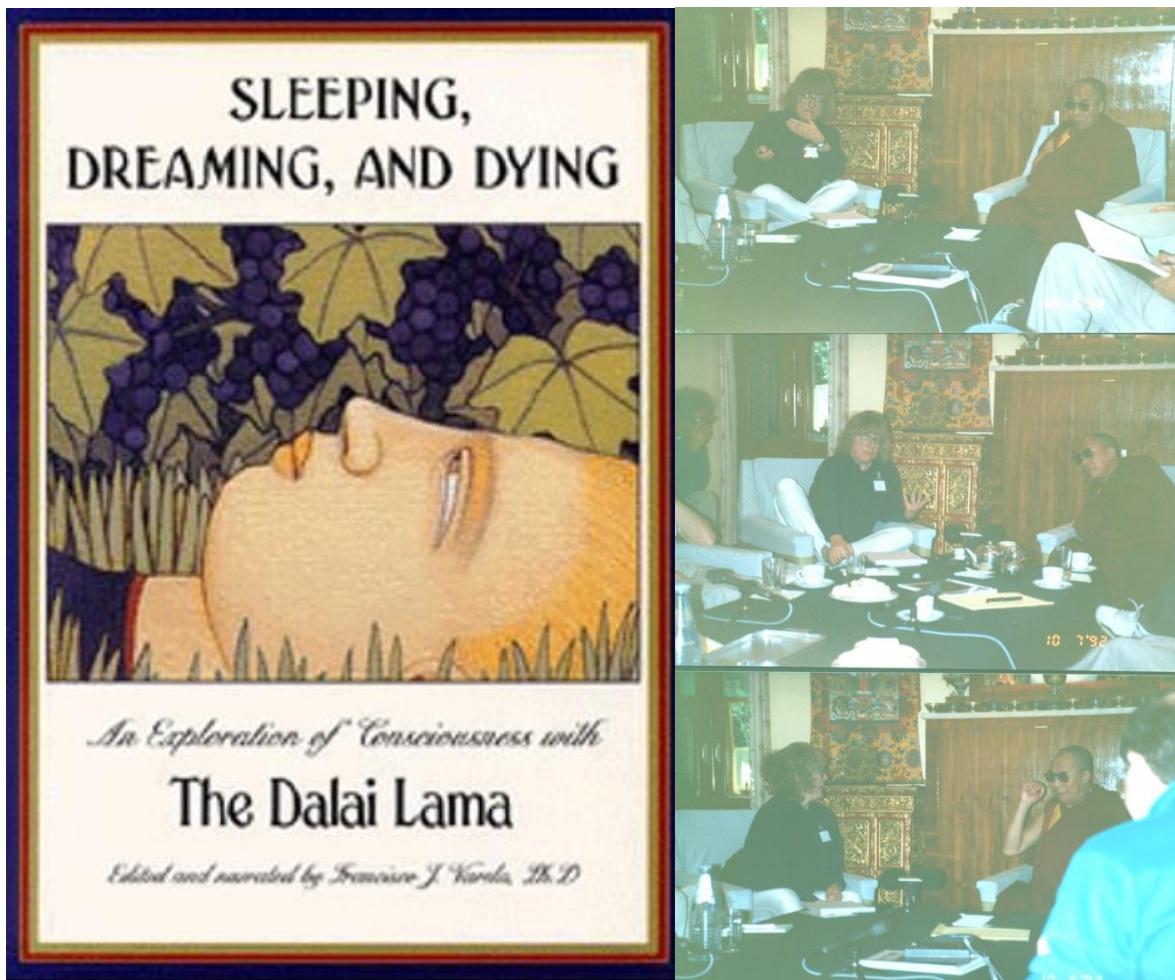


Dalai Lama Trip Notes from 1992 Personal Diaries

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In 1992 I was invited to present research on lucid dreaming to the Tibetan Dalai Lama by the Mind and Life Institute. The five-day meeting was with scientists talking about sleeping, dreaming and dying. The proceedings of that meeting were edited by the coordinator, Francisco Varela, and published in *Sleeping, Dreaming, and Dying: An Exploration of Consciousness with the Dalai Lama* (Varela, 2002). I recently wrote a summary of my notes from the meeting which appears in the Winter 2024 edition of *Dream Time* and can be found in Appendix A. In preparation for writing the article I read through my personal diaries from January to October of 1992.



Organization Summary

In this article are selected notes from these diaries. There were 668 pages of diaries with about 67,000 words. These selected notes are about a quarter of the notes taken that eventful year. The notes were read into a dictation software and lightly edited herein. The flow is sequential in time. There are some explanatory asides but not a lot. Thus, this record is a much more detailed account of the events leading up to my meeting with the Dalai Lama, the days of the meeting and the days immediately afterward.

In addition to being in chronological order the dates are highlighted in blue. There are subheads throughout which are listed and linked to below in three sections: before the trip, during the trip, and after the trip. While most of this is direct quotes from the diaries, they are not in quotation marks. There are some asides to give context as I was recording the notes. All dreams are indented. A Jungian analysis of several key dreams while in India is provided in the appendix.

The major “characters” in my life this year are my family (mom, sister Leslie, children Trina and Teace, husband Tom, dog Poppins), friends/colleagues (Sylvia, Millie, Sherry, Bear Woman, Crow Woman, Raven Woman, Skip, Robert, Don, Russ, Harry, Steve), Dalai Lama meeting colleagues (Francisco, Adam, Joan, Joyce, Bob, Charles, Tupu).

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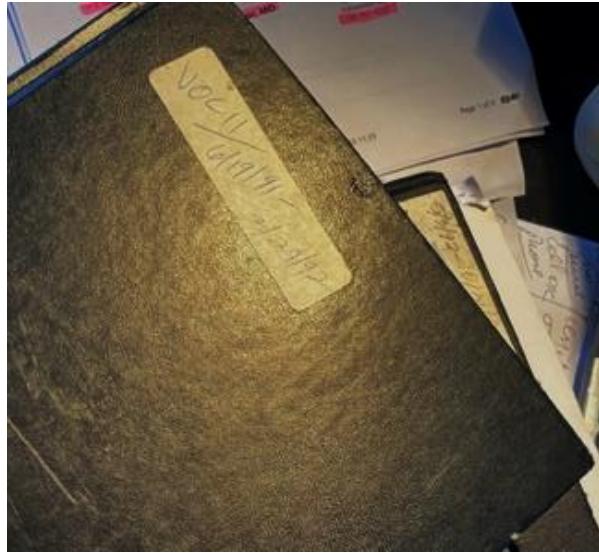
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I. Before the Trip



[January 3, 1992](#), is my first entry in the 1992 diary series and it was a dream. Its not particularly noteworthy. The next entry is later that same day, and it talks about the early contact with Milly. The aboriginal friend who I was involved with as she was dying. She died shortly after I returned from the trip to see the Dalai Lama. This entry is at night the end of the day on [January 3](#). I wrote, the universe cluster today, so I'll noted number one. I got the solution to Teace's school, homeschooling with a gradual introduction to public systems. Number two was about a Bear Woman planning meeting. The first one went OK. Number three Millie wants to see me individually for Dream work. Number four, I got another teaching job starting next week. Number five Trina and Teace blew up at each other and us with several telling truths. Number six mom calls to say my cousin was beaten so badly she had to be hospitalized. These are in the order that they happened.

The Day of the Invitation

The next entry is the date of the actual invitation to see the Dalai Lama which was about 10 days later. I received the invitation from Francisco Varela on [January 15, 1992](#), at 10:15 am. I wrote I got invited to go to India to talk with the Dalai Lama about lucid dreaming along with five others on sleeping dreaming and death. Quite an honour they pay! I'm amazed and obsessing like mad. Then the dream I had that night was right after the invitation.

Dreamt I was with Leslie, and I was to meet Barbara who was a book editor. Les and I were at a table. I got up to look for Barb and found her in the crowd ... we shook hands and went to table, and I told Barb that the book sent her was written by Leslie. She said how good it was an even though it had not sold well and talked of style. I was proud. We both did books. Then I was with a bunch of people who were to sit in a circle at a meeting and we were trying to get the right kinds of chairs in the circle. I recall how we walked off from the restaurant with Leslie and Barbora And then I was with a blind woman and concerned about how she would get downstairs to the desks in the area of the meeting circle. We had a white plastic stick and were all in black long robes like bobby

pins ... Then back to getting the circle right. We put desks with writing surface at the left in a circle, but I'm concerned that they tip with drinks on them, and somehow tied to a blind woman and then chairs in an oval of a circle and one at the head. It's empty for me and its red material and no desk and a bit of everyone getting robes on and they brown satin like Teace's Robin Hood shirt. I had one rough edges in there and then I didn't, and I was looking for one and saw one on the stage that was in the room. I got it and put it on, and it was nicer than the one I had had on. I figured it was someone else's, but only one I could find it had off-white, edging around the neckline with designs on it, and one was an orange half moon. I went with it to the oval, which was now on the back of a flat truck, a kind of big truck, but all the adults are hanging off the side, watching children dancing on the truck bed ... hanging onto black handle to see sort of hard to do. T

Then I dreamt of a dream class and all but one of the participants, about seven, had been in research projects of mine in the past and I had tested them, and I asked one who she was. Half the class were empty seats.

This is a quick analysis from the perspective of 30 years later. It's interesting the whole dream was about people in a circle dressing and robes, including the colour orange, which would be my fantasy. If I was meeting with the Dalai Lama, it would be that there were people in orange robes at the meeting and we were sitting in a circle. Indeed, at the actual meeting we sat on facing long sofas in the Dalai Lama, sitting at the head with a table in between us, and then people standing at the back, so it was kind of like a circle. And of course, the dream pulled in issues around my sister, my children, and usual things that pepper my life.

This year I had deepen my connection to the Central Alberta Cree through my friendship with Sylvia Greenaway, whose sister Millie was diagnosed with uterine cancer. Throughout the year, which was her last year of life, I was on and off in her life. For instance, this connection gave an opportunity for Tom and I to experience a sweat lodge and I have a entry are on the [January 19](#) saying that tom and I experienced our first sweat today. It was neat at first, I felt a little antsy, like I used to in church, but the experience of the sweat itself was nice. The heat was unbelievable, but the sweat was nice. I got used to the heat after some initial fear of my body ... but it was OK. I could tolerate it and when it was done, I felt so clean. It was amazing. I thought I'd feel sticky.

