

Remote Viewing
The Real Story
An Autobiographical Memoir

by Ingo Swann

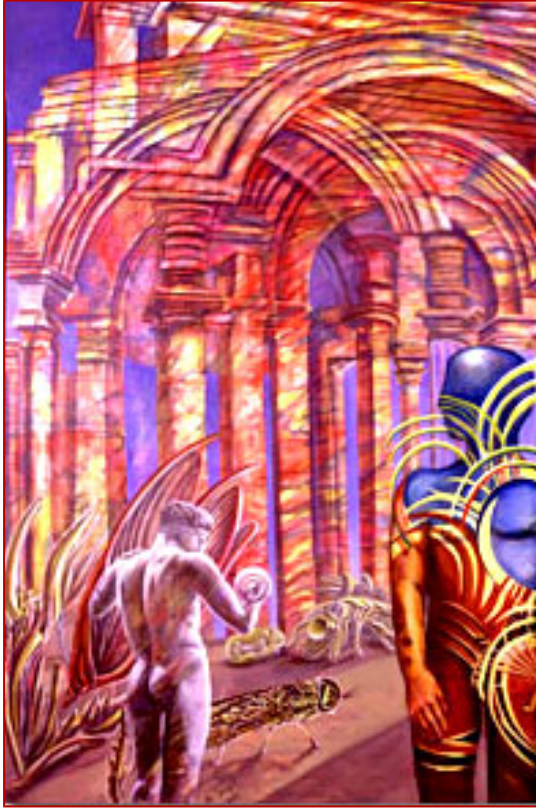
The Discoveries

The Political and Technical History

The Rise and the Fall

The Saga and the Soap Opera

The Strange Circumstances



OLGA SPIEGEL—"Ancient Future"



Highways #8, Ingo Swann (1979)

If the painter wishes to see enchanting beauties,
he has the power to produce them.
If he wishes to see monstrosities, whether terrifying, or
ludicrous and laughable, or pitiful,
he has the power and authority to create them...
Indeed, whatever exists in the universe, whether in
essence, in act, or in the imagination,
the painter has first in his mind and then in his hands.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

The Real Story is a book being placed in the Internet and WWW in serialized form, with continuing segments appearing at unscheduled intervals because of the time necessary to complete each segment.

The book is appearing in this fashion because the top five publishers in these United States rejected it on the grounds that the public interest in the real story of remote viewing is minimal and the story is of no real mainstream interest. The author has nonetheless determined that a record of the story should be available for open-and-free-access historical purposes and for those who might chance to have interest.

For purposes of accuracy, the book is very carefully based on documents existing in the author's voluminous, chronological archives as well as some in the possession of other sources and resources. All documents substantively depended upon are noted in the text.

A complete bibliography of additional sources and other supportive materials will be appended later on. In those instances where guideline documentation is not available, or never existed, I have confirmed my recall by consulting with one or more direct witnesses of those instances. This follows accepted journalistic procedures which are both traditional and proper.

However, the book, as it must be, is cast in the form of an autobiographical memoir and therefore contains many memories, opinions, deductions and estimations of the author -- and who therefore leans on the freedoms of speech, belief and opinion guaranteed by founding documents generally and equally applicable throughout the United States.

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Silence of the heart, practiced with wisdom,

will see a lofty depth;

And the ear of the silent mind will hear untold wonders.

-- Hesychius of Jerusalem

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You cannot teach a man anything.

You can only help him discover it within himself.-- Galileo
Today something is happening to the structure of human consciousness.

A fresh kind of life is starting.

-- **Teilhard de Chardin**

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The trouble with the world is that the stupid are cocksure
and the intelligent are full of doubt.

-- **Bertrand Russell**

What we need is more people who specialize in the impossible.

-- **Theodore Roethke**

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DEDICATION

This book is especially dedicated to those of the next century soon to be upon us, and who will at last open up and develop the superpowers of the human bio-mind.

But it is also profoundly dedicated to those very many of the past who, in small and big ways, helped consolidate and open that particular doorway into the superpowers, that doorway called "remote viewing."

But this book is also, and perhaps principally, dedicated to that astonishing timeless phenomenon called human memory -- but which perhaps might be called our species collective bio-mind memory, and in which the superpowers perpetually dwell.

FORTHCOMING ADDITIONS

Dr. H. E. Puthoff, former director of the *Psychoenergetics Project* at **Stanford Research Institute**, has agreed to provide an *Introduction* for this book.

Major General Edmund R. Thompson, U.S.A. (Ret.), former Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, U.S. Army 1977-1981, has agreed to provide a *Foreword*.

The Introduction and Foreword will be introduced into the book when they are received.

The production of this book is a rather momentous effort, and the effort to produce it has to be time-shared with the author's other necessary activities. And so it is anticipated that the Internet presentation of the Real Story will take over a year.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I had never planned to write this book. In the past there were compelling reasons not to do so. In any event, I thought someone else would eventually take a deep, serious interest and do THE book on remote viewing.

Because the story of remote viewing is a substantial one from a number of viewpoints, I had anticipated that such a book would be a scholarly one, and would clarify all of the issues involved and render them understandable for historical purposes.

Most of the issues involved are straightforward ones when seen in their own contexts and times -- and which times began in 1971, after which the issues remained more or less straight-forward until about 1988.

This was the seventeen-year period during which the elements of controlled remote viewing (CRV) were gradually separated out from a somewhat ambiguous morass of parapsychological phenomena, then refined until it was an entity of and within itself, complete with a novel nomenclature appropriate to it.

In its refined and developed state, its chief characteristics were twofold:

- its gradual increase in scope, precision and accuracy; and
- its closeness more to general human potential rather than to special things seen as psychic or parapsychological.

When remote viewing was understood, even in its natural state in individuals, it was no longer ambiguous, but seen as a precise set of existing faculties against which the ambiguous term "psychic" was no longer useful.

After 1988, though, the year I retired from active research, what might be called the decomposition of remote viewing began to set in.

Conceptual distortions began to occur, with the tendency to return the formerly strategic characteristics back into the ambiguous morass of parapsychological and psychic phenomena. After about 1990, the decomposition proceeded at a rapid rate -- one reason being that the term "remote viewing" went public and was seized upon by many as a scientifically dignified replacement term for "psychic."

Thereafter, just about anything could be called "remote viewing," just about anyone could call themselves a "psychic remote viewer" -- and ambiguity had once again been achieved. Back to square one, as it were.

Another reason for the decomposition was that the demand for precision and accuracy in which the intelligence community had invested its efforts was, in the public domain, not really necessary.

As we will see later in the text, it was to be the scope and increase of accuracy which identified the original formats of remote viewing, and especially controlled remote viewing, and which accounted for the long duration of the intelligence community's effort.

The authenticating of such high-stage accuracy could only be determined by adequate and long-term testing, record keeping, and equally long-term oversight processes and committees.

There do exist extremely gifted natural remote viewers, of course. It happened that I was one of them, and I know of four others.

But in general the raw (so to speak) forms of remote viewing do not produce the high-stage accuracy absolutely mandatory for intelligence purposes -- and this was the case even regarding my own natural aptitudes at the start-up of the discovery and development phase.

In any event, there are a few things that cannot be ambiguous -- and remote viewing proficiency and accuracy are two of them.

And so when, in the went-public stage, latter-day formats of "remote viewing" began detaching from TESTED, DEMONSTRATED and CONFIRMED proficiency and accuracy, the decomposition of remote viewing proceeded apace.

But even so, those latter-day formats served to bring about two essential and constructive effects.

They served to bring the concepts of remote viewing to larger public attention.

As to the second constructive effect, I, at least, am of the opinion that any work regarding remote viewing is better than none at all -- for all of it helps to shift the direction of human awareness toward the real existence of the superpowers of the human bio-mind.

In the end, the absolute need for demonstrated and tested accuracy of any format of remote viewing will win the day. Remote viewing formats not up to this will disappear.

Nonetheless, the decomposition period entered many distortions into the public situation. And so it is part of the factual history of remote viewing to meet up with the details of this decomposition -- as we will do much later in the book under the general heading of "The Fall of Remote Viewing."

I suppose that most of the distortions might have been avoided, at least in an historical perspective, if someone as an insider had earlier produced a substantial book regarding the how and why of remote viewing. The public would then have had something by which to judge things.

I was the most logical person to do this -- for although very many were strategically involved in remote viewing I was intimately familiar with the entire history of remote viewing.

However, the real story of remote viewing has always been encumbered with the secrecy which gradually surrounded it after 1972.

The secrecy initially involved attempts to protect the identities of certain government agencies which involved themselves with remote viewing and with what was referred to as the Psi Warfare Gap during the Cold War era.

The secrecy was never really very good.

Various major media waves of the 1970s and early 1980s rather forthrightly exposed the players in such places as THE WASHINGTON POST and TIME magazine, etc. The arch-digger of secretive information, Jack Anderson, often appeared to be given deliberate and quite accurate leaks which he joyfully exposed in his syndicated columns.

Many supposed that the leaks were engineered to frighten the Soviets and the KGB of the Cold War era with the fact that the United States was indeed developing competent "psychic spies."

In any event, if secrecy means totally black projects maintained completely invisible, the research and development of remote viewing and who sponsored it never enjoyed anything of the kind.

Yet, the pall of secrecy overhung the real story of remote viewing, at least as far as its insiders were concerned, and so none of them wished to step forward.

As any secrecy specialist knows, secrecy can have unpredictable outcomes and clay feet.

In the case of remote viewing, with the real story of it unavailable, the media and the public had nothing to judge against when latter-day distortions of its decomposition blazoned forth with media attention.

It would then be natural to make the mistake of assuming that the distortions were factually representative not only of remote viewing itself, but of what the sponsors originally funded for research and development.

The concepts and story of remote viewing are now twenty-five years old.

But that story is not just the story of remote viewing. It is also, and more importantly so, the real story which has involved hundreds of people who worked to research and develop the concepts in good faith and because they were told that it was important for the security of the nation to do so.

In their living memory, some of those were reasonably familiar with the whole story, others with important parts of it.

It's surprising how many of those people are dead by now.

And, after a while more, all those who possess the important living memory will also become absent.

And then the real insider story will be gone -- lost -- replaced by versions of it emanating from those with their own mindsets, agendas, and what is fashionably dignified as "their own realities."

And, indeed, this replacement has already commenced via many garbled and truncated versions in which agenda-hype excels over the facts.

In pondering all of this, as I have done for the last three years, it boils down to either of two choices for me.

I can write the living-memory book -- or I can let the living memory slide into oblivion.

What would you do?

There are three sectors, or layers, to the real story of remote viewing, as well as several quite subtle ones.

The three sectors need to be pointed up here at the start to help expand the reader's overview of the real story and that phenomenon named "remote viewing" -- but which, in hindsight, probably should have been called something else.

The first sector is the most visible one. It concerns the long-term involvement of the American intelligence community with remote viewing which was commenced in 1973 by the **Central Intelligence Agency**.

This sector is visible for two reasons.

The mixing of the mainstream intelligence community with the Fringe area of remote viewing and so-called psychic spying IS one of the bigger tales of the twentieth century.

Because it is a big story, the media sporadically task themselves with attempting to expose or speculate on its sexy and scandalous details -- with the result that media frenzies occasionally occur, and the first of which was in full bloom in 1975.

Several media waves or frenzies regarding the "government connection" have since come and gone, the most recent being the extensive wave of late 1995 and early 1996.

Of all the media waves, the one of 1995-1996 was the least well-informed.

And so it initiated a series of information distortions which misled the public. [A description of the genesis and central core of this media wave is reviewed in Annex 1 attached, and to which I invite your attention.]

This particular media wave confused all of the important issues beyond recognition, and, in general, held the intelligence community up to ridicule for allegedly wasting tax payer money on the bewilderment of "psychic" hoopla.

There is no doubt that the "government connection" is popularly seen as THE sexy and big story, whose limelight is dramatically laden with secrecy, super-espionage agencies and psychic foolishness.

Here is the exact stuff which can be hyped out of proportion and real contexts -- to the utter delight and fascination of conspiracy buffs and vulture-like skeptics awaiting opportunity.

Many think that the sexy story is the only real story. But it is only a part of the real story.

The real story is found just beneath the sexy first sector of the government connection.

This second sector is of course comprised of remote viewing ITSELF -- and WHY the intelligence community took a long-term interest in it in the first place.

This concerns what remote viewing actually IS.

And here we encounter an exceedingly strange phenomenon which surrounds remote viewing, one which few will even notice unless it is pointed up.

Hardly anyone really wants to know what remote viewing actually consists of, especially if they see themselves in any way connected to social mainstreams -- and which phenomenon, in my opinion, constitutes the exact reason why the top five mainstream publishers refused to publish this book.

As you will see, I encountered this phenomenon from the start as early as 1972, and especially among scientists and media types, but, surprisingly, among parapsychologists, too.

I have made a long-term, intimate study of this phenomenon and its theme will occasionally appear in the text.

But basically, learning what remote viewing actually is might mean having to alter one's academic and conventional wisdom.

Even though most support the concept of increasing our knowledge, very few really want to do anything of the kind if it wrecks their existing "realities."

There is another reason that the fundamentals of remote viewing have not been made visible.

Aside from a few documents made public before 1976, and which identified remote viewing as a channel of long-distance perception, the blame easily falls on those who instituted its research and development and those who funded it.

In this instance, no one wanted the fundamentals made visible to the broad public because remote viewing was considered a potential intelligence tool -- an espionage vehicle whose methodologies needed to be responsibly guarded.

However, the CRV concepts and methodologies themselves were never classified -- which is why I can write this book giving their fundamentals and details.

But there was common agreement about this, additionally protected by the fact that no one really wanted to know about the fundamentals anyway -- and in any event, the fundamentals of CRV will seem like an alien language unless one is walked through them step by step.

Beneath the fundamentals of remote viewing, however, is the third sector I have referred to.

The first two sectors involve individuals, research projects, agencies, and all sorts of situations which are introverted in smaller-picture kinds of ways.

As I have described, the centerpiece of the first sector is the government connection. The centerpiece of the second sector is remote viewing itself.

The centerpiece of the third sector is OUR SPECIES itself -- and whether it DOES possess the superpowers of the human bio-mind fabled throughout our history.

Does our species possess the superpowers even in societal opposition to them or in spite of ignorance about them?

It is in the light of this third sector that we will encounter the ONLY rationale for the two sectors already described.

And it was this exact species issue, and nothing else, which caused the intelligence community to undertake what it did, and why remote viewing was extended the opportunity to attempt to strut its stuff. And here is something which hardly anyone has understood.

The superpowers of the human bio-mind, of which remote viewing is but one, can be defined as those SPECIES-INHERENT faculties which permit human awareness to transcend the conventionally perceived limits of space and time, and of matter and energy as well.

If our species DOES NOT possess such faculties, then remote viewing would have to be condemned as a figment, and the participation of the intelligence community silly.

But, in this sense, it's worth mentioning that if the faculties for the superpowers do not exist within our species, then we also have to throw out a great deal -- such as intuition, telepathy, peak experiencing, the creative processes, intelligence, altered states of conscious.

And on and on until we are left only with our most mundane aptitudes which do correspond to the "laws" of matter, energy, time and space -- which is to say, correspond to those laws as presently understood, but which understanding does undergo renovation and change within the sciences themselves.

On the other hand, if such species-superpowers DO exist, then the participation of the intelligence community in researching them was correct and justified -- while what was out of whack were the modernist philosophies and sciences of the cultural West which derided the superpowers under the stereotyped stigma of the term "psychic."

This particular situation deserves somewhat extensive treatment, and will be adequately dealt with in the text.

But here it is worth noting that it was the COLLISION of Soviet bio-mind research with the stereotyped stigma of psychic research in the West which occasioned the circumstances within which remote viewing was identified and developed.

Had not this collision occurred, then remote viewing would never have seen the light of day.

It now has to be pointed out that neither psychic aptitudes nor the superpowers of bio-mind have been viewed in the light of being a SPECIES THING. Which is to say, as being ALWAYS present at the species level as inherent faculties and potentials entirely capable of manifesting in specimens of our species.

And it is in this context that we encounter the timeless and time-transcending aspect not only of remote viewing but of all the other superpowers, too.

And it is this aspect which more or less has to arouse some radical readjustments regarding conventional cosmologies and the actual place of human consciousness within them.

Since few really want to alter their sense of cosmology, it is this exact thing which subtly lies behind the widespread resistance to finding out what remote viewing really consists of.

As you will see in the narrative ahead, this precise situation often led to many amusing soap-opera incidents -- and many affected or "threatened" in this way literally proceeded to the nearest bar to "recover."

If the superpowers had been considered a species thing from the start at some place back, say, around 1870, then the history of psychical research and parapsychology would have been entirely different.

What has rather happened, though, is that we tend to think of the superpowers as belonging to selected individuals who, for reasons peculiar to their psychology, manifest them more vitally than others do.

And so our concepts regarding the superpowers is locked into time and place at the individual level -- resulting in the assumption that we can treat positively or negatively the individuals (and what THEY are thought to represent) according to our dispositions one way or another.

However, if the existence of the superpowers is lifted from the individual to the species level, an entirely different and very much larger panorama immediately opens up.

For one thing, the existence of the superpowers becomes a species situation or problem, and no longer an individual situation or problem, while the elements to be considered are completely different.

If we consider the superpowers an inherent species thing, then we can immediately see that various forms of them have manifested throughout the whole of our recorded history, and in all past and present societies.

By logical extrapolation here, we can be sure that they will continue to emerge into the indeterminate future.

The fact that formats of the superpowers (under a plethora of terms) have continuously emerged across generations and across all kinds of social enclaves and strictures -- well, here is the strongest evidence that the superpowers ARE a species thing first, and only secondly an individual thing.

If you can bear to consider what this shift of perspective means, please begin doing so now, for this aspect is the virtual backbone of the remote viewing story.

This is the same as saying that individuals, societies, intelligence communities, research enclaves, philosophies, skeptics, sciences and so forth come and go.

But even so, each time a specimen of our species is born, he or she will in some form be a carrier of our species faculties for the superpowers -- more or less in the same way that he or she is a carrier of our species genetic pool.

And here is the ultimate consideration behind my decision to write this book.

You see, if the superpowers are a species thing, then they have dynamics which can be identified, understood, developed and enhanced, and this possibly across the boards.

Technically speaking, there is only one thing necessary here -- a strategic shift in vision regarding what the superpowers actually are, a vision which sees the superpowers as a species thing first.

It is quite certain that the early Soviet researchers of the 1920s and 1930s were the first to make this shift.

And, in making it, they were obliged to approach the matter quite differently from how the early psychical researchers and later parapsychologists of the West viewed psychic things, and still do.

Radically different hypotheses are certainly needed if the superpowers are to be viewed as a broad species affair as contrasted to an individual one.

For one thing, if the superpowers are a broad species affair, then the constituents of the superpowers simply have to have fundamental and close biological connections.

It is this which accounts for the peculiar, but necessary, nomenclature the Soviets ultimately set up for their work -- for example, "bio-communications," a term which had no Western equivalents.

By contrast, Western researchers have always viewed psychic attributes as a particular arrangement of the individual's psychology, independent of his or her biology -- as well as being non-material in genesis.

Indeed, on the down side of Western parapsychology, the psychiatric definition of **Psi** held it to be the illusory result of a deranged psychology.

In any event, the Soviet shift from the basis of a particular individual psychology to a fundamental species basis made the early Soviet work unintelligible to Western intelligence analysts -- and in which condition it remained for nearly five decades.

It was not until the very late 1960s that American intelligence analysts VERY SLOWLY began to realize that the Soviets were attempting to identify and HARNESS, as it was nervously put, certain powers of bio-mind which transcended space and time, and probably also energy and matter.

It was also realized, much more quickly, that the hypotheses of the Soviet work WERE completely different from the conventional hypotheses American and other Western parapsychologists labored within.

But it was the size and magnitude of the Soviet effort along those lines which probably impressed American analysts more than anything else. The utter SIZE of the Soviet effort clearly indicated a good deal of smoke, so to speak, beneath which fires were obviously brightly burning in order to justify the size.

Where there was such a vast amount of smoke which few really understood, but anyway was shrouded in intense KGB secrecy, the intelligence community and elements in Congress began worrying if there was a "threat potential" in all of the Soviet strangeness involved.

And behind-the-scenes committees in Congress mandated a full inquiry -- as it was their responsibility to do regarding any possible "threat potential."

Thus, the American intelligence community, alarmed about a threat potential, was forced to take an interest in matters it certainly never would have otherwise -- and which resulted in the complex saga and soap opera of that bittersweet story which is detailed in the narrative ahead.

By now, in **1996**, that saga and soap opera has come and gone, at least for the present.

But there is still outstanding the matter of bio-communications and the superpowers of the human bio-mind being a species affair -- and evidence shows that many top researchers -- for example, in Japan, China and elsewhere -- have begun to think in those terms. (The evidence for this will be presented much later in the narrative.)

In other words, the search for the superpowers has not ended just because the Soviet Empire fell, or because the American effort got screwed up and decomposed after 1988.

I have no reticence at all in predicting that the species superpowers of bio-mind will become a topic of profound interest in the years and decades to come -- in other nations and under other auspices, certainly to be secret.

All that it will take is the abandonment of the ideologies of the twentieth century which were intolerant of and totally misguided regarding such research -- ideologies already on their way out, and which anyway were never very important in most non-Western nations.

I have determined that no one else will, or can, present the American remote viewing epoch in the light of the species level of the superpowers.

That epoch will be interpreted in lesser ways, according to particular agendas and particular ignorance and stupidities regarding what was really involved.

And, this is my ultimate reason for writing this book.

The narrative of the real and detailed story of remote viewing begins ahead in chapter 4.

I have utilized the first three chapters to present certain background materials which need to be isolated and dealt with, and which I'd rather not spread throughout the narrative itself.

Remote viewing came about because of sets of CIRCUMSTANCES which literally sucked people into participating in them.

Most of those circumstances, both big and small, ran across a spectrum of unexpected and astonishing to dumbfounding. Most of them practically came out of nowhere, and most of them left a trail of successes and skeletons in closets.

No one could have predicted hardly any of those strange circumstances, least of all myself. But their unfolding became apparent to me quite early, and gave me cause to reflect on what circumstances actually consist of.

As the years passed, I got somewhat good at predicting the unfoldment of some circumstances -- but only because I had undertaken a long-term philosophical consideration of what circumstances actually consist of.

By now, I will go so far as to say that the identification and anticipation of circumstances BEFORE they unfold is one of the many superpowers of the human bio-mind -- one which has never heretofore been identified.

Since the role, as it were, of circumstances is so important throughout the story, I've decided to utilize chapter 1 to present, as best I can, a philosophical discussion of their nature.

Thereafter, you will be better prepared to observe them and their remarkable phenomena in action as regards the story of remote viewing.

The circumstances which ultimately led to remote viewing unfolded in the Soviet Union two decades before I was born.

Those same circumstances doubtlessly will also serve as a basis for all future work regarding isolating and enhancing certain superpowers of the human bio-mind.

Technically speaking, those early Soviet circumstances established the correct hypothesis that what was involved was, indeed, something at the species level.

The nature of the early Soviet work is hardly accessible to Western readers, and where it is briefly referred to it has been transliterated into Western nomenclature.

The transliterations permit Western readers to assume they know something in familiar Western terms, but which terms are so much gobbledygook in bio-communications research terms.

Indeed, as we shall see ahead, it was the transliteration of the Soviet work into incorrect Western concepts which was the first mistake made by the American intelligence community -- and which delayed correct analysis for at least two decades.

Bio-communications research was and is NOT psychic or parapsychology research, and I utilize background chapter 2 to sort through various important distinctions in this regard.

I utilize chapter 3 to present materials regarding my autobiographical self.

Of all the chapters in the book, this was the hardest for me to undertake -- because I have to toot my own horn in ways which might seem overly ego-laden.

But, and I just as well say it as plainly as possible, one of the amazing circumstances regarding the whole story of remote viewing was that my prior accumulated experiences and knowledge had prepared me to deal with a fair share of the NOVEL circumstances which literally sucked me into them.

There IS something called the "prepared mind." And, everything considered, I was more or less prepared to deal in the circumstances which -- to my own astonishment! -- came about in 1971 and thereafter.

For example, I had already understood, in my own terms, that the fundamentals of "psi" perceptions were a species thing, not special manifestations of individual psychology.

I had arrived at this conclusion long before I ever heard of **Dr. H. E. Puthoff**, Stanford Research Institute, or the concerns of the intelligence community regarding the Soviet "threat analysis."

As you will see, this was to have certain advantages regarding what was to come.

Preliminary Comments On Ingo Swann's

REMOTE VIEWING -- THE REAL STORY

Foreword to follow, focusing on later parts of the book
which deal with the period with which I am most familiar.

Ingo Swann is the only person who could write this book. That he has undertaken to do so underscores his dedication to the understanding -- and to the further perfection of remote viewing in the face of his frustration with the distortions being injected into the story by the media and people with more limited perspectives -- and sometimes with various axes to grind.

The book also illustrates his dedication to furthering his optimistic expectation -- expressed to me in conversation as well as in this manuscript -- that the 21st Century will come to accept and understand this and other phenomena (today, so-called "psychic"), just as much as we do the results of crazy Ben Franklin's kite-flying.

The value of **Ingo Swann's** "living memory" narrative of the origins and refinement of remote viewing is that his memory, more than anyone else I know, encompasses more facets of the story of credible and verifiable, practical, usable parapsychology [Ingo wouldn't like that term].

His categorization of remote viewing as a "superpower of the human biomind" makes the most sense to me of any explanation that I have yet seen. His thesis that these superpowers are a

species phenomenon, common to all humankind, also makes sense in view of demonstrated results I've witnessed by a number of trained remote viewers.

Ingo's dedication is further demonstrated by his placing this manuscript in the World Wide Web -- to make it available to any and all. Perhaps someone out there will pick up on his work and carry research forward to the optimistic expectation that he envisions.

Edmund R. Thompson

Maj Gen, USA (Ret)

Asst Chief of Staff for Intelligence, USA (1977-81)

September 1996

Part One: Beginnings 1919 -- 1971

Silence of the heart, practiced with wisdom,

will see a lofty depth;

And the ear of the silent mind will hear untold wonders.

-- Hesychius of Jerusalem

Chapter 1

CIRCUMSTANCES WE GET SUCKED INTO

I have debated at length how to begin this book, and whether to begin it with the philosophical topic of this chapter -- circumstances we get sucked into -- and how we then live our lives on their behalf.

This is a topic which at first seems far removed from the story of remote viewing.

But it is important to the saga and soap opera of the story -- because the real story was always overshadowed by the circumstances which brought about its activity and enactments.

We take "circumstances" for granted, so much so that we seldom look very deeply into them.

In general, most people seem to believe that circumstances are separate from themselves, and that whether they can control and manage them depends on the individual involved.

However, if one studies the dynamics of circumstances, it appears that there are many levels or strata of them, and that there are "local" circumstances and "non-local" ones.

It can also be shown that there are continuums of circumstances which transcend generations of born bio-bodies and suck millions into their workings and effects.

As but one example -- the war-making continuum which sucks millions into it, most of which want to be no part of it and especially not suffer from its effects.

The implication involved here is quite alien in contemporary terms, because it is generally believed, sometimes even insisted upon, that each individual has the power to self-direct their own lives regardless of surrounding circumstances.

Consider, however, getting sucked into the circumstances of love or hate, of poverty or stupidity or power games-playing which have overshadowed humanity since Day One, and for which no permanent cures have ever been found.

On the one hand, many will say that individuals are responsible for these. But on the other hand, many get sucked into them, adapting their perceptions and response-thinking to them. Many are born into circumstances not of their own making -- but learn to emulate them anyway.

The continua of on-going circumstances might also be conceived of, somewhat dramatically perhaps, as currents or patterns in the multi-dimensional fabric of human nature -- and which currents and patterns ebb and flow.

Many of our ancient predecessors were better prepared to have a grip on circumstances and their continua -- believing them to be the activities functions of gods and goddesses

external to people. For example, when Mars, the Roman god of war, awoke after a sleep or rest, everyone shortly found themselves sucked into his war-making circumstances.

I don't know if this WAS the case, but I do know that people knowingly and unknowingly get suck into circumstances greater than they are.

But the most important thing about circumstances is that no one seems to know how and why they arise or come about, how and why they take on various formats, and why people become enveloped in them as they do.

There is a great gap of knowledge here -- one well worth a considerable amount of study. I recognize the gap because I've made a great effort to discover if anyone has made any effort to scrutinize and study the "nature of circumstances." Very little along these lines has ever been undertaken.

So, if we consider the above, say for hypothetical entertainment purposes only, the topic of CIRCUMSTANCES can become very involved philosophically, almost metaphysically, and certainly has sociological relevance.

And so it seems a complicated and messy topic and one might well wonder what it has to do with the story of remote viewing.

But, as will be seen in the narrative ahead, remote viewing came about BECAUSE of circumstances which arose -- and had they not come about, then neither would have remote viewing come about.

So, if I omit this topic from the chapters ahead, I find that the real story of remote viewing loses a number of fundamental contexts which are important to it.

Without the topic, the story becomes more "local" in terms of the situations involved and the players within them.

In this "local" sense, the beginning of the story will focus on the particulars of the 1970s when the intelligence community got mixed into what the media ridicule as "psychic research" and "psi spies."

This situation, local to the 1970s, then will be perceived as THE story of remote viewing.

And this story will be interpreted by the various mindsets which interest themselves in it.

Based on the realities local to the twentieth century, the story will then seem absurd and ridiculous -- largely because mainstream circumstances of the century condemned psi as vapid imagination, psychological disorder, or quackery.

The nexus, or nub, of the real story of remote viewing, however, is not that the intelligence community DID get involved with psi, but WHY it did.

One will have to admit that there is nothing more mainstream than the American intelligence community. And so why it got involved with something so non-mainstream in contemporary terms is a very pertinent issue.

In other words, why the intelligence community risked becoming a contemporary laughing stock is a matter entirely germane to the real story of remote viewing.

There is only one feasible answer for this WHY.

Circumstances, or a particular set of them, had come into play and which fueled that interest. Circumstances so compelling that the intelligence community became WORRIED about an issue the rest of the mainstream modern world not only laughed at but spit on. More pointedly, the intelligence community got sucked into "surprising" circumstances it clearly wished did not exist, and if they did exist would remain so minimal or marginal that nothing need be done about them.

And, in provable fact, this marginalization has been the on-going local position of the mainstream modernist world regarding psi.

But behind those marginalizing circumstances looms a quite large and on-going circumstance. The existence at the species level of the superpowers of the human bio-mind -- with the faculties for the superpowers potentially present in all born specimens.

The existence of the superpowers was quite easily marginalized during the twentieth century by claiming them to be irrational and unscientific -- at least in the modernist West. And so very little was known about the superpowers, their real existence even in serious doubt.

In modern, twentieth century terms, then, one could hardly imagine anything that would appreciably shift that the endemic marginalizing. And this, then, was the circumstance that the knowledge of the superpowers was caught up and contained within.

But then something was slowly discovered by Western analysts which would indeed shift the marginalizing.

A world political and military superpower is a circumstance in its own right -- and, to the astonishment of just about everyone, one of the top two of those was found to be conducting serious work regarding the superpowers of the human bio-mind. The only possible goal concerned how to harness and utilize them for "practical applications."

The use of the term "surprised" in the lingo of on-going political, military and scientific circumstances actually means "Oh my God!"

But this is soon dignified as "novel circumstances have arisen" -- and which "novel" circumstances quickly incorporate many, at least as regards learning how to cope with them.

In the light of those novel circumstances, the typical marginalizing of so-called "psi potentials" was now ended within the scope of the novel developments.

We now need to attempt some precision thinking regarding the nature of circumstances.

On the one hand, the particular set of circumstances referred to just above involved, of course, the Soviet Union and what might be called "the threat of an outbreak of applied superpowers of the bio-mind." (I'll review the historical basis for that set of Soviet circumstances in chapter 2, and to various details of it later on in the narrative.)

On the other hand, the larger circumstances of an invisible picture became visible -- the very existence in our species of superpowers of bio-mind.

In this combined sense, then, the big picture consisted of three sets of circumstances, and these need to be identified here at the start, and remembered throughout this book:

- (1) the existence of superpowers of bio-mind within our species;
- (2) what the Soviet researchers were doing with them; and
- (3) what the disbelieving and astonished American intelligence community should do because of what the Soviets were doing.

If at this point you haven't broken into at least a smile regarding this interesting mix of circumstances, then you should to try to loosen up a little.

And, as will become gradually more clear when one is further long in the narrative, these three sets of circumstances comprised both the Saga and the Soap Opera of remote viewing.

Aside from some of its noted foibles, the American intelligence community is by far the greatest power in the world, and to my knowledge DOES take its duties on behalf of the nation quite seriously.

If, then, the Soviet Union (or any other nation) was somehow making advances in "applied psi," then what the American mainstream thought of psi was incidental and of no interest. After all, if the intelligence community was to bow before mainstream opinion (such opinion in this case largely psi illiterate), then our defenses via the intelligence community would soon consist only of mainstream consensus opinion somewhat dominated by that vagary known as political correctness.

The point I'm trying to make in this chapter, though, is that the intelligence community responded to a set of circumstances not of its own making. "Responded" is one way of saying "got sucked into."

At one level, we can easily say that the Soviet Union aroused those circumstances. But at another level what was aroused was an interest in the existence of the superpowers of the human bio-mind.

At that level we encounter something which, in a legendary sense at the very least, is organic to our species. And we encounter as well the abiding and eternal question of whether our species DOES, in fact, possess such superpowers.

By way of definitions, SUPERPOWERS of bio-mind refers to those cognitive faculties inherent in our species which transcend the tangible time and space, and matter and energy as well -- such as in the case of intuition experienced world-wide, and other so-called "paranormal abilities."

POWERS of the bio-mind refers to those cognitive faculties which work within the more tangible factors of time and space, and matter and energy as well -- or at least utilize those tangible factors as their cognitive basis.

Whether the superpowers exist seems to be only a matter of socio-local perception, enculturalization or indoctrination -- and the **CIRCUMSTANCES** which dominate within those. Few premodern societies rejected the existence of the superpowers, and so such rejection seems to be only a wobbly fluctuation in the peculiar circumstances which characterize the modernist syndrome.

Circumstances can of course be erected or engineered and brought into play in ways which serve to alienate a social stratum from the existence of the superpowers, and individuals can get sucked into **THOSE** circumstances -- as most anti-psi skeptics have.

But if the superpower faculties truly do exist, then they, themselves, must constitute on-going and repeating circumstances which likewise suck people into them.

Now, we can utilize the term "circumstances" and attribute all kinds of things to them.

But what, in identifiable fact, do circumstances consist of? What are they?

We know they exist, and that some or many of them are on-going. Cycles analysts can even show that certain circumstances ebb and flow like tides do, repeating again and again.

But even so, we think we can observe circumstances as being only external to ourselves -- meaning that we are not directly aware of getting sucked into them.

The way the term CIRCUMSTANCE is most usually used refers to "the sum of essential and environmental factors." In this sense, we usually see ourselves as independent among the circumstances, and as individuals having the power to make choices.

In other words, our individuality is separate from the circumstances around us.

Most dictionaries, however, give the FIRST definition of CIRCUMSTANCE as "a condition, fact, or event accompanying conditioning or determining another condition, fact, or event."
accompany

The two keywords in this definition are CONDITIONING and DETERMINING. In other words, circumstances are something which condition and determine other circumstances.

If we extend this definition to INCLUDE people caught up within or sucked into circumstances, then we would have to consider that the circumstances condition and determine the circumstances of those individuals caught up within them.

In this sense, individuals can become players or victims within the circumstances which incorporate them, or into which they have been sucked by virtue or merely being born.

In this light, it is quite accepted that people get sucked into the on-going circumstances of, for example, poverty, money-making, or religious or philosophical activity -- and within which they either become players or victims, or some variety in between.

The direct implication here is quite astonishing: that circumstances, if they can condition and determine, have a life and a power of their own -- and which, so to speak, are independent of those individuals incorporated into the circumstances.

When individuals become incorporated INTO circumstances, then they function as factors WITHIN the circumstances.

And, indeed, the realization of this appears when anyone says "I got caught up in circumstances" -- which is the same as saying that one got sucked into them.

This concept is exceedingly difficult for Westerners to entertain -- because the concept of complete individuality is paramount in the West and greatly elevated above the concept on on-going circumstances with life and power of their own.

Indeed, Westerners, especially during the modern epoch, felt they could "control circumstances" with the vague idea that they would no longer get sucked into them. Thus, the first definition of "circumstance" was no longer needed -- and which is why it has been forgotten.

Individuals condition circumstances, not the other way round.

What I am of course seeking to establish is that all of us swim in an ocean of on-going circumstances equally as do the fish swim in an ocean of water.

If the fish was asked to describe its environment, it would point out everything except the water -- because it is so omnipresent as to be unnoticeable.

The ocean of water and the ocean of circumstances consist of currents, eddies, strata, states, conditions and continuums, any of which one can "get caught up in" or sucked into -- and all of which remove us from our status as discrete, completely independent individuals.

Indeed, if you look at your own status aside from your conviction of your individuality, you can probably perceive the circumstances within which you are incorporated and which largely are determining what you fondly refer to as your life and your realities.

You might also be able to identify the circumstances others are caught up within, but which you are not.

In other words, no one lives as an individual completely independent of some kind of circumstances.

Everyone is affixed within some kind of incorporating circumstances, whether by action of just simply being born into them, or by volunteering to be within them, or by being forced into becoming part of them.

Being forced to remain WITHIN particular kinds of on-going circumstances is another category, a very interesting one.

So indeed, while we believe we affix our realities by choice, what is much more likely is that our realities are affixed to us by virtue of the circumstances within which we have been incorporated or gotten sucked into.

The idea that circumstances, especially on-going ones, themselves condition and determine is uncomfortable and characterized by many very subtle aspects which escape the notice of most.

On the other hand, and as a reality check here, it is vividly recognized that social management or control is achieved NOT by managing or controlling people -- but the managing (or attempting to do so) situation-like circumstances within which social populations ARE incorporated.

It is also broadly recognized that those with power within on-going circumstances generally will manage and control them for their own benefit FIRST. Thus, although it is hardly ever stated, or even permitted to be stated, all others become "pieces" within the circumstances managed or controlled by others.

The socio-philosophical implications here are quite enormous, of course. But I'll not dwell on them here because they are beyond the contexts of this book.

Within the contexts of this book, however, it IS necessary to draw attention to two on-going sets of circumstances which are important to what will unfold in the narrative ahead.

This is the balance between:

(1) the on-going circumstances within which our species would become enlightened regarding the existence of the superpowers of the human bio-mind, and

(2) the on-going circumstances within which our species is alienated from organized knowledge of those superpowers.

To make this existence of this balance comprehensible, it is necessary to point up the most probable reason why the second set of on-going circumstances exists.

I have distilled this reason as a result of over thirty years directed effort to isolate it. And so I have to bite the bullet here and state that the superpowers of the human bio-mind are FEARED and RESENTED -- because their possessors would have extraordinary power and influence.

This TYPE of power is incompatible with the management of human affairs exclusively on a tangible basis -- a management by human specimens who themselves haven't developed direct contact with their own superpower faculties.

Even if such superpower possessors did not themselves have direct control and influence over human affairs, those who did have them would consult the superpower possessors.

The equation here concerns what would be considered "undue advantage" accessible via the developed superpowers of the human bio-mind.

And in the case of the story of remote viewing, the fear of this "undue advantage" by the Soviets was exactly and precisely and the only motive behind the very extraordinary activities of the intelligence community.

Thus has arisen two on-going sets of circumstances which are at loggerheads with each other.

In the first instance, IF the superpowers ARE indwelling in our species, then evidence and knowledge of them would constantly be "discovered" time and again and via a wide assortment of people.

In the second instance, the fear (and perhaps even jealousy) of the superpowers requires the activation of a continuing set of circumstances devoted to suppressing evidence and knowledge -- and thus the development -- of the superpowers.

The story of the "conflict" between these two on-going sets of circumstances is quite visible within our recorded history -- so there can be no credible denial of it.

