

## **Three Dreams**

### **Willis Harman**

In the first dream I am walking along over rough terrain, on the way to climb a high and rather forbidding mountain, the top of which is concealed by mist and clouds. It is clear that the ascent of this mountain symbolizes my whole life. Clambering over the rubble in front of me is not too daunting, but as I look ahead I see that my way is blocked by several cliffs that appear to be around ten feet high. Beyond those are some still higher cliffs, the farthest being perhaps hundreds of feet high. I have no idea how I will deal with those when I get to them, but meanwhile there seems nothing to do but forge ahead. However, although I didn't know notice it at first, I am growing in stature as I go along, so that by the time I finally reach the ten-foot cliffs I am tall enough that I can simply step up over them. The same with the hundred-foot cliffs.

In the second dream I am in a cafeteria. I take a tray, place it on the rails, and proceed to move down the food line. At the end of the line is a door. Somehow I realize that this also symbolizes my life, and the door at the end is what we call death. Behind the food line is a gigantic figure who is ladling out the food; I can't see his head, he towers so far above me. I notice that the persons in the line on either side of me have trays with large round holes in the middle, so that the food simply falls through the holes onto the floor. This seems to me a strange way to run a cafeteria, and I ask the food ladler about it. He replies that the food is available to everyone, and the choice of tray is optional; some people just choose the trays with holes.

In the third dream I am in a solo spaceship which has somehow become a derelict, destined to travel around the Earth for centuries. There is no way to deflect its orbit and manage a return to Earth. It is clear that I have only two choices. I can stay alive as long as possible, eventually run out of air, food, and water, and die a slow death. Or I can open the hatch and let the remaining air rush out, the cold come in, and have it all over within seconds. It is an agonizing decision, but I finally decide on the latter. I open the hatch and feel the air rushing past, and immediately find myself in a space which is not cold and black, but wonderfully illuminated and somehow 'loving'. I seem to be everywhere in this space, and nowhere in particular. I had never given the idea of heaven much thought, but this seems to fit. I feel intensely alive, supported in every sense, and totally content to stay here forever.

## **A Paranormal Event in October 1943: an Out-of-Body Experience**

### **Alan S.E. Bradfield**

After France in 1939-40, I was commissioned in the Artillery in 1941 and posted to 104 Field Battery, 30th Field Regiment RA (25 pounders) 4th British Division which was drafted to Algeria in 1943, where it fought the Tunisian campaign to link up with the 8th Army coming from the east. Then in the autumn we retired to Algeria to recoup. We had all the summer strictly observed anti-malarial precautions and in October the malarial season was supposed to be over. The *Anopheles* mosquito that bit me when I was vulnerably 'squatting' did not know that and injected the malarial parasite! Or so I found out later.

The symptoms are very similar to influenza only occurring in 48-hour cycles with a return to normal in between in the early stages. A new young MO had just joined us and knew less about malaria than I did. After a bout of fever I reported to him only to find a normal

temperature. When this happened twice he looked suspicious and I got very annoyed. So I waited until the bout after the next, by which time I had raging delirium, and then I summoned this doctor. He was clearly frightened then and bundled me off to the field hospital fast.

I remember the grey canvas and the dim light and feeling ghastly. I thought of my wife, Kathleen, at her mother's home in London where she was expecting our first child. Then I passed out. I have no recollection of hospital treatment, or recovery, or the return to my unit. I do remember her next letter in which she asked, 'Alan, what on earth is the matter with you?' This puzzled me as I could not understand how she knew anything was wrong. I replied to the effect that I had been ill but was all right now. I had to wait until we were reunited again at the end of the war before I heard her side of the story.

That same night when I passed out with delirium, she woke up to see me standing in the corner of the room. She switched the light on and there was no doubt about it; there was her Alan 'looking like death warmed up' as the old saying so aptly goes. I stayed for what seemed like a few minutes and then faded away. Now she 'knew' I was not dead because the previous year her elder brother had been shot down in flames and he had appeared to their mother enveloped in flames and calmly saying, 'Don't worry, mother, I have come home'. When she got the WO. telegram she knew what to expect. So Kathleen wondered what ever was the matter with me and wrote accordingly.