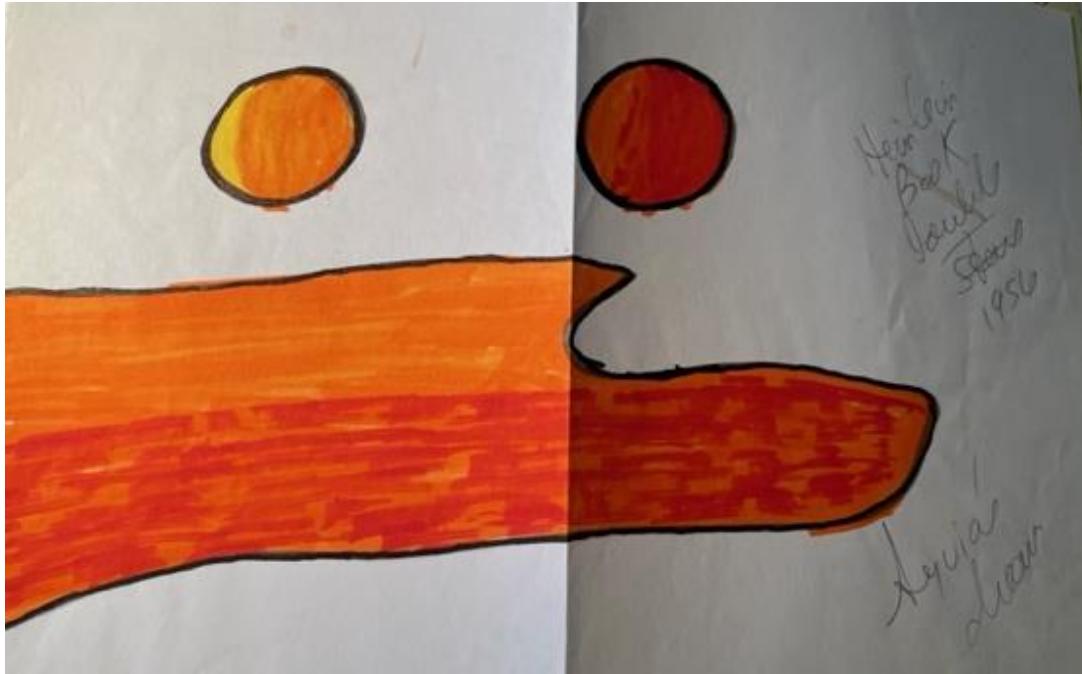
Then on [January 21, 1992](#) I received a fax about the Dalai Lama trip and I wrote in my diary fax came about Dalai Lama trip today. I got scared at first and then I was OK especially in contrast to my feelings of inadequacy with family and as a analyst, keep thinking meditate and then I told mom and she laughed and said "sure the Dalai Lama wants to talk to Jayne Gackenbach" I'm so tickled by her response. In someway it's so on the money in terms of my own disbelief and sense of ordinariness if it comes to pass. I hope we can both be OK with it. Her response is really the right one. It's funny "who do you think you are" brings me down to a nice comfy place of ordinariness. Mother, you'll never know how much your laughter helped.

That entry brought tears to my eyes because she's now passed away and it was two years ago today ([Oct 14, 2023](#)). This is a two-year anniversary of her death. It was a complicated

relationship. I'm glad of these moments of appreciating her shoot from the hip kind of honesty. I'm so glad that I had it even 35 years ago.

A Dream for Jayne from my Aboriginal Friend

The next entry that I picked out to highlight is another one about my aboriginal contact and it's from the very last day in January. It came with a picture drawn by Sylvia Greenaway, my Central Alberta Cree friend, dream worker and dreamer for her reserve. Sylvia had a dream and in the dream, she was told that it was for Jayne. The notes read that the sketch was from Sylvia. It was of two moons or suns, east and west. East was a good part and was orange and west was orangey red. Beneath it was a rock ledge, which pointed with a short point and a second one bridging out longer with a solid foundation. She explained that the solid grounding from the voice was important. She felt all were important and said "as I looked at add to the sun, I felt warmth. The voice said for Jayne and dreams". She made the sketch, all the outlined in Black below.



Warning of Ego Inflation

Picking up on the quote from my mother from a few days earlier about how I needed to watch my ego inflation, on [February 2](#) late at night I wrote in my journal Tom says "you're going to talk to the damn Dalai Lama you're not the Dalai Lama and I wrote "wonderful" with an exclamation mark. Again, I was appreciating those closest to me, pointing out that my ego was getting out of hand about it.

Brain Explosion Experience

Then on [February 19](#) I wrote I had an experience in sleep. I really hesitate to call it a dream. My brain exploded and I thought I'm having a stroke and I'm dying. I woke or changed states of consciousness and I was very startled that I was OK and here and not there. Then I dreamt:

I knew I'd had the stroke, and my left eye was very puffy underneath. The dentist took a needle to take out the pus and it didn't hurt, but I was aware of it.

I gather it happened at 2 o'clock in the morning because I have a little clipping about how 2 AM is a time when strange things can happen. In any case later I wrote I've been a bit frightened or disconcerted by the head experience dream all day. It's like it happened at one point I even wondered if I was dead I just recalled another dream.

Sitting around a lake with others along the shore, lady with naked white baby on her lap. This before the needle, I thought, can you see the child's genitals, a girl.

Skip Alexander, TM Scientist, Call about Witnessing Sleep/Dreams

Then on [March 1, 1992](#), I wrote in my journal about a call I received from Skip Alexander. My closest colleagues among the TV scientists in Iowa. Skip and TM played somewhat of a role in my trip to the Dalai Lama. I wrote skip called and I noted various cosmic connections. A lady read my book and thought it was Stephen's and loves mine. The lady wants elders to learn TM in Alberta. Charlie Spielberger is on Skips grant. He was the major professor of my second husband, small world. Skip tried to set up a Deepak meeting. Just prior to these notes I wrote that I had woken up in the middle of the night obsessing about TM and then witnessing. I wanted to present witnessing in my talk. So then Skip called later that day and seemed to be in concert with my own thinking about what I would talk about regarding TM and witnessing sleep/dreams.

Family Concerns

Another theme in these diaries are of course my concerns with my children leading up to my ex and I separating about two weeks before I left for the Dalai Lama trip in October. The diary was filled with my concerns about my children all that year. For instance, we had taken our son out of a Waldorf school as it was a very bad experience for him. I was homeschooling him in order to transfer him to public schools beginning on [March 3, 1992](#). I noted that Teace stayed in his bed all night for the first time in months. I had another experience of hearing him calling "mom" which was louder than last time. It startled me awake and I fully expected to see Teace next to the bed, but I didn't. This was one of a whole series of experiences in the hypnagogic state or hypnopompic state, where I hear him psychically or imaginarily calling out for me in need. He was eight years old at the time. I dreamt:

The man who I cared about sitting with his back to me, and I rubbed his back and ran my fingers through his shoulder length thick black hair. Also dreamt that I told Tom I wanted to divorce, and I wanted to be cared for somewhere in my life and I was furious with him.

This wasn't the first notion of divorce in my mind. Marriages are after all up and down. There was a progression through the year that eventually ended up with our formally separating in October. This is one of the early moments.

Various Dreams about Work, Family and Forthcoming Trip

The next entry in my diary is from [March 14](#) and I labeled it as a lucid/witnessing dream. It's about the invitation. I woke at 2:30 in the morning worried about the Teace whispering thing and about Sylvia until about 4:30 am. I still couldn't sleep so I meditated then I fell asleep I dreamt:

I was flying on some thing or some thing about seeing sentences words and flying toward them and thinking this can't be I must be dreaming. I thought well that's nice very ordinary no woozy doozy, dizzy, and then either I flew to or looked around or at these deceptive shovels, I guess. I was in a void grade cloud edge, but it seemed to be water, which I dove into it steps and went full circle to come out. Then I was in this room with stone relief sculptures along the walls and I still knew I was dreaming, and I was fascinated by them throughout this early part. I was in me, my body and easily aware it was a dream. In fact, I commented at how easy it was to keep lucidity, and then someone came up to me and suggested I takeoff my clothes, but I still knew it was a dream and said so. Now I was watching the scene from above into the side and I watched me say to others that sex will arouse me and probably wake me up, and I watched me unzip my outfit, long zipper down back the me I watched was younger, thin, small blonde hair straight to below the ears. Then the clothes came off one I watched an orgasm and the I who watched was again in the me and I thought I woke but awake later and realized it was a false awakening. In the false awakening I wrote the dream down and kept rehearsing it but got interrupted and then I really awoke, and I recalled it all but since then I'm missing pieces.

Then on [March 20, 1992](#), I had it this dream. Apparently, it was spring solstice and a full moon. I dreamt:

I was in a house staying with him and Skip was there. He was teasing me that maybe he'd get a message in his meditation from my guru. Mine was Maharishi whereas his was someone else. I asked him what kind of message he expected, and he said something later while he meditated. I went to where he was sitting and took a head of a cauliflower. It was white with much of the stem broken off to eat. I walked into an adjoining room, and a child, a young boy, was colouring on the floor. There was stuff all over the floor. I thought it was a mess and I told him to be sure to pick up his Crayons etc. I think before this I left my room and looked for the bathroom and I saw that next to it was a sitting room. In another segment I was with Don Kuiken and someone else and they each told me that they wanted to drink the next morning. Don was ambivalent so I got their drinks and put each in a paper bag. Don said he didn't want it and I said it's for him anyway, coffee with cream and he said OK and drank it, still saying he didn't want it. Also, in this part a bit about my needing to get a ride someplace to pick up a rental car and Leslie and Mason and the kids show up and we all pile in the Volvo and I go to put Poppins in the far back and I see Mason at the wheel so I get off. I thought I'd get into the far back. At

some point I realize that I don't need to go to another place in the car. And I'm digging in a wallet for a receipt. I have it and say the year it's good it's 92 and it was two parts but no one else has a ticket for this place.

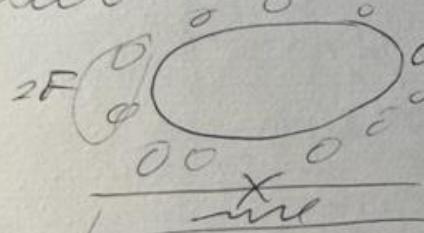
I had this dream while I was at a workshop with Sylvia Greenaway at Cold Lake about dreams.

Then on [March 23](#), I recorded some nightmares and apparently both about my work with the Cree and the Dalai Lama visit. so I wrote down the two nightmares:

In the first one I was at Bear Woman in a back room, talking to a young native man. I asked him if I just hung around Bear Woman more would I get drop-in clients and he didn't know. He started telling me about dreams and how they are related to death, and I said I know the Tibetans think that as well then I told him of how they think dreams are death and I thought to myself that's not quite right more like similar to or alike or to prepare for death. Then I told him I am going to the Dalai Lama to tell him of my work. Then I went to the front reception area to find my schedule to see if I had any clients. I stopped at a side room, a chemistry lab, and took off part of my clothes. I had to hold the coat closed ... in the reception area was lots of old people, milling around and sitting on the edge of the table. Three old men in the closet were scheduled. I asked them could I look in here a minute and they moved. Each had a small pillow they were sitting on, and I saw them on the floor. I couldn't find it. Then Sherry came in dressed in a costume, and I asked her if I had any appointments, and I started to cry that there is simply no work and she was very compassionate and looked at the bulletin boards for my schedule and I'm not sure if this followed but then I was outside and I thought I'd go to the university student union building and get an ice cream sundae and how close to my house it was. Later dreamt I had been out and when I got back Tom told me Jill was going to sleep over as she was sick, and I got really angry at him for supposing it was OK. Then Tom and she were on the front porch and it's dark and I come out from the corner and grab her by the back of the hair and scream and yell at them and say why not go with her when they get back and I'll be gone with the kids and I kiss him despite loving her for four years.