It is also a quite ugly story, sometimes involving the physical extermination of those suspected of possessing the superpowers -- and something of this ugly story will be encountered in the narrative ahead at the appropriate junctures.

Within twentieth-century contexts, the anti-superpower circumstances were carrying the day -- largely because the existence of the superpowers had been denied by SCIENCE, the distinct hallmark of that century.

Within the impressive scope of this denial, American academic and media mainstreams had followed suit -- which permitted the skeptics a "legitimization" quite extraordinary in that they claimed scientific precedent to debunk any researcher moving too closely to the vital activity of the superpowers.

In fact, as adequate socio-historical research into the matter easily reveals, there was no real scientific precedent behind this posture -- in that the modern Western sciences had

taken no confirmatory or disconfirmatory interest in "psi potentials" because "even if such existed, they were so minimal and so erratic as to be of no interest to science."

In this context, it must be reminded that the American mainstream sciences have consistently refused even to examine the work of American parapsychologists -- most of whom have conducted their work within statistical scientific parameters clearly accepted regarding anything else, and thus mandatory of recognition. Such recognition has never been forthcoming -- and still is not today.

As of the mid-1960s, such was the on-going state of circumstances in the United States of America regarding "psi."

I will show in the narrative ahead that the intelligence community "monitored" parapsychology developments, probably from the early 1930s onward.

But when, as it constantly does, that community consulted "expert opinion" of noted scientists, psychiatrists, and skeptics, well, the picture returned to them was "avoid it like the plague" because it is "non-scientific" and "no sensible scientists of any merit anywhere in the world would put it on their truck."

We are talking about complacent conviction here, a conviction that no competent scientists ANYWHERE in the world would seriously inquire into the nature of ANY of the superpowers of the human bio-mind, much less ALL of them.

And it was especially not credible AT ALL that such an inquiry would be undertaken under the auspices of the world superpower.

Then, as I've already stated, in the late 1960s a "novel" set of circumstances rocked the American intelligence community like a small nuclear device detonated within its prevailing, but culturally and scientifically supported ignorance of "psi."

This set of circumstances has never been made available to the American reading public -- largely because our media have refused to make it available.

You see, such a revelation would ALSO have to reveal that there might be something serious regarding the superpowers of the human bio-mind -- and the circumstances of endemic marginalizing of "psi" would be over with. And, for one thing, not only would philosophical crises ensue, but almost all text books and dictionaries would have to be rewritten.

And such revelations would also have to expose why certain leadership within the American intelligence community and within Congress suddenly jumped from the on-going circumstances of the anti-psyhic ship, as it were, and walked on board the OTHER on-going set of circumstances. That ship of DISCOVERY regarding the nature of the superpowers of the human species bio-mind.

The saga-like circumstances behind this somewhat abrupt "reversal of venues" had actually begun occurring in 1919, years before I was born, and constitutes the subject matter of the next chapter.

For the rest of this voluminous book, I can only recommend that you not reduce the story of remote viewing to your own pre-existing "realities" -- and this whether you are skeptical about or true believer regarding existence of the superpowers.

You might instead focus on circumstances. Think circumstances, so to speak. For it is within the circumstances, and their conditioning, determining, and sucking-in influences that the real story exists.

All else is merely decoration on the cake -- fascinating, romantic, sometimes exciting, but mere decoration only.

The first circumstance issue, and in the end it is the ONLY issue, is whether the superpowers of bio-mind exist within our species.

If they don't exist, then surely this whole book and the American intelligence community is a laughing matter.

If they do exist, then the real story of remote viewing is but one brief chapter in the long, very long history of their manifesting down through all the generations born of our species genetic pool.

Think now of THAT on-going circumstance.

Chapter 2

TIFLIS, GEORGIA - 1919

There's an old saying that big things often begin in small ways, and sometimes in places where nothing is expected to begin at all.

There is a good deal of truth in this. But I'll add one more facet to it -- that it often depends on WHOM the small thing happens to, and then upon what they and others do about it.

In 1919 a small thing happened in a place which was in the middle of a cultural nowhere if judged by complacent European and American standards. Much the same kind of thing often happens elsewhere and throughout the world -- and is usually explained away, forgotten or ignored.

However, the small thing happened to a certain young man who did something about it.

And, as far as can be determined, what that small thing grew into eventually became the reason why the greatest force in the world, the American intelligence community, was ultimately compelled to do something it otherwise would never have considered doing.

As of 1919, the concept of long-distance telepathy was not new -- for it had been demonstrated and studied in England and Europe since about 1880.

The phenomenon was otherwise called "mental radio," and interest in it had caused a sensation reaching even into the United States -- where, by the way, the very idea outraged most American scientists and academic philosophers.

Even so, had not the Great War (World War I) intervened, it is quite possible that the history of developmental telepathy would have been considerably more progressive.

But the Great War did intervene, and all creative efforts of the Western world turned to dealing with its horrors.

And when the Great War was over in 1919, people wanted to forget the past which now seemed out-dated and begin history anew with fresh ideas not connected with it. Mental radio belongs to that past.

The concept of mental radio hung on here and there, especially as a science fiction topic.

But nothing was really done about it in terms of how to enhance and utilize it.

One major reason for this was that the concept of telepathy implied that some aspect of human brain could transcend the laws of physical space.

This implication conflicted with the dominant concepts of Western science. Those concepts did not permit transfer of information across distances except by physical means.

No physical sending-receiving equipment could be found in the human bio-anatomy or brain.

And so mental radio was Out of the picture, and politically incorrect as well.

Out of the picture in the West, that is -- in England, Europe and the United states.

But the West often forgets that it is not the entire world, and that there is vital activity elsewhere.

And elsewhere in the world, too, are different people -- who might think differently about things, and do different things in ways not thought of or even permitted in the West.

One such different person was Bernard Bernardovich Kazhinski who, in 1919, was a young student living and studying in the city of Tiflis in the south-eastern European country of Georgia -- which is found bordering on the Black Sea and next to Turkey.

The beautiful country of Georgia is also to the south of Russia where, in 1917, the Russian Revolution had taken place and ended up putting Vladimir Ilyich Lenin in complete totalitarian power.

Lenin soon adopted policies of "expansionism." And in 1923, Georgia was to be added to the newly forming Soviet Empire as the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic -- and Tiflis was thenceforth to be called Tbilisi.

But still back in 1919, the young Kazhinski had an experience -- essentially one of those small things many experience but quickly forget about, and it was because of that experience that a set of novel circumstances was shortly to arise.

During August his best friend fell ill of a fatal disease diagnosed as typhus. On the night of the friend's death crisis, Kazhinski was suddenly awakened out of his sleep by a noise that sounded like a silver spoon striking a glass. In vain he looked in his room for what might have caused this sound.

The next afternoon he learned his friend had died during the night. Arriving at his friend's house to pay his respects he noticed a glass with a silver spoon in it on the table next to the bed in which his friend had died and on which the corpse was laid out.

Seeing him studying those objects, the dead man's mother burst anew into tears. She explained that she had been about to give her son his medicine. But at the very moment she put the spoon to his lips he had died -- and she had dropped the spoon back into the empty glass.

When the mother demonstrated just how she had done this, Kazhinski heard the exact sound that had awakened him at the very moment his friend had died -- even though their mutual homes were a mile apart.

Kazhinski was very moved -- but excited, too.

How was it possible that the tone had communicated to him across such a distance and awakened him from sleep?

Here we now encounter one of those small things which result in big ones, in this case a very big one.

Certainly similar phenomena and resulting questions regarding telepathy had already interested earlier psychical researchers in the West before World War I -- and much has been published along those lines.

Unfortunately, it is not recorded whether Kazhinski was familiar with the early Western research. It's reasonable to assume that he may have been somewhat familiar, and certainly the East European countries and Russia had long-standing "psychic" traditions and interests of their own.

But it's equally reasonable to assume that he may not have been very familiar. He was still a young student, and his age was against him having become thoroughly familiar with Western telepathy research.

As it was to be, he never emulated Western psychic research concepts or patterns nor those of parapsychology which arose in the mid-1930s. And so if he was familiar with any of those concepts, he, as well as others, must have rejected them on theoretical principles.

In any event, on that August day of 1919, Bernard Kazhinski, in his own words, "vowed" he "would solve" the mystery of what had linked his own perceiving mind with the minds of the mother and his dying friend.

In this, Kazhinski was not then unlike others elsewhere in the world. For many had encountered such mysteries, and many had tried to explain them and how they were possible.

Here I will interject a subtle aspect which will go unnoticed if I do not, one which is very important to this entire tale.

Years later I was asked to give an analysis of Kazhinski and what was known of his work from open and classified documents made available to me.

One of the observations I made was that there was a great difference between solving and explaining things. Things can be "explained" in many different ways, often to suit the preconceived notions of those doing the explaining.

Solving, however, requires an entirely different approach -- largely searching for and approaching in the direction of the discoverable facts.

The concept that something needs solving implies that one has accepted that something HAS happened which needs solving -- and that one is no longer burdened with the wobbly questioning whether it has really happened or not.

This wobbly questioning is entirely characteristic of the conventional Western approach to psi phenomena. Apparently it never did influence Kazhinski and others in the Soviet Union.

In any event, the mandates of solvers and explainers are entirely different -- and that Kazhinski (and others like him) was a solver may account for why he proceeded differently.

In order to fulfill his vow, Kazhinski began to study the human nervous system under the famous scientist Alexander Vassilievitch Leontovich.

His studies clearly focused not only on the biological and cellular nature of the nervous system, but also on its electrical nature. For Kazhinski was later to be styled as an "electro-technologist" specializing in studying the electrical nature of the human nervous system.

It is well worth noting here that the electrical nature of the human nervous system did not in the West become even a somewhat accepted scientific topic until the 1980s.

By 1923, Kazhinski had collected facts and had come to the conclusion that the human nervous system IS capable of reacting, by means unknown, to stimuli not accessible to the normal five senses.

Be pleased here to note ANOTHER subtle factor which distinguished Kazhinski's work from Western concepts regarding psi.

Kazhinski refers to the human nervous system which is capable of reacting. He DOES NOT refer to the MIND -- as is typically done in Western psychology, psychiatry and parapsychology.

He is thus referring to whole bio-body response, not to the mind which Westerners conceive of as seated in the central organ, the brain.

In 1923, the year that Georgia was invaded and taken over by Lenin's troops, Kazhinski published his findings in a book entitled THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

And now truly begins the astonishing series of circumstances which ultimately were to assail the American intelligence community.

The research leading up to Kazhinski's book had already interested a number of Soviet scientists.

Among those were the important Leningrad physiologist, Vladimir M. Bekhterev (who had established the Leningrad Brain Institute), and his granddaughter, Natalia P. Bekhtereva (who later was to direct her grandfather's important Institute).

Another young student, later to become a virtual icon in the Soviet sciences, named Leonid I. Vasiliev, was also soon to be interested in Kazhinski's work.

Vasiliev was later to publish his own seminal book entitled EXPERIMENTS IN DISTANT INFLUENCE. This ground-breaking book first appeared in Moscow only in 1962, but it was based in secret work on-going since the 1920s.

It was the 1960s appearance of this particular book which, rather humorously, first set off a few alarm bells in the American intelligence community -- after, of course, it's implication has been rather slowly digested and comprehended. DISTANT influence? What the hell does THAT mean?

Up until then, the American intelligence community had paid scant or no attention to what had gotten underway as a result of the small Tiflis Event in 1919.

Now, in the mid-1960s, however, certain American intelligence analysts began scrambling to sort out a very strange course of Soviet science events they had laughed at before or had just simply ignored.

Once even somewhat sorted through, the events implied that the Soviets had made progress in affairs such as "thought transference" and "influencing at a distance" -- all by

powers unknown, but which were thought to consist of, YES! PSYCHIC mental powers ("psychic" being their term, not mine.)

Furthermore, once the American analysts could make reasonable sense of those affairs going on in that OTHER world superpower, they were shocked off their pins to find that as early as February 16, 1922, the All-Russian Congress of the Association of Naturalists had UNDERWRITTEN the work of Kazhinsky's research and projects.

Lord have mercy! This was the equivalent of the American Institutes of Mental Health underwriting American parapsychology, a thing which was so unlikely as to be nil (and which is STILL nil even now in 1996).

AND the same important Soviet Congress was later to underwrite all similar work along the lines of thought transference and distant influencing.

This Soviet Congress was one of the most important superstar Agencies in the Soviet Union and possessed enormous power.

Its direct support for Kazhinski's work may have come about as the result of a lecture he was invited to give the Congress -- which he entitled HUMAN THOUGHT: ELECTRICITY.

The importance of all those events is likely to be lost to most American readers unless it is pointed out with some determination to do so.

As Russia and surrounding countries became Sovietized, everything in them fell directly under State Communist control -- including scientific research projects, plans and agendas. In an increasing direct sense, everything had to be approved from the top downward -- and Kazhinski's controversial research could not have been an exception.

As was well-understood, theoretical Communism was anchored in philosophical and scientific materialism. Within those contexts, anything was abhorred which might have metaphysical or superstitious implications.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, DISTANT INFLUENCE and MENTAL SUGGESTION AT A DISTANCE contravened materialistic doctrine.

And so on the simplistic surface of things, they equated to "Western degradations of the rational mind" -- this a phrase often repeated by many American skeptics.

One of the major reasons the American intelligence community had paid no attention to the early Soviet developments was that it was assumed that the ideologically correct Soviet materialists would NOT busy themselves with what equated in the West to psychical research and parapsychology.

Anyone who did have such interests would have been considered a political dissident, and so such interests would have been a risky business. Ideological heresy, in fact, for which the punishment was slow death in Siberia or just plain old death saving the transportation costs.

When the early American analysts compared the Soviet work to psychical research and parapsychology, they could look at the American versions and presuppose that the Soviets would get no further along than American parapsychologists had.

Even during the 1960s, parapsychology was considered a moribund field -- since after decades of working at it, parapsychology had produced nothing "threatening" much less monumental enough to achieve State support and highest scientific endorsement. And it had clearly not produced anything resembling "practical applications."

And so very few of the American analysts could figure out why the Soviet effort had achieved such high support, and apparently done so as early as Kazhinski's time.

All research had to be approved from the top downward, and in the early 1920s THE TOP consisted of Lenin himself.

No documents bearing Lenin's signature have been unearthed regarding his approval of the Kazhinsky research.

But quite good sources hold that such documents existed, and that Lenin further approved by stating "Well, if there is some gain to be had by our great Union, then we ought to have it."

Lenin's approval, whether explicit or tacit, must have come as early as 1920 -- or else no one within the Soviet hierarchy would have paid any attention to Kazhinski. And even the Brain Research Institute and the All-Russian Congress would have avoided him like the plague, as one would say.

To the early American analysts, then, nothing of all this made any sense -- and some in their wisdom advised that the whole of it was just a smoke screen designed to confuse American and British intelligence communities. And there the matter rested until about 1969.

As was later, much later, discovered, the great Western mistake was in comparing the Soviet work to Western psychical research and parapsychology.

In other words, Lenin did not approve of so-called "Soviet parapsychology." Indeed, he approved of something else almost entirely different. And, indeed again, the distinctions between Western parapsychology and what he did approve of must have been made clear to him -- or he would not have approved.

After all, Lenin was not stupid. And neither was Josef Stalin who succeeded him.

Lenin unexpectedly suffered two strokes, the first in 1922 and the other in 1923 from which he died in 1924.

The formidable and deadly Josef Stalin succeeded him as the all-powerful dictator of the growing Soviet Empire.

Not long after Stalin's accession to power, the work of Kazhinski, the Bekhterevs and Vasiliev more or less began disappearing from open view.

Few Westerners, of course, had any knowledge that the work had even begun. But among those who were weakly aware of those early events it was assumed that it had been done away with.

And THIS conclusion in the face of evidence that the Soviet military under Stalin was occasionally reported to be recruiting, from the far corners of its growing realm, numerous psychics, mediums, seers, hypnotists, Siberian shamans, Tibetan and Mongolian mystics, and etc.

In about 1967-68, the American intelligence services slowly began uncovering certain facts which caused many to begin looking at panic buttons and to wonder if they should perhaps push them.

In the first instance, no one was really interested in WHAT the Soviets were doing. It was WHO was doing it which changed the picture entirely.

To the complete astonishment of American intelligence analysts, the Soviet work was now seen to incorporate at least nine, and probably fourteen, major Soviet research centers to the tune of about \$500 million (guesstimated) annually.

Furthermore, the work was directly controlled by the dreaded KGB and the even more formidable GRU, and involved all or most of the military services of the Union.

By all standards, what had begun as a small thing via the young Kazhinski had, indeed, turned into a big thing, a very big one at that.

Yet in the American scene, hardly anyone comprehended what "the Soviet work" was all about -- largely because the CIA found it exceedingly difficult to insert operatives into any of the Soviet research centers.

Then, in 1969, an event took place when a very leading Soviet scientist came to the United States and read a paper at a rather obscure conference at Big Sur, California.

When the elements of this paper were properly sorted out and its implications vaguely comprehended, well, it was now relatively certain that whatever the Soviets were doing, it represented a potential "threat."

At that point it ceased to matter if the Soviets were chasing empty psychic winds. What mattered was that a world superpower, an exceedingly powerful one in cold-war terms, had willingly involved itself in such research -- and MIGHT have made ominous breakthroughs regarding it.

And this time panic buttons were pushed -- for "distant influencing," whatever it was, made everyone in the "know" quite nervous -- for "distant influencing" was uncomfortably near the concept of "mind control via distant influencing." After all, Russia had a long tradition of Svengali types who were alleged to effect mind control at a distance.

One of the amusing fallouts of all of this, and which I witnessed in part, was that many American intelligence analysts who had been academically trained to ignore and laugh at psychical research and parapsychology began scrambling to read a few books along those lines.

Only ultimately to comprehend, of course, that the Soviet effort bore very little resemblance to its assumed American counterpart -- parapsychology.

You see, American parapsychology had only been interested in proving to science the statistical existence of very few psi topics. The potential applications of mind-control via distant influence were not among those topics.

I have omitted certain substantive matters from this background chapter because I want to introduce and elaborate them in their proper contexts ahead.

But you might bear one factor in mind. Equating the Soviet effort with Western parapsychology was and still is a great mistake -- a mistake which is still now in the 1990s occasionally being perpetuated just about everywhere -- except, as I know for certain, deep within the exploratory sciences in China and Japan.

And I also know for certain the KGB itself encouraged this mistake to be perpetuated in our fair nation -- for it enabled them to keep the CIA and etc. quite confused for a long time.

You may also bear in mind that had none of the above circumstances happened, then remote viewing would never have seen the light of day -- at least in the superlimelight way it ultimately did.

What came to be called "remote viewing," somewhat erroneously so as will be explained, began via my humble self.

And so it is to that humble self that we now must turn our attention -- essentially to help resolve a number of background issues which equipped me at least partially to deal with what began happening to me in 1971 -- literally out of nowhere.

Chapter 3

TELLURIDE, COLORADO - 1933

The panorama of the twentieth-century story of the superpowers of the human bio-mind would be greatly enhanced by autobiographies of the early Soviet researchers, especially of Kazhinski and Vasliev.

I've not been able to discover if any were written. But it may be that something along those lines does exist, made invisible by the former KGB secrecy, or lost in the political turbulence when the Soviet Empire fell in 1989. Something along these lines may even exist inside the American intelligence community which always compiled information about important Soviet personalities.

One wonders, for example, if Kazhinski's 1919 event was the only one he experienced, or if he had been, as is sometimes said in the West, a "psychic child."

Indeed, one wonders in this regard about what WERE the personal experiential levels of all the early Soviet researchers of bio-communications and distant influencing.

One also can wonder about why this particular and very strange topic took on such early importance within the very serious upsets of the early years of the Russian Revolution.

There is a great, but quite hidden story here, one never brought to the attention of American readers.

But perhaps the answers exist within the Soviet research documents known to have been sold in their entirety to Japan after the Soviet fall in 1989 when the black-market transfer of such information was seen as an economic opportunity.

The crafty Russians then sold, it is rumored by insiders, a duplicate set of the documents and evidence to China.

I've also been told, on somewhat good authority, the Russians also sold another complete set to a volatile nation in the Middle East -- from which the documents were shared with yet another volatile nation nearby.

So the story of bio-communications and distant influencing is by no means ended, and the inquiry into the existence of our species superpowers is here to stay, even if cloaked in secrecy here and there.

Although the phrase "the psychic child" didn't yet exist in the early years of my life, I did experience many types of so-called psychic phenomena.

But since it is one of the deliberate, but important goals of this book to demobilize the stereotyped, misinformative use of that decidedly ambiguous term "psychic," I will here begin replacing it with the concept of "exceptional human experience."

This is a concept originated either in whole or in part by the stalwart Rhea A. White, who set herself to the monumental task of gathering first-hand evidence of and cataloguing the superpowers of the human bio-mind under the general heading of exceptional human experiencing.

As a result, one can begin to see, among other types of data in her documents, the beginning outlines of the spectrum of the superpowers -- a spectrum which should have been established and embellished upon decades ago but never was.

Anyone seriously interested in the superpowers might avail themselves of Rhea's documents. [Exceptional Human Experience Network, Inc., 414 Rockledge Road, New Bern, NC 18561. Fax (919) 636-8371. E-Mail: 76460.633@compuserve.com].

To the so-called "psychic child," and who probably knows nothing at all of things "psychic," the exceptional experiencing undergone has to do with spontaneous shifts in perception and awareness. It is quite likely that all of the superpowers are matters involving different states of perception and awareness.

It is rather well known that the perceptions and awarenesses of very young children are "open," although no one really knows very much about what that consists of.

If the child can articulate the experiencing, then he or she begins talking about it, asking questions which few can answer.

When it is seen by others that the child is reporting strange and weird stuff, then it is "encouraged" to suppress the experiencing, or at least stop reporting on it. Most young children would rather not be called a "weirdo," right?

Eventually, usually by the age of seven if not before, the "open" perceptions and awarenesses become narrowed down or collapsed into whatever is thought of as "normal" in their socio-environment.

The child's perceptions are now no longer open, but closed and reformatted to more or less agree with what is sometimes called "adapting the child to normalcy."

This, of course, also means dis-adapting the child to his or her inherent access to various states of perceptions and awareness -- and which then means that the child grows up with closed perceptions and awarenesses -- simply because of social disciplines in this regard.

In any event, I was such a child and underwent all of the above, but with one exception. I did not forget the exceptional experiencing as most children do in order not to be bothered with such.

Such forgetting is useful in the pursuit of being seen as normal, since the person doesn't want to feel weird within self.

Beyond this memory aspect, and up until 1971, the basic contours of my life were not all that irregular. On the mundane surface of those contours, there was really nothing to suggest my person or activities would become a glitch in any issues much beyond my personal ambiance and "realities."

Thus, the basic outlines are as follow.

I was born and received a quite good formal education -- not because any special efforts were taken to provide it, but because during my youth education was still being competently delivered.

I graduated with a BA degree in 1955, having carried a double major in biology and art. I did well in both subjects because they deeply interested me.

Had my life been completely my own in 1955, I would have gone on to obtain a MA degree in bacteriology, and ultimately to attempt a Ph.D. in genetics and genetic research.

Art was my other vivid passion, but I planned to pursue it only as an avocation.

But because of my memory of exceptional experiencing, I was deeply interested in all such matters -- but only intellectually so.

However, in 1955, the life of young males in these United States was not theirs alone. The circumstances of military preparedness prevailed and intervened. All males were required to spend two years in military service and their lives could not proceed until that service had been rendered.

Because of this, I enlisted in the US Army, spending most of the tour of duty in Korea and the Far East. After basic training, I volunteered for Korean duty, much hated by most other soldiers, because I wanted to go to Asia and this was my first chance to do so.

It was in Korea, which I loved and adored, that I took the decision to go to New York and become a painter.

Thus, I duly arrived in New York in 1958 -- there to join with the 25,000 other struggling artists who also had come from far and wide to dwell (and hopefully "make it") in the world's leading Art Establishment.

To support myself until I had "made it," it was necessary to earn a living, and I elected to try for a job in the Secretariat of the United Nations.

This was duly achieved, and I worked at the dignified world organization at rather menial jobs until 1968 when I decided permanently to exit "wage slavery" and become "self-employed" as a painter and a writer.

With that achieved, my life then took a serious downturn regarding economic factors, and three times I was seriously tempted to resume my permanent contract at the UN, since the invitation to do so at any time was open to me.

But I managed to eke out something of a living -- because, back then, my personal overhead needs were not very large. I mostly supported myself selling a few paintings -- and by writing, under assumed names, a number of "sex books" which were all the rage back then since the Sex Revolution had gotten underway.

It was because of what I saw as my life's commitment to art and painting that I was consistently stereotyped as a "psychic New York artist" which publicity began coming my way.

This stereotyping might dignify my humble self in the eyes of some few. But mostly it could easily be interpreted as being uninformed and inarticulate regarding all other matters, and

otherwise quite wacko, since both psychics and artists are seen that way in mainstream contexts.

My intellectual interest in psychic matters, however, was very deep. But I never imagined participating in anything parapsychological, and in fact recoiled from any such things for reasons which will become clear in the chapters ahead.

Then, in 1971, a series of exceedingly unusual circumstances and events **SUDDENLY** commenced, seemingly out of nowhere. And because of those, and to my great and everlasting surprise, I was sucked into situations I could not have anticipated or envisioned even in my most exotic imagination.

And it is those circumstances which are the backbone of this book.

As to autobiographical elements which are integral to the story of remote viewing, I shall take the lead from a particular question often asked of me by sophisticated people thoroughly acquainted with the **REAL** ways and byways of the human world.

That question has to do with how I came to **SURVIVE** for so long through the exceedingly difficult circumstances which arose after 1971, and how, at the same time, I managed to go so much against "prevailing wisdom" and introduce the new concepts I did -- albeit much with the help of others much stronger and more powerful than myself.

To make this question intelligible, we must digress a bit here so I can have a stab at pointing up that the nature of those real ways and byways elude the cognizance of compulsive optimists, bliss bunnies, spirituality-ists and others who are likewise illiterate, naive or stupid regarding them.

For the most part, those real ways and byways are hard, demanding, cruel, unforgiving, even unmerciful and completely and entirely competitive -- and, it should as well be said, often deadly.

The softer more elevating worlds of the good and creative, of sweetness and light, of encapsulated optimism eternal, do exist, I think.

But hardly within the realms of human activity I unexpectedly entered into in 1971, when I was thirty-eight years old.

The above nutshell viewpoint has been rendered pointedly based not on philosophical speculation, but based on my intimate and long-term experience. The softer more elevating worlds DO NOT really exist, or are only incidental, within the inner social workings of psychical research, parapsychology, science, skepticism, philosophy, politics, government, the American intelligence community -- and clearly DO NOT exist within the realms of international espionage.

All of those topics can be inspiring, of course, and redolent with creative purposes. But what is inspiring and what is real are two different matters.

Although I was not quite of the conviction back then in 1971, my conviction today is that the inner social workings of all of those realms are largely dehumanizing and DEADLY ones, realms in which the individual is virtually insignificant -- unless he or she has the intellectual and experiential wherewithal to cope with what needs to be coped with.

In those deadly or at least certainly difficult realms, the only thing that matters is who has achieved a modicum of imagination, clever inventiveness, and power which are absolutely necessary if one is to survive more than three months in any of them other than as an expendable asset.

I readily admit that the above is a rather grim vision of things, and that many positive-optimist types will not believe it can be substantiated or justified.

But you might wish to consider the following. The modern culture provided no place for psychics except, if at all, in the Fringes. And certainly the modernist mainstreams rejected not only them, but the entire topic of psi and psi experiencing -- and, as well, took active educational and deprogramming measures to ensure the cultural continuance of that rejection into perpetuity.

If nothing else, the American intelligence community is VERY mainstream. The odds of a "psychic" (as I unfortunately was to be dubbed) of even entering into the realms of mainstream-structured international espionage, much less surviving for some eighteen YEARS within the abundant machinations -- well, such odds were nonexistent as of 1971.

And, as I will CLEARLY show ahead, the survival of a psychic within the on-going machinations in, of all places, parapsychology are also almost nil -- even if any such psychic does demonstrate successful experimental results.

The answer, then, to the most salient question of survival within such on-going, psi-negative circumstances has to do with emerging not as a "psychic" -- but rather emerging with the characteristics of lean, mean fighting machines well endowed with substantial wherewithal's to become such a creature.

And so those of my autobiographical elements which contributed to such substantial wherewithals should be established. Unless these are forthrightly presented, much ahead will not be clear at all.

And it is in this aspect that, with some embarrassment, I have to toot my own horn.

To enter into my autobiographical situation vis-a-vis the real story of remote viewing, it is necessary to distinguish three important elements which will escape cognizance if they are not pointed up.

The FIRST of those elements concerned the NEEDS of the intelligence community when it was forced by Soviet circumstances to take an interest in so-called "psychic phenomena," an interest admittedly controversial within the conventional Western mainstreams.

Within the scope of this first element, it was determined that the NEEDS consisted of TWO factors. And it was those two factors which constituted the second and third elements

having to do with the intermixing of my own autobiographical situation with the "sexy" story of the intelligence community interests.

Thus, the **SECOND** element consisted of the need to determine if, indeed, ESP or any other psi factor really did exist; and **THIRD**, if such really existed, to determine if such could be refined and enhanced enough to be utilized for various **APPLIED** purposes within the cold war or international syndromes.

I will now summarize the three elements on the chance that I've not made them clear enough, or on the chance that some few may be too dense to clearly recognize them.

(1) The intelligence community was forced by Soviet circumstances to take an interest in the topic of psi which was largely ridiculed and debunked within American mainstream contexts. To manage this interest, two needs were paramount.

(2) As a first step in fulfilling this "novel interest" (as it was often called), there was a **NEED** to confirm if psi powers really did exist.

(3) If the answer was positive, or even minimally positive, then there was a **NEED** quickly to discover whether any developed and applied form of psi was possible, and which, if so, constituted a threat potential to the nation.

Now, regardless of what many might think of the intelligence community, its overall mission is quite well recognized and supported -- to protect and defend the security of this nation by identifying all threats to it. That the intelligence community often messes up in this regard does not reduce the importance of the essential mission.

As I will show in the narrative which begins in the next chapter, for some time certain elements within the intelligence community had been tracking and monitoring the realm of parapsychology.

As of 1969, the only thing parapsychology had to offer was that certain psi effects existed on a statistically minimal basis -- and clearly nothing which resembled a potential "threat" had been discovered within parapsychology. And so the general overview was that psi was incidental and threatless.

But IF this was the case, what, then, were the Soviets up to and why did whatever it was involve such enormous funding within the commitments of the KGB and etc.

Since the sum of conventional parapsychological wisdom in the United States, even in the entire Western world, apparently held no answers here, it became obvious that conventional parapsychological wisdom had to be bypassed -- and, in fact, needed to be ignored in favor of fresh, novel and unique insights into the overall situation.

And, although I had not the slightest clue at the time, this situation constituted the American circumstances which shortly were to suck me into the two major needs of the intelligence community: DID psi really exist; and COULD any element of it be developed into an applications-ready format.

Obviously, this "effort" (as it was called) needed to depart from Western stereotyped concepts of psi and parapsychology. This meant two things, the first of which led to the second.

First, that the needs of the intelligence community could not be subcontracted or downloaded back into parapsychology, the very realm which had no answers to the needs in spite of its long history.

And so, second, the intelligence community would have to establish its own in-house program, and base it on novel approaches in the light of its own problem, not in the light of the on-going but largely fruitless parapsychology circumstances.

And here I might mention that if anyone, especially in parapsychology, did or does not now think that the intelligence community thought parapsychology useless and non-productive, I will definitely put that into perspective in the narrative.

The point I've been laboring to make is that the autobiographical circumstances of my own life by 1971-72 had developed in such a way as to integrate with the first need of the intelligence community. Thereafter, largely because of my accumulated background knowledge, my big mouth, and my fighting, attacking vicissitudes, my own circumstances were commandeered on behalf of the intelligence community's second need.

I must point up, though, that before the 1971-1972 date I was very much a live-let-live, sweetness-and-light person much charmed and fascinated with the inspirational aspects of psi, psychical research and parapsychology. But I had been mostly a devoted armchair researcher of those topics -- and quite well encapsulated, as most people are, entirely in my own visions and "realities."

But it was because I had been a devoted, and thorough, armchair researcher not only regarding psi, but regarding life in general, that I was prepared when the time came.

It is this preparedness which is the answer to the question of why and how I survived, and it is this preparedness which constitutes my autobiographical parts which are germane to the real story of remote viewing and all that came to be involve.

I will attribute this preparedness to two factors which were vital to my life.

The first has to do simply with the fact that I was a bookworm from the age of four -- and the staggering amount of books I consumed after that.

The second factor has to do with the fact that I worked at a very high echelon during my Army years; and then for twelve years at the United Nations.

Within the ambience's of those two "posts," so to speak, I was able to witness and thus learn first-hand much of what goes on in the real world, as contrasted to visions of it from someone's superficial, illusion-making armchair.

Without the combination of those two factors, I would have been permanently smashed very early. Indeed, as we shall see in the narrative, I WAS smashed several times -- but arose from the pulp with teeth longer than before.

There was also a third factor -- one which might be called "daring do." But I'll let that one unfold in the narrative itself.

My birth event took place at 2:30 a.m. on 14 September 1933 in Telluride, Colorado, then a tiny town quite isolated high in the vitalizing splendors of the Rocky Mountains.

Telluride was hardly populated until about 1880, and then at first only by prospectors and prostitutes avidly following the lure of gold in them thar mountains. Thereafter, when the gold and silver played out, there were still lead, zinc, and other lesser metals to be obtained by mining companies who had the economic feasibility to get them.

Telluride was then occupied only by miners struggling to make a living for their families -- and a few others which made their living off of THEM.

Isolated back then with a population of about 210, today Telluride is a posh, very expensive, very over-crowded resort town -- because of its amazing and remarkably beautiful surroundings, perhaps some of the most beautiful in the United States.

And if there is one fundamental element to my psyche, it was this utter beauty and the aesthetic realization of it. I was transfixed by it from my earliest memories -- and, I feel, not only observed it but participated in it at some deep fundamental level.

High peaks and multicolored cliffs, waterfalls cascading, slopes of forest pines and aspens, crystalline air, clouds, rainbows, flowers, berries and abundant wild life -- all majestic, all virtually overpowering. All somewhat scared here and there by mines and remnants of them, but utterly gorgeous anyway.

And it was this beauty that made me very sensitive to its opposite -- ugliness. And it is because of this that I have studied the elements of ugliness as well as the elements of beauty -- not only in their material manifestations, but beauty and ugliness of mind and psychosocial behavior as well.

With regard to this, be pleased to refer back to the stunning observation of Leonardo da Vinci I have selected and placed at the beginning of this book.

All things considered, my childhood was wonderful -- as has been, all things again considered, my whole life. And I will admit that in this I feel I have been blessed.

I was precocious. I read my first dictionary when I was three or thereabouts. When Mom was talked into buying thirty volumes of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA from a traveling salesman, I had them all read, entry to entry, by the time I got into kindergarten.

So I was a problem in kindergarten. I used big words when my peers were struggling with the alphabet and pictures of elephants, sheep and fishes. I could already distinguish between elephants of India and those of Africa, while the teacher didn't know there was a difference.

I was also a problem to just about everyone -- because I constantly experienced "paranormal and extrasensory" stuff.

No one was prepared to deal with such experiences very well -- except my maternal grandmother who had experienced certain kinds of them herself.

Not even she, though, used the term "psychic" because no one had ever heard of it in Telluride -- except the Sunday School teacher and the Minister. The latter warned me, practically in a whisper, that it represented something abnormal. And this example of

attempted mind-deprogramming is perhaps why I've hated the term "psychic" to this day -- in addition to the fact that it has no legitimate definition.

So Gram and I used other words -- natural words, not artificial, such as sensing, feeling, seeing, hearing things that others apparently didn't or couldn't or didn't want to.

Very little in the way of culture-making managed to find itself imported into the isolated surrounds of Telluride.

But the 1920s and the 1930s were the age of "normalcy," of behavioral and psychological normalcy. And this culturizing factor DID make its way up to Telluride.

But whatever "the normal" consisted of, it had to be contrasted to what was "abnormal" -- and of that there was plenty to choose from even in Telluride.

Many tests were given to find out if someone was normal or not. Those tests created various kinds of wide-spread crises from which, in my opinion, this nation has never really recovered.

The fear of being discovered to be abnormal is still a devitalizing and defeating social phenomenon trend.

As a child, I didn't actually comprehend the theoretical distinctions between the normal and the abnormal. And it wasn't until my college years that I discovered that the normal consisted of the lowest common denominators of what most people were -- and, most importantly, are NOT. In other words, is "everyone is doing it, then it must be normal and

acceptable." On the other hand, if "everyone is NOT doing it, then it must be abnormal and non-acceptable."

Thus, most people are not psychic, and so to have psychic experiences is abnormal.

But as a child I made a valiant effort myself to identify what was normal and abnormal. Thus, I got very good at noticing what seemed to be abnormal -- and which tended to be more interesting than the normal.

Prostitutes, for example, were held to be abnormal. In my childhood, Telluride yet possessed three of those professional creatures who inhabited the two red-light houses down by the ice ponds. Naturally, I wished to examine them, the three ladies involved being quite amused with my questions and inquiries.

It was also considered abnormal to have an interest in death -- so I examined decomposing carcasses of wildlife and was fascinated by the mortician and his supply of caskets stored in a dank building on Telluride's Main Street.

It was also considered abnormal NOT to read the Bible. So I did that several times -- but went one step further by making diagrams of various parts of the Bible, including the Genesis story and family lineages.

It was considered abnormal to have any interest in Eastern mysticism. But Telluride, so deficit in many other culturizing things, had a quite good library run by the Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Emma Kuhlem, who was also the town and county clerk and one of the proverbial pillars of almost everything else.

It was my goal to read everything in the library. It contained a dusty copy of *THE BOOK OF TAU* by the ancient Chinese philosopher, Lao Tsu. Emma wouldn't let me check it out because I was "too young to understand it." So I stole it, read it several times, and made box-and-flow diagrams of what the ancient philosopher was saying.

I returned the book openly, along with the diagrams. A terrific ruckus took place -- but Emma finally decided to "feed" my gargantuan "appetite for knowledge." I thereafter owed her a lot -- a wise and cultured woman originally from Sweden, marooned in a high mountain town by virtue of having married a miner.

I was seven when I first studied *THE BOOK OF TAU*. Today, psychologists say that kids do their final imprinting at that age. If so I imprinted on that book -- rather, upon the wonderful and beautiful life-making philosophy it contained.

I also imprinted upon the awe-inspiring stories of psi and ESP in the Bible, for I did notice those, and of which there are many -- and some of those stores were even slightly consistent with my own direct experiencing of certain psychic faculties. [See, for example, Heron, Laurence Tunstal. [ESP IN THE BIBLE](#). Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1974.]

In the Bible, all ESP-like episodes serve to do *God's* work. Hence, in the future when I heard Christians say that ESP is the work of the devil, I knew they were manufacturing psychological ugliness. When I later learned that modern science, psychology and psychiatry held that psi emanates from a sick mind, I drew a similar conclusion regarding them.

I had what was called an "overactive mind" as a child. This worried my family and others, especially when taken beyond the reading dictionaries, encyclopedias and whatnot.

I also liked to take things apart and put them back together again. For example, not just Tinker Toys, but the kitchen stove, the plumbing, the telephone and clocks -- everything including, to everyone's horror, the piano. I got it all back together, but my Dad had to pay \$40 to get it retuned.

But I was consumed by discovering how things worked, and was serious and determined in this regard. I made charts and graphs and drawings. Most people don't care how things work. They just use them.

And herewith was the beginning of those illustrations and graphs and box-and-flow charts which many years later were dragged from Stanford Research Institute into the Pentagon and DIA headquarters and presented to their oversight committees and consulting scientists. Diagrams of how, theoretically at least, the so-called "psychic mind" functions.

And herewith was the beginning of my conviction that the quickest way of LEARNING anything was via visual illustrations and diagrams -- not by linear words, which anyway appeal only to the left-hemisphere of the brain and which is said to be the "seat of the intellect."

