ways were exactly what I felt I needed at that time in my life, a more simple life, suddenly I realised that this society was not for me. This is when I understood that a great brainwashing was going on, not a serious one, and yet, those children were not allowed to do anything and they were rebelling against it. And I felt then that this society was not worth it, I would not be happy there without freedom or the liberty to think whatever one needs to think and say. This is when I woke up.

Much more happened before all that I have just described, on the boat in the port when we arrived there, us modern people, but I can't remember anything about it now. In all it was a real peaceful dream and it refreshed me completely. I feel happy this morning, like I travelled far from here and experienced a whole new way of life, a nice little community, and I find it hard to understand how my mind can come up with these elaborate stories that even films cannot provide. And it is deep in thoughts and psychology, it is truly immersing. It is not the first time I dream things like that, but it is rare I get the chance to remember and write it down. I'm off work today, otherwise I would not have written it.

* * *

To be continued...

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