On [March 27, 1992](#), I had a dream about the Dalai Lama trip again. This is months ahead of my travel time:

I wrote I dreamt I arrived in India, and I was the last one to get there. Everyone was seated around an oval table and all men and three women, maybe 10 all together with the man at the head, who was Tibetan. I went in and sat on a stone wall. I drew a sketch (see below) There is a Tibetan, but I have been parentheses "not the Dalai Lama". Everyone's dressed formally, suits and dresses. There was a space in the table, but no chair and they were deep in discussing some thing physiological and I thought oh grown what will I have to say about this at all?

all men and 3 women - maybe
 together - with a man @ the
 who was T'kestan - went
 sat on a wall -
 28  everyone
 (not Dali dressed
 (Jama) formerly
 (suit/dresses
 we was a space in the table but
 air - they were legs in
 and something physiological
 what will have

I also figured my stuff would shake them up. The women and men were pretty thin and very professional. The men distant, cool, and also professional. I like the guy at the head of the table in a suit with black hair. Then the meeting broke up shortly after I arrived, and we all filed out. They had cabs to take us where we were going. I had to come in a rental car or cab. The driver said they would take care of our cars and bring stuff to our hotel. I had to give them a key and license plate. I didn't recall it, but told them the car was white, and I figured they'd find it when the key worked. ... They tell me that they pay all. I say even clean up mess. Then me with three women introducing ourselves outside of the cab only me and Janet McDougall, the psychiatrist, gave first and last names. The others only gave first names. I liked her immediately as she's not so impeccably groomed; frizzy shoulder length black hair she and other two females got into the back of the cab. There was not room for me and so I had to go around and get in front, and I felt awkward preferring to stay in the back. Janet said her dad had to also come with her and was concerned that he was behind them.

This dream was interesting because it was fairly accurate about my needing to stay in the background feeling not quite that I fit in and liking Janet or Joyce McDougall quite a bit, which I actually did later on.

More talks with Skip about Lucidity/Witnessing

The last entry in this first of three volumes is talking with Skip about lucidity/witnessing. This is dated [March 27](#). I wrote, I had a long talk with Skip about lucidity/witnessing, he pointed out that it is a still point where the intellect is engaged but is an observer. Sometimes one is in the dream as an observer, in others out of it. One observes the lucid dream with a stillness within, and relationships become harmonious. I'm so fortunate to know him, and he is willing to teach me. He still loses me from time to time, but I'm getting it more and more that I just have to get deeper into my practice. Oh dear, how much of this is a drug? I hate that and hope I can use the drug to purify myself with my practice. It's the first time in years that Skip, and I really talked like we used to. In some ways I feel closer to him than ever. His point of energy is not sexual, it is so true. It helps me with my struggle with various other people to let go of that energy. I have a lot, but clearly a lot is still there not dominating me anymore ... Skip is also the only one who has a vision about my Dalai Lama trip. The same one as me.

Emotional Reactions to Forthcoming Trip

On [April 1](#) I wrote about the list of characters for the India trip as the credentials arrived today and blew me away. I was so scared I cried, then recognized I don't have to go and felt some relief and decided I wanted to go but I can't even try to keep up with the biologists. I just need to stay with where I'm at.

Then on [April 3](#) I wrote about a workshop I've been giving at Poundmaker's, the native healing centre in St Albert. I wrote, good day at Poundmaker's. The universe sped up yet again, more native connections. I'm just barely catching up. There is something going on. Got a flash on why seventh sign movie meant so much to me. I feel like her with this India trip, ordinary person in extraordinary circumstances.

On [April 13](#) I wrote I heard Teace inside my head in a loud whisper say "mom I wanted inside the picture". Then "mom", I woke with the start and that woke Tom.

Later in the day I wrote about some articles I had read and some feelings that I had about Steve and his attitudes towards lucid dreams, and non-lucid dreams. I won't quote those here, but I do go on to say really Steve should have gone to India. He's the Tibetan Buddhist one and the physiologist, so why did Varela and or the universe pick me? I guess TM, may be the native connections. I am discouraged, not devastated. Certainly, as I used to be just discouraged yet it's good to see my buttons push just when I'm feeling so detached and calm ho-hum gets me clearer on how ego invested, I am in the Dalai Lama trip. (NOTE: I found out at the meeting that the reason I was asked was I was a female and they thought Steve was too commercial.)

Just spoke to my sister, who told me that the Dalai Lama visit lost its credibility with the Buddhist monk at the end. Oh, my how wonderful to have her attitude so down to earth if narrow at times. It's OK I get a giggle out of her framework.

Dalai Lama Trip Anticipatory Dream

Then on [April 28](#) I record a couple of dreams that seem to be related to the trip. The first one dreamt:

I was with TM people, and I asked if there was a place to gather to meditate and they said no not at my level at least, then later in the sleep cycle dreamt I went to the library to look for stuff for the Dalai Lama trip and walked by a guy who recognized me and called out. It was Adam Engel. He was tall, well-built, light brown straight hair, 5 inches long all over his head to his ears the nape of the neck he said he had acne as a kid. He said he lived here, and I said, I thought you lived all over the world and he said he does. His wife and he are going to college here. He had two kids, boys. I start to talk to him about lucid dreaming. He explained the Buddhist understanding. The emphasis in Buddhism is very different than in contemporary dream work. They are not concerned with should you learn or what to do. He told me about a book on dream yoga that I've never heard of. I wrote down the title and I said I'd have to get it and I said I wanted to ask him some thing about the trip. I said I felt inadequate and a bit about other sciences. When the readings got to me that would help. I had been sitting at the foot of his chaise lounge where he was working and eating pizza and I was now sitting on the floor. I said me and Dalai Lama also OK as I figure he's got to be a nice guy and I'd read his autobiography and he's so nicely grounded. I struggled for the right word I said, I have some anxiety/doubt in the spiritual realm that seem to turn him right off. Later I commented nice how he lives as he can move with his wife when she gets a job. He said yes that's nice and unusual, and I said not so much and how Tom had moved twice for me and I left. There was some pain in this conversation. He told me he was a Doctor and I assumed he meant an MD.

Continued Family Problems

Then a later dream that night three points to my concerns about my daughter I dreamt:

Trina was back talking to me, and I realized I had to stop her and I grabbed her and she fought back and we got into a brawl and started hitting and spitting at each other. I am screaming at her and I said you want to know what the real world is like I was furious as was she. At another point another child but her I saw sleeping on a bed with rumpled covers.

I wrote it written [May 13](#). Mother broke her ankle at 3:30 PM. Later than I wrote it's a bad break she'll be here for at least another six weeks. She's scared. 30 years ago, this was her first broken bone so she it was frightening for her. Leslie was an ass it hurts mom, but she's strong character if not of body.

Then on [May 14, 1992](#), I dreamt:

I was in India with Trina along a dirt road path that wide enough for road puddles in it. Here and there were Indian people spaced out. I told Trina this is what roads are like in India. They seem to be outside a city in the country but could see the city in the

background so still close. I saw some bike tracks in slightly damp places in the dirt path and I said maybe I could ride a bike but as I looked at the people, I realize that I'd have to get off the path and ride in the grass frequently. So many of them if spaced. Still, they kept coming, so I figured I'd have to walk with a pack.

This dream seems to capture the dual issues I was coping with my daughter and anxiety about the trip to India.

My 46th Birthday after being born in 1946

Then on my birthday [May 24, 1992](#), I wrote, exactly 46 years since my birth and I was born in 1946, which was during a 100-year flood and mom just barely made it to the hospital before it flooded and couldn't get there. Last year on my birthday night I dreamt of Poppins attacking Teace and I froze it first and couldn't rescue him but then did. Now Poppins is here in the basement with me. She came after I gave her food and her 2 AM shots. At 8:30 in the morning I recorded another dream:

dreamt I was pregnant and so was this other woman, and we both went into delivery at the same time, and then I was out of delivery did not recall the birth, and I didn't know which of the two babies was mine They were in a white suitcase. Each was complete and more like little people, not size distortions of babies, but they were babies they were bigger than the seven-crib dream. Anyway, there was a brown-haired baby and a blonde baby. The other lady said mine was the blonde and I went and picked it up but first I started to make formula, and then I recalled I should nurse, so I picked it up and at some point it became a cat. I was unsure about putting it to my breast. Didn't know if it would suckle, and it did sort of.

Also dreamt I was on a path along side of a steep cliff with several people, although there was a guard rail, I was nervous on it. Finally, we came to clearing away from the edge and a long sidewalk to the higher road, which was safer I wanted to go up to it.

Daughter Starts Menstruation

On [June 9](#) I wrote my dearest daughter, started her period today she woke up with blood on her pants and didn't tell me because Teace was here. She didn't tell anyone in school. She tried one of my pads but found it too big, so she used toilet paper all day. She had cramps but a light flow. It feels so special to me that she's begun, and I told her so she and I and grandma went to the mall and had a nice dinner shopped and dessert. She wouldn't let me tell mother. I don't really blame her, and she was embarrassed to see her dad after I told him.

On [June 16](#) I wrote today mom leaves Tom and I not getting along a lot because of space I'm in so work focussed.

Then on [June 25, 1992](#), I was at the annual meeting of the International Association for the Study of Dreams, and that was my daughter's birthday. I often would be gone on her birthday, because

often the ASD conferences were on her birthday, and that became a tender point. I wrote up since 4 AM good hug with Steve like the old ones but tighter somehow closer than we talked.

dreamt of two houses and two cars and once it was mine, and someone said, I love Steve, and I got angry, and said no I don't another set another wife woman of his

Personal Field Effects Speculation and Conference Reflections

On [June 29, 1992](#), I wrote I'm at Leslie's and going home tomorrow. There were too big earthquakes at four and 8 AM in LA on Sunday [6/28](#). There was a lot of rain today in San Francisco which is mega odd for this time of year. I will say this here and fully acknowledge that my sampling can be highly biased. Seems like when I travel there is often highly unusual weather or computer malfunctions or odd stuff a lot. I hear this is so odd or this never happens it's gotten, so think "Shit" when it occurs. It may be biased perception and maybe not as Harry would say.