When I was five, one of my mother's sisters, having noticed my penchant for drawing, gave me a set of oil paints and a few small canvasses.

The SMELL of the fresh canvas and paints brought about an instantaneous "peak experience," one among the very many I underwent as a child. I "knew" that I would devote my life to art and painting -- and indeed I mostly have, and the SMELL still is to me one of the most wonderful things ever.

I could create what I wanted on the canvas -- and this brought to the fore an interest in how and why anyone could create anything. And this accounts for the beginning of my life-long interest in the "creative and inventive processes," a topic I have researched and studied more than anything else.

Via paths and circumstances too complex to include here, the topic of creative processes and the topic of psi experiencing came together, rather thunderously, in 1955.

I was then in basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and in the base library I set about reading Aldous Huxley's [DOORS OF PERCEPTION](#) [1954] which was the rage at the time.

This book is commonly reviewed as triggering the modern controversy on the relationship between drug experience and mysticism, and which is partly true of it.

But it is also much more, and which is directly implied by its title.

This book was the beginning of a watershed for me. For, you see, in spite of my voracious appetite for reading and bookworming study, no one else had ever said it, nor had it dawned on me that perceptions have "doors" -- and that those doors can be OPEN or SHUT.

This led almost immediately to the understanding that people probably have all kinds of perceptions. But the doors to them can either be open or shut.

This REVELATION, for that is what it was, that both the creative processes AND psi experiencings are, at base, almost certainly a matter of what doors of perception are open or shut in given individuals.

I was stunned by this concept, and still am. Thereafter, as a matter of serious research and amusement, I set about observing all kinds of people with regard to seeing or sensing which of their doors of perception are open or shut.

Statistically speaking, of course, there are more shuts than opens. This is something you can determine for yourself if you take interest in observing others with the goal of watching which of their doors of perceptions are open or shut.

Therein lies a very great tale to be told, and some full part of the saga and soap opera of remote viewing resides within it.

In 1959, I began an arduous study of a field which had interested me, but for which I'd had little time or available resources. This was the field of sociology, very big during the first half of the twentieth century.

This epoch had indeed been proclaimed as the epoch of progressive social experimentation, and sociologists had ardently devoted themselves to designing and planning such

progressive endeavors -- and which endeavors had achieved very large governmental funding.

The age of normalcy had consisted of one such progressive endeavor, for if it could be found out what was normal, then sociologists could plan for that normalcy to be socially reinforced.

Serious cracks in the sociological "egg" had begun appearing in the 1940s, and the field was certainly considered as failed by the mid-1960s.

And especially so, when in 1968 the Sex Revolution and the Hippie Anti-Military-Establishment Revelation took place -- two powerful sociological phenomena which nary a government-funded sociologist had anticipated.

Soon after that time, the field of sociology was generally replaced by the new field of futurology, whose exponents took over the planning and designing regarding what societies should prepare to become. Futurology, so vitally alive in the 1960s and 1970s, has itself now "failed" -- as will be briefly mentioned in the narrative ahead.

Since sociology's failure, various sociologists themselves have commented upon the reasons for its decline -- essentially that sociology attempted to move forward based exclusively upon experimental theories, not upon direct observation of people and their social patterns. [See, for example, Horowitz, Irving Louis. [THE DECOMPOSITION OF SOCIOLOGY](#). New York, 1993, Oxford University Press.]

To this I might add that during the two second decades of this century, sociologists and psychologists had opined that human nature didn't exist -- and was a myth redolent with superstitions. Later futurology also ignored this topic.

This was in keeping with the scientific supposition that inherent behavioral attributes and patterns such as might be ascribed to "human nature" didn't exist, and so the human nature "fabric" didn't exist either.

Man, it was said, was his own vehicle, and by logic and reason could self-improve without taking cognizance of the myth of human nature -- which, after all, contained many destructive attributes.

Those destructive attributes, the early sociologists said, arose from faulty nurturing, not from any inherent nature.

All in all, the literature of sociology is quite boring and turgid. But my interest in it was stimulated by an idea of my own which amused me.

If open and closed doors of perception existed, then there ought to be a sociology of open and closed doors of perception.

In this sense, the sociologies of open and closed doors of perception ought to be dramatically different -- and, as well, have meaning to creative perceptual processes as well as to psychic perceptual ones.

Both of these vital areas are, after all, entirely entwined with the parameters, vicissitudes and problems of PERCEPTIONS.

In this sense, I needed to achieve a relatively good reading background in sociology itself and set about doing so. Sociology, in its purest context, involves every aspect of the circumstances which everyone finds themselves sucked into -- in some form or another.

And whether one's perceptions are open or closed regarding this is an entirely relevant matter.

I never planned to do anything with the sometimes wobbly results of my excursions into sociology -- save, perhaps, to one day write a book about the sociologies of open and closed perceptions. I considered the whole of this an interesting avocation only.

However, I had accumulated enough information in this regard to recognize, when in 1971 I began meeting up with:

- **The sociologies of psychical and parapsychological researchers**
- **The sociologies of various scientific disciplines**
- **The sociologies of skeptics**
- **The sociologies of Silicon Valley**
- **The sociologies of government-funded research companies**
- **The sociologies of the American and Soviet intelligence communities; and, as well**
- **Some of the many sociologies of the international community world-wide.**

Without some kind of background in this regard, no one can really diplomatically walk where even angels might fear tread.

Thus was my mind more or less prepared when the year of 1971 arrived, although I didn't at all realize it.

But one more important autobiographical factor needs to be entered into this brief review.

Until the circumstances which commenced in 1971, I was an introvert, as most bookworms are, and doubly assured of this since various psychological tests I had undergone during my academic years established as much.

In many ways I was an ivory-tower type, certainly not extrovertish, eclectic in reading and study, but with little interest in forcing my presence onto anyone.

As of 1971, I considered this aspect my life's greatest deficit and failure -- but had to be content with living with it. As already mentioned, I was a live-and-let-type, the resignation-pose most introverts must take in order not to be damaged.

Which is to say, I was not yet transformed into a lean, mean fighting machine on behalf of what I was later to call the superpowers of the human bio-mind.

Chapter 4

MRS. BUELL MULLEN - 1967

What was to become the saga and soap opera of remote viewing probably began in 1967, a year of great changes in the world at large and in my life's directions as well.

As already mentioned, this was the year I took the decision to resign from working at the United Nations. The purpose of the resignation was to depart from wage-slavery and somehow to become self-employed and learn to exist solely on my own creative activities.

Resigning my permanent contract with the United Nations Secretariat was a long-drawn-out process, because a two year advance notice was required. I started that procedure in April 1967, changed my mind twice, but ultimately went through with the resignation and was then unemployed as of April 1969.

Had I not become "self-employed," then remote viewing would never have come about for I would not have been free to, or even would have thought of, working in parapsychology labs.

Now, as you read through the following chapters, you will see that the real story of remote viewing is not mine alone.

It is actually the story of the very many wonderful and fascinating people who made it possible. Ultimately, it is also the story of those who decomposed it -- or at least of those who fell into those circumstances which eventually undermined it.

I met the first of the fascinating people in 1967 in the form of two totally wonderful ladies. When judged against any standards, both were fabulous. The first of these was Mrs. Buell Mullen, the second Mrs. Zelda Suplee.

Both are dead now and few in the world will ever note their having existed. But both breathed renewing life into my soul when it faltered, and mere words hardly suffice to reveal my many debts to them.

Buell had been born in 1901 to a wealthy Chicago family, part of the influential Chicago 400 families' network within the worlds of politics and finance.

She grew up under the best auspices. Which means not only that she had advantages, but was extremely well-connected among the high and mighty -- but behind the scenes. For she was a female and in her time and social circles females were behind the scenes where they were expected to remain if they were properly brought up.

The whole of this was a bane in Buell's life, and she complained of it many times.

She properly married, of course, but then scandalized her family first by obtaining a divorce, second by becoming an artist in order to, third, earn her own living. Back then, women of her social class did not work to earn their own living.

Buell's art was astonishing. As it developed she ultimately devised enormous murals on stainless steel panels and used virtually indestructible epoxy paints. She was the first to utilize such paints as an artistic medium, and thus attracted the grateful attention of those who had developed them.

She was relatively famous for this innovation, and was a leader in the various mural associations in the United States. Many of her quite dynamic murals exist in South America, Europe and the United States. A good example of one can be found in the Library of Congress.

When I met her, although famous as an innovative female artist, Buell was already suffering debilitating neurological disorders from long exposure to the highly toxic fumes from the liquid form of the epoxy resins.

It was increasingly difficult for her to walk, and she could no longer lift the heavy machines used to etch the stainless steel panels. She hired me to do this work. I became her student and friend.

In spite of her increasing afflictions, Buell's zest for life remained undaunted. One of her favorite topics was psychic phenomena. Buell also entertained, giving large sit-down dinner parties in her glamorous studio on Central Park South, it's tall windows facing on Central Park.

An extensive collection of very amazing people attended her parties and dinners. Some of these were soon to play substantial roles in my life.

Among these were Dr. William (Bill) Bennitt, then Dean of the School of Electrical Engineering at Columbia University, and his fabulous wife Vy. The Bennitts were utterly fascinated with psychics and psychic phenomena.

Indeed, Vy "collected" psychics, presented them at dinner parties, and generally facilitated their sittings and demonstrations. Vy favored British psychics and mediums of which there seemed to be an endless supply. The Bennitts brought a good selection of them to the States where they could strut their stuff through readings and seances. Thus, I met a whole lot of British psychics.

Through the excellent social auspices of the Bennitts and especially of Buell Mullen, most of the psychics were funneled toward individuals of standing and wealth very many of whom paid for psychic readings and advice.

And for the first time in my life, I was able to witness the actual but hidden extent of the demand for psychics among the wealthy, among politicians, Wall-street types, culture gurus, and even among the very powerful.

I, of course, was not yet a "noted psychic," and indeed such had never dawned on me or on anyone else. I was an artist, but one who was socially acceptable because I could dress well, was comfortable among high-society types, and knew which fork to use at dinner.

But it was actually only as Buell's protégé that I was accepted at all among her social set.

In this social ambiance, I was soon to learn that British psychics are among the biggest gossips in the world.

And from Vy's collection of them I occasionally heard references to the use of psychics by, of all things, MI5 and MI6, the two top-dog British intelligence services.

It was also said, by several British psychics, that the British Customs Service also utilized psychics to help spot illegal aliens and illegal cargo being imported into the Kingdom.

I was at first somewhat flabbergasted and didn't believe the gossip. But as Vy collected additional mediums, the same gossip kept coming up occasionally.

So I asked Buell about this. "Oh, yes," she informed me. "Everyone on the inside of things know this although they will deny it publicly. Both Hitler and Churchill tried to use them.

Many national leaders consult psychics before they make important decisions. The Russians are trying, too, and have been trying for a long time."

"C'mon, Buell. How do you know this for sure?"

"Well, for one thing, I've arranged meetings with mediums for Madam Chiang Kai Shek, on behalf of herself and the Generalissimo. Madam knows everything throughout the world.

And she and I have had long talks. Madam has her OWN intelligence service, you know, and the Generalissimo has his own, too."

And indeed, both Madam and the Generalissimo had sat in Buell's studio to have their portraits done on stainless steel."

But what Buell next said simply blew me away.

"In the '30s before the War, our own military were interested in psychics. They came to New York and went around talking to those I knew. They also came to talk to me several times, so I know of this interest for a fact."

So I asked: "How do you know they WERE from the military? Did they say so?" I somehow had the idea that if the alleged agents were interested, they would have come in disguises and not admit to their military affiliations.

I remember what Buell said very clearly:

"Well, it was obvious because they came in uniform. J. B. Rhine was making a fuss, and so I guess they were interested because of that."

IN THEIR UNIFORMS! "Are you sure, Buell?"

"Oh, yes, Very certain."

"Which service?"

"The Navy."

After that revelation I started paying more attention to the gossip of the British psychics and mediums. In talking with the Bennetts about this -- fascinating stuff, right? -- I soon discovered that during the 1950s the famous Soviet Researcher, Leonid Vasiliev, had given papers at conferences in Brazil on "distant influencing."

Years later (in 1975), I was to learn from classified documents that the "psychic warfare efforts" (so-called, anyway) of the KGB were in full part built upon Vasiliev's original work dating from as early as 1924.

The second wonderful set I met through Buell Mullen was the team of Dr. John Wingate and his great and sensitive wife, Dr. Isabel Wingate. John was a professor at New York University, and on the boards of several important religious organizations.

Isabel, also teaching at New York University, was perhaps the world's leading authority on textiles, their designs, and their history. She had authored the significant textbooks regarding these and which are still in use today.

The Wingates, of course, being intimate friends of Buell and the Bennitts, were also deeply interested in psychic phenomena and parapsychology.

Indeed, John had long been on the board of trustees of the American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR), the oldest psychical research group in the United States.

And, in 1971, it was to be John who introduced me into the ambiance of that venerable Society -- and which was where and when remote viewing began.

Buell Mullen, the Bennitts and others, however, virtually sneered at that Society, considering it a non-progressive cesspool of parapsychological egos and incompetence.

For one thing, the contemporary functionaries at the venerable Society had no interest in psychics in spite of its name -- while such creatures, after all, were the focus of attention of Buell and the Bennitts and their enormously wide circle of friends.

However, even though this group sneered at the ASPR, and in general at parapsychology as well, none of them feared to gossip about ASPR and parapsychological luminaries -- excepting the Wingates who usually did not say anything negative about anyone.

Buell's group knew where all the dead bodies were buried -- and who buried them -- and all this was stuff I couldn't find out by reading a book.

I, of course, was entirely fascinated -- with the soap opera of psychical and parapsychological research.

The whole of this wide social circle was, I think, delighted with me. For although I was not a psychic, I was extremely well-read concerning psychical research and parapsychology. And so I could discuss and banter the bigger pictures and many small details -- and which, indeed, made for compatible small talk.

At one of Buell's dinner parties I also met the woman who, at the time, was virtually considered the reigning "empress" of psychical research -- Mrs. Lucille Kahn. For it had been she and her deceased husband, David Kahn, who had discovered and financially supported the famous Edgar Cayce who became the most famous "sleeping prophet" in history.

Up until David Kahn's death, for the better part of four decades Lucille had held what amounted to open salons for anyone who was anyone -- not only in psychical research but for the seminal formulators of what later became known as "consciousness development." Lucille was extremely beautiful even in her advancing years, and entirely gracious and regal. But she had the precision-eyes of a hawk, although few would ever guess as much.

She was no one's fool, and possessed a tremendous amount of accumulated knowledge regarding all matters psychic -- including the behind-the-scenes kind.

She was to become one of my most valued mentors and advisors in the years ahead. Two of her sons were also on the board of trustees of the American Society for Psychical Research.

The momentous events of the two years of 1967 and 1968 have largely been forgotten by now but need briefly to be reprised here for the contexts of this book. Those events acted to separate the past from the future, and induced an array of circumstances which forevermore changed the ways in which the human world was viewed.

The concept of the world as a Global Village had been introduced earlier of course, and whose exponents advanced ideas about the planet being one world and whose affairs and social designing involved everyone.

But the circumstances which united the "world consciousness" more than anything else, and which came to a head in 1967-68 with great social upheavals, did not really involve global village social designing.

It was universal fear of nuclear holocaust, and thereby the destruction of the planet's ecosphere, which brought about a conceptual unity of world conscience and consciousness, and which resulted in the astonishing social upheavals which then came about.

Back then, this prospect of nuclear destruction caused everyone to pause who was reasonably awake with some kind of intellectual awareness of the world.

Since the 1950s, this fear had been contained within ideological precincts which justified the necessity of nuclear devices as deterrents on behalf of peace and the balances of Cold War political powers. But by 1967, the fear had transcended ideological values.

The Cold War was of course in full swing, and on whose behalf a very hot war was going on in Vietnam with the Soviets sending massive amounts of aid and assistance to the North Vietnamese Communists.

The United States and other Western-nation participation was going down in flames and the horror of accumulating body bags -- resulting in the wide-spread realization that the rationale for that war was nutso-whacko.

This realization, however, was more perceived at the public level than within official government circles -- as was the threat of universal nuclear destruction.

Now occurred a phenomenon somewhat blithely remembered in history as "student unrest."

It was a phenomenon which no one predicted, and one which has never been submitted to the insightful scrutiny it should have been.

It was within this unrest that the Ban-The-Bomb commitment took on focus, and also in which War was not seen as a necessary and inevitable factor in human existence, but as a problem of human consciousness.

Two new circumstances now arose, almost overnight: the very powerful student campus riots against academic participation in any military-industrial activity; and the Consciousness Movement itself.

The campus riots proceeded for the next five years, and were to prove serious business.

The Consciousness Movement is still going on today, albeit with several changes in formats and in many derivative directions.

One of the important fallouts of all of this needs to be pointed up because few today will recognize if not.

Prior to the 1967-68 period, the existence of Consciousness had never been considered meaningful, and in fact was hardly ever referred to -- except possibly within the contexts of Eastern mysticism. This is an area with which I am exceedingly familiar.

And so I can say with confidence that even within mysticism, occultism, psychical research and parapsychology -- in whose arenas one would expect to find consciousness an important topic -- such is actually hardly the case.

The term was occasionally used, of course, but not with the meanings and relevance attached to it because of the 1967-68 events and circumstances.

This is to say that in the West, and especially in the United States, the concept of Consciousness was not recognized as a thing in itself, not recognized as a thing which transcended the brain-mind relationship.

In the revolutionary 1967 contexts, though, the existence of war was defined as a problem in consciousness, one which needed a permanent solution -- lest the horrors of nuclear destruction come to shroud the planet in decades and years of radiation.

At the time there were few sources which saw Consciousness as a thing in itself -- except the Eastern philosophies. And, as it turned out, within the experiential realms of psychoactive substances. And by 1969 these two sources had gone big time -- all soon dignified by the phrase "Consciousness Studies."

The whole of the issues discussed above was promptly subsumed into the Hippie Generation, or the Hippie Culture. Neither were present in 1966, but were vividly present by 1968 -- and to the utter astonishment of everyone, including the Hippies themselves who watched their venues explode into gigantic proportions and social impact almost overnight. Those events have their pros and cons, of course, and the Hippies have been forgotten by now and discredited, too.

But in my studied opinion, the world owes a very great deal to those stalwart souls of the Hippie Generation. For it was their combined, if at times unintelligible thinking, which introduced the concept that the human being consisted of something other than just a bio-body with psychological balances and problems.

For example, that Consciousness exists, and as such, incorporates the entirety of our species, was novel enough. But that it also has alterable or fluctuating states, whether by

artificially induced psychedelic experiencing, or otherwise naturally so was, at the time, something along the lines of a Revelation.

That this was new can be seen by comparing it to the earlier modern age period -- in which human experiencing was merely seen within the scopes of the modernist hypotheses as an intellectual or psychological situation at the individual level.

In other words, in those earlier contexts it was not that our species had problems of consciousness management, it was only individuals that did.

To emphasize the point here, in the Hippie Generation contexts Consciousness was seen as a species thing transcending all cultures, ideologies, beliefs and other lesser whatnot -- seen this way at least by the more intellectually alert Hippies and affiliated advocates.

If I had space here to do so, I could show that there were many past preludes to this development, but that all of them had none the less reduced the scope to the individual level.

You may be wondering by now what all this has to do with remote viewing.

Well, for one thing, between 1967 and 1975 the conventional Western socio-political systems tasked with managing society had a very difficult time dealing with the enormous public aspects of all of the above.

It was one thing if some philosopher, mystic, or sociologist wrote a book or two about what was involved.

But it was quite another thing when, of all things, entire student bodies of the United States, France and even in England and Germany, rose in direct revolt to various conventional policies regarding war, the idiocies of the nuclear threat, social control, military-industrial combines, and even the essence and purpose of conventional education itself.

To put it mildly, if one was present during those years and remembers their staggering events, quite a number of past values and relevance and other Holy Cows were shattered, some of them to pass completely into dusty history without much comment about their passing.

Indeed, in my opinion at least, the Modern Age, which roughly began in about 1845, abruptly ended in 1967-68 -- and the somewhat brief Post-Modern Age began.

In any event, when in 1972 I first went to Washington to discuss psi phenomena with a variety of officials, I cast the problems of psi in terms of universal human consciousness -- not in terms of parapsychology and past out-dated psychological mindsets.

At first I thought this would be a very hard-sell. But indeed almost everyone understood what I meant, at least vaguely so. Consciousness and its altered states had become a real thing, of and in itself.

No understanding of this kind would have been possible before the momentous events of 1967-68. In 1972 found no argument anywhere.

MRS. ZELDA SUPLEE - JULY, 1971

Although my interests in psychic phenomena were somewhat fundamental -- because of my childhood experiencing of them -- those interests were only academic and, hopefully, leaned toward being at least somewhat scholarly.

I researched psi phenomena and parapsychology by reading about them -- and, within Buell Mullen's crowd, having the opportunity to observe a number of psychics and mediums. Those psychics and mediums were mostly British ones, mostly derived from the strong spiritualist tradition in England. They were, however, somewhat of a more convincing caliber than their American counterparts, with only a few exceptions.

As of 1971, the only real difference between me and others who might have interests in the topics was that mine were larger and more encompassing, and that I had read a very great deal more than most who usually had only superficially read what was popularly available.

I was completely comfortable with what I had read and studied, with the exception that I thought subjects of the past which had been studied by psychical researchers and parapsychologists had often been studied in a number of counter-productive ways.

But I was still comfortable with parapsychology concepts, and with the existing nomenclature which was used both in a scientific and popular sense. The limitations of the concepts and nomenclature had not arisen in my mind, with the exception that I thought there were several different kinds of telepathy.

You will have to take my word that I had never considered becoming a "psychic" myself, and never expected that I would or even could.

I certainly had never even dreamed that I could be an experimental subject in a parapsychology lab or be INVITED to become one. Indeed, I had reasons NOT to do anything of the kind, reasons I'll review at the end of this chapter.

But then came the month of July, 1971.

During the summer heat of that month, a young couple, Bert and Sherri McCann (since divorced), and a group had come to Zelda Suplee's apartment and office on Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street near Greenwich Village in New York.

The two had a camera and some infrared film which was a relatively new product back then. They were interested in trying to photograph psychic energies in a completely blacked out room.

Zelda's bedroom was ideal for this because it had only one window with heavy draperies whose edges could be taped down. Zippo -- a darkroom with no light-meter trace of even weak ambient light.

This Zelda was to play a very big and important role in my life and its forthcoming events.

And she was one of the truly fabulous people I've had the good fortune to encounter.

I had met Zelda in early 1968 when her boss, Mr. Reed Erickson, a millionaire, had come to my apartment to view a large painting which Dr. Jean Houston had recommended he should see. At that time, Houston was famous for research in psychedelic experiencing.

I had met Houston in 1967 when I had traveled to the Edgar Cayce Foundation (The Association for Research and Enlightenment) in Virginia Beach, Virginia. I had spent three weeks there on vacation from my job at the U.N. to research the famous seer's "readings."

Houston was deeply interested in art, and in "psychedelic art" which had a brief fashionability about then. She was preparing a book on the subject [Houston, Jean & Masters, Robert E. L. [PSYCHEDELIC ART](#). New York, 1968, Grove Press.]

She had been somewhat impressed with slides of my paintings which I had brought along.

Many thought that my paintings were "psychedelic," but I explained that they were not painted as a result of such influence, but were "occult" and "metaphysical."

In any event, Mr. Reed Erickson eventually came along. He was a small man with a mustache and elegantly suited out.

We talked, and he bought the large, three-paneled painting in gorgeous colors and gold leaf which I had entitled "Requiem for the Death of a Man." He bargained me down to \$1,000 and said his secretary would send a check.

His "secretary" turned out to be Mrs. Zelda Suplee, actually the Director of The Erickson Educational Foundation.

As Zelda later confessed, she was shocked that Mr. Erickson was going to spend \$1,000 on a painting and she wanted to come and see if it was worth it.

Zelda thus arrived at my apartment, then in lower Greenwich Village -- and burst into tears upon seeing the painting. I naturally and promptly fell in love with her, a love and a deep friendship which lasted until she died.

Zelda had a remarkable PAST. With her former husband she had owned and managed no less than three nudist camps during the 1930s-1950s, and had the honor of presenting her plump, Mother-Earth body as the first full frontal nude in PLAYBOY magazine (in black and white.)

Zelda knew just about everyone who was anyone, for most of them had come to her camps when it was daring and thus fashionable to do so -- big movie stars, the early TV personalities, philosophers, cutting-edge scientists, physicians, etc.

She had a life-long interest in SEX and was a consulting sexologist, an hypnotist and one of the first to do past-life regressing, and was interested in all kinds of psychic stuff.

I popped a couple of bottles of cheap wine and Zelda and I got drunk together while sitting before "Requiem." She said I had undercharged Mr. Erickson and would write out the check. The Erickson Educational Foundation funded a program at Johns Hopkins University for transexual research and sex changes, and for a while also funded psychedelic research. So Zelda knew everyone involved in all that, too -- and here we are talking about a cast of really "fabulous" persons.

Zelda and I became the deepest and closest of friends in more ways than one. I spent a great deal of my time at her apartment after her day's work was done. Our favorite thing to do together was to cook, eat -- and play heated games of Scrabble even while eating.

I was thus present at her apartment when the McCanns arrived with the infrared film. A couple of intense psychic types had come along to try to produce energies for the film, and I was mildly amused by all of the carrying on. But then one or two other people wanted to be photographed, and so everyone had to be.

I didn't really want to go into Zelda's blacked-out bedroom because, well, I didn't have the least idea of how to produce psychic energies.

But it was a convivial group. I thought the two McCanns were wonderful and optimistic, and we had gotten a little tanked up on cheap wine. Since everyone was being photographed, I eventually sat in the chair and wondered how to make some psychic energies for the benefit of the infrared film.

"Just do what you want," Bert suggested, and who was trying to manage the camera in complete darkness. The room was hot.

So I said, giggling: "Well, I'll try to make a ball of light about three feet above my head." So I "gathered my energies," or thought I did, above my head. I "pictured" a ball of light about a foot in diameter.

When the film had been developed a few days later, Behold! A TINY orb of light was above my head in three separate film shots. And there were other lights outlining my body that I had not "pictured."

No one else's photos had turned out.

I truly didn't know what to think. But everyone else seemed to know.

"YOU are psychic!" they said.

So more photos were taken -- resulting in more "successes." I have two of those photos in my archives -- but the McCanns kept the best ones and I've lost complete touch with them.

Now, there's that gossip thing -- that "liquid" that seems to seep everywhere almost with the speed of light. Some call it "news." Others call it "up-to-the-minute information" or "jungle drums." Today it can be referred to as "smoking faxes" or "jungle-drum E-Mail."

The McCanns and Zelda had discovered not just a psychic but a "real one" based on the photographic evidence.

I was totally flummoxed.

Unlike Buell Mullen's uptown crowd, Zelda tended to congregate parapsychologists around her, most of them seeming to want funding from her employer, Mr. Reed Erickson. But on the other hand, Zelda was simply loved by everyone, too.

Thus, it transpired that Zelda's next few parties were populated with a few parapsychologists as well as a number of strange people who --called themselves-- parapsychologists.

The first of the legitimate ones the first that I remember meeting was Dr. Stanley Krippner -- and eventually the wonderful Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler, then the heir-apparent to the top of the parapsychological leadership pyramid.

The photos were admired, eye brows were raised.

But they were only "informal evidence" because they had "not been obtained under strict, scientifically-controlled laboratory conditions."

Since my higher educational background had been in a science -- biology -- I knew what the "scientific method" consisted of and completely agreed. I thought that this entire matter would fade away and end.

Zelda and others, however, were having a ball. According to them, they had witnessed the production of a very elusive psychical phenomenon -- the photographing of otherwise invisible energies.

To further complicate the situation, I opened my mouth and blabbered like a knowledgeable parapsychologist. Not for nothing had my many years of reading taken place, and there was a certain fascinating beauty about what had happened -- or what seemed to have happened.

That things could continue building up beyond this amusing and somewhat steamy sequence was beyond my imagination. I did not yet have the sense of being sucked into something larger than myself.

But six months later I WAS media news, and things being reported no longer consisted of just gossip.

In any event, this bit of amusing entertainment is how it all began -- and which was rather quickly to turn into a great adventure which involved, of all things, international espionage of the strangest and most unexpected kind.

One reason why I assumed there was to be no future history as a result of this small event was that I never expected to be invited into parapsychology laboratories. In fact, I understood quite well that contemporary parapsychologists were not interested in photographic phenomena, nor even interested in psychics, real or so-called.

Although the historical basis of parapsychology rested on "testing subjects," hard-core parapsychologists tested their "scientific" theories, and did not, in general, get involved with phenomena.

An elitist system (still presently in effect) had developed between

- (1) the hard-core parapsychologists, who considered themselves as scientifically legitimate,
- and
- (2) a large variety of soft-core "parapsychologists" who were interested in phenomena -- with the hard-core elements sneering at the soft-core ones.

In some instances this division was deserved. But in others it was counterproductive and entirely inimical to the whole field of inquiry parapsychology was supposed to take on.

I'm not attempting to be deliberately caustic here. But the above represents a situation vastly misunderstood by the public. For it is generally assumed that parapsychologists are

all rowing the same boat in the same direction and that the substance of their interests regards Herculean effort of identifying the nature of psi phenomena.

Unfortunately, the sands of parapsychology shift around a lot, and so the whole situation is blurred and foggy. But it is not unusual, for example, for parapsychologists to try to condemn the work of other parapsychologists -- and so we are in the familiar ballpark of behind-the-scenes stuff.

Something of this snarl will become clearer as I narrate through some of the events ahead -- which, if painful, has to be done in the contexts of the real story of remote viewing.

You see, when the intelligence community DID become interested in certain bio-mind phenomena, that community did NOT become interested in parapsychology or parapsychologists.

Why that was so needs to be understood -- and above I have just laid the initial ground work for that understanding.

As it was, back in mid-1971 I neither dreamed of what was shortly to come, and I resented being called a "psychic."

So I began a backflow of protest into the gossip lines emanating from Buell-central and Zelda-central.

"I am not a psychic!"

I was to lose that protest entirely -- mostly because of the avalanche of confusions perpetuated by those whose knowledge and vision is limited by a rather narrow and simplistic nomenclature.

Everyone knows what a psychic is, right?

Chapter 6

CLEVE BACKSTER - SEPTEMBER, 1971

In the way of small beginnings which turn into big things, the next circumstance-event along these lines now commenced when Zelda threw a Virgo Party on September 9, 1971.

She was, of course, a Virgo as was I, and we both knew many others. Virgos are the only sign of the zodiac which really like to be with each other. But they tend to sit quietly together without much fuss. This permits them to people-watch. Virgos are the great observers and voyeurs of the zodiac and will watch just about anything watchable.

Buell Mullen was a Virgo, too, and she came down to Zelda's for this party, even though it was hard for her to walk.

But a lot of people who weren't Virgos came to the Virgo Party, and among there were two who had recently become luminaries, Robert Monroe and Cleve Backster.

Monroe had been, as he was always to be, a successful businessman. A recent encyclopedia [THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, Berger & Berger, 1991] indicates he was "Famous in parapsychology for his books on his out-of-body experiences."

In more accurate fact, though, throughout his life and work parapsychologists avoided him like the plague. Like myself, he resented stereotyping labels, and some hard-core parapsychologists told me that he did not deserve the label as a "parapsychologist." Bob was glad enough to return the snub with what amounted to quite elegant élan couched in four-letter words.

He and I later developed a friendship which lasted to his death in 1994. Throughout that friendship we often compared notes on our experiences and situation, both technical and political.

In 1971 he had just published his first book, entitled [JOURNEYS OUT OF THE BODY](#). In it, among other more substantive OOB matters, he said that sexual desire was very strong in the out-of-body state. In that state he could invisibly reach back into the physical and pinch delicious female asses.

Sales of the book immediately went into the stratosphere -- bringing to him instant fame. But even so, Bob was definitely grounded into the here and now and a completely sensible and charming person.

Cleve Backster was also famous, notorious in fact, and had been since about 1968 when he first claimed that plants have primary perceptions which can sense human thoughts and respond to them.

This was the same as saying that PLANTS have sentient consciousness, are telepathic, and can process non-physical information. This, of course, absolutely shocked, angered and

horrified scientists of all kinds, and Backster was pilloried in the media -- much to the enjoyment of hard-core parapsychologists who, back then, had nothing good to say about him.

To help correct this dismal rejection of Backster, it wasn't until the late 1980s that neurobiologists discovered and confirmed that plants do possess "primary perceptions" because they have "rudimentary neural nets."

The same recent encyclopedia mentioned above states that Backster's plant experiments "generated great interest among parapsychologists and the public alike."

Well the public was all agog because "green thumb" people were excited. But parapsychologists pinched their lips and were NOT "greatly interested." I know. I was around at the time, and deeply immersed in most of the relevant gossip networks.

I really find it disgusting when later writers and encyclopedia compilers can't get their facts straight and attempt to revise history.

I mention this here because much the same was to plague the topic of remote viewing.

Backster was (and still is) one of America's most noted polygraph experts who had refined and improved lie-detecting methods. But at some point he began experimenting by hooking plants up to polygraphs. He lit matches and burnt their leaves, and the polygraphs reacted.

At some point after that, he began noticing that when someone merely THOUGHT about lighting a match to burn the plant, the polygraph readout showed big spikes in it.

The plants were reacting to THOUGHTS -- or so the evidence implied. This was more or less like a human reaction under the stress of being caught in a lie. You see, the polygraph indicates stresses in human THINKING and emotional reactions.

Zelda's Virgo Party was quite mobbed and fully packed with everyone guzzling cheap wine.

The infrared photos of psychic energies were again being passed around -- stimulating appropriate oohs and aahs, and so I found myself something of a luminary, albeit quite lesser than Monroe and Backster.

But what I wanted to do was see plants responding to human thoughts. A mob was congregated around Backster in Zelda's little kitchen, and he had been backed into a small space by the refrigerator and a corner.

I wedged myself into the Backster groupies, sipped wine and listened to the talk. Finally I had the courage to ask if I could come to his lab to see.

He said "Yes."

And with this, the direction of my life changed forevermore -- although I had not a clue at that innocent moment.

So, a few days later I made my way to Backster's lab and lie-detection school just off Broadway near Times Square.

The plant experiment room was a smallish, gray cubicle furnished with steel desks, galvanometers and polygraph equipment. And a stately DRACAENA MASSENGEANA, one of the plants which had officially ushered in the age of sentient plant reactions.

It was about five feet tall and already hooked into the polygraphs.

But there were only two people present: Backster and I.

So I asked: "Are you going to influence the plant?"

"No," he replied, "you are."

I protested that I had no idea how to influence plants. But he smiled and said that all I had to do was TO THINK of harming it. "Just think of lighting a match with the intent of burning one of its leaves."

So, I thought as much while staring at the plant. And Behold! The polygraph needle went haywire -- so much so that the tracing went off the paper graph sheet.

Backster, typically cool as a cucumber, now seemed to get a little excited. "Can you do that again?"

So I tried again, and bingo by Ingo! He asked me to keep on doing it. But after a few more attempts the polygraph needle started not to react as much and finally didn't at all.

"What does THAT mean," I asked.

"You tell me."

Then a very eerie thought occurred to me, so astonishing that it caused goosebumps.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that it has LEARNED that I'm not serious about really burning its leaf? So that it now knows it need not be alarmed."

Backster smiled. "YOU said it, I didn't. Try another kind of harmful thought."

So I thought of putting acid in the plant's pot. Bingo! But the same "learning curve" soon repeated itself.

Now I already understood in my own "reality" that plants are sentient and telepathic, as all plant lovers know who talk to their plants.

But that plants could LEARN to recognize between true and artificial human intent came as a thunderbolt!

Among all this astonishment I came across the concept of the "learning curve" which ultimately was to play THE feature role in the development of remote viewing.

But Backster was moving on. "Do you think you could influence some kind of metal or chemical?"

"I don't know how to influence anything. But I could try."

So for several weeks I went to the Times Square lab to try to zap metals and chemicals -- and the march of what I was unknowingly being sucked into moved into October, 1971.

Chapter 7

SEPTEMBER, 1971 FEEDBACK AND SUBLIMINAL PERCEPTION

Before Cleve and I could really get to work trying to zap metals and gasses, I had a serious bout with the flu. At the time I attributed this to the shock of the "new reality" I had experienced -- that plants, of all things could intellectually distinguish between real and pretended intentions.

But more likely the flu came about because of the junk food we ate. Backster was a junkfood junkie, and the Times Square area had an adequate supply of this.

Cleve spent the time recording base line charts of the electric potential shifts of the targets we were going to use. He did not tell me what these were to be, since I was not supposed to know ahead of time.

I took advantage of the flu time spent in bed to consume two new books. As it turned out, the information contained in both of those books was to have tremendous importance in the years to come.

I remind that the concept of remote viewing did not yet exist in anyone's mind. I also remind that the real story of remote viewing must contain mention and reviews of the technical factors which contributed to its discovery and development.

As you will see ahead, the better part of the contributing technical factors which ENHANCED remote viewing were drawn from scientific papers and sources ALREADY published -- not, however, with remote viewing in mind.

The elements which aided in developing remote viewing were NOT pulled out of thin air, but from published documents of sufficient merit to be accepted by the many oversight committees of the sponsors soon to collect around the remote viewing project.

When this book is finished, it will contain a bibliography of all of those authoritative sources -- and which will greatly aid any other nation wishing to understand and develop some of the superpowers.

The first of those two books was the paperback version of Charles Hampden-Turner's [RADICAL MAN: THE PROCESS OF PSYCHO-SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT](#) [New York: Anchor Books, Doubleday, 1971].

At the time, Hampden-Turner was described as an expatriate Englishman who had graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge University. Thereafter, he attended the Harvard Business School's MBA Program, experiencing thereby a culture shock which had "radicalized" him.

At the time, although I was interested in sociology formats, I was not yet very interested in psycho-social development or in radical formats largely because most of them were focused in political formats. But when I had leafed through the book I saw it contained lots of diagrams and organized lists of phenomena associated with creative processes.

Indeed, the blurb on the back cover indicated that Hampden-Turner "brilliantly analyzes the psycho-social development of the creative minority who stand against the dominant modes of their society. He supports his study with a fascinating and impressive array of evidence . . .".

As I've established earlier, diagrams and organized lists, especially regarding creative processes, really turn me on -- and Hampden-Turner's book proved to be a paradise in this regard.

The concept of "Integration of Feedback" is one of the creative process phenomena which plays a very important role in Hampden-Turner's thinking. And, in the future, THAT concept was to become one of the fundamental structures which enabled the development and enhancement of remote viewing.

It is frustrating not to be able anywhere to find a clear-cut definition of FEEDBACK, or the FEEDBACK LOOP, even in Hampden-Turner's book. That everyone possesses knowledge of what feedback consists of seems to be taken for granted.

Basically it means that if you do something, then you will experience a reaction or a response because of it.

For example, if, not knowing any better, you touch a hot stove you will get burned.

Thereafter, the knowledge that you will get burned by touching a hot stove is the integrated feedback loop now installed in your awareness and thinking processes. In other words, by experiencing something and by being certain what the result is, we have integrated the feedback into what is also referred to as a "learned AND accurate response."

Basically, we all learn by experiencing feedback. We learn what's right or wrong by the responses of phenomena we experience as feedback.

In all probability, we learn nothing if no feedback is experienced or available.

I now invite you to remember this feedback thing throughout the rest of this book.

In Backster's lab, whether I was indeed influencing the plant was indicated by the output of the polygraph. This is called "hard" feedback, and does not depend on my own personal convictions or imaginings.

Such feedback creates certainty that my harmful thought was being received or registered by the plant -- with the result that its electro-chemical response systems got disturbed (i.e., worried).

In his book, Hampden-Turner indicates that feedback results in much higher memory of the significant experiences. No feedback results in less or no memory being stored within the bio-mind systems.

If the feedback loop is examined and dissected, such results in increased intellectual and emotional understanding. The understanding permits integration of whatever is involved. The feedback loop also permits the organizing of experiences along three distinct lines -- intellectually, aesthetically and functionally -- and thereby enlarges the capacity for further growth and development.