We were both rather shy about this remarkable episode. She because she feared ridicule and accusations of hallucinating, while I was ashamed of catching malaria and then of frightening my poor wife. It was a long time before the full significance dawned upon us and then we both took an interest in matters paranormal.

We kept no wartime letters and my dear wife died in 1991, so I cannot substantiate the story in any way, other than by reference to close family and friends to whom she and I told the story to when it was fresher in the mind than now, fifty-two years later. I have of course no reason to make it up, so despite my indifferent memory, let us assume that Kathleen was not hallucinating (After all why should she?) and consider possible 'explanations'.

One is that I sent a strong telepathic message to Kathleen who awoke as if telephoned and then objectified or externalized the thought form of her sick husband. This is rather complicated but at least would be evidence for telepathy.

Another simpler view is that there is some 'etheric body' which can detach from the physical body in rare conditions and is governed by mental and emotional connections, or dimensions, rather than material ones. In other words this essence of me was much closer to my wife than the body in hospital in Algeria. This is as if conscious minds belong to a world of their own which has its own mental dimensions and 'laws', and we use our brains to link us to the material world like video cameras.

### **The Future Accurately Foreseen**

#### **Aurele Prins**

I write to record the experience related to me by my late mother. My mother's father, from whom I got the name 'Aurele', went to India from Paris, because his sister was the wife of the French Consul, somewhere in southern India. My mother's father died while she was still in her early teens. She went out to work, met my father, married and settled with him in

Rangoon, where his work took him. She had six boys and a girl while in Rangoon. My late younger brother and I were born later in Calcutta. I am the only surviving member of this generation.

While watching some women collecting water from a nearby well, one of them looked up at my mother, smiled and told her that she would soon inherit money from a rich relation. She then told my mother that she would soon lose one of her children. My mother never saw the woman again. Knowing she had no rich relations she didn't take the incident seriously.

Shortly afterwards the French Authorities informed my mother that a brother of her late father had died suddenly in China. In accordance with French law his estate would be divided between his immediate relations. Her late father's share would be divided between his children. She began immediately to worry about the second part of the woman's message, but she could not trace the woman. Nobody knew her.

Shortly afterwards my father's work took them to Calcutta. During the sea voyage it was very hot at night so they all slept on the ship's deck. My mother found herself getting up repeatedly at night counting her children to make sure they were all still there. In Calcutta soon after one boy died. This all happened before WWI, before I was born (1917), yet my mother's experience has remained with me as clear as a bell and has puzzled me ever since.

Incidentally, if any of you should ever get the opportunity to visit Calcutta, you will find it very rewarding paying a visit to the East India Company Cemetery in lower Circular Road, near La Martinière College, 11 Loudon Street, Calcutta. As a boy I spent many a pleasant hour reading the inscriptions on the beautiful tombstones and old fashioned monuments. One in particular stands out. The tomb of Rose Aylmer in the central aisle a short distance from the entrance. In the days of the sailing ships it took months for mail to pass between the UK and India. Rose Aylmer had gone out to India with her parents. She died from some tropical infection soon after arrival.

Months later her friend, Walter Savage Landor, then an unknown poet, learnt of her death. Shattered by the news he wrote this poem, which made him famous overnight. It used to be in a little poetry book called *The Golden Treasury*(ed. F.T. Palgrave).

### **Rose Aylmer**

*Ah, what avails the sceptered race!  
Ah, what the form divine!*

*What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.*

*Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,*

*A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.*

The poem is inscribed on Rose Aylmer's tomb.

Right opposite the East India Company Cemetery is the French Cemetery of that time. I spent my boyhood days in Calcutta and was used to seeing 'impossible' things happen on the pavement, out in the open. I remember seeing a woman cover a boy with a thin muslin

cloth, cut off his covered head, show us the blood, separate the head from the body, replace the head, and remove the cloth to reveal a very much alive boy. I have stood by a basket into which a woman had squeezed. The woman appeared on the roof of a nearby house and the basket, around which we all stood, was empty. I saw a man on his head, steady as a rock for hours, outside the *Statesman* office.

I put all these incidents down to clever tricks, done by people who had something to gain from their efforts. The woman who forewarned my mother had no vested interest and never again entered my mother's life or anyone else's life. Truth is stranger than fiction! I still have a letter from the French Authorities advising my mother how she should claim her inheritance. I have never been back to India, so I do not know in what condition the two cemeteries are now.