I had a wonderful time with Harry at the IASD conference, what a dear clear man. Sharon says we are like two souls even look alike, and I guess we do we sure do think alike, except for one essential point which we debate no end that's about pure consciousness. Steve and I made a real attempt to make up deep hug when we saw each other and had too good talks. We had another hug when I told him I was sorry for the emotional barrage I done on him. The tide had turned at Sunday's Lucidity Association meeting. Not just me but lots of others calling for context in several ways so when we hug goodbye, he was cooler in brisker fashion. Too bad I feel for him. It's so scary to face our Demons which I've just begun to do. Andrew and even Darrell have grown, so we are aging. A friend joined our group at dinner, and Lynn walks in back in the entourage.

Sylvia was a hit in the conference. I'm not really sure why. I mean her talk and her stories were some I knew some not. Boy she wowed them; I think because of the mystique of Nativeness and her own very sweet nature. In any case, it helped me see her in a new light and watching her response was a delight. She stayed true to herself throughout with lots of wisdom like saying next year, we won't be a novelty. She won't talk then, if again, it really scared her. I sure learned a lot about who she is and she had a lovely dream of us walking the red path together. She also invited me to some stuff I haven't been to before.

Some Transpersonal Experiences

Then on [July 8](#) I wrote at two-ish I was awake trying to get back to sleep when I saw Teace at the foot of the bed call "mom" before the second mom I startled awake and expected he was alongside the bed. He was nowhere. I saw a yellow cloud like form. He had on for real yellow and white pajamas.

On [July 14](#) I wrote at 4:15 to 4:30 PM today I had a big kundalini rush tush left foot and then left hand. Vestibular disorientation with slight throbbing. Hard to verbalize like that summer of 1988.

Then on [July 24](#) I wrote at 4 AM I was dreaming:

or thinking mostly about talking to the benefactors on the way to India about getting TM and something together and I was getting excited. I heard Jim in my head say Jeannie should stop me. I knew he was right that I shouldn't push these people.

More Preparatory Talks with Colleagues

And then at 10:30 PM, I wrote a Bob Cranston called. Thank God he's willing to help me sort this out he'll read some stuff and talk to me. It's more important that a Mongolian Buddhist Lama has been with Maharishi for the last month. Now Maharishi is saying nice things about Buddhism ..., so yeah coming together and nature supporting this dialogue.

On [July 29](#) I wrote yesterday was a watershed moment. I spoke to Steve for two hours on the phone in the middle of the night. Slept at three up at four I took Trina to the airport. A fax from Varella. He says the Dalai Lama would love to see the gadget. The gadget is Steve's mask to help elicit, lucid dreams. I tried to make some arrangements to get it, but it never gelled, but Steve was able to get someone else to bring it with him to the meeting and to show it to the Dalai Lama.

Central Alberta Cree Summer Ceremony

On [August 1](#) I wrote I'm in the Rockies with Sylvia and her family at a fast and summer ceremony. Lots has happened before in this place. I meditated from 3 to 4 AM dreamt:

I was with a man and his sister, and I was really angry at them, and I was screaming at them that they desired each other, and they said I was crazy. They kept at it and they tried to walk off downstairs and I yelled at the sister about how she had held her brothers penis and she can't do that that brothers and sisters can't make love then she admitted that she had talked a lot about sex with her kids. Two boys turned out I was right about she and the man, and she admitted it. Her little boy, who is my little boy was angry with me, and I knelt down and realize that he had been abused by her who was suddenly calm and caring about him and asked him why he was angry with me about what she had done and that I loved him and so we hugged and strong feelings of love.

Then on [August 4](#) I wrote two days of mind blown about attending the summer ceremony. I dreamt:

I was in a farmhouse, old two-story, white with Tom and the kids. I'm pointing to that this summer ceremony I attended and how I was really mind blown for me both culturally and personally.

I've never been that close to something so purely aboriginal as that experience was and it set the stage in part for the eventual ending of my marriage.

One of the emotionally significant experiences I had leading up to, and immediately after the Dalai Lama trip was with a native friend, Sylvia's sister Millie. She was dying of uterine cancer. In one of my evenings with her dated [August 20, 1992](#), I wrote, I had a magnificent evening with

Milly with a new form of intimacy. It was so close, but not sexual but lots of touching. She is a wonderful woman.

Marriage Ends

Then an entry dated [September 5, 1992](#) I wrote Tom and I separated on September 2 this time for good. We stayed together for a little while and then home on [9 September](#). I wrote today. We tell the kids I'm moving out this weekend and/or they are in part. Tom said he was thinking of harming me, so he knew he was in bad shape. It was not a threat really but a statement of perception of pain. It went so easy finding a place to live. There was lots of support of nature. It's also strange, I'm spacey. I also start teaching at Yellowhead Tribal College. On September 12 I wrote kids left with Tom yesterday. I'm moving this weekend. Trina is very angry. Teace simply wants to be with me. I slept in Teace's bed and dreamt:

I was in the country like Pennsylvania with a big horse farm with big white rich house on it to my left. Also, unbelievably wealthy. To the right is a bunch of people writing English style, hunter jumper. I didn't belong there but was fascinated by it all. The horse came up and reared up on hind legs with the rider. It was magnificent and powerful and not the least frightening and then I turned to go and walked around a ring downhill on a bike. I wondered at the footing on the hill, someone behind me on a horse and a few animals in front, and I think of how all would get by.

II. During the Trip

So then on September 30, almost 3 weeks after I moved out, I wrote about being on the flight to India.

Flight to India

[September 30](#) over the Pacific on my way to Hong Kong and then India. I'm tired as I only had three hours of sleep. ... I'm on my way to India a colleague cancelled last night now I am the only scientist who knows the science of the whole conference. I'm limited in knowledge but central in position. I carry books and a message from Maharishi for the Dalai Lama. I feel so distant from this very much like a mailman. There is little of me in all of this, and I'd prefer to be home. It's so painful there with the kids. And it's good to have a break. The texture of this meeting has gone from science so I'm far from science. I just had a long talk with Adam and got him interested in reading Maharishi Effect stuff, we will talk more. He seems to get that this could be a good thing. I guess it's all understated, which frankly is good.

Delhi Hotel

On [October 2](#) I wrote, well I'm in Delhi in the hotel. My clothes didn't make it but the box with the books for the Dalai Lama from Maharishi did make it. I dreamt:

I dreamt I was with a Tibetan in a hallway on the second floor. He was dressed in some kind of regalia. He and I were getting along well and sort of playing, we were going to do

a somersault together down some stairs we hooked together and started. We did the first flip OK and then I spotted how far it was down the stairs and let go and landed on my feet on the steps, and he was able to recover fast enough to continue rolling downstairs and landing OK at the bottom. My kids were on the steps, and I told them to watch out for the monk as he rolled by them.

Then I dreamt I was in a room upstairs. Both dreams seemed like a hotel. It was a big room with a high ceiling, and I was preparing to go downstairs. I heard John Moritz in his small room next to mine, and as I walked out [he was] with a woman he was going to make love to. They were sort of laying out ground rules for it. The sexual verbal repartee. It slightly saddened me but not a lot. I went to the living room area intending to watch a movie. Several people were there and watching a baseball game. [They were] guys. Harry Hunt was there with 5 x 7 photos he'd taken of the group earlier. I was in the back row in each. And in looking at them, I realized that I had lost weight, but only to the point of where I had been. In other words, I didn't realize how much I gained. Then I went into the adjoining kitchen area and looked for food in the fridge and found a half of a tart of some sort. I nibbled on some then noticed on the counter lots of food half eaten covered. I had missed a feast of some sort, and I couldn't decide what to eat.

I continued on [October 2](#) about reflections on some of the people that I had met.

1. Adam Engel – Sharp, quick minded, business orientation, loves the Dalai Lama. Seems when talking about him he glows. Seems uncomfortable with Transcendental Meditation stuff. ... is willing if I asked to organize a Dalai Lama - Maharishi meeting and took Maharishi effect papers to look at. I had a conversation with Adam of how his kids don't fight or watch violence. It's a mind set again like the Waldorf School. I felt like my kids and parenting were not up to snuff. Oh well.
2. Mrs. Engel - Adam's wife, pert, cute, very sweet disposition, sort of Gidgit Personna. We talked for four hours in Hong Kong airport and sort of connected. She differentiates herself is Christian. I like her a lot.
3. Joan Halifax - just turned 50 looks great, very confident style, flip, openness, friendly, very caught up with Lawrence Rockefeller, and being a Buddhist priest which she does is teach Buddhism, her greeting to me was warm, but after a while a little cooler, I think I'm not so interesting to her as the Tibetan monk guy and then the same for everyone else we with she's nice to all but eyes light up around certain individuals. ... Her experience of natives is very different than mine. Hers in Central America. I felt a bit intimidated by her.
4. The Hershey's - He's anxious, but eager and refreshing to see someone not totally together :-). She's quiet, sweet, calmer than him. She gives off a feeling of approachable and unassuming.
5. Joyce McDougall – elderly, spicy, friendly, a bit uncomfortable, sense she would be quick to take over a setting. I guess she's real glad to meet me. She seems not new age perfect, my stuff I know. The "right attitude" of new age liberals intimidates me a bit.
6. the monk guy - a young sweet, unassuming, willing to talk but doesn't need to relate to the other Tibetans first. He thinks about luggage cart while others mull around, I

too noticed it and we move them. I like him a lot, of all I've met the most. He's a gentle, simple fellow.

I guess I did OK I wasn't too overwhelmed, but I was anxious from time to time.

Overview of Being in India

I am jetlagged, but not too bad. I thought quite a lot about my personal life on my way over; cried some, felt sadness. If my luggage does not get here, given that stress, I'd say I'm doing OK. Then at 10:55 pm [Oct 2](#), I continue to write in my journal. MTV was on the television in the hotel room. Amazing!

Just got back from a brief expensive shopping trip to get some clothes as mine are not here. I saw a cow in the street. Not many people around as it's a holiday, Gandhi's birthday. Lots of clothes on sale in the marketplaces. I saw some of the beggars. There was lots of poverty. I wonder why it doesn't bother me more, it's sad, but not devastating. Even sad is too strong for what I'm feeling. This is strange the children are sad but it's like Mexico (I spent 10 years on the Mexico border in Las Cruces/El Paso). Here they are a bit more desperate.

I ran into Joan. I'm afraid I don't fascinate her. Oh well, she was polite but a bit distant. No one else appears to be around.

Processing the Tumbling with the Tibetan Dream

I then went on to try to process the dream I had the first night in India of tumbling down the stairs with a Tibetan Monk. I wrote:

1. Tibetans aren't like Indians.
2. I've been in the hallways a lot lately in my dreams, like I'm running.
3. I want to play more before summer.
4. Hooked on being here, but more hooked on personal relationships, intimacy concerns.