If there is one information point you should remember in this book more than any other, you have just read it -- for the FEEDBACK LOOP was to become THE central issue regarding the development of remote viewing in the years to come.

The second book I consumed while down with the flu was to become one of my many bibles.

I had discovered it one day while browsing in Weiser's occult book store which had two copies of it. I had postponed reading it, even though it contained very many diagrams mostly in the form of box-and-flow layouts.

This was [SUBLIMINAL PERCEPTION: THE NATURE OF A CONTROVERSY](#), by Dr. Norman Dixon [New York: McGraw-Hill, 1971]. At the time, Dixon was a Fellow of the British Psychological Society and Reader in psychology at University College, London. In my opinion, however, the book's title was a little misleading. It might more aptly have been entitled INFORMATION-TRANSFER PROCESSES WITHIN THE BIO-MIND SYSTEMS.

The definition of SUBLIMINAL: "Inadequate to produce a sensation or a perception in conscious awareness; existing or functioning outside of conscious awareness."

The idea here is that there is a THRESHOLD which demarks between what we can be consciously aware of and what we are not. This threshold is referred to as the LIMEN.

In a diagram, the limen would be pictured as a line (threshold) with the consciousness awareness above it and the subconscious beneath it.

CONSCIOUS PERCEPTION AND AWARENESS

.....LIMEN

SUBLIMINAL ACTIVITY CONSISTING

OF PERCEPTIONS AND PROCESSES

NOT PERCEIVED BY CONSCIOUS PROCESSES

- ALTHOUGH CONSCIOUS ACTIVITY OFTEN EXPERIENCES

THE RESULTS OF SUBCONSCIOUS ACTIVITY -

Under other nomenclature, the existence of the subconscious had long been accepted before it was named that in modern times and then somewhat unfairly postured as a new discovery.

But Freud was one of the first to dissect, so to speak, the subconscious and divide it into different areas of activity -- such as the Ego, Id, Anima, Animus, Shadow, etc. -- all functioning beneath conscious awareness of them.

It was proposed, and correctly so, that the elements within the subconscious WERE active ones in their own right, and that they therefore must be incorporated into explaining the sum of human psychological behavior.

This concept was controversial at first, but subsequently accepted.

A new controversy began erupting after World War II, and consisted of two major factors.

The first has had very wide exposure; the second very little.

The first factor arose when certain subliminal researchers opined that the subconscious could be influenced by means too subtle to register directly on consciousness awareness -- and that the influences will modify not only subconscious but conscious responses and mental behavior.

Historically speaking, there really should not have been a "controversy" here, because the evidence for this is monumental, and this concept was easily accepted by psychologists.

But the second factor, the one which produced the controversy, had emerged not from conventional psychologists, but from those studying the topics of mind-control, behavior modification, and, above all, the elements of brain-washing.

Those topics WERE controversial, largely because they moved the subconscious too close to -- well, too close to psychological mind-control possibilities and societal management via methods the general public were not aware of.

It can quite easily be shown that public knowledge of this kind of research was suppressed largely by common and unspoken consent among the conventional sciences, and which suppression has been documented by other researchers.

This particular controversy raged mostly behind the scenes until 1973 when a particular book attempted to blow the lid off of it. This was the famous book by Wilson Bryan Key unambiguously entitled [SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION: AD MEDIA'S MANIPULATION OF A NOT SO INNOCENT AMERICA](#) [New York: New American Library, 1973.]

This book gave copious evidence that subliminal "seduction" was indeed being utilized by money-makers to sell products.

The book's information was produced to little avail, however, since Americans don't really care about such complicated topics, and anyway deeply believe that their minds can't be influenced in such obviously unfair and nefarious ways.

There exists another important factor regarding the subliminal, the one which IS COMPLETELY avoided like the plague even by those wishing to expose subliminal tactics and agendas.

That factor involves the distinct probability that "psychic signals" are received via the subconscious.

This can be explained as probably true. Psychic signals, so called, do consist of very subtle factors too weak to register directly into the crudities of conscious awareness.

The few researchers who have dared to work with this situation, usually Japanese ones, have established that psi, or "psions," are received by subconscious receptors -- and that if the psion-information is to reach conscious perceptions and awareness, then it must somehow penetrate the liminal barrier in order to do so.

In other words, such signals, received by the hypersensitive subconsciousness, must cross the subliminal threshold in order to be detected by conscious awareness.

Since such signals are usually too weak to do this, they can be available only to those with very highly sensitized and refined senses or receptors.

But THIS topic moves dangerously close to the concept that minds CAN be influenced by invasive psychic signals emanating from others -- and as such clearly touches upon the fear the superpowers of the bio-mind engender.

This particular fear was what mostly caused the initial interests of the American intelligence community regarding the mysterious work going on in the Soviet Union -- the possibility of "psychic" mind-control at a distance. And it was in this regard that a "threat analysis" had to be undertaken.

However, so feared is this factor regarding subliminal perception that it is almost completely obliterated.

For example, IF psychic signals are perceived by the subliminal subconscious, then it would seem that the subliminal processes would be of extraordinary interest to, say, parapsychologists.

However, and to my direct knowledge, subliminal perceptions do not figure very importantly anywhere in parapsychology research.

Inclusive of these factors, the controversy regarding subliminal perception had raged since about the early 1950s. In my omnivorous reading I had more or less been keeping track of it

since then -- largely because I felt that subliminal information and processes had something to do with creative processes.

Indeed, this aspect had not gone unnoticed by subliminal researchers. [See, for example, **SUBLIMINAL PERCEPTION AND THE CREATIVE PRE-CONSCIOUS** by K. Katz, October 1965, in **DISSERTATION ON ABSTRACTS INTERNATIONAL**, 34 (4-B), 1751.]

"Pre-conscious" is but another name for sub-conscious, but with the inference that there exists systems of information processing which are "pre" regarding "post" conscious awareness of the information.

Back in the 1950s, along with the revelation of doors of perception, it had already dawned on me that "psychic" signals were seldom consciously perceived because they were too weak or too subtle to register directly in the conscious mind. I believed, during the 1960s, that this connection was surely to be made in the future.

And indeed, as of the 1970s, many subliminal researchers began giving at least brief mention of the relationship of the subliminal subconscious to "extrasensory perception."

And such was referred to in Dixon's book.

To my knowledge, Dixon's book was the first to really examine the concept and, most importantly, the **FACULTIES**, of subliminal perception. Many diagrams in his book give names to a large number of subconscious and conscious faculties which are involved in the processes of subliminal-to-conscious perception.

As he stated, "the hypothesis that stimuli which are too weak or brief to enter conscious experience may, nevertheless, affect a person's NERVOUS SYSTEM (emphasis added) and therefore influence aspects of his behavior" by being processed through a number of information transfer entities.

Here I will direct your attention back to the content of Chapter 2, in which affects on a person's NERVOUS SYSTEM played the seminal role in Kazhinski's original research, followed on by other early Soviet researchers.

If actual living human beings are considered, there can be little doubt that Dixon's hypothesis is true. We live in an ocean of stimuli we don't perceive or recognize -- and our moods, physical and mental activity, and our behavior can very easily be modified or changed temporarily or permanently by those stimuli.

But what was most electrifying to me about Dixon's book were the many box-and-flow layouts which showed how the human bio-mind PROCESSES INFORMATION of all kinds -- for example, from input of subliminal stimuli to output of cognitive awareness. I'll not dwell on those processes here because some of them will be illustrated later on in this book.

The concepts in both of the books briefly reviewed above were to play significant roles in the years ahead -- even though at the time I didn't at all conceive of years ahead.

I thought my participation in Cleve's lab would be over when he got tired of me -- and then I could concentrate on my art and efforts to become a writer.

Chapter 8

THE REPEATABLE EXPERIMENT - SEPTEMBER, 1971

When I had recovered from the flu and was ready to begin working in Backster's lab, the concepts of feedback and subliminal information processes were rattling around in my head.

A synthesis of them had not yet been reached, of course. But when Backster and I began undertaking new experiments, I found myself trying to observe what was going on regarding subliminal perceptions and feedback.

Which is to say, I began INTROSPECTING into the phenomena of my own mental awarenesses and processes. Introspecting is, in all cases, a type of meditation -- a focusing on internal activity whether of body or mind.

With the new experiments set up, we tackled influencing metals and chemicals at a distance. I now have to start going a little technical because some scientists might chance to read this book -- and, in any event, there is now no other way to proceed.

Graphite is a soft, black, lustrous carbon that conducts electricity and is used in lead pencils, crucibles, electrolytic anodes, and as a lubricant and a moderator in atomic-energy installations.

A small piece of graphite can be hooked into a Wheatstone bridge of two resistors. The bridge then conveys the electric potential shifts of the graphite into some kind of recorder, while the recorder then outputs the shifts on chart paper with a fluctuating inked pen. The electric potential shifts drive the pen this way and that, and a path is traced onto the paper.

In its normal state, graphite has a small, continuous range of natural electric potential shifts, usually shown on the chart recorder as a slightly wobbled line without much deviation. This is called the "base line."

When something extraordinary influences the graphite, its electric potential shifts increase, and the line on the paper starts wobbling or jerking this way or that.

This is a simple and straightforward arrangement. And if the influencing is successful, parapsychologists refer to it as psychokinesis (PK) -- or "mind over matter."

Backster had hooked a piece of graphite into a Wheatstone bridge and chart recorder and had let it run continuously while I was recovering from the flu. The continuously recorded base line had showed no significant deviations for several days. Other "subjects" had tried to influence the electric potential shifts, and some had managed something along these lines.

Sitting across the room from the graphite ensconced between the two Wheatstone resistors, I tried to influence it -- to little avail.

Then, as I wrote in an earlier book to be cited ahead, "I felt I could sense what might be molecular motion within the graphite, or at least the ever-so-slight electrostatic aura that emanated for electromagnetic motion of frequencies. I wondered if this could possibly be disrupted by psychic overlap of intent of 'hot' or 'cold'."

I have no idea of why I thought of hot or cold.

So I tried that. Nothing happened. Why not, I asked myself?

Then, by ways completely inexplicable, I realized that my intent aimed at the graphite was off by at least an inch, but anyway was spraying wide like a hose nozzle fully open.

I narrowed the intent to a "beam," moved it directly onto the graphite -- and the chart gave a simultaneous feedback jog. I did this again and again.

I repeated the focusing beam again and again the chart recorder jogged again and again -- with negative potential shifts to the cold "probes," positive ones to the hot "probes." (I possess several of the chart records, and were it possible to do so these would now be presented as visual illustrations.)

Without thinking much about it, Backster and I began referring to these "beams" as "probes." And to my knowledge, this was the first time that the term "psychic probes" came into use.

We quickly abandoned the term "psychokinesis" (mind OVER matter) when Backster asked me to describe my feelings and perceptions.

These, I described, consisted of an awareness of interacting WITH the graphite, not impacting upon it. The very great difference between interacting and impacting will become more clear in chapters ahead.

Thereafter we did a great number of experiments in which Backster told me when to interact with the target and when not to, when to think hot or think cold. These failed some of the time as all experiments do.

But over time, the "directed hits" became more frequent -- because, in my opinion, I could watch the pen on the chart recorder do its gyrations and accept this as direct and instantaneous feedback. This permitted me to begin honing my interacting. Something in me was LEARNING.

I believed then, and still do, that something in my subconscious faculties was achieving the learning. And, as I will show at some distance ahead, it does not matter how you appeal to conscious, intellectual activity. If the subconscious faculties do not awaken, then little of the superpowers of the human bio-mind will be available to you -- except on a spontaneous and unpredictable basis.

The uninitiated will completely miss the significance of all this. So it needs to be sorted out here.

Psychic phenomena have a long history of being notoriously spontaneous -- which means they happen when they do and don't happen when they don't. This, in turn, means the phenomena are unpredictable and dis-continuous.

The scientific demand required that an "effect" be demonstrated as continuous and predictable in order to achieve the status as a real and acceptable effect.

Psychical and parapsychological researchers could produce short-term, spontaneous effects which randomly appeared and disappeared.

But their experience of long-term, sustained effects within proper scientific safeguards was exceedingly rare. In other words, predictable and reproducible effects was almost nil.

The average reading public didn't understand this -- didn't really understand that what was MISSING from parapsychology research was the REPEATABLE effect -- i.e., the REPEATABLE EXPERIMENT.

So great was this prevailing situation as of September 1971, that most parapsychologists had given up all hope of a reproducible experiment involving a test subject.

Now, however, in the case of the graphite experiments, Backster could ASK that the effect be produced, again, again, and again.

And the more times this happened, the more there came into existence the illusive experiment which was reproducible on the demand not of the test-subject, but on the demand of the experimenter.

At that point, I, myself, didn't really realize what had happened. But parapsychologists and some scientists soon did.

Firecrackers began going off in the gossip lines I've referred to earlier, first largely firecrackers of disbelief.

But, as our experiments continued, during October 1971, Backster wrote and circulated a small report entitled PSYCHOKINETIC EFFECTS ON SMALL SAMPLES OF GRAPHITE which I helped in constructing.

With this, the proverbial excreta began hitting the slowly revolving fans of parapsychology.

And soon, although I again didn't at realize it at the time, "the repeatable experiment" was to become my hallmark.

And it was this, and absolutely nothing else, which was to catapult me into increasing attention -- the REPEATABLE EXPERIMENT.

Please to bear this in mind as you read ahead.

In the laboratory sense, it really doesn't matter if someone is psychic.

All that really matters is that the experiment be REPRODUCIBLE -- for this implies CONTROL -- and control implies PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

Things that cannot be brought under control can't really be used for anything, can they?

And in this case, the repeatable experiment directed and controlled not by the subject (not by me), but by the person of the experimenter and under his or her control.

As a sort of silly metaphor here, I became a machine with off and on switches -- and it was the experimenter (Backster) which turned them off or on.

A few weeks now passed, during which we experimented with zapping different kinds of metals, chemical and gasses trapped inside vials.

At some point, I don't remember when exactly, Backster mentioned something along the following lines:

"Boy, are the guys down at the CIA going to be interested in you."

This came out of left field. "Why should they be?" I asked in astonishment.

"They've always been interested in this stuff, and they're trying to replicate my plant work. I know because they've told me. I've taught a lot of them how to improve their polygraph techniques.

"But they don't understand the plant learning thing, or at least won't accept it. And so they think the reactions they get are just random noises in their equipment."

I just laughed about the CIA ever being interested in my humble self. I thought it ridiculous and all so unlikely as to be nil. And even so, I thought that Backster would get tired of the experiments, and that would be that for me.

By the way, as I've been editing this chapter a very good article about Cleve Backster has appeared. See FATE Magazine, May 1996: "THE MAN WHO TALKED TO PLANTS," by David Fickett.

But now came the NEXT developmental circumstance, one which was to redirect my life forevermore.

The circumstance manifested via an invitation to participate in experiments with the noted researcher, Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler of City College in New York -- and then an invitation from Dr. Karlis Osis, then Director of Research at the American Society for Psychical Research in New York -- that cesspool of Buell Mullen's crowd.

No one giggled at Dr. Schmeidler, of course, who also was then vice-president of the Giggle Society. But the ASPR was generally considered obsolete, backward and incompetent by most Buell Mullen's circle, and even in Zelda's circle.

Meanwhile, more infrared filming was occasionally done in Zelda's bedroom. In one instance, I tried to cause psychic energy to emanate from my hands, slowly moving them up and down in the blacked-out room.

When the film was developed, this time even I no longer doubted that something had happened. And a very eerie kind of thing began settling into my life. A feeling that, somehow, I was being sucked into something not really of my choosing.

But even so, and with all that was going on, I could hardly realize, as no one did at the time, that I was but about six months away from controversial exposure in, of all places, the national media.

DR. GERTRUDE SCHMEIDLER - OCTOBER, 1971

I had briefly met Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler in September at Zelda's Virgo party, and later encountered her at a gathering given by Bert and Sharon McCann of the infrared photo fame. Schmeidler was a noted psychologist, parapsychologist and researcher. She was also a wonderful and sensitive human being.

Schmeidler's credentials as a psychologist were distinguished and her interest in parapsychology dated from the winter of 1934-35. In 1942, she began her famous "sheep-goat" experiments.

Those experiments involved a quite large sample of people who believed in ESP (the "sheep") and an equal sample of people who didn't believe (the "goats.")

Both groups were identically subjected to a number of standard ESP tests under controls which passed muster regarding psychological testing.

The eventual results "suggested" that those who believed in the possibility of ESP did better at ESP scoring than those who did not. The disbeliever (skeptical) group had lower, sometimes very lower, scores regarding the tests, while the believer group had higher scores.

I was already familiar with Schmeidler's work, having read up on it, and I had longed to meet her, but had never found a way to do so. To me, the sheep-goat results were consistent with

my door of perception idea. Obviously, the believers in ESP had some doors open along those lines, while the goats had some doors closed.

To me, this was a very simple concept -- since it is quite true that those who cannot or haven't experienced something usually can't believe it exists.

This, of course, doesn't make them less of a person -- except possibly in the case where the non-experiencers try to destroy the experiencers.

As it was, Schmeidler's experimental results had caused a humorous brouhaha to erupt among various scientific and psychological circles -- probably not because of the experimental results, but because the results were evidence that skeptical disbelief in ESP somehow stigmatized skeptics as dysfunctional regarding it.

This challenged the self-esteem of skeptics for two rather obvious reasons.

First, most skeptics based their rejection of ESP not on evidence or experience, but on the basis of "scientific logic and reason" -- THEIR versions of those. So if evidence for ESP seems positive, THEIR logic and reason held that there **MUST** be something wrong with the experiments via which the "so-called evidence" was obtained.

Second, in a major and very brilliant strategy, Schmeidler had subtly changed the rules of the skeptical game by encouraging skeptical disbelievers to take part in ESP testing.

In talking with her in later years, I asked why the disbelievers had consented to participate. Most of them, she said, did so because of their firm conviction that the tests would show no deviations from the statistical "chance expectation" regarding either the sheep or the goats. Although the deviations were sometimes NOT very large in the cases of some sheep-goat individuals, the combined statistics of all of them did significantly depart from chance expectation.

This clearly indicated that belief and disbelief played some kind of psychological role regarding positive and negative manifestations of ESP. And this was implicitly taken to mean that disbelief had something to do with ESP dysfunctionality -- the possible existence of which had never dawned on the disbelievers.

To my own way of thinking about this, it was just that certain of their doors of perception were closed, the ESP doors, leaving them as non-experiencers of ESP-like perceptions.

That the basis for rejecting and debunking ESP might not reside in logic and reason, but in the fact that disbelievers were dysfunctional regarding it, came as something of a bombshell.

Skeptics and disbelievers, of course, very much desired not to be seen as dysfunctional regarding something they were trying to debunk. Therefore, there must have been something wrong with Schmeidler's experimental protocols. And so the experiment was replicated a number of times and by other researchers -- more or less with similar statistical results.

And thereafter skeptics and disbelievers decided NOT to take part in ESP tests.

In any event, here was something to be swept under mainstream carpets, since within mainstream contexts, opposed as they were to ESP and psi, nothing could be done to encourage belief in ESP.

However, along with her subsequent and voluminous work, the sheep-goat experiments elevated Schmeidler to a leadership position within parapsychology -- a position which was reinforced in that she was the acknowledged protégé of Dr. Gardner Murphy, the distinguished pioneering figure in psychology and in psychical research and parapsychology as well.

At the McCann gathering, Schmeidler and I talked a lot, not only about technical matters and larger overview of things, but regarding common-sense ones. She was the first, and one of the very few, parapsychologists to confess herself surprised by my "articulateness." So, of course, I promptly fell in love with her, and still am to this day.

This "articulateness" now needs to be explained, because it has a special meaning in parapsychology -- and in the future was to have something of an important role when I discussed matters with government officials or their representatives.

Early psychical researchers had examined many kinds of psychics, and of course the researchers were interested in questioning them about the processes that went on in their heads.

When psychical research was transformed into parapsychological research, this kind of inquiry soon ceased and it was apparent that parapsychologists were no longer interested in the matter.

I asked Schmeidler about this, and her answer was as follows.

Almost all of the psychic subjects said different things, and in ways which were largely inarticulate to the researchers, and which made it difficult for the researchers to understand. Most subjects did not possess a functional background regarding psychical research, parapsychology or the routines of science. And so the basis for direct communicating was very wobbly.

This ultimately created a morass of "inarticulateness" which was hard to negotiate by the researchers, and (in Schmeidler's words) "everyone just gave up trying to do so."

ARTICULATE means "to give clear and effective utterance to or about something." But it also means to discuss things in ways which permit OTHERS to comprehend what one is uttering.

In other words, one may be articulating something quite clearly within one's own head and within one's own realities. But the whole of this may be quite confusing, even alien, to others.

One may well be uttering something quite clearly. BUT even so, if another person is simply not understanding it anyway, then one has to sense that this is so and adapt one's utterances to the other's level of understanding. Otherwise all that will transpire is that the

utterer will think the other person an idiot, while the other person will think the utterer an inarticulate fool.

Thus, being articulate not only has a logical definition, but is one of those things which must be deployed as an art.

I was not very good at this art during my childhood and college years. But I got quite good at it during my Army years, and during the twelve years I worked at the United Nations.

The "art" of articulateness therefore consists of uttering in ways which others can understand or at least grasp at.

Articulateness within psychical research and parapsychology thus depends on whether someone can, with precision and depth, talk in the communal terms of those two fields -- and, I suppose, can otherwise express themselves in clear and concise ways regarding affiliated matters.

Schmeidler had thus extended to me a very great compliment -- something of which meant that I could speak parapsychologese. Zelda was also at the McCann gathering, and thereafter said that I'd be impossible to live with now that the eminent Gertrude Schmeidler had extended this very flattering compliment.

And, yes! I may as well admit that my ego did pump up.

I have perhaps over-emphasized this articulateness thing, and it may seem merely egocentric to have done so. But it was to play a very important role in the years ahead when

talking with various idiots and psi illiterates within government and the intelligence community.

And, in those realms, if one is not articulate in more ways than one, one is soon made mincemeat of. And, indeed, although I had no suspicion of it at the time, my "articulateness" was to become my first line of defense in the years ahead.

Schmeidler had a lot of common sense, a valuable element somewhat lacking among others here and there. She had, of course, heard of the "repeatable experiments" in Cleve Backster's lab and she and I discussed in detail how they had been conducted. She then asked me if I thought I could influence or induce temperature changes of a thermistor (a kind of thermometer) sealed in a thermos bottle. This would eradicate the possible criticism that the effects "could have been" because of random temperature changes around the targets.

A THERMISTOR is a small electrical resistor made of a material whose resistance varies sharply in a well-known manner with the temperature it is exposed to. It can be hooked into a recorder and the temperature fluctuations recorded on a paper graph out-put.

If the thermistor is sealed in a thermos bottle which is heat-cold resistant from the outside, it should register the temperature ONLY within the thermos. If, as a result of "mind-over-matter," temperature changes could be induced into the thermistor sealed within the thermos bottle, such would be evidence of psychokenesis.

I said I didn't know if I could do it or not -- but that I would try. Considering Schmeidler's eminence in parapsychology, I boldly asked that her experimental protocols be submitted in advance to her peer community to discover any possible flaws in the experiment. She said that she already had intended to do so, but was gratified that I recognized the need for that pre-experimental process.

After that, I and my inflated ego then proceeded to imbibe a copious amount of the quite good brandy the McCanns had made available.

As we became quite cheery, someone asked me to make some psychic predictions. I had never tried to do so before, and protested that I was not psychic. But I was tanked up on the brandy, and with a little more encouragement made some predictions.

I remember only one of them -- largely because it was so strange and out of left field.

At the time, there existed on Broadway near the corner of East Third Street in Manhattan a rather large structure of many floors -- the Broadway Hotel -- which had been elegant and fashionable in decades gone by, but which was then low-class and somewhat dilapidated.

I had never been in this hotel, but knew it had a reputation regarding nefarious activities, and otherwise I'd never given it a thought.

I was quite surprised when images of this hotel arose in my "mind's eye" and which images were quite out of context with anything at the McCann's party. "Gosh," I said. "I think the Broadway Hotel is going to collapse at some time in the future."

No one made any comment about this, and soon the party broke up.

About four years later (as I recall), I was in California working on the basic elements of "psi spying" when the hotel suddenly collapsed killing some twenty people.

I immediately flew back to New York to see (as feedback) what had been seen in my mind's eye. As I stood looking at the ruins and the gaping hole, you can well imagine that I wondered about how this very out-of-the-way thing had occurred in my head.

I was very much into the concept of MIND-DYNAMIC PROCESSES by then -- as contrasted to merely being interested in the phenomena which resulted FROM or BECAUSE OF those processes. In other words, I was beyond results and deeply into the processes which had to exist in order to produce them.

The early natural and spontaneous formats of remote viewing had shown that our species does possess faculties to transcend space.

But in the case of the Broadway Hotel, time had been transcended, and this with regard to a topic in which I had absolutely no interest in the first place.

Yet the whole of this was something like what the oracles of antiquity did -- in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome.

Of course the topics of prediction and prophecy have always been big ones throughout human history. But no one has ever comprehended how they come about -- except in some vague way which depends on the concept of intuition. However, except for the use of the word, no one understood how intuition was possible either.

It was while standing before the ruins of the Broadway Hotel that I first got the glimmerings of a new idea.

In its preliminary outlines, the new idea consisted of this:

We utilize a few words to categorize so-called "paranormal phenomena" into separate categories -- and then assume that the categories are distinct.

Yet, the categories define the different kinds of results of processes, but not the processes themselves. For example, we accept that there are differences between, say, intuition and telepathy and clairvoyance.

But what if, I began wondering, the categories were NOT really separate ones, but only parts of a larger SPECTRUM of superfaculties indwelling in our biological species.

If the spectrum was the case, then the different categories would not be independent and distinct categories. They would be MODULATIONS of and within the spectrum.

In other words, if the SPECTRUM could be understood, then it would be seen that its sets of superfaculties could be modulated to result in different kinds of processes and their resulting phenomena.

It was well understood that the tones or colors of sound and light spectra can be modulated to produce different sound or color phenomena.

If this concept was applied to the paranormal powers, then one could NEVER learn, for example, how to be telepathic by studying "how to become telepathic," since telepathy was a result of a modulation of the spectrum.

In other words, the Mother Lode regarding DEVELOPMENTAL ESP was in the superfaculty spectrum, not in bits and pieces of it washed down stream and conceptually found far distant from the Mother Lode itself.

But I'm getting far in advance of the story here, so I'll pick up this conceptually advanced topic ahead in its proper place.

Chapter 10

PSYCHOKINESIS - NOVEMBER, 1971

In her lab at City College, Gertrude Schmeidler immediately began designing the protocols and physical set-up for the thermistor experiments. The physical set-up was examined by a number of electrical, thermistor, and computer and affiliated scientists -- all of whom finally approved of everything.

It took a number of preliminary and "informal trials" to iron out all of the details, major among which was that I had difficulty in "psychically locating" the thermistors sealed inside the thermos bottles in order to "probe" them.

After the preliminary trials, there was to be a "rest period" for me, because Schmeidler had to write up the protocols and controls step-by-step -- and then to submit them to an advance

peer review process so as to discover and correct any loop-holes in the integrity of the experiments.

After all, there is no use in doing a "controlled experiment" only to find the experiment invalid because of some missed flaw.

Additionally, the sealed thermistors had to run by themselves for a long time so as to establish their base lines and ensure that no other errant temperatures were affecting them. This involved miles of graph paper and computer analysis of the temperatures inside the thermistors to determine that they were working properly.

Meanwhile, I began responding to an invitation of Dr. Karlis Osis to become a test subject at The American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR) -- which I'll begin narrating in the next chapter.

Also meanwhile, the gossip lines were running hot and heavy, and various complex situations were building up.

For one thing, my emergence as a "psychic" seemed to mean in the minds of the public that I WAS one. Via Buell Mullen's circle and Zelda's, many requests for "readings" came in. Both Buell and Zelda first took it as a matter of course that I would give such readings, if only to buttress my vapid economic circumstances.

And here we run across the equation that if one is psychic then one is expected to do everything science fiction attributes to them, which is to "know everything."

Both Buell, Zelda and others were somewhat confused when I declined across the boards. I had no idea of how to give readings, and didn't want to, anyway. As I explained, most people only want to know how to make more money, find a mate, get laid, communicate with their departed, or be made to feel good about their circumstances and their hopes for their future. And, indeed, these are the traditional, long-standing interests of most people -- even in antiquity where, as I already knew, the SAME questions were preponderantly asked of the oracles.

I have never given readings.

For another thing, parapsychologists themselves have a fair share of fixed ideas about what a psychic is, and certain rather opinionated confusions were emerging along these lines.

I found, for instance, that some parapsychologists who had never talked with me were venturing to introduce opinions about me into the gossip lines.

Although I thought I understood the basis for parapsychology, I now began to discover that I didn't completely understand PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS -- who, as a group, can demonstrate a range of behavior some of which is quite remarkable and mystifying.

I decided that I needed an experienced and knowledgeable mentor to help me out.

Schmeidler, of course, was one such mentor.

But I also had met the insightful Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, a prominent American psychiatrist born in Hungary, who was also a recognized and highly gifted parapsychologist.

I had also met Mr. Martin Ebon, author of over thirty books on the paranormal. Ebon had also once been, for twelve years, the administrative assistant of the Parapsychology Foundation. He had the long opportunity to work with its founder, the very famous and formidable medium and psychic, Eileen Garrett -- who had passed away just before I "entered parapsychology."

Both Ehrenwald and Ebon knew everything about parapsychologists, their foibles, stupidities, sexual orientations, mistakes -- and their successes, giftedness, and history.

Martin especially knew "where all the dead bodies were buried."

Then there was my wonderful Zelda. She really didn't know a whole lot about the technical aspects of parapsychology. But she knew practically everything about parapsychological personalities.

However, she never condemned any of them even in her own mind. "All of them," she used to say, "are just people." And if Zelda loved anything, it was "people."

So when I was flummoxed and wanted to comprehend what the hell was going on, I had four wonderful mentors to help me out this way or that. I figured that all of this LEARNING was part of diplomacy.

But were it not for my mentors, I think I would have been dead and buried almost from the start.

The world of parapsychology may be a small one compared to the enormous vistas of science proper.

But it is a microcosm of the larger scientific worlds, overfilled with matters of status, who's who, competition, backbiting and backstabbing -- and, as well, the thefts of discovery. And, it may as well be mentioned, concern and jealousy regarding who gets what money for which purpose.

There were to be much beauty and wonder ahead, of course, but a dizzying variety of ugliness as well.

Between the beauty and the ugliness were to exist all sorts of circumstances and situations -- many of which caused one to roll on the floor laughing. Such types of circumstances are even on-going today regarding remote-viewing.

Once Schmeidler's experiment protocols had been approved by her peer review processes, considered stringent, the formal thermistor sessions commenced in the lab at City College. There were to be five formal sessions on separate days with me as the "subject," plus two post-sessions in which student volunteers tried to influence the thermistors.

All of the sessions were held in the City College laboratory. The Dynograph (the chart recorder) connected to a computer was placed where I could see the read-out -- to see if I was on-target or not as a form of feedback.

One of Schmeidler's colleagues, Larry Lewis, took charge of all of the apparatus, including the computers which stored and counted the temperature-fluctuation information. At first he was somewhat dubious that the experiment would produce anything -- but was soon blown away as I was also to be.

There were four target thermistors plus additional non-target ones, the latter placed in direct line with the target ones.

I was supposed to influence only the targets selected by Schmeidler. Some of the target thermistors were placed behind glass to see if it acted as a "psychic shield." All of the thermistors, whether target ones or not, were sealed inside thermos bottles.

During the second session, both I and Schmeidler moved into a separate room so that a wall intervened between me and the targets. Some of the target thermistors were then twenty-five feet away, some closer, the closest being the thermistor five feet away in its sealed thermos bottle.

Unknown to me, Schmeidler utilized preselected sequences which would follow the counterbalanced order ABBABAAB, which equated to her various verbal commands of rest, hot, rest, cold, rest, cold, cold, rest, hot, cold, etc.

All I had to do was to try to focus on the selected thermistor inside its thermos bottle, and try to do what SHE commanded and IN THE ORDER SHE DID.

As to the results.

Only the target thermistors were influenced, albeit sometimes weakly so, but majorly so in the preponderance of the trials. Glass, walls, nearness or farness from the targets made no difference.

In the abstract of her formal paper, Schmeidler phrased the success as: "Significant PK changes in continuous, automatic recordings of temperature were repeatedly produced." Embedded in the paper's text is presented the fact that the experiment was repeatable at the direction of the experimenter. [See PK EFFECTS UPON CONTINUOUSLY RECORDED TEMPERATURE published in THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, Vol. 67, October 1973, No. 4.]

Drafts of her paper were almost immediately in circulation in December 1971, since the paper was widely circulated for peer review and Xerox copies of which were distributed by the peer reviewers in all sorts of directions.

And a tremendous ruckus now ensued, one which reached from the bowels of parapsychology to the guts of science proper -- and from those venerable, if murky, realms -- into the guts of the MEDIA!

The focus of the ruckus had not much to do with the experiment itself. What the focus was can best be explained as follows.

A confirmed example of controlled psychokinetic effects had been demonstrated by a subject in a laboratory. If he can trigger a thermistor could he not also trigger a nuclear bomb?

Schmeidler's experiment didn't come even close to implying any such thing, of course. But this hysterical wave grew, as one might imagine it would.

I began understanding the gist of all this when so-called "investigative reporters" from TIME, NEWSWEEK, LIFE and lesser media, etc., began trying to get me on the phone for interviews -- as was likewise the case regarding the delightful Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler.

Affecting a thermistor inside a thermos bottle was NOT news, of course, but the imaginative, sci-fi potentials of doing so were. Psychokinetic powers, if they existed, were dangerous! And therein was the story which could be pumped and hyped.

And, of course, the extensive gossip lines from and back into Buell Mullen Central and Zelda Central were overheated and smoking and blowing things out of all proportion.

Thus, barely six months after "entering parapsychology," I discovered, and very much to my amazement, that introverted little me needed a PRESS POLICY -- of all things!

Now, it was not for nothing that I had worked in the Office of Public Information at the United Nations. I understood quite well what press policies AND THE PRESS were -- including their pitfalls.

I hastily consulted all my mentors by telephone and chewed over the situation with them. All of them felt that I should grant media interviews because Schmeidler's experiment was an important one, and all of them felt that Schmeidler herself should issue a press release.

In the end I decided to go against their advice -- and that MY press policy would be NEVER TO TALK WITH THE MEDIA, and certainly never with mainstream versions of it.

Having thus decided, I telephone Schmeidler and pointed out my greatest suspicion -- that mainstream science, academe, and media were very ill-disposed to anything positive about psi. Therefore, to attempt to cooperate-operate with the media probably would turn out to be nothing more than shooting oneself in one's own feet.

After all, when the venerable magazine, TIME, reported on anything parapsychological, they put the report in their long-standing and disgusting FRAUD BOX occasionally published within black borders meaning "death."

Even the very great parapsychological luminary, Dr. J. B. Rhine (and his wife) had found himself featured in the infamous Fraud Box.

I don't remember that Schmeidler was planning to issue a press release, but I do remember asking that no one should. There was only one place one would end up -- either in someone's fraud box or victimized by skeptical "hit men."

Everyone felt that I should work to do my part in convincing our psi-negative culture that psi did exist. Alas for that. I had researched how psi, etc., had been treated during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Herein is one of the very ugly stories of "our times." Only two people fully and immediately approved of my decision --Bill and Vy Bennitt. All of the rest learned to live with it. And here, perhaps for the first time, some few recognized two factors which were to play significant roles in the future. That I had a mind of my own, and that I could be STUBBORN.

Zelda, however, long accustomed to media exposure because of her nudist camps, said that any publicity IS publicity. "Just make sure they spell your name right."

Zelda found the whole of this absolutely wonderful and exciting. Said she: "I've never met anyone who DID NOT WANT media attention."

One evening while we were eating and playing Scrabble, I giggled to her: "I'm gonna to make TIME get rid of its god damned FRAUD BOX."

Her eyes widened in astonishment. "Don't be silly. You can't do that. No one can."

"Well, we'll see."

Inflated Ego? Probably. (This particular little story will be continued in chapters ahead.)

Part Two: The Emergence of Remote Viewing At The American Society For Psychical Research 1971-- 1972

You cannot teach a man anything.

You can only help him discover it within himself.-- GalileoToday something is happening to the structure of human consciousness.

A fresh kind of life is starting.

-- Teilhard de Chardin

Chapter 11

ENCOUNTERING THE PARAPSYCHOLOGY POWER SYNDROME

WINTER 1971-1972

In terms of on-going circumstances that people get sucked into, the matter regarding WHO IS TO HAVE POWER OVER WHOM, AND FOR WHAT REASONS is tremendously important.

The contours of this ageless problem or situation are easily visible regarding power structures, hierarchy, societal arrangements and interpersonal relationships. Since those contours are visible, I would, in this book, handle the power syndrome more indirectly as most writers do.

However, the power syndrome became a very important factor not only regarding the history of remote viewing (as might have been anticipated), but regarding the remote viewing FACULTIES themselves.

As will be described in chapters distantly ahead, it WAS discovered that unless the omnipresent power syndrome is acknowledged and intimately dealt with regarding the faculties, then it can degrade, abort or distort them, or wipe them out altogether.

What this means at this point may be unintelligible. But before long you will have an increase of comprehension about it.

Thus the power syndrome is important from two perspectives. I've therefore decided not to evade or soften the issues, but, perhaps somewhat stridently, to tackle them head-on. This chapter is therefore a preface to aspects of the power syndrome which will be encountered ahead.

Nowhere is anyone free of those on-going power circumstances, albeit there is an enormous variety of them.

Power circumstances can be gross and very visible -- such as the power structures of the military.

But many are very subtle, even as to be identifiable -- such as in optimistic, sweetness-and-light sub-cultures or groups.

After the real story of the remote viewing faculties themselves, the next most important backbone of the story has to do with the ever-present power syndrome, especially as regards the Saga and the Soap Opera sectors of the real story.

Indeed, very many elements of the real story of remote viewing hinge on power circumstances -- and the power-seeking agendas of many individuals within it.

Unless the reader is made fully cognizant of the fact that POWER circumstances constitute several of the structural threads in the history of remote viewing, then the real story itself won't hang together very well.

Indeed, NO stories of human circumstances hang together unless scrutiny of the power syndrome is admitted into them -- the syndrome of who is to have power over whom, and for what reasons.

There are many power-less in the world, the vast majority of people. But among these is an extremely tiny population, so tiny that it has never been identified.

Psychical research and parapsychology themselves are of course tiny (powerless) social sub-groups within larger pictures of bigger social factors.

But within those social sub-groups there exists the tiny population of laboratory and experimental test subjects who are not only completely powerless but often are even kept completely anonymous when their existence needs to be mentioned. Subjects A, B & C, for example, or Mr. or Madame X, Y & Z.

There are, of course, power groups just about everywhere, and power groups within power groups within power groups.

Parapsychology was, and is, no exception. Indeed, nothing is an exception -- and certainly not the American intelligence community.

Cleve Backster has never been considered a parapsychologist by the parapsychological community, and so his work, quite excellent, was of no official interest to that community.

So my "entry into parapsychology" took place within the excellent auspices of Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler -- at that time one of the few notable pillars of that community.

The "entry," however, was as a test subject -- to be studied and later dispensed with. And meanwhile, as was thoughtlessly taken for granted by everyone, to willingly suffer all of the thoughtless indignities carelessly extended to test subjects thought of as experimental rats or guinea pigs.

I understood all of this quite well in advance. I didn't at all mind it because I believed that my stint in the laboratory was only a temporary phenomenon in my life. This belief was entirely typical of all those who had preceded me in parapsychology lab testing. Lab testing was considered a temporary thing for the subjects.

I didn't even mind the anonymous procedure. When Schmeidler asked me if I wanted to be mentioned by name in her report or identified as subject X, I replied that I'd leave that to her.

"Oh, well," she eventually said, "they're going to find out who you are anyway, so I might just as well identify you by name."

But suffering INDIGNITIES during my temporary tour of being a test subject was entirely a different matter. I never suffered any indignities within my relationship with Schmeidler, of course. But when "entered" slightly further into parapsychology, some of those soon appeared.