Then I wrote about doing an inner dialogue on the dream in terms of taking the role of the other in the dream. I write I am the Tibetan and I like that lady because she's playful and I want to play. Let's somersault together. She fits into me easily. Let's roll down the stairs only she's popped out too bad maybe because her kids are in the way. She can do it.

Then I did a dialogue about me, the dream ego. I know I can do it, but I get afraid to. Nothing to be afraid of, just let go with me, but it's so far down the stairs in Tibetan, but we are together joined, and will cushion each other in the role. We sort of lightly bounce me. Yes, I felt that perhaps if I close my eyes then just go for it.

Conflicting Issues Reflections

And then I wrote. I need to think less about being here or with loved ones, and simply be here and I'm wanted by loved one he'll come back I can't make happen. It is, simply is. Then I wrote 10 times shit, shit, shit, I hate this stuff.

I've been stuck in the middle of defending TM, dreams, and lucidity for years and now I'm up against it. I need to separate my issues and don't get caught up in methodology. Stay with the body of the work and the convergence in person and the potential for peace. You need these people to get this meeting off the ground...I hate this - look God I know your working patterns and they are all teaching vehicles. This sucks and then again, this hits hard, as lessons often do. God, my stuff is dripping all over here. Keep clear Jayne. Separate things, OK personal crisis. I wouldn't be so vulnerable to this shit, but I am, so yeah timing, destiny. If this is supposed to happen it will, ... I see the pattern emerging like my dream. I'll get caught up in the play of it but then I see how far I can fall, and I'll pop out landing on my feet as the Tibetan rolls down, but I clear the path of the kids, so neither of them nor he is hurt.

More Dreams in India

Then there's a dream on October 3 and then another dream later in the morning:

Dreamt I was in a car and had to get somewhere fast. I had to get gas nozzle in my tank and I'm driving off and I realize if I keep going at this speed, the nozzle will pop off and gas [will go] everywhere. So, I backed up and got out to finish filling the tank when [I was] done I ran around to the driver side to take off. I saw Al. He called me over and said if I wanted to, we could get more involved with each other now. I was furious and said something like it took a lot of the nerve to say that now, and I stormed off in the car. I sense that a kid was in the car with me.

Then I dreamt I was in an individual flying machine flying backwards like a tour bicycle I rode in yesterday I Delhi, but no roof. I was flying watching a car on the ground. Two people were in it, making love or sexual and speaking in another language. I could hear, but didn't understand, the car was white (?). At some point the car was another gondola as I sped along in the air going backward. I watched the land and the overhead wires, staying mostly below the wires I got increasingly anxious that I'd get caught in the wires. I saw up ahead a big crossover of wires and signalled two other gondolas to go down. I landed under it all and now it was a white car, and I was concerned that it did not get scratched. And a bunch of kids came by and began to crawl all over it, and I blew a whistle, or something like that, and told them to clear out. They did grumbly. Then I'm watching a man work in a shop and hearing someone say maybe things are going so well now for a man and his wife whereas they hadn't earlier; everything went wrong with what they tried. They tried hard as hard and also now they enjoyed support of nature. The man was at a workbench I think in a garage, and my car was there. He was working on

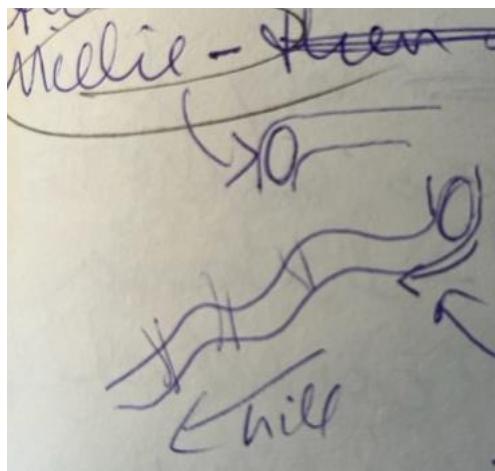


cleaning a key shaped like this
Teace had.

sort of like a bubble gum key

7:53 am

I must be in REM rebound! I next dreamt that I was in a channel of water and it was night and I was pushing a boat (inflated) from in the water. The boat had something to do with Millie.



then a shift in setting but seems like somewhere else in the channel and I have just pushed an inflated boat there. I swam off backward, and the water got shallower until I was dragging on the wet, sandy bottom. I had no underpants on but a top [was on me]. As I pushed along, I touched my crotch which was shaven clean. Then I turned and started to run or skip down the hill of the stream bed. Here and there are tree limbs hanging over and I'd grab them with both hands and swing forward. I got floaty stomach move sensation of flight. It was fun. One of the tree limbs was big and old and knotty, but I was able to find a handhold and I was a bit surprised that I could still swing like that feeling very like a child in a playground swinging on a jungle gym bars. There was a small valley that I was going into which was pretty. It wasn't night anymore.

Train Ride to Dharamsala

10 PM again [October 3](#). We are on a train. On our way to Dharamsala I feel more part of the community. Everyone is very nice very bright, very well travelled. You can't help but to like them all, yet part of me still feels a bit apart. Then again, it's likely true for everyone. India's interesting I feel apart from it all same. Less so when in the market. I'm not afraid as much as

fascinated I wonder if this distance I feel. It's been nice and rather easy to meditate, some kundalini. ... I had a good cry over my personal life last night in at 2:30 AM. ... As for the people we've added Charles Taylor and Bob Livingston, both I like a lot, but especially Taylor. He's a 60-year-old quiet, very thoughtful, big bushy eyebrows and seems gentle and kind. Livingston has many connections to me. He has Steve's mask and lives in San Diego, where Steve's folks live. He had many happy summers at his grandparents in Peace River country in Alberta. He is a science advisor to the Dalai Lama, so I have to sell on the Maharishi effect stuff. ... let nature do whatever.

On October 4 I write, the last time I was on the train was when daddy died, which is when I was 35 years old. I write about a dream from that night on the train:

4:45 am

Dreamt I was watching this kid get kicked out of school. He was black and muscular he's back talked his teacher. I watched him and the accuser at a table in a dark room. Then he was a video computer, freak, and younger by a bit and lighter in colour like chocolate. He had on a black helmet thing from which he played videos, and there were a bunch of other kids who had on white smaller ones in front of their video screens. Then he was lying on top of me about to make love to me, he was very stoned. He told me he found making love while stoned good and I said I knew and thought of Frank that seemed OK with me, but not in that setting (We were in the back of a truck outside near the ocean) and I told him not now, so he gave me a big hickey on the neck, which I thought good let Frank see this. I wasn't all that interested in him. Then he had to go and I was in an empty living room with lots of litter on the floor, and we got out of the truck and walked to a new link fence and climbed over to an area (change corners) they had marked off then I am in a littered, but no furniture, living room and I am about to go, and a lady comes up and wants to see the mother of the house. She drives up in the car right to the door and talks from the car. Kids live there pretending they have a mom. I walk out and pretend I'm a mom. Then I get in my red sports car and see Lottie had been locked in and concerned that she's too hot but seems OK. She peaks out from the seat. I sit in the backseat to drive, and a 12-year-old kid gets in next to me. I'm uncomfortable and want him to sit in the front seat, but he doesn't and then I drive off and we take a wrong turn. It's night again and had been day and on the road more like a sidewalk (white) and car barely fits on it. White roses, along side. Road twists a lot and going fast but able to maneuver if barely. Finally, I can't, and I'm plopped in a planted area. [There are] lots of wild shrubs along the road. I turn the car and I am out of it and walk up to it and pass a guy who offers me some seedling plants he's working on. I smile and hug him and say thanks but no, but I take two and go back to the car.

Also, dream a bit about how I got out of a bunk and went down the train hall to find a blanket as mine had worms in it, and they grossed me out. Then I was in my house, and this young woman lived with me and she came [home late] to the back (4 or 5 am) she and a female friend were quite stoned. I see them go down the basement to sleep.

First Night in Dharmshala

On my first night in Dharmshala I had these dreams on [October 5](#):

Something very early cycle, don't recall, then midcycle dreamt I was outside of Tom's house and the kids inside and I was ready to leave and recall they're supposed to be with me for an overnight. I get angry at Tom for keeping me out of relationship with them. I startle awake because it hurts. Then it's all the stuff about talking to the people about the nature of the Maharishi stuff research.

After a conversation with other attendees, I'm back to sleep and dream:

Dreamt I was looking for a razor to shave my pubic hair, and I couldn't find one then spotted a pink plastic one in some litter on the floor of the van. Somewhere in here I dreamt about a man (Frank, I think), kissing my breasts I wanted him to as he was going to go to another woman. Then I was with Tom, and we were in the van, and this older lady was between us and she's telling about a dream that happened when her grandchild (?) died or about it. She was all calm and I listened and at first I can't get it and then I say something about her [identifying] with her own child about what it's like to lose a child and she starts to cry and I have my arm around her as she cries and I think something about Tom seeing me do this and how he couldn't and then I dropped him off and I offered to take the lady home. My lover had gone home, and I wanted to see him, so I thought I'd stop by on the way back and call him enroute. As I drove off, I recalled that I was supposed to be able to see him every night, and I was angry at Tom for restricting me. As I drove the lady, we came upon a white van across the road with Orientals in it. We squeezed by them and continued on the road which was in bad shape. Then at one point, we stopped and at a store, and I looked for phones and found a circle of them. They were odd shapes, and I couldn't figure how to use them. I wanted to call the lover and then get the lady (whose younger now) back to the van. The store was all crowded.

I was startled awake because it was a painful dream and I guess I went to the bathroom and then back in bed. I hear some people talking outside.

Maharishi Effect Research Discussion

At first, I ignore it and try to get back to sleep but then fully realize they are talking about the Maharishi effect and the Israeli study and then I hear Bob say the data is only correlational. I get up and get my glasses and go out there and I walk up and say it's a time series analysis, which is not correlation. I sit with them and it's Bob, Francisco, Adam and Dawn and all is quiet. Bob says its not good research. I think his reasons are wrong. We discussed some of the methodological issues. They agreed I could give his holiness the Dalai Lama the TM research books, but I shouldn't mention the Maharishi effect. Oh well, I left feeling like OK it's up to you God. I think I'll talk to Francisco more about Bob's ontological assumptions and the dream light.

The next entry is [October 6](#) 1:30 in the morning:

Dream fragment I was home after India and spent the first day at Tom's (not look like Tom's) and then I realize that and went to car and noticed answering machine light blinking and I got excited hoping ex-lover left a message. I played it and my heart pounded, but none were from him, but it seemed like if the light blinks from him, I was disappointed.