All of them were based in who was to have power and power over whom.

And unfortunately for all who were concerned and involved then and later, in the case of THIS test subject, all of them encountered a guinea pig who was not only "articulate" but well-grounded in his long-term study of power.

Who had power, and why, had fascinated me at least since my high-school years. I had collected and diligently read everything I could locate.

I had never planned to utilize my accumulated (and clearly only avocational) knowledge of power -- largely because I was of the opinion that having power over others was usually a disgusting affair and business. I am still of that opinion today -- an opinion based on even better evidence than I had back then in 1971.

It must be established within the relevant contexts of this book that if I had not been subjected to INDIGNITIES, then I fully believe that I would have quickly passed through parapsychology and returned to my life as an artist and a hopeful writer.

The experimental results would have quickly passed into parapsychological quasi-oblivion, into which most of parapsychology passes anyway. Our cultural mainstreams see to THAT in strategic ways, and parapsychologists have never figured out how to outwit those ways either strategically or tactically.

As it happened, not long into the year of 1972, many were saying that I was "making waves" in parapsychology. The "waves," however, did not particularly concern experimental results. They concerned my responses to test-subject indignities, power games, power agendas, and power stupidities.

And here was the subtle beginning of my transformation from an introverted, bookworming nerd into a lean, mean fighting machine within the battlefield of open-and-shut doors of perceptions.

You see, POWER, who's to have it and who's not to have it, is largely a matter of controlling doors of perceptions, doors inherent in the fabulous bio-mind of our species, doors which every specimen of our species DOES possess.

Power is a fundamental ingredient of the "human condition," so-called anyway. Various attempts have been made to study it, to dissect it, to pull its internal elements apart so that it could be better understood.

But in the end, it's surprising how little is really known about it. Various psychologists studied it during the last and the early parts of this present century -- Man as a Power Animal, for example.

The "social dynamics" of power have been noted and somewhat inquired into. We are somewhat familiar with the existence of power structures, the distribution of power, "dressing for power," "power ties (for males)," power competitions, power mongers, power dealers, "power games" and power "balances."

The list is very long of other power whatnots -- including self-help courses which teach one how to "visualize that one is powerful" with the expectation that the visualizing WILL increase one's power.

And, above all, it is broadly accepted that all human situations turn on power of some kind -- rather, turn upon who has power and who has not. We even know that power influences, that power corrupts, but that it takes power to get anything done.

Power, then, is a huge and very fundamental aspect of humans everywhere -- a MEGA-fundamental aspect. And via all of the above, it is thought that we know something of it.

In fact, though, we don't know very much about its intrinsic nature and "workings" -- and via such workings many sets of circumstances arise and suck people into them.

There is, I think, a central reason or explanation for this, one which few really want exposed too much.

It is this: No one wants others to have power.

And so there is a general and very broad silent consensus that the real elements of power should NOT BE OPENLY EXPOSED for general consumption -- since if they were then they would be accessible to just about everyone.

THEN where would everyone be!

No, no. Power is defined relative to those who do not have it. And so the existence of the powerless must be maintained in order for power to be defined.

Indeed, those who do manage to have power have probably won or seized it from someone else -- usually by trashing that someone else, whether subtly or overtly. Had I space herein to do so, I could quite easily demonstrate that this is the case even WITHIN power groups bonded together by communal power.

In any event, power is fundamental -- so fundamental that the lack of formal educational and academic courses regarding power is noticeable by their nearly complete ABSENCE.

There is very little in the way of educational tutoring about power and its constituents.

Children, of course, are expected to grow up and take their functional place within some kind of power structure or system. But when they manage to find that "place," they are expected do so completely illiterate about power, power games, power structures, etc.

So meaningful is this topic to me that I'm planning a book regarding it and about power in general. Anyone interested?

By now the reader might be wondering why I've temporarily diverted into this topic and what it has to do with remote viewing and the other superpowers of the human bio-mind.

Well, the real unearthing of the superpowers, and their development for practical applications, would automatically change power systems, structures and edifices. And, as well, would shift the definition of power itself -- and the definition of who is to have power and who is not.

And as I'll again remind, when the intelligence community DID take an "unconventional and scandalous" interest in "potential powers of mind," it did so NOT because of any intrinsic meaning regarding it, but because of the WORRY (and even FRIGHT) that discovery and applied powers of the bio-mind by that OTHER world superpower would shift the balances of power in very irregular and unanticipated directions.

Indeed, the very phrase POWERS OF MIND is entirely redolent of potential disruptions of the various status quos of existing power systems, their balances and controls of them.

Meanwhile, back in the winter of 1971 -- and you can believe it or not -- I already had a good grasp of all of the above. In fact, Cleve Backster and I had mused it over, and such musing and implications were variously discussed within the contours of Buell and Zelda Centrals.

Here you must not make the mistake that those Centrals were composed only of Fringe types, of mainstream rejects. They were nothing of the kind, and Buell Mullen's circle especially radiated out to incorporate CEOs, embassy people of high standing, scientists, and politicians.

Zelda Central radiated out to incorporate media representatives constantly requesting interview for "fill-in" articles about nudism and/or the transexual activities of her employer, Mr. Reed Erickson, who was funding such research at Johns Hopkins University and medical research center.

I am very much of the opinion that about the only "waves" one can really make is to somehow impact on, or even tickle, the status quo of some kind of power structure. I also realized that anyone who even tickles such status quo is certainly to be targeted to receive a cow dump of you know what.

I had no desire at all to disrupt the parapsychology status quo, simply because I was quite certain that my "entry" into it would quickly be followed by my "exit."

Within its higher-minded contexts I honored parapsychology, as I still do. But there was no money to be made regarding being a test subject, and anyway most parapsychologists had to fight tooth and nail to get any funding at all.

When I was invited to act as a test subject at The American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR), I decided to accept for a month or two -- and then get back to the more serious business of my artistic and hopeful literary pursuits.

But it was at the ASPR that I encountered circumstances out of which arose my first indignities. These did not come from a hostile media or mainstream, or from skeptics -- but from certain parapsychologists who were in leadership positions and exceedingly good standing in parapsychology.

When the circumstances of the indignities began unfolding, it took me about ten seconds to realize that I had inadvertently become incorporated within the ageless on-going syndrome of who was to have power over whom, and for what reason -- this the very syndrome which introverted bookworms take extreme caution to avoid altogether.

And, again believe it or not, it was those indignities and my responses to them which THEMSELVES brought into existence an entirely new set of circumstances -- into which I ultimately AGREED to get sucked.

For one thing, I'm quite certain that I would not have agreed to fly to California and meet with Dr. H. E. Puthoff -- for reasons made clear ahead.

In that case, remote viewing would have remained the "blip" it was within the precincts of The American Society for Psychical Research. There it would have been passed over, forgotten and retired into the dusty oblivion where much psychical research and parapsychology ends up.

Chapter 12

DR. KARLIS OSIS - WINTER 1971-1972

While I worked with Dr. Schmeidler on the thermistor experiments, I was also continuing to poke around with Cleve Backster in his lab.

We tested "psi probes" on gasses pressurized in small metal containers into which electrodes had been inserted. If the gasses were affected by the probes, then the atoms of the gasses might move in ways which were called "excited."

This kind of set-up is standard and familiar science. The use of excitable gasses in measuring devices is well understood.

For example, gasses are utilized in Geiger counters which measure radioactive waves. In this case, the gasses may be amyl acetate, ether or alcohol, etc. When the Geiger counter is in the presence of x-rays and gamma rays, those rays penetrate the tube containing the gas excite it. The electrode devices which within the tube measure the electron excitement of the gas.

Thus, the only unconventional aspect of our experiments was that "mind-rays" or something like them were being used to excite the gasses.

Cleve also suggested we move on to BIOLOGICALS. These first consisted of one-celled animals purchased from standard biological supply houses. Cleve also scraped up some biologicals from the bottoms of the urinals in his building which were seldom cleaned or sterilized.

Then, with a sense of rather high drama and daring, we moved on to testing the psi probes with regard to two very important biologicals -- human blood and seminal fluids.

Sometimes the experiments were NOT very successful. But at other times the probe effects were pronounced and undeniable. The frequency of the effects increased as I got "more psychically familiar" with the targets. Almost everything, though, showed some kind of electric potential shifts, but some of them were not repeatable.

I found that my own blood (harvested from a sterilized pin prick in my finger administered by myself) was VERY sensitive to my own projected probes and continuously reacted until the blood cells weakened and died.

If you think carefully now, you might realize the "psychic threat" potentials of this particular kind of phenomena. Cleve and his small circle of friends certainly did. We mused these over while eating junk food in the Times Square area.

If anyone knew what was going on in the world regarding things like this, Cleve certainly did because of his extensive network of contacts in law enforcement agencies and within the CIA.

"Well," he suddenly blurted out through a mouth stuffed with frankfurter, "you've just done something the Soviets have been working on for a long time."

I didn't quite make the connection and asked him to explain.

"The potential of invading someone's body by mind alone."

Seminal fluids, however, reacted in a very strange way. As we described, they seemed "too faint" if the probe was one of making it cold or making it hot. Which is to say, it seemed to lose its electric potential activity and the chart displayed a straight, or "dead" line.

This seemed to mean that psi probes would have impact on the vital nature of the spermatozoa within the seminal fluids.

I suggested to Cleve that no papers be provided regarding those experiments. "Not to worry," he replied.

However, all of this made for very good conversation at the Bennitt's dinner parties -- at which I was now sometimes the guest of honor -- and such also excited Buell Central and, above all, Zelda Central whose lines of gossip were always fascinated by anything even remotely having sexual implications.

Soon the gossip lines were aflame and blowing out all sorts of exciting information, sometimes ludicrous in nature.

At some point during these adventures, Dr. John Wingate thought that I should go to the American Society for Psychical Research and "get tested there."

Without thinking much about it, I now made a very important statement: "I don't get TESTED, I only work with researchers on well-designed experiments." And so the matter was dropped, or at least so I thought.

As it turned out, the ASPR did have a well-designed experiment, and Dr. Karlis Osis was busy setting it up and seeking volunteer subjects.

I said that I couldn't consider APPLYING to participate, that I worked only as a result of firm invitations to do so. After all, I was not job hunting.

In Early October, 1971, in consultation with other members on the ASPR, John took the initiative to have this invitation extended to me. He was a member of the ASPR board of Trustees, and without telling me anything about it, he had called up several other board members and discussed the "invitation."

Although I completely adored the two wonderful Wingates, I was not amused. The functionaries of the ASPR believed their Society to be traditionally important as the top of the parapsychology system.

On the other hand, other groups interested in psi phenomena felt differently. Buell Central considered the ASPR a stinking cesspool of intrigue, palace coups, vendettas, and other demoralizing whatnot. Even Zelda Central, typically condemning no one, somewhat agreed.

The American Society for Psychical Research, more briefly called the ASPR, was founded in 1885 largely by the efforts of the British physicist, Sir William Barrett (1844-1925), and one of America's foremost psychologists, William James (1842-1910).

The new Society was meant to be the American counterpart of the British Society for Psychical Research (SPR) founded in 1882.

Prior to the founding of those two Societies, psychical phenomena and other mysterious events were generally treated in two particular ways.

As it was put, people seemed to be in contact with "levels of reality beyond time and space."

This was then believed either to be natural or was rejected without investigation. The latter option was the prevailing scientific one.

Although numerous efforts to research the phenomena had arisen, the whole was disorganized and often full of counterproductive conflicts with little in the way of organizing scientific standards.

The two Societies emerged to bring order, hopefully, and to try to find an organizing basis for investigating the phenomena.

This purpose, however lofty, was only the idealized basis -- and thereafter both Societies soon experienced various ups and downs, sometimes departing afar from the idealized basis.

My survey of the histories of the two Societies shows that all went well at first. The disruptions, when they came, were the result of who was to have power over whom, and for what reason.

John Wingate telephoned me to advise that the board members of the ASPR had agreed that I should be "invited" to take part in new experiments starting up at the ASPR.

The invitation was to be a firm one and that I therefore need not petition to be included in the experiments, nor did I need to strut my stuff beforehand.

I would also be given ample opportunity to study the experimental protocols in advance -- a thing very unlikely in many other experimental set ups where researchers prefer that the subject is kept completely in the dark about everything.

I would, Wingate said, be contacted by Dr. Karlis Osis, Director of Research (who, indeed, telephoned the next morning), and that he hoped I would see more of the merits of the Society.

When I marched into the ASPR sanctum, located on West Seventy-third Street just behind the famous Dakota apartments, I had no idea at all that I was also entering the first portal to international espionage.

Who could have thought it? I certainly didn't.

I had been at the ASPR many times earlier, to use its library which was quite good -- but not as good as the one at Eileen Garrett's Parapsychology Foundation then still on Fifty-seventh Street near the Plaza Hotel. Everyone at the ASPR seemed snobbish, but friendly and helpful at the Parapsychology Foundation.

I'd long decided that the ASPR was housed in the dumbest building conceivable for such an organization. It had once been an elegant townhouse, a residence.

It's rooms were inefficient regarding both the library and the research needs. And someone had painted the entry hall (most of the first floor) a mixture of Schiaparelli pink and white to cover the original darkness of the fine mahogany wall panels. The whole effect resembled the interior of a lady's rest room in several fine hotels in New York.

But the building had been a gift of Chester B. Carlson, the inventor of Xerox and that organization's CEO, who had also endowed the Society with a principal fund of \$2 million. The Carlson gifts had been bestowed largely by the efforts of Dr. Karlis Osis, the Director of Research -- who, nevertheless, was never to be a Board member, but only a paid employee.

I had earlier met Dr. Osis back in 1962 when the Society was yet in an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, before the Carlson gifts.

At that time, Osis was interested in artists and if they also possessed some kind of psychic aptitudes. Somehow he had found out about me as an artist and had invited me in with a group of about fifteen other artists.

Artists, however, tend to articulate themselves through their works -- not through their words. And so the whole thing was something of a scramble to comprehend what anyone was saying.

Including the words of Osis -- who, born in Latvia in 1917, spoke a form of English which needed a translator standing by. None of the artists could understand most of what he said, including me. And few of the artists could understand each other -- and probably didn't want to, if you intimately know what artists are regarding each other.

I didn't go back to the next meeting, and heard that few did.

Now, nine years later in October of 1971, I stepped into the ASPR not merely and anonymously to use its library, but as an INVITED test subject, and, moreover, one with something of a track record.

This time no one was snobbish and everyone was agreeable and nice -- at least here at the start-up.

Something now needs to be interjected because it has a slight importance on the one hand and inspires a very great misunderstanding on the other.

The American Society for PSYCHICAL Research had long since abandoned interest in PSYCHICS, and certainly did not "test" them. Neither did it recommend or identify psychics. It did not hire as staff workers anyone known to be psychic. And, as we will see ahead, it forbade any psychic consulting on its premises, especially regarding its employees.

In effect, the Society had been converted into a parapsychological establishment -- but had retained the term "psychical" because of the long tradition of the Society and direct links to the eminent founders who WERE psychical researchers, not parapsychologists.

At some convenient point ahead, I'll work you through all of these subtle, but important distinctions.

One thing in my favor which might have aided my entry into the ASPR was my voluminous protests that I was NOT "a psychic." If anything, I was a consciousness researcher who sometimes had experienced "altered states of consciousness."

Osis had a great experiment going, indeed.

In a chamber on the third floor, actually one half of someone's former bedroom, was a tray suspended about two feet from the high ceiling. One needed a ladder to get up to it and place "targets" on the tray, completely out of sight from anyone on the floor of the room. Just beneath the tray was a chair and a lot of wires (electrodes) leading through a small hole in the partition into the other side of the former bedroom.

This was the kingdom of Janet Lee Mitchell, then Osis's research assistant.

The electrode wires led into a Beckman Dynograph, a brainwave recorder.

The procedures and the goal of the experiment were thus. The subject was to sit in the chair and have the numerous electrodes attached to the scalp. A blood-pressure instrument was attached to one finger, and this, too, fed information into the Dynograph.

Hooked up this way, the subject had very little in the way of freedom of movement. He couldn't stand up, or all the leads would become disconnected. The head had to be kept still, or the muscle movements of the neck and head introduced artifacts into the brainwave recordings.

In this position, the subject was supposed to go out of body, float up the fourteen feet or so to the ceiling and then look down to discover what the concealed tray targets were.

After, or while, doing so the subject was to narrate the sightings into a tape recorder in Janet's kingdom but with the small microphone attached to some place near the mouth.

The decor of the room was bland, and of such ugliness that it wouldn't have served as suitable chamber in the most disgusting brothel in the world. The partition dividing the

former bedroom also divided the former bedroom's window in half. That half was securely covered with a bilge-colored drape.

I suppose there are far uglier rooms in the world. But it was in this one that remote viewing began -- and whose beauteous wonders far exceed any rooms anywhere.

There were two basic ideas involved in the experiment: the perceptions of the subject and the brainwaves manifesting while the perceptions were taking place.

This was during the period when it was assumed that psi perceptions coincided with alpha brainwaves, alpha also being characteristic of a state of slight drowsiness and/or reverie -- such as during meditating, in daydreaming or in de-focused intellectual states. Alpha states occurred in both the left and right hemispheres of the brain, and Janet monitored both of those hemispheres.

Rather, did so IF the Beckman Dynograph worked as it should. This piece of equipment, quite expensive back then, was very disposed to throwing snits.

I wanted to know how the results would be judged. The verbal transcripts of the subject would be compared to sketches of the targets by an independent judge. The judge was to be a conventional perceptual psychologist outside of the ASPR, who also would NOT know that out-of-body perceptions were the topic of the experiment.

The judge was to match the transcripts with the most likely target.

My only remaining question concerned how one was to know if the results were obtained by OOB perceptions, or by some kind of clairvoyance or telepathic contact with the mind of the person who had set up the targets.

This was to be accounted for because the subject in the out-of-body state was supposed to indicate whether the sighting was from the south, north, east or west. Sometimes certain aspects of the targets could be seen only from one of those direction.

The first sessions of the experiment would permit a lot of "trial runs" so that the subject could get used to the affair, and which would also permit Janet to accumulate a lot of baseline brainwave data.

Osis also hoped that I would participate in a number of other kinds of experiments.

I asked if the subject would have feedback immediately at the end of each session, so that a learning curve, if any, could be noted. Yes, that was possible -- although no one had thought about the possibility of a learning curve.

Here, by far and large within my knowledge of psychical research and parapsychology, was a simple, common-sense experiment -- and a rather brilliant one, all things considered. The OOB hypothesis was a little weak, but what the hell.

My estimation of Osis rose quite considerably -- and ultimately I became a great admirer of his body of work, now largely forgotten.

My only reservation was that I did not have the least idea of how to float up to the ceiling. I was well aware of the famous OOB phenomena reported world-wide and since antiquity. I had gotten all of the appropriate books, tried everything suggested in them, to little apparent avail. Although many, including some of Osis's other subjects, claimed they could "go OOB at will," evidence of this was quite slim.

Indeed, if anyone could go OOB at will, then the world would certainly be a different place, and psychic spying in the OOB state would have already been incorporated into you know where. In 1971, out-of-body experiencing had not yet been hysterically hyped as it was soon to be.

I told Osis that I believed OOB to consist only of spontaneous factors, and usually within some kind of unusual situation, and that I did not know how to do it.

Osis then invited me into his office upstairs. Once closeted there he waved aside all of my concerns. He then said the magic words.

The experiment would require many weeks to conduct, and if I agreed to work on other perceptual experiments my presence would be required at least two days a week, or more if circumstances warranted.

The ASPR would pay me \$50 per day! Money! Yes! I'd try anything Osis wanted.

I promptly asked to try an experiment right then. After a scramble to get a target ready, and after the laborious procedure of getting glued to the electrodes, I tried to float up.

To my surprise, the first result was (almost) a very good match for the target.

This first result, however, was disposable because it was just a practice session.

Chapter 13

PSYCHIC POWERS VS POWERS OF BIO-MIND OCTOBER- NOVEMBER 1971

While the events so far narrated were subtly beginning to incorporate me into their circumstances, a peculiar reality shift regarding ESP and other psi phenomena had commenced within the public at large.

This needs to be introduced into the history of remote viewing for what it was BACK THEN, and doing so will aid in understanding nuances that were at work behind conventional mainstream knowledge.

The book PSYCHIC DISCOVERIES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder, had been published in the autumn of 1970.

Since the topic of PSYCHIC discoveries in the Soviet Union was considered nonsense, the book at first got off to a slow start. After all, "behind the Iron Curtain" was the citadel of Marxist-Communist territory, and the science and sociology prevailing there were adamantly based in the philosophy of materialism.

In particular, the adherents of this philosophy stringently (and somewhat frivolously) reject anything which is supposedly tainted by immaterialism -- and which rejection includes, among other important phenomena, the phenomena of psi. This was as true of American materialists as of Soviet materialists.

It needs to be vigilantly pointed up that materialism was the dominant mainstream philosophy of the modernist twentieth century -- at least until the mid-1980s when the concept of post-Modernism arose. Within post-Modernism was recognized that perhaps some factors rejected, arbitrarily and without anything resembling due examination, within the auspices of pure materialism ought to be reexamined.

Something along the same lines had already been going on within, of all places, the cutting edge of physics, that former bastion of pure materialism.

In any event, the publication of PSYCHIC DISCOVERIES... presented the mainstream Western world with something of a dilemma -- and within which certain real, but inconvenient issues were permitted to remain obscure.

In any event, it was largely believed that the Soviets, as entrenched materialists, would vigorously denounce any psychical activities in their Empire.

In fact, though, the book showed that such was not the case, and probably had not been the case for some time.

When the initial shock of all this sort of wore off, the book then quickly became a best-seller.

I, of course, ran, not walked, to the book store, obtained my copy and began not only reading it, but studying the hidden "texts" in it.

When I felt thoroughly exposed to its contents, I discussed the whole of it with one of my prized mentors -- Martin Ebon -- who not only had written many books about psi, but who was and still is one of our nation's leading experts on Communism, Sovietology, Russia, all other East European nations, and the KGB before and after the fall of the Iron Curtain. [See, for example, his KGB: DEATH AND REBIRTH. Westport, Conn. Prager, 1994.]

It was from Ebon that I first learned that there "would be," as he said, a distinction about what foreign writers, such as Ostrander and Schroeder, were allowed access to, and what they were not allowed access to. The KGB "would have" no goal of permitting Western access to hidden information, in an Empire in which ALL information was controlled by the KGB machine.

One of the puzzling things about the book was that it did not contain much in the way of the nomenclature which the internal Soviet scientists were openly known to be using -- such as "bio-information," and "bio-information transfer processes." The more correct term for "psychic powers" would probably be "bio-mind powers."

In a certain sense, Ebon said, this shifts the emphasis from immaterialism to materialism, with the added advantage that it incorporates whole-body processes versus thinking of psi only as strange mental phenomena.

This information byte came as a thunderbolt for me. For in spite of ALL I knew about psi phenomena, it had never dawned on me that the phenomena could be referred to under other nomenclature.

But I had known that "psi" was an arbitrary term coined by latter day parapsychologists to incorporate NOT ALL psychic phenomena, but only some of them. "Psi" meant nothing in itself, being only a letter in the Greek alphabet.

I was thereafter introduced to Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder by Mrs. Ruth Hagy Brod (whom we'll intimately meet ahead.) "The girls," as they were fondly called, then came to dinner at my place and we had long talks about what really was going on in the Soviet Union.

As to the title of their book, it differed grossly from their original title. I don't remember what the original title was, but the girls said that the published title was the product of their publisher who thought it a more sexy title and would help sell the book. Which it did.

I may be putting words into the girls' mouths, but a more apt title would have been something like "Power-of-Mind Research Behind the Iron Curtain."

The reason at this point for this slight digression is this. When I commenced work at the lab at the ASPR, I found I was already thinking more of "bio-mind" rather than psi, ESP, OOBEE and other Western nomenclature whatnot. Somewhat later in this book, I will show that there is a great functional distinction between bio-mind and mind.

I now invite readers to shift their understanding from "psychic" phenomena to concepts of "powers of bio-mind." Doing so will make it easier to comprehend almost the whole of what lies ahead.

Chapter 14

INSIDE THE VENERABLE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH - WINTER, 1971

My first stay as a test subject at The American Society for Psychical Research was to last about seven months.

The stay was to be a bittersweet experience, laced with triumph and failure -- and backstabbing farcical soap opera.

The venerable Society was to manufacture yet another one of its embarrassing and toxic scandals -- to the utter horror of all, even to those particular individuals who brought it down on the Society.

Like all scandals everywhere, though, it was soon swept from view into ASPR closets where it has remained among other moldering skeletons. And so few remember it today.

In retrospective analyses of that scandal, it is clear that its fulminators did not at all anticipate the magnitude of its explosiveness. Nor did they have any clues, psychic or otherwise, that the repercussions would result in circumstances which would compel little me into full-blown media limelight as nothing else might have.

In this context it's worth mentioning that most, but not all, parapsychologists seldom demonstrate any of the psi faculties they research -- in this case precognition, premonition and foresight.

In this regard, I must make haste to point up that since then the trustees and working personnel of the ASPR have changed many times. And so this particular scandal must not in any way be laid at their feet. Indeed, I have since been treated with a fair amount of kindly consideration by most of them.

It is now important for the reader to understand that when I stepped into the ASPR as a test subject, I did not merely step into an experimental lab merely to attempt ESP experiments. Rather, I stepped into a small SOCIETY populated by a number of fitted and misfitted people whose realities were seriously inbred -- not only with visions of the importance of the ASPR, but as also regards a limited number of concepts.

Although I did not realize it at the time, this was ultimately to mean that new and innovative ideas were not welcome.

I also did not realize that the position of Dr. Karlis Osis as Director of Research was a thorn in the side of certain other parapsychologists who may have wanted themselves to obtain it. Had it been possible to remove him without undergoing several legal disruptions, it's quite likely he would have been long gone.

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To help make all this more clear, the American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR) had been founded in 1885, in emulation of the Society for Psychical Research (SPR) in London. Since its founding the ASPR was composed of the traditional pyramidal power hierarchy typical of most human institutions. There was a very narrow top to this pyramid, and a very broad bottom.

At the top was the board of trustees and officers who made all the decisions, or at least tried to do so, and just beneath those was a curious mix of officers and committees sometimes composed of trustees themselves. Those officers, also as trustees, of course voted for themselves and their projects.

Throughout its long history, the ASPR had produced a lot of good work -- and a chain of scandals and palace revolutions inside its hidden machinery.

The whole of this involved intense politicking. And so to render the whole system more equable, a strata of "voting members" had been set up and who were to consider issues more objectively.

But this had long resulted in convincing the voting members to vote this way or that, with the result that the ASPR was often characterized by what equated to internecine warfare.

And it was this particular fearsome activity which the members of Buell Central referred to as the "cesspool."

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Beneath all this were the hired managerial people, and beneath those were the "members of the ASPR" consisting of the public who paid a yearly subscription fee to be a member. In 1971, the membership was alleged to consist of some 8,000 strong.

Beneath the members was the raw public, from which the ASPR hoped to solicit contributions, funds and bequests. To acquire its non-profit status, the ASPR proposed to educate the public regarding its own work and as regards psi in general.

This noble goal was the sole purpose of the ASPR NEWSLETTER, which in 1971 was managed and produced by Mrs. Marion Nester.

Along more scientific lines, the ASPR also published a JOURNAL to which parapsychologists as a whole could submit papers. These were then given over to peer review and if found suitable were then published.

The JOURNAL, produced quarterly, was overseen by a publishing committee. By far and large it was a very good publication -- but the scientific papers published in the JOURNAL were somewhat inaccessible to the raw public which found it a boring read.

Beneath the public were the psychics, none of whom interested the higher ASPR hierarchy, and were therefore deemed undesirable. This avoidance was not true of the ASPR's past, but was true in 1971. There was no open and published information regarding this, but it was subtly enforced within the system.

This embargo against psychics was somewhat at silly odds with the title of the ASPR as a PSYCHICAL research organization. But the embargo was very strict and enforced, as we will see somewhat farther ahead regarding the scandalous treatment of Mrs. Laura F. Knipe, the long-term Executive Secretary of the ASPR.

The only way I achieved an invitation to the ASPR was by claiming I was not a psychic, a claim I made from the start of July 1971 and have maintained until today. I was an ordinary person who volunteered to serve as an experimental subject regarding powers of mind.

In any event, the ASPR was a smallish microcosm of larger and equally inbred social macrocosms -- one of which, as I was to discover, was the whole of the American intelligence community.

The whole of the above can be easily synopsisized. The venerable ASPR was almost exclusively run not on behalf of its research directions, but on behalf of its internal politicking -- otherwise known as power games.

Other than that, the chief product of the ASPR was the publication of its JOURNAL in which parapsychologists could publish their papers -- IF they were on the right side of the officers who comprised the publishing committee.

It is now completely necessary for the reader (and the historian) to understand that Dr. Osis's out-of-body (OOB) experiments had been fully approved by the board, including the experimental protocols, methods, and arrangements. It is equally important to point out that Dr. Osis was a paid employee of the ASPR, never an officer on the board.

In the light of the pre-approvals for the OOB experiments, it was fully understood and expected that Dr. Osis would conduct the experiments and thereafter provide a concluding report which would be published in the ASPR's scientific JOURNAL.

His OOB experiment had been up and running BEFORE I came to the ASPR, and so it was not especially designed for me -- as many later experiments were to be in other places.

Even at this early date, the last thing I wanted to do was to take part in experiments which were not foolproof since this was a complete waste of everyone's time even if I was going to get paid for it.

I examined the experiment, discussed it with my mentors, and concluded, as had the ASPR's board, that Dr. Osis indeed had designed a very elegant and efficient experiment.

In any event, the targets were on the tray far above the subjects' heads, while the subjects themselves were strapped to the chair by the brainwave electrodes.

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I hope you now have the overall picture here. For now begin the triumphs and the soap-opera spectacle of the ASPR completely abandoning its logic, legitimacy, honesty and honor.

Chapter 15

OUT-OF-BODY? AND THE EMERGENCE OF THE PICTURE-DRAWINGS - NOVEMBER, 1971

All business arrangements at the ASPR now agreed upon, and work schedules established, Dr. Osis, Janet Mitchell and I began doing unofficial experimental sessions. But I took the precaution of ensuring asking Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler occasionally to oversee the work and note any progress or difficulties. She was the current vice-president of the venerable Society.

Regarding the purpose of the trial experiments, I was expected to practice floating up out-of-body to the ceiling and utilize my out-of-body "eyes" to spy down on the targets hidden on the suspended trays.

I was also expected NOT to flex a muscle or even move my real eyes too much, since doing so put artifacts into the brainwave recordings.

Getting ready to do each session took some time. First I had to ensure that I wouldn't need to take a leak (or a number two) and that I wasn't hungry.

When I was ready, I was required to enter the experiment chamber and under watchful eyes sit immediately in the Out-Of-Body Chair. Then I had to sit patiently while Janet pasted the electrodes to my scalp, neck and finger.

Then the temperamental Dynograph which measured the brainwaves had to be got going and seen to be working properly. If not, the machine needed to be fiddled with. If the electrodes needed to be readjusted or repasted, then that had to be done, too.

Then the intercom between the experimental chamber and Janet's Dynograph room on the other side of the partition needed to be tested.

Then the recording equipment which I would speak into to narrate what I was "seeing" on the target trays above also needed to be got going.

Dr. Osis left the whole of this to Janet, and to she sweated away, raced back and forth between the two rooms, and said "goddamn it" a lot.

The whole of this might take twenty minutes when things were going well, but it usually took about an hour since all things usually didn't go well.

Finally, Janet would close the intervening door, and through the intercom would say: "Well, Ingo, whenever you are ready. Take your time, don't feel nervous because that raises your blood pressure and distorts the brainwave feed-outs."

At that point it was up to me.

I hadn't the faintest clue of what to do to get out of body -- and this after years of having tried every recommended method except psychedelic drugs.

But, as has already been mentioned, the first practice trial had somehow been a success. I was later to identify this as the "first-time effect," often experienced by gamblers, etc.

In our working sessions thereafter, the "decline effect" soon set in, and if anything I only "got" bits and pieces of the targets.

So the experiments got harder and difficult because failure was more common than successes. I had to practice not agitating my head or body since this disrupted my brainwaves. I thought my head must already be disrupted because I had agreed to do the experiments.

At some point thereafter, I got to wondering why all of this had gotten harder rather than easier. So after a failed session, I decided to have another look at the experimental setup to see if I had missed something.

At first I could see nothing amiss or wrong. So, during the next session, I examined my own behavior while attempting to float up and see.

It was thus I discovered that I was having difficulty regarding a very usual aspect of the experimental setup.

I was having trouble with, of all things, articulating what I thought I was seeing into the microphone and tape-recorder. I found I had to stop "seeing," and think about how to say what I felt I was "seeing." Then I had to verbalize it.

It is now necessary to point up that parapsychologists typically had their subjects SPEAK their impressions into recording machines -- so that their "responses" could be transcribed to enable judges to examine and analyze them.

This procedure certainly seemed sensible enough. After all, how is someone to tell anyone else what they have experienced except by verbalizing it?

However, I already knew that most verbalizing is a function of the left hemisphere of the brain and which hemisphere does not process images very well. The same hemisphere is also mostly the source of judgments and decisions.

The right hemisphere, on the other hand, processes images quite well, or at least mostly does so.

Even in 1971, it had become commonly accepted that image information belonged more or less to the right hemisphere of the brain, while linear, nonvisual information belonged to the

left. I was certainly familiar with this because of my research on the creative processes, especially those of artists who painted images.

Here, then, was a very subtle "artifact" within the overall experimental design.

The OOB subject was supposed to see the images. But after doing so it was taken for granted that the subject should verbalize what had been seen.

Furthermore, some of the items used as targets were so nonsensical that even when viewing them with my physical eyes I did not understand what they were supposed to be.

After all, most people have difficulty in verbalizing what they don't understand.

Parapsychologists often used nonsensical targets (1) to guard against the mind filling in unexpected parts with imagination, and (2) that if the subject correctly identified something that didn't fit or was unexpected or nonsensical, then that was a better "hit."

At that point I had not achieved the power to suggest that a target had to be sensible and recognizable to enable the cognitive mind to make adequate sense of it.

But if you think this through, nonsensical psi targets (or nonsensical ANYTHING) do induce mental confusions -- and so the processes of articulating what one thinks one is seeing becomes more difficult. Even THIS was understood by perceptual psychologists by 1971.

With all this in mind, I now made a simple suggestion. But it was one which barely nine months later, and when more fully understood and fleshed out, was to produce a type of

information which staggered many minds, and especially some within the intelligence community.

And it is for this reason that I've dragged you through the paragraphs just above.

I explained the following to Dr. Osis and Janet and also to Dr. Schmeidler.

"I'm having trouble verbally expressing what I think I'm seeing. What I'd like to try to do is just sketch out what I think I'm seeing. Would that be all right?"

Janet and Schmeidler immediately understood what I was getting at. Schmeidler was, after all, a perceptual psychologist among her other wonderful achievements. Janet specialized in brainwave functioning, and thus understood the differences between left-brain and right-brain functioning.

And Osis understood, too, although seeming somewhat more vaguely. As he explained:

"Well, the reason we use tape recorders is that most subjects claim that they are not artists and can't draw. So no one has bothered with it."

"Well," I said, "I AM an artist and can sketch and draw."

So, at the next session I was equipped with a clipboard balanced on my knees, pages of white paper, and a pencil.

When it was seen that the minimal motion required did not produce artifacts on the brainwave read-out, we were set to go.

At the last moment, though, I asked for an inked pen -- so as to help ensure that the sketches could not be modified after the experiment was concluded.

And LO! The targets, or at least big parts of them, undeniably began appearing on the paper before me -- even if I hadn't the faintest idea of what they were.

The verbal transcripts were still typed up, but the efficiency of the sketches soon made it apparent that they alone could be compared with the targets -- and the judges need not read through dozens of pages of largely disconnected verbiage.

Unbeknownst to everyone, including me, here we had tripped across a very important element regarding remote viewing. But neither that term nor that concept had yet emerged, and so of course no one could imagine anything of the kind.

I also made one more subtle shift, but it was so subtle that even I did not realize it had been made for a few months.

In retrospect, it was because of my discussions with my wonderful mentor, Martin Ebon, that I had begun thinking not in terms of the legendary out-of-body seeing, but in terms of "the perceptual faculties of the biomind."

Ebon was one of the best Sovietologists in the United States, and he had indicated that the Soviets were involved in biocommunications and biomind, rather than parapsychology.

There were two exquisitely subtle fallouts from this. I didn't need to live up to the legends and try to emulate them. I also didn't need stereotyped labels to categorize what I was seeing or experiencing.

All I really needed to do was to PERCEIVE.

After all, PERCEPTION ALONE WAS THE GOAL, and this is bigger than trying to fit into words and stereotyped labels.

Chapter 16

THE "PICTURE DRAWINGS" AND

MY FIRST "AMBIGUOUS SUCCESS" - NOVEMBER 24, 1971

My sketches of the concealed practice targets were now referred to simply as "picture drawings."

The picture drawings and descriptions of the targets were, as was to be expected, being circulated among the staff of the ASPR who were beginning to "ooh" and "aah."

So the news of these informal successes began going out into gossip lines -- and into the extensive combined networks of "my local espionage community" of Zelda, Buell, the Wingates and the Bennitts.

It needs to be stipulated that researchers were quite used to experiencing subjects' responses which did not at all correlate with ESP targets. So any shred of correlation was always made much of.

In my own estimation, most of the first picture drawings were actually not all that good when compared with the targets. I considered them as revealing some minimal kind of perceptual contact with the targets, but only in a kind of ambiguous way.

Enough of the targets could be seen in them though. And so everyone was experiencing tremors of encouragement.

Then came the experiment of November 24, 1971.

My archives show that I arrived at the ASPR with a light head cold, and Janet's record of the experiment indicates that I did it with a runny nose.

This, of course, was not considered ideal. For I could not wipe the nose dribble because doing so would disrupt the brainwave charts. But \$50 were at stake, and it didn't really matter if I did well or not because the session was still a practice "run."

I now regret that images and pictures cannot be introduced into the text at this point. If this book was assisted by illustrations there would be over fifty of them. These would need to be scanned, and so the cost would add up.

But I'll do my best to describe the targets and my sketched responses. The targets were not yet being photographed, but Janet made a sketch of their layouts during the session. She NEVER knew what the targets were in advance.

My picture drawing shows that I did not "see" five of the seven of the target items. The target tray contained a pencil, a small yellow plastic dipper, a subway token, and a small cross. I did not indicate those in my sketch.

But my picture drawing contained a smallish rectangle, identified as red, a "something" which was indicated to be about 1/2-inch thick. This target turned out to be a small, red address book which was of that thickness.

My picture drawing also indicated a circle, identified as "red or pink." Inside the circle in my picture drawing I had indicated a TU or a UT thing which was black. If the UT or TU thing had been joined together by one more strokes, it would have made the number 5.

When the target tray was taken down, it did contain an off-colored red circle (of paper) in the center of which was a largish number 5.

Everyone was very impressed, almost into silence -- as was I. But I immediately told Janet and Osis: "This has to get better than this, or we will only end up with yet another of those 'statistically significant' experiments." The kind just minimally above "chance expectation."

You will note that my "perceptual mind" did not quite identify the figure of the 5, but that I got its elements. In other words, I had no cognitive idea that the figure was a 5, but I felt that my perceptual processes should have known that.

As a result of this yet ambiguous "success" I began thinking that there existed a hidden extrasensory perceptual system that functioned with rules and a logic of its own. And that THIS system functioned beneath the levels of conscious control of it.

In other words, the perceptual process was **SUBLIMINAL**.

In my mind, the question arose as to how or why the cognitive intellect (which could have identified the 5) did not **MATCH** the subliminal perceptual processes which produced the UT. Turn the UT on its side and it will assume the basic shape of the 5.

I'm now going to ask you to remember, even memorize, the three paragraphs just above, or the three enumerated concepts just below -- for upon them rests almost the entire future creation of America's remote viewing spies.