End of First Day of Presentations

Day one is done. In general, it was fun. Varela seemed to gradually admit I know something of sleep. He is very bright, and I'm told psychologically sophisticated, but we do not hit it off. Joan and Joyce seem so nice, but I am the kid sister. Somehow, I wonder are they in there, yet I quite like them. I wonder if I'm withdrawing from caffeine, as I have had almost none. I felt wonderfully bubbly until dinner and then felt left out. I also felt it was my take. I'm not sure, but I think my enthusiasm is wrong. I do seem to know quite a bit that the others do not, and I'm surprised but then there are areas where they are more sophisticated like neuroscience, psychoanalysis, philosophy, Buddhism. I still like Charles the best. Somehow, he seems the most there to me and then again, he's well liked by all. I also the Tibetan monk translator a lot. He and I seem to connect. This group are all such world, travelers, and so cosmopolitan in a way that is out of my experience. I also quite like Barry and his wife Connie, but especially Barry. He really gets into the process.

Initial Impressions of Dalai Lama

As for his holiness, well he's a delight when he giggles but boy, is there a sternness in him as well, it's quite a contrast. For the most part of the morning, first half at least, he seemed to be staring at me a lot. I don't think I'm imagined it. I felt kundalini in my tush all morning, not over lunch, and it was back in p.m. but less strong. Basically, the Dalai Lama (DL) seemed not interested. Most of it he was very attentive and followed it. But only a few times was he there in someway that really captured him. Several times my ego galloped away, and I was thinking I know more, understand more than him well, maybe in science I do or in my philosophical system of TM. But I'm not doing well in terms of the Buddhist system, lots of mixed feelings.

I had another process talk with Joan and feel confirmed ... love the music in the middle of the night. All night some group down the mountain was chanting and ringing bells in chimes. I'm going to approach this as dream, yoga and sleep, yoga, witnessing dream, yoga, being lucid, dreaming sleep, yoga, being witnessing, and do a psychological physiology of each with witnessing dream.

Freudian View: Day Two of Presentations

I adore Joyce but her presentation was dull, too slow, too simple, but the case study was wonderful. I got caught up in the story all morning. I felt kundalini I had a heavy morning what I thought was eye contact with his Holiness, but I think not, who knows? I found it very confusing in the PM. None of the eye contact and thank God. Charles dominated the PM, which I love but I gather the others did not. Oh well, his Holiness loved it as did Charles.

In speaking to Barry, he said that half the group found that his Holiness was bored in the morning, the other half said interested, someone told Barry that they wondered what he was thinking as he seems distracted. Shit my feeling/observation of the eye contact. Kundalini energy seems perhaps closer to the mark. In the p.m. yesterday (day two) the energy was so different. At first when the DL sat down, he felt like a pig, well that was my immediate impression. Then I framed it as a fat/big coal miner, who is a bit of a dirty old man, just looking at him was so different from the morning. (Historical note: My mother's family are all coal miners in eastern Pennsylvania immigrated from Lithuania and Poland). I guess this is an Energy vibe or whatever type experience, which was so different Tuesday from Monday. Monday was high-voltage excitement. Lots of giggles. Well in some sense both days were a type of play like my somersaulting dream. So, today's the third day, and in the dream, I popped out because I realized how high up it is and landed on my feet and cleared the path for my two children. The Tibetan finished somersaulting to the bottom of the steps. So today I guess I'll pop out or did late yesterday and land on my feet and then move the to the next two presenters, who like the dream children, a male and a female. In the dream I move them aside, so they and the Tibetan don't get hurt.

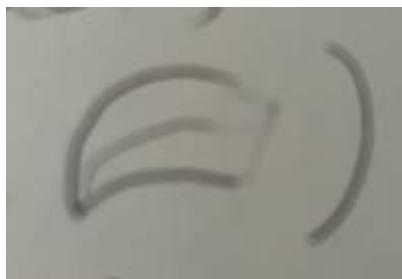
Lucid Dreaming: My Day to Present

[October 7](#) midnight, this is it. It's my day to present:

I dreamt I had to come home and told the kids I stay I would stay for dinner at their dads but not to make more out of it than it was and more which I keep missing. It's emotionally impactful but I can't get it amend something.

4:05 AM - There was a worm in the bathroom that's black and funny looking in the dark it glows neat.

Dreamt I was carrying this black bird and it wiggled and broke loose (it had a big beak



and flew around in the room (dining room). I flew up to get it but couldn't catch it (there was a complication I got caught in the chandelier) and then I thought I'm flying, and it seemed perfectly natural and then I thought I'll fly when I'm asleep. O' I must be dreaming and that was nice but not extraordinary then I thought I'm supposed to do something when next I find myself in a dream and couldn't recall at first, I sink down to the floor hovered a bit first and then recalled "oh, I'm supposed to go see Jim", but nothing happened. I was simply in the room and aware I was dreaming. Then I left the room, and I thought I was awake for the rest of the dream, and I was outside it or separate

from it yet I was also in the dream but more “me” somehow outside it. I went to the kitchen area and to the small bathroom along side it. [It was] actually quite large, no bath, [only] toilet and sink, wide door. I closed the door and was doing something with my vaginal lips which sort of were at the tip of my clitoris. This big fat guy burst in and I said hey, I’m using the bathroom now and close the door and tried to make sure it clicked shut, but seemed the door [was] a bit too small for the frame. Anyway I went back to the vaginal lips, which somehow were turned upward to me as I stood, and there was an ovary shaped like an egg at the entrance, and I pushed at either side [of the vaginal lips] to get it out, and just as it popped out into my hand, the guy pushed in again, and I shoved the door shut, but figured he’d seen it and I didn’t like that he seen it And I had the egg in my hand (the size of evening, primrose oil tablets, but softer in shape). I thought as I held it, it would be interesting to pinprick it to see what oozed out all. All during this I thought I was awake and thinking all of this, but I woke, then, gradually not quite a change state arousal, and finally realized I’ve been dreaming.

A Jungian analysis of selected dreams in India can be found in Appendix A.

Various Recollections

Later I note that my luggage got here last night. Turns out it came with a high-ranking Tibetan diplomat who is here from the United States. I also recalled at this point that yesterday, Tuesday, when the DL arrived in the a.m. and did a hand prayer gesture in greeting. Sometimes he wanted to touch hands and other times not so much. Earlier as he was leaving and offering a salutation to everyone individually. I was at the far end of the sofa, so it was a stretch to touch my hand in the salutation. But he reached out and said to me “touch”. So, I did. His hand was soft and warm, and I am struck by the feel of his hand. Anyway, it appears that he likes to touch people at times and reaches out often to do so.

Morning Meditation

During my morning meditation, after the dream but before my presentation, a blackbird kept showing up outside my window, next to my bed. It was a black bird with a yellow brown stripe. It sat on the open window. I had dreamt about a black bird the night before. This one persistently pecks loudly on the wood of the window frame. I looked up then back to meditate and then I looked up again and said I see you now scram, and it flew off. I was conscious that it was someone, Millie, I guess, who knows?

Presentation Reflections

Then my entry on the same day at 9:10 PM, my presentation is over, back to a normal life well after another week in India. It went well. His Holiness was asking lots of questions and seemed quite involved and interested in the lucid dreaming research. The audience was also juiced by his response, so at the break, lots of excellence comments were received. Then after the break I drop the bomb about witnessing and Transcendental Meditation™. The eye contact dropped with avoidance and dirty looks from some in the audience, but not from his Holiness. He was

interested if not, as much as in the lucid dreaming part of the presentation. His interest led the groups response.

In the beginning he announced that he would do the dream yoga teachings that we were supposed to get but hadn't yet. I thought oh great after my dream presentation! But also, I wasn't surprised that he was doing something extra. Somehow expected it. Now I'm done and the universe can back off. The DL took the entire afternoon to do dream yoga and went over time. I was told that the approach he took was in part because of my presentation on witnessing. Francisco said it was a very unusual teaching, as it was quite advanced. Don said it was a good overview of the whole thing. The majority this presentation his Holiness talked to Charles, but the end part to me. His holiness and Charles really clicked. Then Charles is really something, very special, unassuming, sweet to the point of almost innocent.

Masculine or Androgynous Observations

Then on [October 8](#) I had a dream about Varella. I comment about the dream that I feel Tibetan Buddhism is fascinating but seems so complex to the point of obfuscating the centrality of the transcendent. Later that day Joan commented to Varella that his Holiness seemed much more manly than he had when she first met him some years ago. Then she said, he was much softer. Francisco said he found him very androgynous. I told him that I too, was very aware of the DL's manliness. Boy, that's for sure!

Delivering the TM Gifts and Letter to the Dalai Lama

Then I wrote, at last a breakthrough on delivering the TM gift and letters from Maharishi to his Holiness. Adam was receptive and it was so easy after the blockade I experienced earlier. He's going to arrange for me to give them to a guy in the private office. He saw no problem with the message either. Yippee! I burst into tears and hugged him. He said when you're blocked, you have to try another path to the guru. I was figuring that the task was changed or doomed to fail, rather than trying other ways. I kept trying, but in the face of the roadblock from the Mind and Life Institute I was stymie. I'm sure Bob Livingston will hate me forever and God knows Francisco and I have not hit it off, but he seems more willing to at least listen. He and his colleagues both want TM studies so that's something. I'm OK, but not great by any stretch.

On [October 9](#) I have an entry in my journal about a letter I included with the materials to give to the Dalai Lama. I wrote:

Your Holiness. It was an honour and a pleasure to be able to tell you some thing about the scientific research and consciousness in sleep I've been asked to deliver a gift and a message to you from Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the founder of Transcendental Meditation. The gift is the collected scientific research on Transcendental Meditation. You will see that these researchers are very careful to distinguish between the experience of pure consciousness, perhaps what you might call subtle consciousness, and the meditative practice. [They point out that] the practice facilitates having experience, but it is the experience which is central. There's also a packet of scientific papers specifically on the Maharishi Effect. The studies on the Maharishi Effect predict that it is what Maharishi

had predicted, that when so many people meditate that it will create world peace. These are the instructions which came to me about this meeting and the message for you. My understanding is that it is from Maharishi. If you're interested in knowing more about this you may want to speak to the Mongolian Dalai Lama, who I understand has recently spent several months with Maharishi. If you would like to speak to Maharishi, and or his leading scientists, please feel free to have your people contact me at an address and phone number and I can arrange it. Again, thank you for the honour in the meeting and hearing you.

There was a note on separate paper inserted in my diary which was from Neil Patterson, given to Skip who passed it along to me. It said:

It would be good to give her all the information she needs to present boldly, and strongly that this knowledge is the fulfilment of Buddhist teachings for giving individual inner peace and bringing world peace, which is what the Dalai Lama wants. Emphasize that this is a scientific approach. She can take the five volumes of collected papers with her and give a summary and also take the Maharishi Effect research, and if she meets the Dalai Lama give these to him, she should also inform him that if he organizes a group of 10,000 monks to practice his program, then he can create world Peace.

Well, it's Over!