Think of this as follows:

- (1) A hidden extrasensory perceptual **SYSTEM** that functions with rules and a logic of its own;
- (2) How the cognitive, conscious mind interfaces (or does not) with that hidden system; and
- (3) Can the **INTERFACING** be improved?

Without considering the implications contained in the two trios above, you will never understand what remote viewing is.

And, as well, you will never understand the basis for anything which goes under the heading of INTUITION.

Chapter 17

THE EMERGENCE OF REMOTE VIEWING

-- DECEMBER 8, 1971 --

A number of things now happened, mostly as a result of the picture-drawings.

People could now simply look at the drawings and the target trays laid side-by-side. The lack of correct information in the drawings was visible, but one also could quickly distinguish between ambiguous and unambiguous aspects of the information which WAS visible.

This was different from the usual method of recording the subjects' responses on tape, having them transcribed, and then sifted through by the experimenters and judges in order to discover which verbal components matched which visual components of the targets.

The verbal record was, after all, a verbal interpretation by the subject of what was being seen, while the "sifting through" involved interpretations of the subjects' interpretations.

All of this meant that the results of the experiment trial were inaccessible to people other than those examining the responses.

Regarding the picture-drawings, a "quick appraisal," as it was sometimes called, was now immediately available to anyone who cared to look.

The difference here was to become exceedingly important in the future. So I'll explain it more clearly.

One can listen to or read a foreign language and understand none of it. But the content of pictures can be recognized worldwide.

A good example regards the "Fasten your seat belts" advisory seen on airplanes. This can be verbally expressed in all languages, to be understood only by the speakers of those languages. But the visual image (sign) showing a picture of fastening seat belts is universally understood.

In other words, pictures talk more than words do.

The picture-drawings revealed the absence of target information, ambiguous target information, and unambiguous information. After a few picture-drawing experiments, a curious phenomenon was observed in them.

There was an absence of incorrect information.

Certain elements of the targets were missed by the subject. But among the elements not missed, ambiguous or otherwise, very little in the way of completely incorrect information appeared.

This was immediately interpreted to mean that the subject DID achieve some kind of perceptual contact with the target materials, albeit in some cases a contact which was wobbly.

Some kind of correct information DID appear in all of the picture-drawings. Just a few years ahead, and under other auspices of other more dramatic circumstances, this "perceptual contact" was scientifically to be referred to as a "perceptual channel" regarding the acquisition of information from beyond the limits of the ordinary five physical senses.

Perceptual contact with the target materials could now be somewhat consistently seen simply by casting one's eyes on the subjects' picture responses and the targets themselves. As a result, Dr. Osis, Janet, Schmeidler, and others began talking in terms of a "repeatable experiment" because the perceptual contact was repeating itself -- albeit sometimes weakly, sometimes strongly.

The only issue now outstanding was whether the perceptual contact was a true out-of-body one, or if it could or should be attributed to some other psi perceptual process, such as clairvoyance, telepathy, mind-reading, etc.

In my mind, though, the quality and quantity of information was important. And so I suggested that we needed to practice "enhancing the perceptual contact."

The picture-drawings had a magical effect on the mood and tone of the people at the ASPR -- not unlike what other picture-drawings were eventually to have within the intelligence community.

Everyone awaited the results of the next experimental sessions so that they could at least see some kind of ESP at work. It may be too much to say that the mood became excited, but it certainly became elevated.

A subtle shift regarding my "place" now took place. I was articulate, well studied in matters regarding not only parapsychology, but creative-perceptual processes as well.

My relationship with others now sort of shifted from merely being a test guinea pig to a tentative colleague status. Everyone was focused on the goal of the experiment, and everyone was feeling very good about it.

The news of the picture-drawings leaked out, of course. Many board members came to view the visual materials, as well as many otherwise affiliated with the ASPR but who seldom attended upon its premises.

Among these were two wonderful women in the category of "influential matrons" of which the ASPR had quite a number.

These were Mrs. Judith (Judy) Skutch and Mrs. Ruth Hagy Brod. Both were to play important roles within what was soon to follow, and I am eternally in their debt. Ruth, however, was quickly to become my chief mentor regarding media situations, and a very close and dear friend until her untimely death.

The news of the "evidential" picture-drawings of course circulated into Mullen and Zelda Centrals -- and the ASPR soon began getting a few calls from media types.

So far as I knew back then, such calls had been few and far between -- largely because, in my opinion, the ASPR had never had the sense to hire at least a part-time publicity person and which might have helped in raising funds always needed.

All in all, the experiments were now going well and my responses were beginning to improve. So I seized the bold opportunity to ask for two things.

As I explained it to Dr. Osis and Dr. Schmeidler, I found doing the same thing all of the time very boring, and that I felt the boredom was detracting from my efficiency as a responsive test-subject.

Now, encountering bored test-subjects in parapsychology labs was not unusual. And it was generally admitted that many experiments failed only because of boredom of doing dozens, hundreds or even thousands of trials regarding the same kind of experiments. So my little complaint was understood.

As long as the ASPR was paying me for the day, I asked if some other kinds of experiments be devised so that my interest factors might be maintained.

This was readily agreed to, for in fact Dr. Osis already had other experiments in mind.

I then said that I had a couple of ideas I'd like to try out, and I wondered if Janet and the ASPR's resources could help me to do so. I would pursue these ideas after the daily work routines were completed.

I had already discussed this with Janet whose help I would need, and she was agreeable.

No one saw anything wrong with this since all would be exploratory and informal.

One of the ideas had come about, as I explained, because in a recent practice session after being hooked up with the electrodes, but while waiting for Janet to deal with the temperamental Dynograph, my "OOB perceptions" seemed to have gone through the wall into the street outside.

There was snow on the ground, but there was a woman going by dressed in a ridiculous orange coat.

This had been something of a spontaneous event. While waiting for the experiment to commence, I was just suddenly outside of the building -- in a "pop" kind of way. I had made no deliberate attempt in this regard, nor had even thought about doing so.

This event was so unusual that I wanted immediate feedback as to whether there was an orange coat in the street.

I tore off the electrode leads, jumped into Janet's room, explained as I dragged her down the stairs to the building's front door.

Once outside we were just in time to see the orange coat turning the corner onto Central Park West.

So I had got to wondering why out-of-body viewing should be confined only between the subject and the targets inside the room. If such viewing really existed, might it not travel to far distances -- much like the ancient literature had suggested?

Everyone agreed that this was a good possibility and should be checked out in our spare time. But how, Dr. Osis asked, could we specify a distant target and get feedback as to whether the distant viewing was a hit or a miss?

So I described a procedure Janet and I had quickly worked out between us.

Someone should prepare a series of sealed envelopes containing the name of a major city in the US. Also included would be the telephone number of the weather service there.

The goal would be to try to describe the weather conditions at that city, and then Janet could immediately telephone the local weather bureau there to discover what the actual weather conditions were.

The costs for this would only consist of the long-distance telephone charges.

It was agreed that this novel experiment be tried. If it showed signs of working, then other more fool-proof, long-distance experiments could be designed.

In this way, I got to try the first of my own experiments.

The Emergence of Remote Viewing

Thus, after the morning and afternoon OOB practice sessions on December 8, 1971, and while I was still hooked up to the brainwave contraption, another ASPR worker, Vera Feldman, then handed Janet Mitchell a sealed envelope.

Through the intercom Janet said (I remember her words very clearly): "Ingo, I've got the envelope. Let me know when you're ready."

"I'm ready," I replied, even though I was also quite nervous.

So through the intercom I could hear Janet tearing open the envelope. Then she breathed hard and said: "The target is Tucson, Arizona."

Now something wondrous and magical occurred.

Of course I really had no idea how to "get" to Tucson from the rather ugly experimental room in New York. And when I first heard the mention of "Tucson, Arizona," a picture of hot desert flashed through my mind.

But then I had the sense of moving, a sense that lasted but a fraction of a second. Some part of my head or brain or perceptions blacked out -- and THERE I was -- THERE. Zip, Bang, Pop -- and there I was... something I would refer to years ahead as "immediate transfer of perceptions."

So fast was the whole of this, or so it seemed to me, that I began speaking almost as soon as Janet had narrated the distant site through the intercom.

"Am over a wet highway, buildings nearby and in the distance. The wind is blowing. It's cold.

And it is raining hard."

I didn't even have time to sketch this, for it was easy enough to articulate into the tape recorder.

Having said as much, I noted that there was water glistening on the highway -- and then said: "That's it! Tucson's having a fucking big rainstorm," although the forbidden word was not entered into the record of the experiment.

"That's it?" questioned Janet through the intercom.

"Yeah, that's it -- only that I'm slightly dizzy. I thought this would take longer. It's raining and very cold there."

"Okay," Janet replied, again breathing hard. Through the intercom I heard her dialing the number of the weather service in Tucson.

I was sweating, and started to pull off the electrodes. I noticed that my spine was tingling -- if that's the correct word.

Before I could stand up, though, Janet said through the intercom: "Well, you're right on, baby. Right now Tucson is having unexpected thunderstorms and the temperature is near freezing?"

I remember all of this with extreme clarity, largely because it was my first consciously experienced Zap-Pop biolocation thing. It is indelibly etched somewhere in "my mind."

It wasn't until I got home that evening that I realized while "at" Tucson I had completely lost perceptual and sensory contact with the experimental room at the ASPR -- even with my own body.

And I had no idea at all that this simple small thing would eventually lead into a very big thing, indeed -- and into circumstances which were so unusual that they bewildered very many.

Everyone was suitably impressed with this first long-distance experiment. But, of course, it was only a first experiment, and many more had to follow to see what the error ratio was, and how to determine the chance expectation thing.

But now the problem arose regarding what to call this kind of experiment.

We had already become involved in attempting to "see" the targets Dr. Osis set up on his coffee table in his office upstairs. We were becoming involved in "flicker fusion" experiments. We were also getting ready to attempt other kinds of experiments.

Simply in order to be able to put a category of experiments on the pages of reports which were beginning to accumulate, I suggested the term "remote sensing" or "remote viewing" -- since a distant city was, after all, remote from the experimental lab in New York.

Osis and Schmeidler, however, preferred the term "remote viewing," since it was viewing which was the object of study -- such as in out-of-body viewing.

So the term "remote viewing" stuck -- and was later to be added into the English language and caused to represent a somewhat confusing number of formats.

For some reason, the long-distance remote viewing experiments always refreshed me and even one or two of them took care of my boredom.

Since this first remote viewing experiment, I have never been bored even once with this kind of thing. To experience it is exhilarating. And to watch others achieve and experience it is even more thrilling.

Chapter 18

JANET LEE MITCHELL, PhD

Janet Mitchell was one of the most unusual and wonderful people I've had the good fortune to meet, much less to work with for so many months.

She was direct, honest, forthright and felt that people ought to be able to deal with facts instead of beating around the bush or otherwise mess them up. And by this she meant ALL facts. So she sometimes didn't fit into the world we all live in.

But among other things, this meant that she noticed cases of stupidity more than the average person does, and one of my favorite images of her is discovering herself to be face-to-face with some kind of stupidity.

Her mouth would open a little and her head would nod up and down as if TRYING to comprehend. And if she chanced to look my way her eyes would be big and bright with eyebrows sort of arched.

She was quite expert at diagnosing cases of stupidity. But when a new fresh one came up she was always surprised anew -- almost as if she found it unbelievable that there were more than ten cases of stupidity in our wonderful world.

One of her biggest assets, in my opinion anyway, is that she had a good sense regarding what she DID and DID NOT know -- this in a world where many pretend they know a lot, sometimes everything. So far as I know, Janet never pretended anything.

When I first went to the venerable Society, I wasn't quite sure for some time whether she liked me. She was, I guess, reserved -- perhaps withholding opinion, for I later realized that she didn't jump to conclusions too fast -- that she thought things through, mulling them over slowly.

At the time she was research assistant at the ASPR, beginning in 1967. She didn't talk a whole lot about her background, but she had been born in Charleston, Virginia in April, 1936, and carried a slight southern drawl. I think the circumstances of her younger years had been difficult, and at one point she had been in the Army.

When I met her, she was busy providing herself with a college education, and in 1972 graduated from Hunter College in New York with a BA degree in psychology.

She later obtained her PhD in experimental cognition at City College in New York, under the guidance of Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler.

She was to receive an ASPR graduate scholarship in 1974-75; was awarded a grant to study psychokinesis (PK) in England during 1975; was awarded another ASPR grant to study PK in 1975; and was research fellow at City College during 1974-75.

Parapsychology was one of the greatest loves of her life, to which she was devoted and worked exceedingly hard. Her other great devotion was to the rights of women.

In later years, she was to publish **OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES: A HANDBOOK** (McFarland, Jefferson, NC, and London, 1981). This book dealt with what was really known about OOB, as contrasted to its confusion of myths. This was a seminal and straightforward book, and even today is well worth the effort of tracking it down.

A few years later, Janet went beyond the limits of the known, although keeping firm footholds in them, and published **CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION: UNDERSTANDING EXTRASENSORY ABILITIES IN EVERYDAY LIFE** (Ballantine, New York, 1989).

"A profound shift," the book said, "from self-consciousness to cosmic consciousness is underway; humankind is on the brink of an evolutionary leap in consciousness that will change the way we think, the way we act toward each other.

"Yet before this transformation can fully take place, it will be necessary to shed our cultural psychophobia and to overcome the major conceptual blocks now constraining humanity from further progress."

And she managed to write about the complex topics involved in a simple, straightforward way.

Although she didn't at all think of herself as such, Janet was a "seer" and a "foreseer," and after mulling things over in her own special way could usually get to the nub and heart of them, and could utilize her extraordinary sense of logic to do so.

Back in 1971-72, though, I found her to be a hard worker, immaculate in research, record-keeping and the smallest details, and enthusiastic about new ideas and possibilities.

In the years to come, I was to work with many other researchers. But of all these (all fine people or I wouldn't have worked with them) only three managed to do immaculate research right down to and including the last small detail.

Janet was one of the three.

She left nothing to chance, often demanding pure performance and "suggesting" that the bullshit be left outside of the lab.

She didn't hesitate to softly and gently put me in my place when I needed to be, and I was grateful for this. And she was as hard and pointed as nails -- for she was a born Aries female, these being among the toughest of the zodiac.

Along these lines, and to clarify Janet's temperament, the military has made a terrible strategic error by not forming squads and battalions composed solely of Aries females.

Such could put things in order in no time at all even on the battlefield -- and kick ass for enjoyment while doing so.

While working at the ASPR, and the increasingly complicated situations to develop there, she and I never had even one conflict or fight. We merely sat down and talked things out in an orderly fashion.

I had to work very hard and behave myself as well as I could in order to earn her friendship -- which I did, and I shall die very much honored in this.

Chapter 19

A "COMMUNICATION" FROM THE HARD DRIVE

FACULTIES OF OUR SPECIES

-- DECEMBER 30, 1971 --

Between December 8 and December 30, additional long-distance remote viewing experiments had been tried, yielding a rather high rate of success -- more so than the OOB practice sessions had, although these too were improving.

But the result of the OOB experiment on December 30 was to blow me away.

Why this was so, needs to be explained.

Somewhere inside my mental processes lurked a thing -- a thing of some kind of skepticism.

The most straightforward way to put this is that I really did not believe, at some level, that any of this was possible.

A more indirect way of putting it is that I believe in everything while at the same time managing to believe in nothing. From my learning in astrology, I know that only a Virgo can manage to pull off this two-step dance kind of thing -- the dance of believing and not believing.

Thus, most Virgos tend to demand direct, hard evidence of something. And it is very difficult to find this evidence considering how societies tend to balance on a point between non-fiction and fiction -- while the latter is often given some kind of precedence.

Of course, I believed in psi ever since my childhood experiences along those lines. I had also studied everything I could get hold of regarding it and its many different formats.

But there are different, and difficult, psychological levels of disbelief and belief and they can lurk unknown and unexamined -- and, I think, confuse each other without the conscious intellect knowing why.

Even so, whether I believed or not, I was always astonished EACH TIME I witnessed even my own psi functioning, and have never lost this astonishment to this day. I am equally impressed with the psi of others when it can be shown to be functioning.

There is an exhilaration -- a "high," if you will -- that takes place when one witnesses psi functioning, whether someone else's or one's own.

The OOB practice experiment of December 30 began in the usual way.

But the result was very impressive due to its remarkable aspects.

I remember the day very well. I had come to the ASPR in the afternoon, and there were light snow showers outside. But it wasn't very cold, so the snow was a mixture of icy rain.

I felt very good, actually more excited about the long-distance remote viewing stuff than the OOB experiment. So I was anxious to get through it so we could do another RV experiment.

Yet when I had produced my picture drawing, I felt an initial sense of disappointment. My sketch somehow resembled the earlier one of November 24, and I wondered if Osis or Vera perhaps had used the same number 5.

I had also come to expect several objects and paper cut-outs on the tray, but in this case I had drawn only one.

I had drawn a rectangular shape which I labeled "a green thing." On it I had indicated

"Letters? Maybe Arabic letters."

The experiment didn't take very long -- so that Dr. Osis had to rush downstairs to grasp the picture drawing firmly in his hand while the ladder was brought in. Vera Feldman climbed it and brought down the tray box.

I stayed in the OOB Chair, careful not to move much, since I was still hooked up to the electrodes because we were planning to do another RV experiment.

But I could see the contents of the target tray when it was brought down. I was immediately disappointed in that I had not gotten any of the other four targets which were highly visible. And the "green thing" turned out to be a 7-UP can, not a green thing with Arabic letters.

Dr. Osis was studying the picture drawing and the targets. I started frowning -- and I felt I was doomed.

Then he turned the clip-board upside down.

In his heavy Latvian accent, he then said: "Vell, Ingo, if you turn zee drawing upside down'an'look at it, you haf drawn a perfect rendering of zee 7-UP can!"

He then broke into one of his wonderful ear-to-ear smiles -- which was about the only demonstration of excitement he permitted himself.

And sure as shoot! With the drawing upside down, the "Arabic letters" in the picture drawing were an unmistakable "7-UP" on the "green thing." Back then, 7-UP cans were vividly green.

Something really weird now began happening in my brain, or wherever. I think I actually blacked out for a moment. Then there was the immediate sense of some synapses undergoing rearranging -- that as best I can put it.

Then I calmly began detaching myself from the electrodes and said that I didn't think we'd do the long-distance experiment. I then staggered into the brainwave room. I was sweating,

and with a shaky hand lit up a cigar even though it was forbidden to smoke in the cranky Dynograph's room.

Osis grabbed up the 7-UP can, and ran out to show the drawing and the can.

Janet was in tears, and my eyes (and nose) watered, too. We hugged each other.

I had to get out of there. In the ASPR's disgusting pink lobby, looking like a big lady's room, others were looking at the can and the drawing.

I fled past them. I walked in something of an "altered state" and got to the subway stairs at the corner of the Dakota apartments on Seventy-Second Street.

Half way down the stairs it hit me.

I sat promptly down, blocking the way of others rushing to catch the subway. It was getting dark, and huge white snowflakes drifted gently down to settle on my hands and face.

Holy shit! This IS possible. This really DOES exist. And IT exists somewhere inside of myself, in a place I don't know where!

What had happened, or so I figured, was that there was a perceptual process of some kind which itself could do that kind of thing -- a process completely detached from my cognitive consciousness, from my intellectual appreciation of it.

IT had silently and without any mental fuss done ITS thing, and my intellect made no sense of it -- and it had done its thing upside down, but perfectly so.

It had done its thing in its own, well, in its own space-time-shape continuum, not in that of the awake, conscious intellect which is used to seeing things rightside up.

This could only mean ONE thing -- to me, at least. That the perceptions we were after in ALL of the experiments belonged to ANOTHER PERCEPTUAL SYSTEM other than those utilized by our cognitive consciousness.

But this meant another thing. I could not be unique in this regard -- but that the other system probably inhabited the whole of our species.

And now I quickly understood a few things -- among which was that I didn't want to be unique. If everyone in our species possessed the other perceptual system, then I was not unique.

For the first time, I finally felt at home among humans -- a feeling which had never really occurred, a feeling one can't identify until it happens.

A number of things I'd read in the past now began falling into place -- things which had seemed disconnected before.

There was another level of functioning consciousness! It functioned with rules and laws of its own -- most probably so, anyway.

Well, if that was so, then the only thing to do was find out what those other rules and laws were -- and emulate THEM, not try to impose our intellectual realities on them. Our intellectual realities are always limited anyway.

In that moment arose the decision (its many details to be worked out later) to work on behalf of uncovering our species' potentials along these lines.

I now knew I was not unique -- one of the factors which I realized had put the disbelief incredibility at work in my systems. The only difference with me was that CIRCUMSTANCES had worked to place me in a position of finding things out along these lines.

CIRCUMSTANCES beginning with the strange energy photos and progressing along as they had.

And one part of my mind began wondering about circumstances, while other parts of my mind continued to be boggled.

I don't know how long I sat on the subway stairs. But I do remember I slowly smoked five cigars one after another. So that would be about an hour. The traffic into and out of the subway had increased.

I finally stood up -- and noticed a strange orange light in the cloudy sky above.

The circumstances thing was rumbling around somewhere in my head. And I got to wondering to where circumstances lead.

THEN! I got this together with the long-distance experiments!

And at that very moment a sort-of vision of the future flashed briefly by, like an arrow of light zipping past.

I was going to become a psychic spy!

I didn't now how this was to come about -- THOSE particular circumstances flashed by too fast.

But it was only a matter of time.

I didn't want to call this precognition, foresight or intuition. This seemed to be something different.

Somewhat recovered, I decided to go to Zelda's -- missing the correct subway stop by a couple of stations, so dazed and euphoric as I was.

Once at Zelda's, though, I told her of the developments -- and that I was going to become a psychic spy -- for the government. I added that because who else could one spy for?

Zelda's mouth dropped open -- even though it was very hard to flummox her. "I love you dearly," she said, "even your flights of imagination." And so we both giggled at the silliness of it all.

Thereafter we settled into a good, vicious game of Scrabble. The logical part of my mind came back on line, and the psychic spy part of my experience seemed ridiculous. Indeed, I forgot about it -- until it actually started happening.

I was invited to six New Year's Eve parties and Zelda and I went to all of them.

And thus ended the year of 1971. I was only six months into my adventures in psi research. I didn't all think of this as a new career. Yet it was to become one and last for eighteen years.

Chapter 20

NEW YEAR'S DAY 1972

On New Year's Day, 1972, and with a horrible hangover from the parties the night before, I took some aspirins and bemused my brains with setting up the outlines of a second strategic policy for myself.

I worried myself about this because it was beginning to seem that there might be a future involved at least regarding taking part in experiments.

I couldn't see, though, that taking part in experiments would constitute any major form of work or remuneration. I had other things in mind along those lines. But it was for sure that I was going to be called a "psychic," even though that term was entirely inappropriate for me. But by that New Year's day, I had received about ten requests from other researchers to take part in THEIR experiments. Some of the projects seemed quite kooky, but then so did the whole of what had happened so far.

My reading so many sources had familiarized me with what in the past had happened to other psychics and test subjects. And the tales of the behavior of other psychics in the past and in the present made for some great, but kind of sad, reading.

Our modern world had a good history of psychics, readers, mystics, channelers and other kind of psychical entrepreneurs who temporarily bathed in limelight, only to disappear from view a year or two later.

Many of them made outrageous claims which excited people, even the media. But then the claims came to pieces or bombed, and that was that. Public attention moved on to the next temporary luminaries who might appear and make an ass of themselves.

Regarding laboratory test-subjects, it clearly seemed to me that many of them came to the lab with quite good paranormal abilities.

But they were ground to dust by undergoing excessively tedious and boring experiments.

Some test-subjects had been made, for example, to attempt as many as 10,000 ESP trials per day. Well, anyone's brains would give out.

I used the analogy of taking a diamond and grinding it into dust by simple and unconscionable wear and tear. Most test-subjects lasted in labs only for three months or less.

I had already compiled a list of a few former lab subjects, both in early psychical research and some from the parapsychology epoch which began about 1935 with Dr. J. B. Rhine. I'll mention and describe some of these in later sections of this book.

I also knew very well that many parapsychologists design really bad experiments. In any event, their experiments are NOT designed to test for psi abilities, but to check out their own "scientific" theories.

If the theory is bad or flawed, or just plain stupid, then so will the experiment be.

I also have good things to say about parapsychologists, but only in general -- and which I'll embark upon narrating at particular points ahead in this tale of sagas and soap operas.

There was also the matter of lies people tell about each other. There is an impressive history of this.

There was also the matter of separating fact from fiction, and the matter of people who couldn't do so, or didn't want to -- or were even aware that such a matter exists.

Zelda, Ruth Hagy Brod, and my mentors joyously kept me informed that wider interest in my humble self was building up, and I understood that also.

So some kind of self-governing policy had to be designed by me for me, designed to negotiate me through all of the above dangers the best way possible.

So, on New Year's Day, 1972, I designed and imposed on myself the following policy decisions.

One

I would never CLAIM anything, any ability. And indeed, I had so far never done so. All I had done was said I would TRY other people's experiments, or try experiments of my own design if such opportunities came about. To this date I have never once claimed I could do anything

psychic -- even though many since have attributed such claims to me. Even some of my closest past colleagues who should remember better than they do -- should remember the sometimes bitter disputes which raged over this precise topic. Well, not once have I claimed anything. Never. All I have ever said was that I'd try, or let's try this, etc.

Two

As a trained scientist during my higher education years, I firmly appreciated and supported the major scientific methods, mainly those which are designed to protect (hopefully) against error and mistakes. Almost everyone forgets that I as an "artist living in New York" was also a biologist with a perfectly good degree based on almost straight A's while in college. In fact, almost all of my formal education was very good. So I decided that I would work only with qualified scientists, and with only two exceptions have maintained that position for twenty-five years by now.

Three

I decided that I would never demonstrate anything to anyone, not even to scientists I might chance to encounter and who might demand demonstrated "proof." What I would do is try their experiments. So to get me to work with them they first had to present me with an experiment, and it was always to be considered an experiment only regardless of any outcome. Although I have stood before audiences, some of them quite large, I've never demonstrated anything -- with the exception of one momentous instance in 1988 just before I retired, and which I'll narrate some distance ahead. The only other psychic I've known who never demonstrated anything was the noble Mr. Harold Sherman. When I had the very good fortune of meeting this remarkable man and his wonderful wife, Martha, we became devoted friends in the first five minutes.

Four

I decided that the results of experiments, whether negative or positive, would speak for themselves, and that it was up to the experimenters to defend their experiments and the results whatever those might be. If I never claimed anything, then I never need defend anything. Let the RESEARCHERS take not only the falls, but the glory too if there was to be any.

Five

However, based upon my knowledge of what proper experiments consisted of, it would have to be I who ultimately decided whether they were worthy and workable experiments or not. If I could not myself decide that, then I would consult with independent sources who could advise in this regard. Even so, I would not attempt or take part in any experiment, or even work with any researcher that I did not like.

Six

I also decided that even if the experiment was a good one, I would not take part in it if I intuitively felt I would not succeed.

Seven

Becoming publicly accessible and give "readings" was out of the question, even if I had wanted to do so anyway. And I didn't want to.

Eight

I decided that if doing so was feasible, I would try other people's experiments for free, if those experiments met my criteria. I would hold out for money only if money had been raised for the experiments and which money included salaries for the experimenters, at which time my participation should be paid for.

Nine

I decided that I would never talk to media types -- unless I could scold media for treating psi phenomena in a negative, shabby and demeaning light. Please note that certain circumstances along these lines have changed today. But back in 1972 media chose only to demean psi phenomena as irrational.

Ten

I decided that I would never, under any circumstances, talk or interact with a skeptic or enter into any debates with them. I decided that if I needed to, I would attack them, their credentials, and make every effort to reveal their fundamental stupidities. This meant that I would utilize their own tactics against them, and show the public why it should not believe too much in them. After all, I had not for nothing studied the history of anti-psychic skepticism from the early days of Anton Mesmer down into the present.

Please note again that the decisions just above were particularly relevant back in 1972. It is now 1996, and the existence of psi and psychic phenomena are now generally accepted as real.

Twenty-five years ago they WERE NOT, and were vigorously condemned by the scientific, academic and media mainstreams as hallucinatory and/or the products of deranged minds.

Various formats of psi are still referred to that way -- for example, in the **DIAGNOSTIC AND STATISTICAL MANUAL OF MENTAL DISORDERS** published by the American Psychiatric Association.

And, it's worth pointing out, that it was because of this prevailing condemnation that the intelligence community of the early 1970s had enormous qualms about getting mixed up with things that were so "controversial."

Eleven

I decided that I would never seek to emphasize or aggrandize myself or other psychics, but would seek to distribute the knowledge that psychic potentials are indwelling in our species, and thus in everyone.

On New Year's Day, I typed up a final version of these eleven principles. I first passed them by my beloved Zelda, who was shocked. "Well," she said, "certain researchers are not going to let you get away with prejudging their experiments. You're just a subject, after all. Things don't work that way."

"Well, Zelda," I replied, "you'll just have to love my imagination AND my big, swollen head, too."

"But the skeptics will be interested, too."

"Well, I've done my research on them also. I know their personal quirks, their backgrounds, and where a few hidden skeletons are stored away."

"But no DEMONSTRATIONS. Everyone wants to see something, you know." This didn't go over too well with Buell Mullen Central either, who were disappointed. But I didn't lose one friend.

I nervously made an appointment with my mentor, Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, so as to pass by my strategic decisions in front of his remarkable wisdom.

When he had finished reading through them, he seemed somewhat pale. His big eyes, somewhat always sad, were bigger. He wasn't smiling, and he studied me in silence for a moment.

Finally, he asked: "Would you like a glass of sherry?" Wow, this was the first time I'd been asked that by him. Our meetings had always been rather formal and staid.

We each drank a modest three glasses -- until the glow became dangerous -- and then talked for a couple of hours about the functioning of the right hemisphere of the brain.

When we parted he sort of whispered: "Well, I'm going to watch you closely now."

In this way, I now imagined myself to be a lean, mean, fighting machine -- one that would work for the psychic powers of our SPECIES.

And it was as such a creature that certain people in the future found themselves encountering very much to their surprise.

Meanwhile, I would smile, be light, laugh a lot, perhaps be a bit sardonic here and there, but would treat everyone as nicely as possible. In other words, I would try to become a diplomat -- a quality generally absent in the then world of parapsychologists, bless their hearts.

With the exception of the media thing, I've stayed very close to all of the other decisions. For I found out that the media represents a special situation -- as we will encounter at various junctures ahead.

With all this decision-making in hand, I then strode back into the sanctum of the ASPR -- and there to find brewing the first and completely unexpected difficulty among all that so far had been composed only of wonder, excitement and beauty.

Chapter 21

THE FIRST UPSET AT THE ASPR

- JANUARY, 1972 -

On the surface of things, parapsychology appears to be a rather calm field in which experiments are conducted and reports are published. The many steps from experimental design through formal reports are quite well known and accepted.

By far and large, though, much beyond the field itself, the final reports are published in parapsychology's own journals -- and thus find little in the way of excited outside or public interest.

This is somewhat to say that the field has become encapsulated within its own tightly woven cocoon -- and the nature of the cocoon has varied since the first formal psychical research organization was set up in 1882.

All things considered, it could be said that parapsychology, its products and especially its inner workings are almost invisible regarding the public at large.

This might be interpreted in ways indicating that parapsychology is a world or a subculture of its own, and that it doesn't directly interface with other scientific disciplines or public appreciation.

The reasons for this cannot be blamed on parapsychology alone -- reasons I will be forced to comment upon as this tale and soap opera extends into bigger and more dramatic realms.

One of the fall-outs of this isolation, and as I've directly experienced, is that parapsychologists are not used to having OUTSIDE influences penetrate into their midst. They like the processes and motions in their subculture to be predictable and more or less under the control or influence of their recognized leaders. I can't fault them for this. But it does raise the matter of status within the subculture, the matter of who's who, and who has power over whom.

During the period of my "entry" into parapsychology, there were four sources of outside influences parapsychologists, as a group, tried to guard against.

The first three of these sectors consisted of psychics, skeptics, and independent, radical researchers working outside of the pale of the inside lines of parapsychology -- such as Cleve Backster and others we'll meet ahead.

All of these brought unpredictable influences into parapsychology -- but which even I agree needed to be sustained by some kind of central core so as to remain as scientific and proper as possible.

There were never any published documents along these lines, though. But such was commonly "understood."

There was a fourth influence which tended to disrupt parapsychology matters and to introduce visions of serious, even threatening unpredictability.

It is difficult to nail down this influence.

You have to get the larger picture that parapsychology was a very small, quite introverted subculture and which wished to proceed in its affairs without much in the way of outside intrusions into its midst.

One potential source of such intrusion consisted of "official inquiry" or investigations by anything resembling, for example, organized law enforcement agencies -- up to and including the FBI.

Such implied that "something was wrong somewhere," and which introduced all sorts of apprehensions -- even though back in 1972 hearsay had long existed that police, even the FBI, occasionally consulted psychics to help solve difficult, clueless crimes.

Work on the OOB "seeing" experiments and on the new remote viewing ones had recommenced after the New Year of 1972. If I remember, the first "glitch" in the works occurred just before the second working session of that month.

I arrived at the ASPR and sort of noticed that everyone was nervous. No one smiled a greeting, and some looked at me out of the corners of their eyes.

Even Janet Mitchell was out of sorts and not smiling as usual.

As we were getting set up to proceed with the experiments, I felt the presence of a disruption which seemed to hang in every room.

So I said: "Why is everyone in a snit? What's going on."

Janet looked at me rather remorsefully. "Well, I'm not supposed to tell you, but some guys were here checking you out. I wasn't here when they came. But everyone thinks you are being investigated for some whoop-ti-do."

"Investigated -- for what?"

"How the hell should I know? No one tells me anything."

Now, I had a particular horror about being investigated. This stemmed from undergoing the "morals and character clearance" investigation which the U. S. government demanded for American citizens working at the United Nations. No other Member government of the United Nations imposed this on their citizens working in the world body.

I had security clearances for civil service work when I was in high school and other clearances while in the Army. But the UN thing was wild, absolutely wild.

The extent of the UN clearance was awesome. For one thing, it took TWO years to process. Investigators dug into every possible aspect of my life -- even in the town I was born, everything down to my personal habits, what I read, who I hung out with, and on and on. Of course, reports of the inquiries flooded back to me -- and I was outraged and furious about some the really dirty and visceral questions which had been asked of other people.

Many horror stories were shared with me by other American citizens who had survived what had happened to them and their reputations BECAUSE of our government's desire to make sure one was suitable to work in the international civil service headquartered in the Secretariat of the UN

Meanwhile, I worked for the two years under a temporary contract, as was required for all Americans. At the end of the two years my clearance was approved -- but I felt like I'd been through an extensive inquisition which was done on the rack.

My reputation suffered more from the investigation than anything I could be capable of doing. I don't know if today the same goes on regarding American citizens at the United Nations -- but anyhow I was terribly sensitive to this kind of thing.

Since Janet didn't know anything, I got myself down to the toilet-pink lobby and to the desk of Mrs. Laura F. Knipe (Fanny) and who DID know everything. She was then Executive Secretary of the ASPR, and ruled the venerable organization with an iron fist the likes of which would give Godzilla pause.

"So," I said, "who were they?"

THEY turned out to have been two guys dressed in suits who flashed some credentials and asked to see Dr. Osis, and who had asked some questions of him and Fanny about my humble self.

So I got myself up to Osis' office on the fourth floor and nailed him down. He had talked with THEM behind closed doors, wasn't free to tell me what was discussed, and then had shown them the experiment rooms, described the experiments, and showed them some of my experimental results.

Dr. Osis had not thought to ask to see their credentials, and so no one seemed to know who THEY were -- except possibly Fanny because NO ONE got past her. But she never told me.

With this mystery unsolved, I bombed regarding the targets all that day -- and went down to Zelda's to play Scrabble, drink more than enough wine, and speculate.

Zelda smiled knowingly -- saying something like "your reputation goes before you, even into the highest places."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"THEY are interested in you."

"Who?"

(No answer from Zelda.)

"Well, THEY scared the shit out of everyone at the ASPR. I've a feeling that my days there are numbered."

News of the two guys at the ASPR leaked through the parapsychology gossip lines, of course. Yes. Parapsychology has vital and visceral internal gossip lines, and deadly sewage

occasionally flows through them. So I was now suspect -- although no one seemed to know what for.

And as most people realize, where facts are not available our species has a penchant to fill them in with imagination.

In this way, I thus became an irritant within the introverted parapsychological subculture -- become some outside official interests seemed to be focusing on me for some unknown reason.

Chapter 22

MRS. RUTH HAGY BROD

- JANUARY, 1972 -

The next morning was not an ASPR working day. So I went to visit Ruth Hagy Brod and told her of the situation. I had a certain amount of savvy regarding all of this, of course -- and Cleve Backster had certainly hinted at it earlier.

But I needed to talk it out with someone whom I knew did know how things like that worked.

And now it is my great pleasure to introduce Ruth (and her husband, Al Brod,) so that they do take their wonderful place among all the other people who were so kind and supportive during my early years in the "field" -- and without whom I would have been scrambled into soggy fish cakes long ago.

Even in her matronly years, Ruth was an exceedingly beautiful woman, with jet black hair parted severely in the middle and drawn tightly into a large bun in the back -- in a Spanish style kind of way.

She was also extremely elegant and stylish and liked to wear vast amounts of bold and very good quality jewelry, none of which was too much or out of place with her affable nature.

Al had a seat on the stock exchange, and dealt with money people, while his dark, piercing eyes could get his points across all by themselves.

In her earlier years as Ruth Hagy, she had been a quite famous journalist during the 1940s up through the 1960s.

The walls of their small apartment on Park Avenue were papered with dozens and dozens of framed photographs of her with just about every famous person who had existed -- presidents, cultural and religious leaders, and various important culturati.

She and Al were thick inside things in Washington, and were often invited to presidential dinner parties and balls. And it was through Ruth that I was eventually to be introduced to various Washington types of all kinds -- mostly under the veil of secrecy, though, for no one wanted openly to be seen talking with a "psychic."

Ruth listened to my tale of woe regarding the two guys, and then smiled. "Don't worry too much. They have been tracking you. This is a good sign."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"THEY keep track of all notable psychics. They have for years. They've had dark programs for a long time. Everyone knows that. They're probably just interested in your progress at the ASPR. They ALREADY know everything else about you."

I mulled this over. "You mean some kind of surveillance? In psychic stuff? But who ARE they?"

Ruth smiled calmly. "Well, one never knows for sure."

Ruth then took me to lunch at the Press Club just near her apartment. Once there, I had collected my senses enough to ask: "But surely THEY can do their stuff without anyone knowing about it, can't they?"

"Oh, yes. So they WANT you to know you are under scrutiny. That's how they work. They want to find out how you will behave."

After I had worked my way through this bit trying to decide if it was true or not, I decided it represented a challenge of some kind. I was angry, and embarrassed, but this mysterious event did constitute a perhaps positive scandal -- if interpreted the way Ruth had done.

The problem was that with only a few exceptions, those who inhabited the field of parapsychology would not interpret it in this light.

The upshot of this was that I determined to begin the FORMAL OOB experiments at the ASPR -- and let hang out whatever was to flutter from them.

Perhaps this was because of the martinis though, THREE of them Ruth and I had each imbibed BEFORE lunch was served. (In those years I could still drink martinis.)

Ruth spent the rest of the luncheon bowling me over by narrating a litany of who's who in Washington and which psychics they consulted -- in their closets, of course.

She mentioned that someone should write a tell-all book about "The Psychic Connections in Washington, D.C." She herself could not write it -- because she and Al would be stricken from all invitational lists down there.

As it turned out, Ruth, who knew every journalist of any standing, couldn't resist talking up this situation. And Zelda and Buell Centrals went haywire with the news that "Ingo is being monitored by the CIA" -- which I doubted, and still do.

But the same news was busily being "leaked" in whispers from the ASPR itself. The only bad thing about this is that I, at least, was quite certain that parapsychologists would shortly become alarmed -- as some of them did.

I wasn't stupid, even if I had naive pockets here and there. I fully understood that in a short time I would be News -- IF the formal OOB experiments succeeded.

If they did not, I knew I would be mud and fodder for skeptics and TIME magazine's infamous "Fraud Box" -- which in the past had featured the eminent J. B. Rhine, and even stooped so low as to feature his wife, Louisa. I hated that "Fraud Box" without reserve or limitations.

I think it was this "Fraud Box" hatred which compelled into existence a factor which was to serve me very well ahead.

I developed a kind of DETERMINATION for which English has no precise word. Perhaps that kind of determination soldiers must arouse in the face of going into deadly battle -- the "well, here we go for better or worse."

Somewhat in this way, I now fancied myself not only as a lean, mean fighting machine, but as a warrior on behalf of the subtle perception potentials of our species.

So I told Zelda, mostly to pump myself up a little, "Well, I now have to make myself into a Warrior, not just into a test-subject."

And indeed, barely two years later, the somewhat startled media were to publish articles about such imaginary psychic warrior creatures.

No one ever found out who THEY were, those two cretins who dared so openly to challenge my nerves at the ASPR.

Yet, far, far worse lay ahead.

And at this point, we were but six months distant from the first infrared photos. To me, it already seemed like a lifetime.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORMS

- FEBRUARY, 1972 -

As February 1972 opened, there were shortly to be two major storms at the ASPR.

The first merely involved an invasion of my civil rights.

The second shook the venerable Society to its foundations.

But the early weeks of the month were peaceful. The event of the two unidentified "agents" was quickly forgotten, and it seemed that positive developments and progress were being made on all fronts.

Within her circle, Buell Mullen had complained that the small remuneration I was being paid by the ASPR to do the experiments was not enough. I thought it was, and anyway was glad to get even that.

Buell argued that it was I who had the abilities (whatever they were). I also had, she said, the intelligence and vision to figure out how "to make them bear fruit."

So, as honestly as possible, I explained to her, and to the Wingates and Bennetts, that I really didn't know what I was doing, that I needed to study and experience more.

In the end, she, the Wingates and the Bennetts had offered to give some small, tax deductible donations to the ASPR specifically so that my fee might be raised a little.

I asked them not to do that, explaining that my tenure at the ASPR probably depended on the outcome of Dr. Osis' formal OOB experiments.

"If the formal experiments don't turn out well," I said, "my name is probably mud -- and that will be that. I can then get back to writing the novels I've got in mind."

However, for the first time I now experienced that what I wanted and didn't want had no bearing on anything -- as was to be much the case in the future.

Buell had experienced some dreadful defeats during her life. But she had many glorious successes to her credit. She was staunch about most things, and never gave up easily.

In my long friendship and experience of her, she was one of those types who, when they make up their minds to do something -- well, it's best to just get out of the way or get rolled over and flattened.

And Buell Mullen was known for her "fighting spirit."

I had, of course, met many important "movers and shakers" at Buell's place, among whom were many CEOs and other kinds of business executives -- and some of their companies commissioned murals from Buell.

Among these was Augustus B. Kinzel, then of Cybertek Corporation. He lived in California, but he seemed to be in New York quite frequently. He and Buell seemed to have a quite intimate friendship, and to me it was obvious that he was an important figure.

He was deeply fascinated and interested in what I had experienced, and Buell often arranged for me to talk with him alone before her other dinner guests arrived. He was very attentive to details regarding psi experiencing, and almost always wanted to talk about things most people missed entirely -- and which was a whole lot.

One of the major topics concerned why psi research had not made more progress. I, of course, had a big mouth and felt in touch with some of the reasons.

He agreed with Buell's crowd that the ASPR was a non-productive "cesspool," and thought I should seek other working arrangements where more expertise and technical support would be possible.

I sort of giggled, making a comment that corporate America was not ready to get caught doing psychic research.

I defended the ASPR, or at least the Osis-Mitchell experiments, pointing out their merits.

One day (in late January, if I remember correctly), Buell called and asked me to visit her. She had something she wanted to discuss.

This turned out to be the following.

A small group of her high-placed friends had begun establishing a pool of money to help ME in my research. Already some \$70,000 had been pledged from several sources.

The larger goal was to collect a million or more and which Buell and the Bennitts said was entirely feasible.

I was flabbergasted by this development. I'm sure that the ostensible donors had been prodded by Buell and perhaps Dr. Kinzel who seemed to be connected with everyone everywhere.

Buell was also very friendly with the top management of General Electric and International Nickel -- and, if I remember correctly, one of John Wingate's brothers was CEO there.

The pool could be donated to the ASPR -- or to my own research group should I decide to set one up.

Quite naturally I was flattered on the one hand, but horrified on the other -- and somewhat frightened also.

"But Buell," I protested, what if the formal experiments at the ASPR screw up? What then?

How will you explain that to all the donors of this pool?"

"Never mind. People bring their own money to projects all the time. We're talking about sensible people here, businessmen who know what working on spec is all about. Most business leaders WANT to know how to increase their own ESP. Besides, the experiments won't fail, and so you have to start planning for your future. We're all interested in this, you know."

"But we're not talking about sensible businessmen here. We're talking about the ASPR -- about parapsychologists. If such an amount of money entered into the picture I'd be resisted anyway, because I'm not a trained parapsychologist.

"I'd be accused of trying to buy my way into the ASPR -- can you imagine a mere test-subject trying to buy his way into -- well, anyway I thought you felt the place was a cesspool."

Buell and I now had, of all things, a FIGHT -- our first and only one. I didn't have a tape recorder, but it went something along the following lines.

"Ingo," she said, "you are so mature and insightful on so many things, but utterly immature on others. You know the way the world works . . ."

"I know it well enough," I interrupted, "to know that where such money is concerned in parapsychology, it would be seized by others for their own goddamned ends. Even if you attached the pool to my continued employment, it won't work that way in parapsychology.

"Look at Osis. He raised the Carlson money for the ASPR -- but he has remained only a hired director of research -- he's never been invited to sit on the ASPR's board and has to do only what they will permit."

Our argument now descended into a few four-letter words -- which Buell seldom ever used and which I'll omit.

"You don't need the ASPR -- you have every right to establish a new front of some kind -- your ideas are insightful, convincing and revolutionary . . .".

"You don't get it, do you? I'm only a test-subject. Test-subjects can't ever arrive anywhere in parapsychology because they can't be considered impartial regarding their work or any work. It's science which demands this. Name me ONE parapsychologist who will admit to being psychic."

"YOU don't get it, do you? Why don't you start up a new psychic research institute, one run by psychics?

"Oh My God! On the whole, psychics are more competitive than parapsychologists, if that's possible. I wouldn't know where or how to begin."

We didn't get anywhere. In the end Buell took her cane and painfully wobbled to make us stiff drinks in one of her beautiful crystal glasses which once had been owned by some Bishop or another.

"Well," Buell finally said. "We can't abort the fund raising now. You think your way through this."

"Buell," I replied, "if one word of this leaks out my name is dung. I'm very much honored, but there's a real problem here.

"You must promise me NOT to leak this. It's the same as an artist buying his way into a gallery and paying for his own exhibitions. No one ever takes them seriously after that. As to going independent, I'd have to be able to guarantee some kind of product -- and I don't know of any such critter yet."

"Having money is power, Ingo."

"No. It's who has CONTROL of the money which is power. Let's wait until we see how the formal experiments turn out. Perhaps a way of some kind will be indicated by then."

Eventually, we hugged and made up. But we didn't speak on the telephone for about two weeks. I had to repeat this debate with the Wingates, the Bennetts and with Dr. Kinzel -- and eventually with Mrs. Lucille Kahn, and the Brods.

Al Brod thought I was a lunatic. Zelda Dearest was the only one who really understood. "If there's money available," she said, "others will kill to get their hands on it."

Times have changed since then, of course. But the money-control factor has not -- and unknown to me back then there were to be many bitter disputes over this in the years ahead.

Still, this gratuitous money-raising gesture was one of the most wonderful things which has ever happened to me. Although I didn't really know what to do about it, I felt stronger by this -- well, by this evidence of substantial support.

During January and February of 1972, I began realizing that I didn't know nearly enough about how the human organism biologically PERCEIVES.

I knew a great deal about this regarding art and the creative experience and its processes.

But this had more to do with aesthetics, creative imagination and mental imagery.

Our modern mainstream culture had distinguished between these and so-called "psychic" perceptions (but managed to utilize the term "perceptions" for both categories, while science held that real psychic perceptions didn't exist. You figure it out.)

I decided that I was weak regarding the biology of perceiving, and so when I wasn't working at the ASPR I undertook the one thing I liked best back in those years -- library research.

The situation was this, and it needs to be described as concretely as possible since it became terribly important in the years ahead.

During the OOB and long-distance viewing experiments at the ASPR, it was apparent that information regarding the external or distant "targets" WAS external and distant.

The question then arose, in my mind at least, as to how that external and distant information was picked up and became integrated into the human bioorganism -- so that it could be perceived by the awareness centers or whatever does the perceiving.

The prevailing opinion in parapsychology was that ESP, etc., was a function of mind -- not of body. But on the other hand, the "perceiving mind" is very closely affiliated with the biobody, and I began to wonder if psi perceptions were actually a product of mind alone. One clue along these lines was that many psychics and anecdotes of spontaneous psi episodes indicated that the sensations associated with "targets" could actually be experienced by the biobody. Rather gross examples of this are narrated by psychics re-viewing violent crimes when they try to help the police. Some even have felt the murderous blows and passed out because of them.

And this had proven to be the case with the long-distance viewing experiments where -- for example, my body actually FELT the cold weather at Tucson, Arizona.

This situation, in my case, had only come to light regarding the long-distance viewing experiments. Typical targets utilized by parapsychology work were cards or some other non-physical-response type which would require mental activity -- but not necessarily activate whole biobody responses and the physical senses.

In any event, I didn't know enough about the physical senses and their processes. And so I spent long days at that grand old pile, The New York Public Library (and other libraries) pulling up obscure scientific papers and technical papers regarding what was understood about the physical senses. About noon, I'd dash out into the street for coffee and a cheap frankfurter and often again for dinner.

In the end, I had three thick folders of notes and technical references, and kept myself busy drawing charts and maps (one of my passions) regarding what was known about the physical senses.

It's worth mentioning that I later took these folders to my office at Stanford Research Institute. They turned up missing one day, and were never found. I might have misplaced them, but the other option is that they were stolen.

The intricacies of the biological senses are extremely astonishing and marvelous -- even so MAJESTIC that I am at a loss for words. And yet most of us just use them, not at all understanding at all how really incredible they are.

But the ongoing "mystery" of the biomind's physical senses is dumbfounding, for as of 1972 (and since) a great deal was known about them -- except that WHY they should result in perception was and still is a greater mystery.

For example, I've already mentioned, I believe, that every physical aspect of the biology of eye-vision is understood -- except why it should result in seeing.

At certain places in chapters ahead I'll drag you through some of what is involved, since doing so will be appropriate when we come to various aspects of controlled remote viewing. But while I was doing my initial research along these lines, a glimmer of an idea began dawning.

I got to wondering why a distinction was made between physical perceptions and "psychic" perceptions.

Indeed, if one looks up PERCEIVE in most standard dictionaries, one will find it defined as:

1. to attain awareness or understanding of;
2. to become aware of through the senses -- especially to OBSERVE.

In other words, a PERCEPTION is the RESULT of the processes which render the attainment of awareness and understanding. Meaning that if one does not attain awareness and understanding of something, then no perception will occur. One does not perceive FIRST; one becomes aware first. If one is not aware of something, then it will not be perceived. This is the opposite of how we normally think of this. We believe we perceive first, and then become aware.

The attainment of awareness and understanding is equally applicable to the physical and the psychic senses. And, as well, the psychic senses necessarily must be processed through the sensory systems of the biomind -- which is to say, through body AND mind.

It would be only this which answers why the body can experience the physical situations obtaining at distant locations during remote viewing experiments -- or during "psychic" crime detecting.

One of the by-products of this early thinking was to comprehend that perception is not a thing in itself.

In other words, we do not have perceptions of and in themselves. Rather, they are the results of whatever is being encountered in the way of incoming information -- and which information must take on the form of attaining awareness and understanding it in order to be called a perception.

This realization was vague at first. But it broke down the artificial distinction within me regarding the physical and psychic senses. All was a matter of detecting INCOMING INFORMATION, as I put it back then. And it didn't matter if it was the physical or some other senses doing the detecting.

This explained in part why the picture drawings were more efficient than trying to verbalize the responses during experiments. The picture drawings were thought to be processed of and by the right hemisphere of the brain -- even though the language brain, the left hemisphere, didn't comprehend.

One thing most people didn't understand, though, was that the right hemisphere of the brain deals with many basic or fundamental words, too. Not in linear, linguistic form, but as symbols.

This line of thinking seemed to improve my responses on the OOB and distant targets. It was a good thing, too, since at the ASPR we had begun the formal series of the OOB experiments.

Other potentially meaningful experiments had been added to the workload at the ASPR. We had undertaken the "flicker fusion" experiments set up by the perceptual psychologist, Dr. Carole Silfen.

Also working at the ASPR was the "equipment man," James Merriweather. He was actually a trained physicist, but his major job at the ASPR was to keep the equipment running and design other equipment for other kinds of experiments.

Once in a while he muttered that he could design some special equipment of his own inventiveness for ESP testing.

I like to see that others have their chance. So I suggested to Janet and Osis that we let him set up a system for viewing multiple targets flashed on a screen in another room. He provided an excellent experiment. He also designed and fabricated the ESPteacher equipment.

The only "problem" with these additional experiments was that they required lots of repetitive trials -- sometimes sixty to two hundred at a pop.

This was my first exposure to repetitive trials. It was fatiguing and soon boring beyond belief. But I was made of staunch stuff, and determined to learn all I could from the increasingly numerous experimental trials.

If I had at all realized that I would be doing thousands upon thousands of such trials in the years ahead I certainly would have promptly retired and worked on the novels I had in mind. But a few years later at SRI, we ultimately stopped counting the trials when they numbered over a quarter of a million.

Chapter 24

SOME BACKGROUND REGARDING THE FIRST STORM AT THE ASPR

- FEBRUARY 1972 -

I don't recall the exact date the first real storm began at the ASPR. But I remember it was just after the second of the formal OOB experiments, and just after I had begun wondering about what perceptions consisted of -- why certain perceptions are called "psychic" while others are not.

I became a "survivor" of this first storm, and the second more powerful one, too. Both storms were disgusting and abysmal -- and for a long time unfortunately blighted my overviews of parapsychology, organizations like the ASPR, and the whole of human nature.

The first storm at the ASPR aroused a stigma -- one which conspiracy addicts can't get much beyond even today. It was a stigma which, in the heads of the simple minded, was occasionally to blight the history of remote viewing.

Otherwise, remote viewing enjoyed vigorous incredible support from a wide spectrum of sensible people who could sort facts from fiction.

To make the rudiments of the first storm somewhat accessible, I have to divert here into a rather longish autobiographical background having to do with who I am -- and who I am not. In this, although I don't like to talk very much about myself, I am willing and even enthusiastic to talk about what I have learned -- and from where I have learned it.

You see, to me the world is filled with great minds, many of whom have been diminished by social outcries of intolerance and rejection, by the distinction between the conventional and the non-conventional. Indeed, as I will discuss farther ahead, great minds which advocate interest in the superpowers of the human biomind are largely those pushed into the unacceptable Fringes.

There's that old axiom which holds that money is the root of all evil. This may or may not be true, while something here depends on the circumstances.

In my opinion, long considered by now, PERSECUTION is more likely the root of more evil than money could ever be -- and so I'll take the trouble to ensure it is correctly defined here.

PERSECUTE: to harass in a manner to injure, grieve, or afflict -- specifically to cause to suffer because of belief, natural qualities, inequality, or because of freedom of opinion, expression, or choice.

It's worth mentioning here that psychics or multidimensional types have frequently been persecuted throughout history. And at some point ahead I'll begin building my case along these lines -- because ultimately I helped provide a requested background paper on this topic for the Defense Intelligence Agency having to do with the historical social treatment of psi.

Like the down-to-earth Janet Mitchell, who spoke what was on her mind, I tended to talk about my experiences, what I've learned, and myself as if my life was an open book.

I've never hesitated to discuss the fruits of my learning -- although I do realize that people can absorb only what they are worth to each of them.

Back in 1972, though, I was still in my naive period when I thought truth and facts more important than their opposites -- although I had learned while at the United Nations that their opposites more often do rule affairs far and wide.

In spite of our astonishing qualities, our species is a dissimulating one, chameleonesque in nature. Sometimes what you see is what you get. But often what you see has nothing to do with what you end up with -- and sometimes you get things without at all being able to see where they are coming from.

Prior to July 1971, before I ever thought of actively working in parapsychology labs, and before I could even imagine that such could occur, I had studied many topics, movements and their leaders, especially if there were mind- or mental-development issues involved. After all, I came from a generation in which "improve your mind" was still a very emphasized issue -- although this issue seems somewhat alienated today.

Very early, though, I found that this "improve your mind" thing actually meant improve it only so far as it does not end up going beyond the syndromic thinking one is born into, going beyond educational entrainment, group thinking or socio-consensus opinion.

In my earlier years, if one went much beyond these one was in danger of stepping into the Radical Lunatic Fringes. These Fringes still existed back in 1972 then -- although today they have been largely eradicated. The distinction today is between fundamentalist (or conventional) and non-conventional thinking, a much weaker social palliative.

In other words, in my earlier years it was DARING to improve one's mind BEYOND whatever passed for normal improving.

It was thus that I dared to go beyond -- for there was a sustaining, derring-do excitement about it.

Pursuit of this derring-do was assisted by a very important factor. I located to Manhattan (after the Army in 1958) as soon as it was possible to do so.

The basis for this move had to do with my art and painting. But one of the by-products was escape from conventional overloads usually present almost everywhere else in this great nation.

And it was in that cosmopolitan, culturally rich metropolis that I found myself completely free to pursue my derring-dos regarding mind improving.

There is, I think, a basic "secret" to mind improving -- to know a lot about a lot of things, as perhaps distinguished from knowing a somewhat little about a few things.

This was not a problem to me, for I was a bookworm anyway. But in New York were large or small groups constellated around every possible topic or subject or behavior, some of which have never been considered in book formats. And I could study and interact with them first-hand -- groups ranging from the gutter on upwards into the high ethereal aspects of thinking.

And without reservation I can say that my years between 1958 and 1972 were the happiest ones of my life. After that things got increasingly complex and complicated with stresses of all kinds.

In line with my mind-improving, I first had to study the esoteric traditions of the Far East -- for most of them, after all, are directed precisely to this topic and purpose.

I'm talking here about deep immersion, not just superficial scanning, and I had the time to devote to this.

But after a while, Far Eastern thinking leads into other directions and to other resources, and ultimately one cannot escape noticing the former presence of one of the most formidable females and thinkers ever born.

Depending on one's limits or dimensions of awareness-cum-understanding, this was the famous or infamous Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-1891), the founder of Theosophy, and sometimes referred to as the "intellectual bridge" between East and West.

And so she was vigorously supported or attacked.

Whatever one thinks of Blavatsky, she and Theosophy made a tremendous impact and which began diminishing only after 1933 when the heir-apparent to the Theosophical "throne," Jiddu Krishnamurti (1895-1980s?) abdicated his position.

Among other factors of heightening one's awareness, Blavatsky's concepts of "mind" are radically different from typical Western thinking, while some of those radical ideas have since been accepted within advancing mind research.

If only one-fourth of her concepts are real and valid, well modern Western psychology is merely in its kindergarten stage, even today. She was also one of the seminal thinkers on those sensitive topics which resulted in the modern feminist movement.

For those who might chance to have an interest here, I can recommend H.P.B. -- THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE & INFLUENCE OF HELENA BLAVATSKY by Sylvia Cranston (Putnam, New York, 1993.)

One of the problems with Blavatsky's outputs (and those of other Theosophists as well) is that they produced BIG, THICK books and which cannot be superficially scanned. Indeed, big books were soon to weigh down my shelves. It took me two years to consume most of what I could locate about Theosophy.

I used to bring them to the UN where I read them at lunch and in my spare time. Some few there soon stigmatized me as "a Theosophist" and laughed because I had gone non-conventional.

Blavatsky's and the Theosophical works lead into other directions and into largely "occult" sources. And so my next love-research affair concerned the works of Sigmund Freud (1856-1939). This interest was originally stimulated by his book INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS, largely because it had given rise to the Surrealist movement in art.

But his works also gave a not too complex "map" of the mind and how the various segments of it function, and which map had become the basic reference for modern psychology and psychoanalysis.

But he also wrote lesser known essays, among which were **PSYCHOANALYSIS AND TELEPATHY (1921)**; **DREAMS AND TELEPATHY (1922)**; and **THE OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE OF DREAMS (1925)**.

In his **NEW INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON PSYCHOANALYSIS** he dealt directly with telepathic phenomena. He thought that telepathy might have been humankind's archaic way of communicating. (If so, in my opinion we should never have lost it.)

My colleagues at the UN and other circles of friends breathed a sigh of relief -- for at least I had gone conventional again. Except that Freud's "psychic" topics had been relegated to the Fringes.

Anyhow, for a while I was a Freudian, quite enthusiastic at that.

Next, of course, came the works of the famous Swiss psychoanalyst, Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1971), and whose voluminous outputs not only had to do with mind but with art and aesthetics and, ultimately, the occult.

I invested in **FIFTEEN** of his **THICK** volumes which then sold for about \$8.50 each (The Bollingen Series, Pantheon Books.) This was at least a good monetary investment, because today most of them go second hand for about \$200.

Jung became most famous for his concepts of the collective unconscious. Simplified, this concept holds that the collective unconscious pertains not to one individual only, but to a whole nation and to the whole of mankind.

The collective unconscious is composed of congenital instincts and primordial forms of apprehension and expressing -- these primordial forms being called the "archetypes" of the collective species unconscious.

These archetypes arise in all societies, such as the Mother archetype, the Wise Man archetype, the Sexual archetypes, etc., and are responded to accordingly by everyone.

Some hold that the famous actor, Marilyn Monroe, was a personification of the Sensual or Sexual Venus archetype (after she had changed her hair to blond) and was universally responded to as such. And I agree completely.

Throughout Jung's voluminous works a "map" of the mind is portrayed, one far more complex than Freud's. The "collective" concept holds that our species unconsciously holds a great deal in common when it comes to "mind."

And it was from Jung's work that I later derived the concept of the inherent faculties existing within our species "hard drive" -- of which the superpowers of the human biomind are but a few.

I was a Jungian for a while.

The works of Blavatsky, Jung and Freud lead inexorably into the occult, and into past occultists -- such as Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) in whom psychic and/or multidimensional abilities were superactive -- but still as spontaneous episodes. Once

entered into the list of my occult interests, the list of serious sources becomes very long while the list of superficial and useless sources is even longer.

But one of course eventually encounters diverse perspectives, such as the Kabbala, Amerindian psychic philosophies and the Hawaiian discipline called "Huna" (meaning "secret.") In these are hints, sometimes more than hints, of Far Eastern mind-development -- and then secondary hints of Western traditions for the same.

Then there was alchemy to study. Indeed, one of Jung's most important books is entitled: MYSTERIUM CONIUNCTIONIS - AN INQUIRY INTO THE SEPARATION AND SYNTHESIS OF PSYCHIC OPPOSITES IN ALCHEMY (and, in my opinion, just about everything else, too.)

I was enormously attracted to the life and works of Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925). If I were the predisposed follower type, both psychologically and spiritually, I'm quite sure I would have selected the philosophy and mysticism of this undeniably great visionary.

But alas, somewhere in my childhood the old axiom "Never a follower or a leader be" had made some kind of ineffable sense to me.

I was after knowledge, or at least information. I was NOT after leadership or fellowship, and I found out very early that I was not co-dependent. I was after direct personal experiencing from some kind of source naturally existing within me.

I was not into "receiving" mind-programming, or mind-modeling myself in the image and works of others. And philosophical or mystical robotism put me off.

None the less, Steiner represented some kind of a paragon to me. He had been born in Austro-Hungary (now Yugoslavia.) But he had been a seer and much of his insight was derived from clairvoyant perception.

He had studied philosophy and attended lectures at the Technical Highschool at Vienna. He later became a tutor, and he edited the works of Goethe. He had once been involved in the O.T.O occult order.

Developed from early Theosophical interests, he ultimately formulated the Anthroposophical Movement. ANTHROPOSOPHY is derived from two Greek terms -- ANTHROPOS (man), and SOPHIA (wisdom) -- but which, in my opinion, should be translated as Higher Minded Human Wisdom (something always in short supply.)

I read all of his many books, and studied at the Anthroposophy center in New York for a while. Anthroposophical Schools had been going out of business at the time, but it was known that even retarded children achieved remarkable results by attending them.

Steiner placed great emphasis on color, form, rhythm and the life of nature. He was also a pioneer of biodynamic farming, which dispenses with the use of chemical fertilizers -- the meaning of which has become somewhat crystal clear today.

Had I wished to affiliate myself with a movement and call myself as a member of it, I could easily and willingly have styled myself as an "Anthroposophist," perhaps even an abject one. This was as close as I ever came to being a true-believer "member" in anything. Although Anthroposophy was in decline when I took an interest in it, Rudolph Steiner has very much to teach one, even today.

Naturally, in surveying all the available literature on such topics, one will run across the voluminous works of Alice Bailey (1880-1944), a noted Theosophist.

She is often described as the "intellectual heir" to Madame Blavatsky, and around her works the Arcane School was formulated to propagate a "Great Universal Plan" dictated by a hierarchy of spiritual masters.

And with Alice Bailey we are talking BIG books, and lots of them, for example THE TREATISE ON COSMIC FIRE, a particular favorite of mine.

The Arcane School was located quite near the United Nations buildings, and it possessed something quite remarkable. An extensive library of what seemed to be all of the occult books in the world. The library didn't loan books, and so I practically lived in this library (or in Weiser's Occult Bookstore), and consumed huge quantities of information.

I became quite familiar to the librarian at the Arcane School, and he started recommending sources I'd never heard of or might not have run across.

I bought all of Bailey's books and pamphlets, and once more my colleagues at [the United Nations](#) were dismayed -- for instance, when I read her ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY at lunch. I had gone non-conventional again.

I kept this and other non-conventional books visibly displayed on my desk -- so as to upset those of more conventional expectations (this was a full part of my derring-do).

Now I was an occult "believer."

I defended myself by saying that this was a free country in which one could read what one wanted -- without fear of persecution in the form of ridicule.

Since this freedom was at the United Nations a serious issue -- with so many Member States and their cultures -- most critics there of my non-conventional interests backed down.

The Arcane School offered a mail-order course on spiritual, psychic and conscious development.

One was supposed to enroll and pay in order to see these materials, but when I was reluctant to do so the librarian showed many of them to me.

All in all, these materials were quite good -- for anyone just starting up and wishing to acquire something along the lines of knowing more about holistic consciousness. But they were useless to me -- largely because I already knew everything in them and more.

I had, of course, attended many weekend seminars and other conferences on these topics.

Some of these were quite good ones back in the 1960s, for it is still those years I'm talking about.

So I had gotten used to paying something for information and immediate experience of what was being offered.

But after several years of this kind of research, I eventually had concluded that merely reading about stuff only did so much for mind-development -- and what was offered at seminars was usually the lowest common denominator the masses were capable of taking on board.

Thus, I started looking around for contemporary developments along these lines. And when Silva Mind Control came along, I paid my fees to learn something directly from a Silva Method "practitioner."

The term "mind control" worried a lot of people -- largely because it implied mental control of OTHERS.

Thus, some of my work colleagues and friends now accused me of being "into mind-control."

And for the first time a few friends walked away from me, especially after the media had a field day with "Silva Mind Control."

But in fact, in the Silva method the "control" was directed to the control of one's own mind by virtue of learning to identify one's own states of consciousness -- and especially, but not

exclusively, pertaining to enhancing and optimizing clairvoyance and which clairvoyance could be used for purposes of physical and medical diagnosis.

I didn't do too well with the Silva method, or at least with various aspects of it. But I had read all of the books on mind control (and hypnosis) which had come out during the 1950s and 1960s (quite a lot of them as it was).

I felt that Silva's use of "mind control" was ill advised, and that clairvoyant medical diagnoses would probably present a threat to the American Medical Association and this would lead to subtle forms of persecution -- which it did in large part.

After all, there was a history of such persecution. The persecution by the French Medical Academy of Anton Mesmer who was credited with curing many psychosomatic ills the then medical profession could not.

Mesmer's "cures," it would seem, were largely effected by restoring the natural balances of the body's electromagnetic fields, albeit via very strange "equipment" the likes of which have never been exactly duplicated after Mesmer was persecuted out of France.

It seems that the restoration of the fields also stimulated immediate resurgences of sexual energy, so much so that in some cases the experiencers suffered spontaneous orgasms and ejaculations. And so there was indeed a lot for the conventional-minded to get worked up over.

It was my research of Mesmer which ultimately led to my interests in the Orgone energy of Wilhelm Reich (1897-1957). Again "orgone" energy was sexual based, and many cures of psychosomatic ills were claimed. So of course Reich ended up in jail where he died of a "heart attack" or so it was officially diagnosed.

Year's later, I had the opportunity to talk with Wilhelm Reich's daughter -- who insisted her father had been murdered in his prison cell.

He had been put in prison not because anything nefarious had been proven against him.

Indeed, charges had been dropped. But merely for contempt of court -- probably because he had a big mouth and didn't know when to stop using it. Meanwhile, the FBI had burned all of his books and research papers.

And which is to say, BOOK BURNING in this great nation as late as 1957. Those interested in the whole story of Wilhelm Reich might read FURY ON EARTH: A BIOGRAPHY OF WILHELM REICH, by Myron Sharaf, St. Martin's Press, 1983.)

It was the sad tales of Anton Mesmer and Wilhelm Reich which first got me interested in the overall social treatment of psi, the occult, and the superpowers of the human biomind. And we might as well include the treatment of the non-conventional.

As I distinguished back then (in the middle-late 1960s), there was nothing really wrong with studying the past history of the "paranormal" -- with the exception of Madam Blavatsky who STILL today is an occasional issue with polemics occasionally published to demean her and her otherwise stellar reputation.

But when it comes to contemporary, in-the-flesh non-conventional figures, and especially if their teachings threaten existing vested interests -- well, a great ruckus and alarm are entirely possible.

Such was certainly the case regarding Blavatsky -- who not only was a vociferous philosophical female in a male dominated West at the time, but proposed the wholesale importation of Far Eastern "religions" in to the Christian West.

The ensuing ruckus was tremendous -- so much so that the venerable NEW YORK TIMES published every morsel about her, including her daily agenda.

Much the same can be said of Georgei Gurdjieff (1877-1949) after he came to the United States, and, as well, of Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910) after she got her act together and founded the Christian Science Movement. Great social and persecutorial hubbubs followed in their wakes.

Then there was the perhaps somewhat deserved case of [Aleister Crowley](#) (1875-1947) who was both brilliant and stupid. His dark magic philosophy, practices and claims of "astral communications" didn't get him in as much trouble as did his claimed rediscovery and well-advertised practices of Tantric Yoga (sex-magic.)

And then there is the case of modern parapsychology itself, virtually hounded into if not complete social extinction, at least into scientific, psychological and psychiatric extinction by subtle and not so subtle persecution formats. Since this will be discussed in detail at some point ahead, I leave it at that here.

All of the above (and much more) had taken place before 1967, and so at one time or another you could say, as some accused, I was an ardent devotee of the topics and personalities of my research.

But DEVOTEE is defined as an ardent follower, supporter or enthusiast. I'll add, an ardent follower often (but not always) with closed-minded circuits which often obliterate anything else -- one who is unaware of a lot and hence can make no perceptions about it.

With the exception of enthusiasm about what I was learning from these sources, I was never anything of the kind.

After all, one can study stuff -- and not become a stupefied android or automaton of what one is studying.

Accepting mind-programming is a matter quite different from learning about things, about what went on in other times and places, about what's going on in one's contemporary times.

I don't remember when I first heard of Scientology, but I do remember purchasing in 1961 a May 1950 copy of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION magazine because it contained an essay by one L. Ron Hubbard entitled DIANETICS, AN INTRODUCTION TO A NEW SCIENCE.

Even though Hubbard had been quite famous before 1961, I had never heard of him. I bought the magazine because of Hubbard's essay and which had to do with the author's ideas of how the mind worked -- the topic of one of my passions.

I then learned that the essay had been expanded into book form as **DIANETICS: THE MODERN SCIENCE OF MENTAL HEALTH**. So I acquired a used copy of that, too.

The book stood around for about two years in my to-read piles. When I did read it, I was impressed by quite a number of his observations. Among these he insisted that intra-uterine memory was possible and did occur and that the unborn baby began recording memory and other impressions well before actual physical birth.

This concept is rather broadly accepted today. But even as of 1963, it was anathema to science, the medical professions, and to psychology.

I felt I had such memory -- and as a young child I used to refer to events and situations which occurred while my mother was pregnant with me. My family used to say: "Who told you that? You couldn't remember that because it happened before you were born."

There is of course, the small detail of where and when the mind begins.

For quite a long time it had been understood that during the later months of pregnancy, the senses of the babe become formed and functional, especially during the seventh to the ninth month. Convincing cases also abound regarding the pre-birth baby's capability of sending empathy and telepathic signals to their mothers. Today, mothers are sometimes encouraged to read out loud so their pre-birth babies can hear and begin their learning processes. But one must draw one's own conclusions about all of this.

Most encyclopedias having an entry for Dianetics indicate that Hubbard's book became an over-night best-seller, and which was indeed the case -- and for quite a long time.

I also began occasionally running into people who were into Dianetics. As a group I found them a rather odd lot, but most of them were also "occultists" interested in topics of my passion, and were enthusiastic about the developmental possibilities Dianetics held for those topics.

I first became really apprised regarding Scientology in a strange way.

In the winter of 1962, at the United Nations I met a woman hired to work for the duration of the General Assembly. She was exquisitely beautiful and was lusted after by males everywhere in the UN buildings, and I was intensely attracted.

She was a bit older than I -- which caused my mother's eye brows to arch a little. But what the hell. I wanted her, and I got her, and our affair lasted nearly four years. I will call her Pauola, because she has long been happily married to someone else and wouldn't want her name spread through the Internet.

At the time she was deeply passionate about the work of Georgei Gurdjieff and the movement which had formed around it. This coincided with my own interests in reading about Gurdjieff and his works, and so we were happy as clams.

After about three years of our bliss, and etc., Pauola became interested in Scientology and thought I should become likewise interested.

She took me to a Scientology franchise center far uptown in Manhattan -- and which center was composed of the ugliest interiors possible.

I remember it clearly. Old dark green wallpaper with large PINK palm trees, the paper torn here and there. The furniture -- well, one could actually find better stuff in the streets in those days. I'm not prissy, but I tended to associate aesthetic conditions with states of mind -- and the center flunked this in all regards.

Central, or basic, to Hubbard's thesis was the "reactive mind." This can be described various ways, but I'll do it my way -- since I was ultimately to agree in principal and in details as I still do today.

The mind sets up "circuits" based on earlier experiences, and these circuits thence tend to work on automatic and subconsciously.

When one encounters future experiences, they are automatically processed through these pre-installed circuits in a "reactive" kind of way. One then is not dealing with the new "present time" experiences, but is being influenced, usually negatively, by the past circuits. The new experiences are stimuli which automatically reactivate the old circuits -- often with deplorable results especially regarding emotions, behavior, intelligence, abilities and other kinds of mind-dynamic activity and often resulting in dire physiological circumstances.

Here, then, was an extension into humans of the automatic stimulus-response mechanisms which the early Russian researcher, Ivan Pavlov (1849-1936), demonstrated existed in his experimental dogs and other animals.

Hubbard postulated that everyone had a reactive mind -- and by extension the entire planet was populated with reactive minds and reactive (as contrasted to causative) situations. One can, of course, either be cause or effect -- and the reactive mind caused one to be the effects of IT.

Hubbard proposed that the way to "clear" one of one's reactive mind was to identify the reactive circuits and "erase" them by consciously digging them up and re-experiencing them in "present time" until the circuits lost their dynamic energy and vanished.

Once this happened, the person would then be "a clear," as it was put in Scientology. From this resulted the "steps toward becoming clear," a series of strict processes to be administered by a "professional Scientology auditor." Each of the steps cost dollars.

Naturally, vested interests in our American culture felt that Scientology represented an "aberrant" form of psychotherapy, a term which Hubbard turned back onto his critics by holding that THEY were aberrant because of their reactive minds.

I don't know for sure if this was the original cause of the persecution of Scientology and Mr. Hubbard. But soon his spreading organizations were being raided by the FBI, etc., which seized equipment and confiscated literature and files.

Hubbard, however, proved to be something of another order. I never met him personally, but the last thing which could be said of him was that he WAS not meek, and didn't take things laying down.

He made himself perpetually unavailable -- and took his persecutors into the courts of this fair nation. Thus began the Scientology "scandals," and which were eventually to achieve monumental and quite startling proportions. And conspiracy addicts had a field day.

From the onset of the persecutions, Scientology became in large part Mr. L. Ron Hubbard against the reactive-mind world. But this is too long a story to even summarize in this book.

What mattered to me, as in all things I've studied, was what I got from Hubbard's ideas, concepts and theories -- and which was considerable, and none of which I'm ashamed of or regret in anyway.

The story of what I got, and the evolving, complicated story of Mr. Hubbard's organizations are two different matters.

People who want to learn and know more always have to labor to separate the wheat from the chaff -- while throwing the baby out with the bathwater gets one nowhere.

Here, of course, was a new derring-do for me. My "entry" into Scientology occurred in April 1967 a few days after I first gave my two years notice of resignation at the United Nations -- and which resignation I thereafter withdrew and resubmitted twice.

But I never "entered" Scientology. I became a paying client to undergo the processes and techniques which would result in Clear and the Levels above that. I became enthusiastic about certain of Hubbard's concepts, and less than enthusiastic about others.

I exited Scientology of my free will in 1975 and under reasonably amicable circumstances. I might have exited earlier -- had I not personally been persecuted in the minds of some as "a Scientologist," always instead being a student of Mr. Hubbard's ideas and techniques.

However, my so-called "entry" into Scientology was delayed. Although Pauola grew insistent about my doing so, wild horses couldn't have dragged me into that stinking miserable center uptown in Manhattan -- and which didn't even provide toilet paper.

So one day, without much fanfare, Pauola came to my apartment, collected her tea cups (she was English), threw a couple against the wall and walked out. Then, to my chagrin, three weeks later she married a man she had met in Scientology.

Well, what the hell. It was good, very good, while it lasted. Eventually she and her husband became good friends, and which friendship has lasted to this day. They are no longer "Scientologists," either -- and as most know, the list of former Scientologists is a rather long one.

So, I was a Theosophist, an Arcane School-ian, and a lot of other temporary things, to which I ultimately added "being a Scientologist."

I made no secret of anything along these lines, and both liked and was encouraged by interested people to talk about what I had learned from very MANY sources -- and to which sources I've added many since.

For instance, the wonderful "peak performance" philosophy and psychology of Abraham H. Maslow and various versions of "metapsychology."

After all, one cannot be confined into ideological constraints if one wants to learn something about Life.

Chapter 25

THE FIRST STORM AT THE ASPR - FEBRUARY 1972 -

I don't remember the exact day when the first storm arose -- seemingly out of nowhere.

But it was just after the second of the formal OOB experiments, and just two or three days before the first of the outbound "beacon" remote viewing experiments which was conducted on February 22.

This first storm was awful enough, but not as bad as the second much greater storm which still lay in the future coming closer.

One might wonder, of course, why there should have been ANY great storms at the ASPR.

The experiments had been pre-approved by the board and the research committee. In spite

of the many session failures regarding my "perceptions," the work was efficiently organized and going well and many successful experiments had accumulated.

The gossip about the experimental successes had energized everyone. As a result, the ASPR, somewhat an antiquated non-entity within the whole of parapsychology, was beginning to receive a great deal of renewed interest.

I would not drag the reader through the details of the two great storms except for the fact that it was because of them I eventually decided to accept Dr. H. E. Puthoff's invitation to visit Stanford Research Institute in California.

As you will see ahead, without the stimulus of the two storms, I believe I would not have accepted the invitation.