Then at 4:51 pm that same day I wrote well it's all over I got the stuff to the man from the private office from Maharishi and I will see, if nature wants it. I was pretty quiet throughout, except Monday and Wednesday, much of the time I was at loggerheads with Francisco but ended up OK. The Dalai Lama did one more contact with me asking a question. In response to the Near-Death presentation, he was talking about possession. He looked at me it seemed for confirmation. He did it several times. I'd say yes or no and nodding about things dealing with subtle conscious body, like spirits seen in the NDE personal projections, and he looked at me and I nodded. I also shrugged my shoulders at times.

Waiting for the Plane

[October 10](#) was a full moon which came up while sitting at the airport waiting for a plane to come. It's an hour and a half late just showed up as I sat to write. ... I'm waiting to go to southern India to present at Osho's ashram. In any case of the next entry is [October 11](#), 6 AM it's my son's birthday so I missed both of my children's birthdays that year. I was in India for my son's birthday and then at the IASD conference in Santa Cruz, California for my daughter's birthday. I wrote in my journal Teace's birthday. I'm at a Hotel Imperial. I dreamt I was to get the kids.

Then I did again a list of impressions of the people who were at the conference, but this time is from hindsight, after having met and spent a week with them. ... The Dalai Lama was nice, sweet giggly but also a stern bull mastiff, hyper-male, and ... I think there is a sexual component to his maleness, his power. Another attendee echoes my impression commenting that the Dalai Lama has a hyper-male, little boy dichotomy. Perhaps a strong contest of personas.

Then on the plane ready to takeoff for southern India. I have no idea what to expect. I guess I'll meet lots of people and not really connect. ... I won't get into the details here, but I then went to Puna where I was put up and made a presentation at Osho Rajneesh's ashram. I was given a tour and met some people, and I very much enjoyed it, especially Osho's sense of humour. I didn't meet a Osho, but a lot of his followers, and I remember being in the bookstore and reading the titles of his books in the chapter headings and just found them hilarious. In any case it was a lovely visit for a few days, but I was also very much missing my children and wanting to get home.

III. After the trip

Home Again

On [October 18](#) I have an entry, I'm home dreamt I was outside in the country and there were two groups of Tibetan soldiers as ushers that were all around me at different times. Then on [October 19th](#) I had another brief dream where I saw Millie, the native woman who is dying of vaginal cancer. I thought she'd be dead before I left so I was amazed that she was alive upon my return. I wrote that I saw her in the hospital and left compassion beads. She wants me to read her the Tibetan Book of the Dead. I'll start tomorrow. Sylvia said they had been trying to get her to see palliative care, counselor, or pastor, but she refused. Thus, her acceptance of my idea to read to her Tibetan Book of the Dead was a first. On my, the wave continues. The next day I went to see Millie. Lots of people around as she was hemorrhaging. Kidneys failed, on massive painkillers, likely not live through the night. I'm shocked and tell a few about her request about Tibetan Book of the Dead, but clearly not right to do it. As promised, I went the next day to read this book. I spent some time with Sylvia and then read the Tibetan book myself. Millie's daughter came up and we talked.

Millie's Death

I went home and kept waiting to hear any moment that she had died. Finally on [October 24](#) I write Milly died today about 1 PM and I was really restless and fidgety and got a hold of Sylvia at the hospital and then decided to go over there and left Renn, Millie's grandson who she had been raising, and Teace, my son, and went over there. I found Sylvia with another sister outside of the restaurant and we talked and then got on the elevator to go to Millie's room. When we got off of the elevator Gloria told us she just died. We went in and Sylvia and I spoke to Millie about the light and staying with it. Then I went home and got Renn and we went shopping and to a movie. I tried to get Teace to go but he said no. I told Renn that Millie died. He didn't say anything. He didn't cry. He asked a lot of questions though. Renn and his brother Chase are here for the night.

Appendix

Appendix A: Dream Time article

Telling the Dalai Lama about Lucid Dreaming Research: A Personal Journey

Jayne Gackenbach

MacEwan University and Athabasca University

Over 30 years ago I was honored to be asked by the Mind and Life Institute to present our understanding of the science of lucid dreaming to the Tibetan Dalai Lama. This was to be part of a week of presentations by western scientists on the general topics of Sleep, Dreams and Death. The proceedings of that meeting were edited by the coordinator, Francisco Varella, and published in *Sleeping, Dreaming, and Dying: An Exploration of Consciousness with the Dalai Lama* (Varella, 2002). I was pleased when Jean Campbell asked me to tell my story. Given that it was over 30 years ago, October of 1992, I also decided to refresh my memory. I reread the proceedings edited book and went back to my personal journals from 1992. The selected notes and dreams from that very eventful year are over 15,000 words and Jean only gave me 1500 to tell the story. So, after my deep dive memory refresher I will tell some of the tale. Fuller notes from the trip can be found here www.jaynegackenbach.ca .

I decided to look at all of 1992 as it turned out to be a year of profound changes. The invitation came in January of that year with a phone call from Varella. I was flattered and a bit baffled at why I was asked and not my closest colleague at the time, Steve LaBerge. He was and is more associated with lucid dreaming research than I ever was. Thus, from the beginning I felt a bit out of my league but deeply honored as well. Since the meeting wasn't until October of 1992, I had lots of time to prepare. Shortly following the invitation Varella sent a list of other participants with brief statements of their related work. It was an auspicious cast. I was also sent several books to read and digest regarding the topics at hand. I was fortunate that I lived in Alberta near Don Kuiken and Russ Powell who read one of the books along with me and we had many lively discussions about its content. Long conversations in preparation for the trip were also held with two of my colleagues from Transcendental Meditation (TM), Skip Alexander and Robert Cranson. I mention this because I was given the collected scientific works of TM and a personal message from Maharishi Mahesh Yogi for the Dalai Lama.

Before I get to the meeting itself, I'd like to offer a few personal notes about my life that year so that the duality of the highest and lowest times of my life can be more fully appreciated. Several weeks prior to leaving for India, where the meeting was held, my 15-year marriage broke up and I moved out of our family home. Throughout that year my ego danced between elevation and devastation, and I expect that was part of the reason for the breakup, but relationships are not that simple, and neither was ours. The toll was on my children, who were 8 and 13 at the time, the worst ages to divorce. This personal crisis left me at the meetings numb, but also excited, anxious, sad, and scared. Despite my emotional roller coaster, I was prepared having spent most of the year preparing for these meetings.

One more personal aside which was both coincidental and perhaps synchronistic. I had been doing various kinds of dreamwork with the Central Alberta Cree (Gackenbach, 1996). A Cree friend of mine was dying with uterine cancer. During the preparatory months I got very close to this aboriginal family as they struggled with her deteriorating condition and was honored that they allowed me access to view the traditional death of Crow Woman. I later wrote a book about it, which I never published. I mention this because she died a week after I returned, and the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* played a role in why I was “in the light of her death”. I’ll return to this later.

Finally, the day of departure arrived. I had just left my husband, missed my children desperately, my friend was very near death, I carried gifts from the TM movement, and I was alternatively intimidated and empowered by the readings and the task of presenting research on lucid dreaming. On Oct 2, 1992, my first night in India, I had this dream:

I dreamt I was with a Tibetan in a hallway on the second floor. He was dressed in some kind of regalia. He and I were getting along well and sort of playing, we were going to do a somersault together down some stairs we hooked together and started. We did the first flip OK and then I spotted how far it was down the stairs and let go and landed on my feet on the steps, and he was able to recover fast enough to continue rolling downstairs and landing OK at the bottom. My kids were on the steps, and I told them to watch out for the monk as he rolled by them.

It seemed to capture the various life circumstances I was coping with, and I think also captured what did happen, if metaphorically. As it turned out my luggage did not make it to Delhi, but the box of TM science papers arrived. I noted in my journal that I felt like a delivery person more than anything! After a day in Delhi, we boarded a train for Dharamshala, where the Dalai Lama lived near his family of origin. We stayed at his brother’s home, and I roomed with the other two women at the meeting. It turned out that Ken Ring, who was to present the near-death research, was not able to attend and so a Buddhist western monk took his place. Thus, the two dream presenters were women, as was the near death presenter. The other presenters spoke about the biology of sleep and the biology of dying. There was also a philosopher of self, Charles Taylor. Several sponsors of the meeting were there so that while the meeting was between the scientists and the Dalai Lama, the room was filled with various other individuals.

You can read Varella’s edited book of the proceedings, which I don’t want to duplicate. Suffice it to say that given that it was a five-day meeting he did a good job of summarizing the major points in each presentation. While there is often give and take in such a representation, my notes from the meeting do not entirely line up with Varella’s book.

The first day was Varella’s presentation on the biology of sleep which really captured His Holiness’s attention when the connection of dreams to the biology of sleep was pointed out. The second day was a presentation on dreams by a classical Freudian psychiatrist from Paris. While she was a delightful woman, I wondered, at the wisdom of choosing such an approach when the science of dreaming had come a long way by 1992. Perhaps it was about providing some historical perspective.

The third day was my presentation on lucid dreaming. I had a lucid dream that night about birthing a beautiful tiny egg which a burley man was trying to get away from me. Earlier I tried to find out how I could get the TM work and message to the Dalai Lama and was blocked. In that conversation it was clear that there was some disagreement about the Maharishi effect research and indeed about the idea of pure consciousness. None the less I decided to present the research on lucid dreaming and in the second half of my presentation to talk about witnessing dreaming, which I had learned about from my TM colleagues, for which pure consciousness is central. While the Dalai Lama was interested and asked me various questions about these meditators, my colleagues seemed less enthusiastic about my decision to present this work. Fortunately, a day later I was able to give the materials I brought to his holiness's private secretary.

The next two days covered the biology of dying and the near-death experience. Throughout there were various discussions between the philosopher, Charles Taylor, and his holiness. They were very engaged with each other in sharing ideas.

After another week in Puna at the Osho ashram, I finally got home and was shocked that my Cree friend was still alive. I went to visit her, and she asked me to read her the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. She had been refusing palliative care, so her sister explained that this was unusual. When I went the next day to read it to her she was failing with organs shutting down, so I left. Every day that week I expected to hear she had passed and when it didn't happen I finally decided I would just take the book and go read it to her. As I exited the elevator to her room her sister came out telling us Crow Woman had just that minute died.

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Appendix B

A Jungian Analysis of Key Dreams Associated with the Dalai Lama Meeting

On November 6, 2023, I examined with my Jungian analyst (johnhoedl.org) some of the dreams that I had over 30 years ago in India during my visit to the Dalai Lama (DL). The first dream was from my first night in India, and the second dream was from the night before my presentation to the DL about lucid dreaming, I've been in Jungian analysis for about a decade and regularly work dreams from the Jungian perspective. I thought this might be useful to offer in the long version of my record of the visit to highlight at a deeply unconscious level what I was experiencing.

First Night in India Dreams

In these dreams there was no explicit mention of the Dalai Lama. But clearly both dealt with a Tibetan or issues around my presentation. However, as is typical of dreamwork there was also a lot of personal issues that were alive in my life at that point which were touched upon in this Jungian informed dream analysis. The first dream as cited in this transcript of my notes is basically about tumbling downstairs with a Tibetan Lama who was wearing some kind of regalia.

In the tumbling dream my Jungian analyst pointed out that the hallway, which is where I met this Tibetan in the dream, is a place between. I was at a transition point both personally, my marriage breakup, and professionally, the meeting with the DL was at hand after many months of preparation. The key theme in the dream is my rolling with the Tibetan down the steps. My analyst felt that this could be thought of as an image or constellation of the Jungian Self i.e., a union of the conscious and unconscious, or the personal (me) and the transpersonal (the Lama).

He pointed out that this somersault image in my dream is similar in mythology to the ouroboros, the ancient image of the snake eating its tail. In other words, it's a symbol of wholeness, of the give-and-take of birth and death, of the cycles of life. But I pointed out that I popped out after only one role in the dream.

My analyst felt this indicated how potent and important the image was. "Rather than being some kind of New Age idealism, finding oneself linked to the "Other", to the unconscious in this way can be problematic and, in some cases, even psychologically dangerous. One doesn't want to go "rolling down" into the unconscious!"

Indeed, he went on, it would have been perhaps less authentic had I rolled all the way down the stairs with the Tibetan. With this there was the possibility of it turning into something like a shallow game or an ego trip. In the dream I talk about warning my children to watch out for the monk ("perhaps an anchoring of myself to reality; a mother with real life obligations"). But the reason I popped out was it was too far to go. It was a bit overwhelming. My therapist felt this was tumbling down into the deep unconscious, and that it was just too much for me at that point in my life. Given everything that was going on in my life that year and particularly just prior to leaving for India, it was no great surprise.

There was a second dream the same night that I felt was important to also discuss. My understanding is that dreams in the night tend to be thematically related. Indeed, in the second dream that first night in India, I was again in a hallway preparing to go downstairs. But this time it brought forth an image of a character from my childhood, who I knew for a very brief period, we were both children and we continued our acquaintance to my early 20s. He has become a psychic element in my dreams and so that throughout my life, I continue to have this John character in my dreams. Its relationship to the dream ego has changed. At this point I was in my early 40s, but this element of my psyche continues today into my 70's. I was surprised when I went back to read the dreams of being in India. I think this John part of my psyche pointed to some of the early childhood experiences. I was in grade 6, we met ice-skating. I began menstruating in grade 6, and so it was the beginning of my womanhood. Perhaps part of the reason why he became an inner psychic character for me was the juxtaposition of my crush on

him with my emerging womanhood. In any case, there was play in the earlier Tibetan dream, but it was not sexual, whereas in this dream it was sexual. Indeed sexual energy was an undercurrent throughout my Dalai Lama visit. There were various references to sexuality in my dreams and a Kundalini energy (often described as sexual) associated with the Dalai Lama. *There was no actual sexual activity.* It was a psychic undercurrent.

My Jungian analyst pointed to the sports game on the TV in the second dream where I intended to watch a movie. In both dreams I was interrupted in some way. First from rolling down the stairs, and then from watching a movie, and from eating some food. My analyst suggested that I couldn't go into these unconscious spaces. I pointed out to my analyst that wanting to watch a movie in the second dream is a typical defense mechanism I use. That is, movies and fiction in general are a major way that I cope if under stress and certainly that was the case at this point in my life.

I also mention in the second dream a long time much beloved colleague, and how I was in the back row in the photos that he had. That is certainly how I felt throughout the visit. I enjoyed the experience. I enjoyed the people. But I also felt that I was just out of sync, to some extent throughout the trip. I often mention in the notes that I felt that I was not quite up to snuff. Indeed, I wasn't. In addition to being the youngest presenter, these people were more worldly, accomplished, and intellectually sophisticated than I was. At that point in time lucid dreaming research was still very young thus my inclusion.

Dream of Night Before Lucid Dreaming Presentation

We then turned to an analysis of the dream I had the night before my presentation to the Dalai Lama. When the dream began, I was carrying a black bird. I pointed out to my analyst that in my morning, meditation which was after the dream, but before the presentation, a black bird was at the window right outside of my bedroom. I was sitting on my bed, meditating and a black bird was on a branch right outside the window. It kept making loud bird calls, interrupting my meditation. It occurred to me at the time that the bird was my dying Cree friend Millie. When I left Alberta, she was very close to death, or so I was told by her sister, Ravenwoman. So, I thought at the time that perhaps she had died. The experience seemed to have a sense of Millie's energy. Her Cree name was Crowwoman. This black bird appeared while I was in meditation, and it had appeared in the dream. We talked about how similar this was to the classic story of Jung's about the scarab in the window, when his client was talking about a scarab in her dream one appeared in the window in the therapy room. My analyst also pointed out that it could be the Nigredo when the individual confronts the shadow. The Nigredo is an alchemical image of not only the blackness of death but also the necessary step in preparation for a new life. The image below of the Nigredo was taken from Jung's volume 12 of *Psychology and Alchemy* and he noted that it "shows the black bird accompanying the dead or dying man. According to Jung's interpretation, from the final breath of the man comes new life in the form of soul (anima) and spirit (spiritus). The cosmic dimension of this image is shown by the presence of the sun and moon, wind and fire, as well as the planetary symbols."



115. The *nigredo*: eclipse of *Mercurius senex*, exhaling the *spiritus* and *anim*.
The raven is a *nigredo* symbol.—Jamsthaler, *Viatorium spagyricum* (1625)

In any case in the dream, the black bird wiggled loose and flew around the room, I tried to catch it by flying myself, but I got caught in the chandelier. For me that seemed to indicate being caught in the glitz of transpersonal experiences. All my friends who taught me about transpersonal experiences, including Harry Hunt from the earlier dream and Skip Alexander who was a big part of my preparation, pointed out to me that you can't get caught in the glitz of spiritual development. Experiences of telepathy or out-of-body experiences or precognitive ones, are all fantastic, but if you get caught in replicating those you miss the point of the development

of consciousness and expansion of the self into these higher states. I was getting caught in the glitz in the dream (i.e., the chandelier). I was caught in the glamour of this whole trip for most of the previous year as pointed out by my mother and my sister and my ex-husband, bless their hearts.

In any case the flying is a typical trigger for realizing that I'm dreaming. That was the case here. I knew I was in a dream and I knew that there was something I was supposed to do in the dream. I said, "Oh, I'm supposed to go see Jim". I'm referring here to a man I was involved with in New Mexico in my 20's where I did my first and only exploration of marijuana and Hallucinogenic drugs. I lived with him for a few months in a small apartment in the back of a magical Spanish hacienda. There seemed to be a strong psychic connection between us. We were exploring our consciousness. In fact, my father, a huge figure in my philosophical and personal development, was so impressed with this boyfriend he used to write me letters and address them, "Dear JimJayne". Jim was immersed in philosophical/transpersonal thought in the way that I had never come across before in boyfriends. These topics were certainly very much part of my relationship with my father, but not with boyfriends. I said in therapy, if I'm supposed to see Jim that may be about my early experiences of altered states of consciousness. But nothing happened in the dream and indeed that's my relationship with him now. I read his Facebook posts, but the relationship went nowhere. But it was a marker in the development of my own consciousness. In this sense, the dream could have been using "Jim" as an image for an inner masculine part of myself, what Jung calls the animus or soul. In this sense, saying "Oh, I'm supposed to see Jim" was me saying, "I'm now supposed to see about exploring aspects of my soul!" Important perhaps is that "Jim" is not a "Lama", so connecting to a part that is "on my level" might be better. It could help ground me. However, I began to lose the lucidity in the dream.

Then I go into a bathroom. That's where the birthing of an egg happens as I've been playing with my vaginal lips. I am intruded upon twice by this big, burly man. For me this dream element came directly from the day before experience of my projection onto the Dalai Lama. In the morning of the previous day, I perceived eye contact with DL associated with Kundalini feelings. But then in the afternoon, when he walked into the room for the afternoon session, I projected onto him. At the time it felt shocking and revolting but I'm clear now that it was completely my projection. I "saw" the stereotype of big, burly, strong, coal mining man, who was powerful and dangerous. I point out in the dream transcript that my mother's family are immigrants from Lithuanian and Poland. Her father was a coal miner, and my uncles were coal miners. There were sexual misdeeds that went on in my extended family, although not in my immediate family. Thus, I explained to my analyst that this was not the Dalai Lama, but my projection from my childhood. Nonetheless, I was overwhelmed by these feelings, ranging from an eye contact sort of intimacy with Kundalini to this repulsion. In fact, I was so overwhelmed by Tuesday's eye contact feelings that I changed seats to the opposite side of the room for the afternoon. I was trying to get out of direct eye contact with the DL. Whatever curiosity he may or may not have had about me was over in the afternoon. That's how I interpreted that dream character based upon the day before activities.

My Jungian analyst suggested that psychologically impactful insights came at me with the day before experience. The vulgar history of my family was crossing over from my unconscious threshold. This seemed to be anticipated in the first dream when I got into India, and very much

in this dream of my experience of the day before when the sexually highlighted theory of Freud was presented. In these dreams and experiences, I was being psychologically and/or spiritually, pushed into realms that I was not ready to deal with. So, in this night before the presentation dream, I'm exploring the rearrangement of my sexual organs. In the dream my vaginal lips are on top of the clitoris and facing upward toward my head. As I was exploring this oddity the big burley man burst in upon me. I reacted negatively and pushed him out and tried to close the door but noticed that it was slightly too small for the door frame. Thus, psychologically I was leaving the door "adjar" to experience this intrusion. Although I went back to the vaginal lips exploration after the first intrusion, he burst in upon me again. My analyst suggested that this may represent a new insight that wants to be born. (As I typed the last sentence, I experienced a wave of fear so strong that I had to stop and inhale deeply to calm down.)

At this point I was able to push out from between my vaginal lips a tiny egg into the palm of my hand. I was fascinated at its beauty but again the intrusion happened and again I pushed him out. I wondered if he had seen the egg and then continued my examination of the egg thinking it looked like a Primrose Oil jell tablet. I also was wondering what would happen if I pricked it, what would come out. This my analyst thought was my inclination to explore and possibly activate an unknown element in my psyche. He also pointed out that the notion of "prick" into an egg was reminiscent of the creation of life. Something in me was ready to be birthed. Something that was symbolized by the "rose" perhaps.

My analyst explained, "the rose, especially the "prime" rose, is an important symbol. According to J.C. Cooper's *Encyclopedia of Traditional Symbols*, the rose is "a highly complex symbol; it is ambivalent as both heavenly perfection and earthly passion; the flower is both Time and Eternity, life and death, fertility and virginity" Here is a kind of culmination of the dance that seemed to be happening in the earlier dreams between myself and the "Lama", the black bird, "Jim", the DL, and finally the frightening man trying to get into the bathroom."