But there is another reason to reveal the details of the two storms here.

For they demonstrate the traditional Western way to keep knowledge hidden about the superpowers of the human bio-mind. To wit: discredit and destroy experiments, evidence and individuals which might bring that knowledge to the surface.

Such, of course, is typical of most skeptical tactics. And I knew this years before it came about that I could work as a test-subject in laboratories.

But at the time in 1972, I was astonished to find the same tactics employed in parapsychological research itself. This Machiavellian issue was also occasionally to hound the work at Stanford Research Institute in the years ahead.

Western information and knowledge about the superpowers has been immeasurably retarded thereby.

Several members of the ASPR's board had taken the kindness to get to know me, among which were Dr. Alice I. Bryan and Mr. A. C. Twitchell, Jr., of former fame as a Broadway producer, etc., and who resided in the famous Player's Club in New York.

He had invited me several times to lunch at the Player's Club, and was interested in my views. Of course I hardly ever held anything back, and my mouth was yet quite big.

Twitchell had a very good, self-studied background in psychical and parapsychological research, was reasonably wealthy, and sometimes contributed small sums to the ASPR.

My telephone rang quite early one morning. It was Twitchell, who finally got around to saying: "I've something to tell you which I probably shouldn't, so don't say you got it from me.

"There's a move afoot at the ASPR to have you ejected on the grounds that you are a Scientologist. It's circulating that you are Hubbard's spy and seeking to take over the ASPR on his behalf. What are you going to do about it?"

"Who's putting THAT out?" I asked.

"That I don't think I should say. This is supposed to be a deep, dark secret. What can you do to prevent this?"

Since I hadn't the faintest idea, I replied: "You'll know when it happens, I guess."

I was surprisingly calm at this news. After all, I'd been persecuted as a bookworm sissy as a child -- since my body was frail and I stood only five feet tall. This condition took me out of rough and tumble ball games, and it was difficult for me to hit a ball because the bats were too heavy.

I learned to live with this persecution -- a childish persecution because of an inequality and a differentness. It wasn't until my twelfth year in high school that I suddenly spurted up one foot.

I was still slender and a "weakling," certainly no George Atlas or Arnold Schwarzenegger. But I had put on enough musculature sufficient to make a sudden strike and punch out an erstwhile jock persecutor. When word of this got around, the persecution MERDE stopped -- with the additional result that several female peers took interest in me.

In mulling over the ASPR situation, I knew I couldn't stride into the venerable Society and start protesting and defending myself because I was interested in Scientology. Even if someone had decided that the Scientology thing was my vulnerable spot, to me it was not, of course. But in the minds of the gullible the accusation might be made to seem meaningful.

I certainly had never made a secret of my considerable interests, including those of Scientology which was among the many topics I openly talked about.

But I felt I now knew something of what a Jew, a member of a minority race, or someone of a different religion might feel upon an occasion of prejudice or persecution of them.

Besides, this great nation was one in which certain freedoms and civil rights were supposed to be guaranteed. I had a right to study what I wanted, and a right to form opinions either of my own or because of my studies.

And there was yet another consideration. For the accusers clearly did not understand especially Mr. Hubbard -- who would have no possible interest in the ASPR nor even in parapsychology itself. This idea was especially laughable -- if one understood the goals of Scientology. And indeed, I was working at the ASPR against the recommendations of almost everyone except the kindly Wingates, everyone including a few Scientologists themselves who thought the whole ASPR/parapsychology effort a complete waste of time.

In any event, no one TELLS me what to do -- as my family, friends, and a few future colleagues found out to their dismay. I don't respond very well to outside pressure, either -- unless it pleases me to do so.

The sudden persecutorial event at the ASPR did not please me.

Admittedly, though, I was flummoxed during the hour after Twitchell had telephoned me.

Strangely, I didn't get angry, but rather thought of this as a push-comes-to-shove event.

And here was a test provided regarding the nature of my self-designed lean, mean, fighting machine concept.

Then I knew what had to be done.

It came in one intuitive swoop which sometimes happens with me under stress or duress.

This accusation represented a dirty war of disinformation -- and it was not for nothing that I had studied "dirty tactics" in the past regarding my interests in reading about conspiracy theory.

The persecutorial gossip about me was being conducted in secret. So my first strategic move had to be making the "secret" a non-secret, to draw it into the open.

After all, intrigues and Machiavellian plots don't survive very long if EVERYBODY knows about them.

So my lips pressed tightly together, my eyes narrowed, I calmly called Ruth Hagy Brod Central, Zelda Central and Buell Mullen Central -- and narrated this dreadful attack on my name, honor, reputation and my freedoms and civil rights.

After all, what good were my three Centrals for, my own spy and active measures networks?

I then went back to bed since I wasn't going to work at the ASPR that day. I knew that shortly the telephones would be smoking far and wide. I remember falling into a deep sleep, muttering "to hell with it all and the world, too."

The phone woke me out of this deep sleep at about 2:30 p.m.

It was Janet Mitchell. "What the f_ _ _ is going on. The phones are ringing off the hook here. Are you ever going to come back. I can't blame you if you don't. The OOB experiment will be trashed if you don't do something."

"I'll be in tomorrow as scheduled, don't worry."

"Worry!" Janet almost screamed. "Are you joking. Everyone knew of your Scientology interests before you came here. This is awful. It will wreck the experiments. Some on the Board hate this OOB experiment, anyway."

Next was the hard part.

When I walked through the ASPR's door the next day, there I was again in the titty-pink lobby. Godzilla's worst nightmare was at her desk. Before I could open my big mouth, she stood up to her full five foot height and said: "Ingo. I swear that no one in this building had anything to do with it."

"Is Dr. Osis in?" I asked.

"Yes, but he's asked not to be disturbed."

"Come with me. I think you should hear what I've to say."

We marched up to the fourth floor, strode right past Vera Feldman, Dr. Osis' secretary and assistant. I left the door open so she could hear.

I then delivered the following speech somewhat reconstructed from my cellular memories so deeply is it stored.

"I would be quite glad right now to leave this place that many call a cesspool of parapsychology intrigue.

"But this situation has made it impossible for me to bow out with any dignity. I can now see why its called a cesspool of hidden intrigues and shoot-yourself-in-the-feet place. You can put back into this ugly gossip line that I will not put my tail between my legs and fade away into oblivion.

"If the formal experiments fail, I will also be glad to depart under my own will power.

"But my choice to study Scientology, or anything else, is guaranteed in this nation of the free -- free to chose, free to have and hold opinions and voice them, free to study. These freedoms are guaranteed by this nation's founding documents.

"While in the Army I was required to die if necessary to protect and uphold those freedoms.

"This situation is NOT about the experiments. Nor is it about Scientology or anything else I might study and investigate. It's about my civil rights guaranteed -- and I shall interpret it that way, and only that way.

"For the record, but not as a defense here, I can guarantee you that Mr. Hubbard would have no possible interest in this Society, or in anything else along these lines. In fact, if Scientology proper knew I was here doing what I'm doing here, the chances are that I might get expelled from Scientology.

"I will not leave the ASPR for this ugly reason, this ugly far-fetched conspiratorial gossip.

"If I am forced to leave for THIS reason, you can be sure that I will lodge a battery of civil rights violation lawsuits which will keep your Board busy for the next twenty years.

"The Board can depend on it. I trust you will make this clear to those concerned.

"Do I need to repeat or simplify any of what I've just said?"

I felt sorry for Dr. Osis. Obviously he was not the culprit, but he, and Godzilla's worst nightmare, were the only ones who could convey the message to the Board.

No one said anything. The entire staff of the ASPR was lurking just outside the door trying to be nonchalant.

"Well, then," I said, "Janet and I have the third formal experiment to do, and I propose we do that and the next one until the Board makes up its mind."

And that's how the third formal experiment -- and all the rest of them -- came to get done.

You see, I knew the Board of the ASPR feared one thing more than anything else -- lawsuits.

You see, it pays to thoroughly research everything one gets involved with.

But I WAS serious -- and still am about my freedoms and my civil rights.

But as you will see ahead, "they" managed to demolish the formal experiments in an entirely different and even more disgusting way.

It wasn't until 1974 that Arthur Twitchell, after binding me to eternal secrecy, told me the names of the two principal Board members who were behind this persecutorial plot -- who were trying to install the elements of fear and suspicion. But I'll not give their names since both are now dead.

Both were noted parapsychologists, and should be remembered for their contributions. In any event, I've no desire to jump with persecutorial revenge on their graves (as some few

other parapsychologists have, and in print -- in one case, believe it or not, in the JOURNAL of the ASPR itself).

After the third formal experiment, Janet and I went to a local coffee shop for hamburgers. There we discussed this miserable little storm with a stream of mighty four-letter invectives. I felt like a flea-bitten dog.

But this event was a "learning experience" regarding being directly in the field of fire. I was to benefit from it in the difficult years ahead. At first I thought this event was merely the product of a few scumbaggy minds. Later I found it indicative of something far more insidious, even diabolical -- as we'll see somewhere ahead.

Unfortunately, this little miserable event blighted my overviews about parapsychology proper, at times perhaps even unfairly so.

But such Machiavellian intrigues went on within all the organizations I reviewed in the preceding chapter -- ALL of them. And all of them suffered internally because of intra-organizational persecutorial gossip.

The noble and brilliant Madam Blavatsky, for example, was actually ejected from Theosophy proper, the very organization she had founded.

Chapter 26

THE FIRST OUTBOUND REMOTE VIEWING EXPERIMENT

- FEBRUARY 22, 1972 -

As the month of February began drawing to an end, I was beginning to lose patience with the ASPR and the workload there.

With all of the different experiments involved, I was now doing very many repetitive trials for different experiments -- especially regarding the "flicker-fusion" experiments of Dr. Carole Silfen, and the ESPteacher machine designed by Jim Merriweather.

I didn't do very well a lot of the time. The targets followed the concept of the conventional ESP cards (Zener cards) -- i.e., the targets were usually symbols. But now the symbols were converted into mechanized light projection targets and the choice was wide as to what could be used as a target.

But everyone was satisfied that we were learning something because, as they said, I had the "staying power" to work for long hours at repetitive trials.

For example, patterns began emerging as to which colors and shapes were easier to "see" (red and other warm colors). Angular shapes were often very easy to identify -- circular shapes were usually very difficult.

We also found out there were good and bad days regarding the "seeing" and the results. On some days my "seeing" was a wreck. On others it seemed near perfect.

Why? I didn't have a clue about why until about seven years later -- and which I'll discuss in a later chapter.

I was very dismayed regarding two factors, though.

For one thing, since July 1971 I had put on nearly thirty-five pounds, mostly around my middle and my face. Where I had been slender before, I was now suddenly getting FAT, and this made a problem of fitting into clothes.

The very many parties and dinners I was invited to probably had something to do with this.

But I felt that there were obvious and hidden stresses in doing this kind of work -- of having to try to succeed, and of fearing failure.

But second, except for the long-distance few of the experiments were very challenging any longer. Even if I had staying power, I was very much aware that boredom and psi perceiving don't go together too well -- and that many past parapsychology experiments had dwindled into extinction because of this.

I voiced this boredom, my fear of failing because of boredom, to Dr. Schmeidler, Dr. Osis, in fact to almost everyone.

Buell Mullen Central, and even Zelda, noted that parapsychology was known for creating boring experiments that had nothing to do with real life.

I felt that if our species possessed psi faculties, they must have been "designed" for real life functioning, not for repetitive testing on artificial targets.

I don't remember who it was that first got the idea of the "beacon" experiments. It wasn't me, and I seem to remember that the idea came from Janet, Vera Feldman and perhaps Jim Merriweather.

In any event, here was the experiment which was to become famous, not because of anything done about it at the ASPR, but in the future hands of Dr. Hal Puthoff and Russell Targ at Stanford Research Institute.

It was an experiment which could easily be replicated, as it was later done by other research groups.

It was also the type of experiment which first introduced the term "remote viewing" in everyday parlance.

The design of the experiment was simple enough.

The experimenters would go to some place a little away from the experiment room. They would act as "beacons" for the subject left sitting in the experiment room at the ASPR. The subject would try to see not the beacon, but the surrounding location they were at.

The subject would verbalize, make notes (or drawings) regarding what was "seen." When the experimenters returned, their notes and other information about where they were would be compared with the subject's notes.

Now, ever since I had begun working at the ASPR, I had of course tried on my own to enhance my aptitudes. I was familiar with shops in Greenwich Village, and which had display windows.

One type of practice I had designed was as follows.

When walking down the street I would try to visualize what was being displayed in the windows before I got to them.

Sometimes the reward was very great, sometime not so much so.

But it was good practice. Anyone can try it -- provided they continue to do it over time and not get disappointed by their first failure. This was a type of "remote viewing" practice experiments.

In any event, the new outbound experiment at the ASPR was a new challenge, and an interesting one.

There was some concern as to whether the ASPR could afford this type of experiment, because it wasn't in the OOB series.

I suggested that we transfer the time needed to our agreement to let me test new ideas 50 per cent of my time, an agreement that had already been approved.

So, on February 22, 1972, Vera Feldman acted as the outbound experimenter. As usual, I was hooked up to the brainwave leads, and once more sat imprisoned in the OOB Chair.

The arrangement was that Vera would arrive at the location at 10:45 a.m. At an agreed start time, I would commence trying to describe where she was. At five minute intervals, Vera would move to another location, and again I would try to describe where she was.

The target location was the Museum of Natural History in New York, only a few blocks away from the ASPR building.

I don't remember if I knew in advance what the target was to be, and have nothing in my archives which would indicate this.

But I think I did know because I remember discussions about the enormous size of the Museum and its exceedingly different areas and exhibits. And Vera could get any place she wanted within five minutes, and would be in a completely different surrounding.

I also had not been in the Museum for about ten years, and things were always being changed around there.

Because the outbound remote viewing experiment did become so famous worldwide in the near years to come, I believe the full text of the first one should be included in this book.

And Janet Mitchell, as meticulous as always, kept a very good record.

The experiment was to start at 10:45 a.m. -- and at that time I would give my first impression.

But in trying to focus on Vera, I entered my first impression at 10:35.

Below, I have reproduced Janet's formal record. But I will add the feedback regarding each impression.

The time intervals given based on Vera's wristwatch synchronized with the clock in Janet's and the testy Dynograph's office.

Swann - 2/22/72 - Responses (taken from record) First Museum Trip

10:35 AM - She's there already.

(FEEDBACK: Unexpected, approximate time of arrival correct.)

10:45 AM - I think she's in a room that's round with a hallway and a flight of stairs to the south. There are large paintings on the wall.

(Almost correct. Vera was in a large octagon-shaped room. The walls were lined with glassed exhibits of monkeys and so forth - but the specimens were displayed against very large backdrop paintings. I didn't discriminate between the painted backdrop display and the specimens just in front of them.)

10:50 AM - She's in a large room that is darkened. There are lots of animals.

(Correct. She was in one of the great Animal Exhibit Halls, which were darkened.)

10:55 AM - I guess that must be a long corridor and there is a telephone booth nearby.

(Correct. Vera was a little behind her schedule, and at 10:55 was rushing through a long corridor. She first said that there was no telephone booth. But when we later I went to the

museum to photograph the targets for the record, there was not a telephone booth there.

But there WAS a telephone hanging on the wall near a doorway.

I was particularly pleased with this one result. It consisted of a telephone I had seen, but which Vera had not. This, then, was NOT telepathy, but a traveling form of clairvoyance proper. This meant I was scanning the surroundings, not Vera herself, or her own impressions. THIS aspect was to be extremely important in the years ahead when doing operational sites for you-know-who.)

11:00 AM - That's the room with the dinosaurs in it.

(Correct. Vera was in a room with big dinosaur bones.)

11:05 AM - I see something red. Maybe it's a series of stones of some sort. That one seems confused, whatever it is. Lots of cases filled with things.

(Correct. Prior to the Museum's later construction of more dramatic displays for its gemstone collections, the stones had been placed in dozens of large glassed-over cases in a tremendous room. Other larger crystals and stones, some of them very large, were displayed without glass and separately or in large collections.)

11:10 AM - I guess she's outside on the steps. There are steps anyway.

(This was an apparent miss, although Vera said she was thinking about how to get out of the Museum.)

The results of this experiment were very exciting and encouraging. My boredom disappeared for a while. And we began joking about the fact that ESP could be used for psychic spying, etc.

Little could I have imagined that it ever would be.

In any event, our imaginations were fired up and the overall mood was very good -- and I decided to knock off the last three of the formal OOB experiments before boredom was once more reached. In a few days time, the OOB experiments were completed.

Chapter 27

CIRCUMSTANCES BEGIN SHIFTING DIRECTIONS

- FEBRUARY/MARCH 1972 -

As in Chapter 1 of this book, I've made a philosophical effort to discuss the topic of CIRCUMSTANCES -- that we get sucked into them, and how they change the directions of our lives.

I was not yet quite aware of this as of the beginning of 1972. But as later events unexpectedly and soon changed the directions of my life I realized that it was important to begin considering how circumstances drag one along in their pull.

For example, one is aiming at a certain direction within the circumstances already present. The direction end up activating new circumstances -- and one ends up someplace altogether different from the original direction.

During February and March, 1972, it was widely understood that the experimental work at the ASPR was going well, all things considered, and this news had spread far and wide. Even so, I could not see a future for me in doing more and more experiments. There was hardly any money in it and I felt I needed to go full-time into some other kinds of projects. In any event, the various experiments were coming to closure at the ASPR, and the experimenters were already busy constructing their first draft reports concerning them.

I anticipated that the ASPR work would be concluded at some time in May, and I determined not to do any more psi experimenting for a while. And I needed some kind of life outside of parapsychology which for me was declining in its luster.

I had met a rather wild literary agent, Mr. Sidney Porcelain, and showed him some of my early literary outputs. He felt I had "promise," and we set about discussing a book he might be able to sell.

The Sexual Revolution had just begun, and the demands for sex-type literature were on a drastic upward swing. Sex was one of my, and Zelda's, favorite topics, and I felt I could write something original and daring along those lines -- about extraordinary sexual experiencing.

Porcelain had taken on one of my early novels entitled PINK NEON. This was a somewhat surrealistic adventure into the strange sex life in the 1960s gutters of the lower East Side of Manhattan.

Surrealism had been one of my favorite forms regarding my paintings; but the literary format I turned out bothered a lot of people whose minds think in ordinary, mundane ways and can't think in surrealist terms. None the less, most found the novel had intrinsic merit.

Porcelain submitted it to a number of publishers -- all of which thought it down. The publishers all agreed, though, that it was not obscene, was not pornography, but that it challenged too many social taboos. PINK NEON was never published.

One important publisher had turned it down on the grounds that there was too much sex in it. Another equally important cutting-edge publisher turned it down because there was not enough sex in it.

But we were enthusiastic regarding future novels.

Meanwhile, my New Year's resolution never to interact with the Media had become troublesome to just about everyone -- even to Janet Mitchell and Dr. Karlis Osis at the ASPR, and certainly to my three powerful gossip and espionage Centrals.

By now there were lots of requests from major and minor media for interviews, and my friends were bringing pressure along these lines -- majorly by calling me "stupid" for not opening up a little.

Finally, Ruth Hagy Brod convinced me. "You," she said, "have a chance in a thousand to make a difference here. The world of psi needs your voice. You speak very well, and you have the power to change the public perception of psi."

"Well," I replied, "most media have editorial policies to trash psi. There's no hope as long as those policies are on-going."

If I recall correctly, Al Brod simply said I was acting "like a chicken shit." Al could usually come directly to the point -- and there was probably some truth in his astute observation.

We all broke out laughing. "OK, OK, I'll do it just once and never again."

In the end, I surveyed the numerous requests for interviews. I finally selected the then WABC EYE-WITNESS NEWS anchorman, Mr. Kevin Saunders. I had watched the program for a long time, and he seemed to me to be sensible, clever and straightforward.

My appointment calendar for 1972 records that the interview took place on 25 February, and that I spent \$25.00 for "coffee and scotch." When he and his camera crew left, the scotch was all gone.

I don't remember Saunder's brief piece at all. And if the interview was not in my calendar, and my archives did not have a letter of appreciation to him dated March 4, I would have forgotten about it completely.

My memory triggered now, I do remember that Zelda had a few people in for wine and snacks and we all watched the piece together. I was terrified -- and got drunk (this first stress of TV exposure was unbearable).

As a result, I decided to give the BBC in England an interview at some near time in the future -- on the grounds, back then, that American media were dangerous to "psychics" and parapsychology.

I had also begun receiving numerous invitations to be a speaker at conferences.

In the latter part of February 1972, I met Mr. Robert D. Ericsson, then Executive Director of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship (SFF), which had been founded in 1956, largely by the efforts of the renowned American medium, Arthur Ford.

The goals of the SFF were to sponsor, explore and interpret the growing interest in psychic phenomena and mystical experience within the church, wherever these experiences relate to effective prayer, spiritual healing and personal survival (after death).

I had been introduced to Arthur Ford, once at Buell's place and at a dinner party at the Bennetts' place when Ford was in town doing mass mediumistic displays at places like Town Hall and Carnegie Hall.

He was kept quite busy being lionized, but I had the opportunity to observe him at a distance. He was affable, but seemed to have a little difficulty putting up with being lionized.

Well, I concluded, THAT will never happen to me. And indeed I've done my best to prevent that until today -- much to the disappointment of many -- and I guess, to the loss of potentially good and/or socially powerful friends. Many have commented that I shoot myself in my own feet in this regard.

When Bob Ericsson tentatively asked if I'd be interested in giving lectures at SFF Retreats, I said I would. For here I saw a developmental line regarding not only psychic phenomena, but spiritual ART produced from within strong spiritual artists.

SFF had numerous grassroots Chapters throughout the United States, and so this was a circumstance set in motion. I couldn't go for top American media and be shot down by editorial policies against ESP, psi -- and as it later turned out, against UFOs, too.

So, if I had to have a public policy in order to help change the "face of psi," I decided it would be among the spiritual grassroots -- from which, after all, I came myself.

As it ultimately turned out, I was to participate in dozens and dozens of conferences and seminars until I terminated doing so in 1988.

Also in early February, Buell Mullen telephoned one day to say that Dr. Kinzel would be in town on 17 February. She was having a dinner party and he wanted to know if I could attend. I said, "Yes, of course."

Then a few days later, she called again and said that Dr. Kinzel would have a few "friends" who wanted to talk with me. The friends wouldn't stay for dinner. Could I be at her place at 4:30 sharp.

Now occurred one of the strangest, or at least most mysterious encounters in my life.

When I had made my way up to Buell's studio and residence on Central Park South, she answered the door and asked me to wait in her small entry hall. Then Kinzel came from the studio.

He would introduce his "friends" only by their first names. I wasn't to ask any questions about who they were. I was to speak as openly as I wanted about all other matters.

This meeting was "strictly confidential." No one was to know of it, and Buell had gone up to her bedroom where she couldn't hear what was being said.

My mouth was open. The only thing Kinzel would say was that it might concern big-time funding for a new research organization -- of which his "friends" were in a position to set up. For the first time in my life I felt completely and suddenly paranoid.

I asked if this had to do with the donor pledges which were being accumulated. No, this was something entirely different.

There were four "friends," and we sat around Buell's large dinner table which hadn't yet been laid out with dishes and crystal.

Three were "tycoons" of some kind, if judged by their obviously expensive, but refined clothes. One wore a suit which was obviously store-bought.

The "meeting," if that was what it was, went well. The principal questions seemed to be directed to my new ideas I might have about utilizing psi faculties for practical purposes.

I had a lot to say about new ideas, about the deficits of conventional parapsychology approaches, about science's rejection of psi potentials. I was open, and my big mouth finally had its place. I had the idea I was talking to corporate leaders perhaps interested in setting up a "secret" project along these lines.

The questions and conversations lasted one hour precisely. Then Kinzel and his "friends" went into Buell's entrance alcove and stood talking.

I could smell Buell's leg of lamb perhaps getting overdone, and so I quietly went into her small kitchen to tend to it. The kitchen was just off of the entry alcove.

This I overheard:

"He probably won't go for plan A. He's not committed enough. I recommend switching to plan B."

"He's stalwart enough to resent being caught in a pincer. He might walk once he learns the facts."

Then the group went into the hall to wait for the elevator and closed the door.

I never heard one more word about any of this. I was tremendously mystified.

Some years later I made one of my few visits to the Defense Intelligence Agency, then still located in Laurel, Maryland -- just outside of Washington proper. I waited in the crowded lobby for my escort.

When we got to the elevator doors, one opened up -- and out walked the man in the store-bought suit. There was no mistaking him for one of the conferees at Buell's place.

"Does that man work here?" I quietly asked my escort.

"Him? Oh no. He works at a company over in Virginia."

Well! That meant only one thing. He was, and had been, CIA.

Back in March 1972, the experiments were going very well. The formal series of OOB experiments had been concluded.

We next had to wait for the independent judge to compare my impressions and sketches with photos of the targets -- and hopefully match them correctly together.

Meanwhile, I had become very impressed with one aspect of the experiments I had not noticed at first, but which had increasingly become apparent.

This aspect will be dealt with in detail ahead -- because it became central to controlled remote viewing. I'll only briefly summarize it here.

There is a myth or legend in psychical research and parapsychology that psi subjects need time to gather their wits and for their impressions to start coming in.

This does seem to be a notable characteristic of mediumship where a lot of delay waiting for the action seems to take place.

But I was finding this anticipated slowness not true at all regarding the experiments at the ASPR. I found, or eventually noticed at any rate, that the moment I set my attention onto the target -- well, there it was. Bang and pop.

Instantaneously.

I first noticed this on the informal, long-distance remote viewing experiments. When Janet said she was ready to record the brainwaves, my attention went to the target -- and there it was. No delays.

I then noticed this had also been true in the case of the OOB experiments as well, and with all of the other kinds of experiments, too. When I laid back waiting for impressions of the targets -- well, they had already come and GONE if I wasn't right on the instantaneous dot.

FAST -- we are talking of FAST here. Immediate, instantaneous.

Because of this phenomenon, I got interested in, as I first termed it, the "speed or velocity of psi signals," or "instantaneous connection to the psi signals."

No one knew what I was talking about.

At some point in the latter two weeks of March, I was again visiting Cleve Backster's lab near Times Square. I happened to mention this phenomenon to Cleve and we went out for junk food to talk about it.

Returning to the lab, Cleve pulled out some papers from one of his file cabinets and handed them to me.

"Hal Puthoff," he said, "is a physicist out in California. He is very interested in tachyons, particles which go faster than the speed of light. You should be in touch with him about this."

I was scanning the papers when Cleve said: "He has a very prestigious reputation. You two might get along. He's into Scientology, too."

I looked up at Cleve incredulously. Then I simply threw the papers into the air over my head. They fluttered to the floor.

Cleve looked at me as if I'd lost it.

"Jesus, Cleve. You know what I went through on this thing. I can't possibly be in touch with ANOTHER Scientologist. The whole world will be sure there is a plot here. This is out of the question."

Cleve just laughed and gathered up the fluttered papers. He made me copies and said that I should take them home and read them.

I was determined NEVER to read them. But curiosity got the better of me.

I found the papers to be stimulating and exciting, somewhat begrudgingly so.

In the end, I wrote Dr. H. E. Puthoff a letter dated 30 March 1972.

And with that letter, the sucking-into circumstances of my life changed forevermore -- although I hadn't the least idea that they would.

All I wanted to achieve was a discussion about the velocity of psi signals. Instead, I got the involvements for the next seventeen years of my life.

Chapter 28

MY FIRST LETTER TO DR. H. E. PUTHOFF

- MARCH 1972 -

This present book is probably the first and the last ever to be written by an "insider" who was strategic regarding the development of remote viewing.

Other authors have taken an interest in the topic, and might continue to do so in the future.

But all other authors have their egos, their viewpoints, their personal agendas, their different slants and attitudes.

Certain issues are over-emphasized, others which are significant to the real story of remote viewing are avoided or ignored -- usually in favor of creating text which, to them, displays something they think of as scandalous.

In the oncoming future, though, remote viewing will not be thought of in the contexts of its past "scandals," and which anyway have been manufactured by idiots of both the stupid and intellectual kind.

This author, of course, can hardly be much different from other ones -- except for his living memory of the ENTIRE remote viewing affair.

This memory is quite good and vital (so far at least), and is backed up by many file cabinets of documentation.

Since this book is the historical record of remote viewing, it needs to contain the documentation regarding why Puthoff and I got together.

To begin this, I would like to emphasize that if Hal Puthoff and I had not gotten together, it is COMPLETELY likely that there would be no story to tell.

I will next frankly state that without Puthoff, remote viewing would never have come into functional existence and the high visibility it did.

I may have been the lean, mean, fighting machine (as many were to discover, including Puthoff).

But Puthoff was the diplomat-warrior who held the enormously complicated remote viewing "package" together -- a feat I could not have pulled off myself.

Getting a little ahead of the story here, you will soon see my relationship with Puthoff was very bumpy at times.

Therefore it is important to establish that our relationship was held together not because of affiliations of any kind, but by issues which were relevant to the larger picture of human potentials regarding the socially rejected superpowers of the human biomind.

No matter how many fights we had in the future (and there were to be many), the issues functioned to bridge them.

If, in reading the pages of this book, the concept of the larger-picture issues gets forgotten, then the essential real story of remote viewing will promptly pass down into the silly social dilemmas which surround all of the superpowers.

Cleve Backster had given me certain papers by Puthoff. But I was determined not to be in touch with him because of the Scientology thing.

It was Zelda Dearest who rather rudely resolved the situation for me. I described the situation to her over a game of Scrabble. She thought about it for a while -- and then said:

"But aren't you subjecting him to the same prejudice you just underwent at the ASPR?"

In her own way, Zelda could get to the nub of things as could Al Brod Dearest.

"This isn't prejudice," I replied. "It's a serious issue."

Zelda didn't reply for a while. Then: "Yes it is. It's prejudice. You are avoiding him because of his affiliation to that organization. There's no difference here. Science proper avoids those affiliated to psi research -- then there are Jews and Muslims and Christians, sexual preferences, the races, the money, the poor . . ."

"All right already," I said.

So I went home and licked my wounds for a most of one whole day. Finally, late at night in bed, I read the Puthoff documents Backster had copied for me.

There was one particular document which both impressed and amazed me. The result was that the next morning, 30 March 1972, I wrote a letter to Puthoff -- and was eager to do so.

These two documents will now be introduced at this point in the remote viewing chronology in order to help make this book as complete and orderly as possible.

Aside from the fact that remote viewing originated at the ASPR, you will soon see the circumstances there were not propitious for it, although I didn't realize that at the time.

I introduced these same documents in a book I wrote and published under the title of TO KISS EARTH GOOD-BYE (Hawthorn Books, New York, 1975.) I had hoped that readers might realize the vast panorama of Puthoff's overview and why I was willing to be in touch with him.

I've no evidence from anywhere that his concepts presented in the book were appreciated by anyone. Well, what the hell. After all, as the author of that book I was just a "psychic" test-subject, a nobody.

The following extracts are taken from **THE PHYSICS OF PSYCHOENERGETIC PROCESSES, RESEARCH PROPOSAL (1971, unpublished) by Dr. H. E. Puthoff.**

"Please note the use of the term **TACHYON** -- from the Greek word meaning "swift." The term originated with the Columbia University physicist Gerald Feinberg. (See G. Feinberg, **POSSIBILITY OF FASTER-THAN-LIGHT PARTICLES,** **PHYSICS REVIEW, No. 159 (1967), p. 1089.)**

Puthoff wrote: "Recent experiments in parapsychology, especially in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, have indicated anew that sufficient evidence exists to warrant serious scientific investigation.

"Experiments in telepathy, psychokinesis (PK), etc., are now being conducted with sufficient rigor in scientific laboratories [in the Soviet Bloc countries] to indicate the possibility of developing not just a catalogue of interesting events, but rather a pattern of cause-effect relationships of the type that lends itself to analysis and hypothesis in the forms we are familiar with in the physical sciences.

". . . A careful survey of the characteristics of certain phenomena in this category has suggested to the author a theoretical foundation within the framework of present-day

scientific considerations and which lends itself to straightforward experimental verification or rejection.

"We advance here on the hypothesis that 'tachyon' phenomena predicted on the basis of relativistic quantum theory -- but not yet observed -- may be involved (tachyon is the name given to particles with space-like four-momentum which presumably travel faster than the velocity of light in vacuum, the descriptions of which satisfies the requirements of relativistic quantum mechanics.)"

Somewhat into his paper, Puthoff made statements which electrified me -- since they had to do with my own understanding that psi phenomena were species-wide, part of our species life potentials.

"When one considers basic life processes within the framework of modern scientific theory, particularly modern quantum theory, two basic viewpoints emerge.

"One is that quantum theory as now understood is, in principle, essentially capable of encompassing the biological and psychological principles of existence as manifested in life processes.

"From this viewpoint, the fact that we have not done so is due simply to the complexities of analysis presented to the theorist by even the simplest of living processes.

"This viewpoint we refer to as the reductionist viewpoint. Here it is considered that even the most complex of life processes can in principle be reduced step by step through layers of complexity, to the basic principles encompassed by present quantum theory."

WOW! Here Puthoff was talking about BASIC life processes, and was including psi phenomena among them. PROCESSES! And processes at the fundamental quantum level, processes which, if faster than light, might help account for the instantaneous perceptions I had noted during the ASPR experiments.

Well, I had never encountered this view in parapsychology (as it existed at that time.) I was not a quantum physicist, of course, but I felt from my own experiential levels that I completely understood what Puthoff was talking about.

In reading his ideas, I felt I was reading a version of my own concepts.

So. If you had been in my position and hunting for knowledge that might help elucidate complicated things, and all other things considered, what would you have done?

I didn't need to decide to write Puthoff.

I just sat down and did it with a letter dated 30 March 1972.

After saying that Cleve Backster had suggested I be in touch with him, I wrote:

"I have been working for several months now in two directions, firstly at the American Society for Psychical Research on trying to increase visual capacity by extrasensory modes, and secondly at City College with Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler on certain psychotronic and psychokinetic effects.

". . . In the case of paranormal perceptions I have already decided that indeed a field of vision exterior to sensory data inputs exists, but the fields of viewpoint and dimensions are cluttered with perceptic overloads and packed with black particles which seem to be, surprisingly, the physical universe itself.

"The problem is to differentiate between particles and certain wavelengths without the use of the eyes, at which time certain perceptual effects did begin to take place.

"There are, however, considerable variables yet to be considered, and I wanted to sound you out as to your having an interest in discussing these possibilities."

Although neither Backster nor Puthoff ever told me, I am sure that Hal telephoned Cleve and that they discussed me and my exploits. I do know that he checked me out with Osis, Schmeidler and Ehrenwald, since I have copies of his letters to them.

The upshot was that Hal didn't write back. Instead, the phone rang one afternoon.

"Hello? This is Hal Puthoff calling for Ingo Swann. Is he there?"

And with that call -- and had I truly been "psychic" enough -- I might have heard the clatter of certain nuts and bolts of CIRCUMSTANCES falling into a totally new direction.

But I was somewhat distracted. For between my letter to Puthoff and his telephone call to me, the greatest of the two great storms at the ASPR had begun.

At first it seemed that I couldn't possibly survive this one. And I was sure that once this scandal (an understatement) was spread about, well, no one would have interest in me, much less the respectable physicist at Stanford Research Institute.

Like all scandals within organizations everywhere, this one at the ASPR has long been swept under the dusty rugs at the venerable ASPR.

But it is important to the formative history of remote viewing. And so I will now drag it out and painfully relive it for posterity -- that is, IF I can survive the resurgence of the anger and hatred which arose from it.

Chapter 29

THE CALM BEFORE THE SECOND GREAT STORM AT THE ASPR

- APRIL 1972 -

The days in late March and early April at the ASPR held no hint or clue of the second great storm soon to descend -- and shake the venerable Society to its foundations.

Events and experiments moved very quickly during this period -- so much so that my archives are missing a lot of documents which would help me reconstruct this brief period on a day-to-day basis. So I shall not mind at all if someone else's memory can contribute in this regard.

One of the problems was that so many documents regarding various experiments were stacking up that making copies of them on a daily basis had become difficult. I had no idea back then that posterity would ever be involved.

Also, the ASPR Xerox machine often broke down for days at a time. I suggested to Fanny Knipe that the ASPR should invest in another better one.

She rolled her eyes, and brusquely informed me that this simple matter took Board approval -- and that the Board seldom approved any expenditure unless it absolutely had to do so.

Bureaucracy and broken machinery were soon to become a constant pain in my you-know-where in the years ahead.

However, if not on a daily basis, my living memory of the major events is quite clear.

Primary to this period, the formal series of the eight OOB experiments had been concluded and everyone was tense waiting to see what the independent judge would make of them.

No one knew who the judge was except Dr. Osis, Dr. Schmeidler, and perhaps Vera Feldman. Her identity was kept a complete secret -- so that no one could say that she might have been gotten to.

But it was known that she was a professional perceptual psychologist of high reputation and that she was NOT informed that the sketches and photographed targets referred to a psi experiment.

Her function was simply to try to match the response sketches to the photographed targets.

Meanwhile, the experimental workload had quadrupled, largely to my own demands and interests.

There were the "ESPateacher" experiments utilizing the equipment designed by Jim Merriweather, and which he kept improving on.

There were Dr. Silfen's "flicker fusion" experiments, and an interesting set of her experiments referred to as "brightness comparator" experiments. A great deal was learned from the brightness comparator experiments.

Since the yield from these particular experiments was eventually to play a seminal role in the work at SRI, I'll briefly review them.

As I remember the brightness comparator equipment, it consisted of a big black box whose open end was some kind of photo-projection screen.

Upon the screen various shapes could be projected in a back-lit fashion and the light intensity of the targets could be adjusted so that they could be dim, medium strong, and very strongly lit.

The targets themselves were painted with phosphorus, the kind which glows in "dark light" in the ultraviolet band of the spectrum. The intensity of the ultraviolet light could be modulated by a rheostat device.

Whether the target was strongly lit or dim, it was indicated by a slightly illuminated circle.

The successive experiments were run for twenty or more trials before the subject received any feedback as to "hit" or "miss."

The goal was to see if the test subject could better "see" the dim or bright targets -- and so the brightness comparator experiments had to do with light values and intensities.

As I remember it, the equipment was kept in Jim Merriweather's "engineering cubical" in the hall just outside of the main experiment room and Janet's Dynograph office.

To ensure that no one in those two rooms could peek, the screen was turned so that it faced away from them.

Brainwave recordings were taken regarding these (and all other) experiments -- for the major focus of the ASPR work was to identify brainwave values, not simply to test for clairvoyance and other psi whatnot.

At first I didn't do very well with the brightness comparator experiments -- and of course began thinking about why.

As the days went on, I began wondering if "OOB vision" or "clairvoyant vision" were the same as eyesight vision.

Of course the test subject would struggle to see and identify the target. But why would only the target be seen? Would not the "seeing" be able to "see" everything? Everything, such as the light rays and halos themselves?

The distinction between the different light intensities of the targets gave me a clue: variations of light intensity would make it easier or difficult to "see" the targets. But anyway,

all concerned LIGHT. Even physical eye vision is a matter of various intensities of light reflection and light refraction.

We physically see things if light is being reflected from them. When dim light is being reflected, we see things more poorly. And when no light is being reflected, we see nothing at all except blackness.

If light is being REFRACTED, then we might not see at all what is refracting it, but just the refraction rays themselves.

So I decided to report not just on the targets themselves, but on EVERYTHING I felt I "saw."
Some improvement in the results began occurring.

A breakthrough of sorts in this regard came on 22 March 1972 -- and which was to have tremendous importance when controlled remote viewing was later developed at Stanford Research Institute.

Thus, for this permanent record of the real story of remote viewing, I will enter Janet's daily report for 22 March 1972.

"Ingo was doing the brightness comparator test with Dr. Silfen today. He enjoys this test and also working with her.

"In the beginning he was missing the comparison by one trial [i.e., seeing the last trial, not the present one. This is called "displacement" in parapsychology lingo.]

"He came up with a possible solution to this missing pattern. It seemed that the air ionized around the target, which is phosphorus. When Ingo stayed back behind Dr. Silfen (his point of view in space, that is), he saw the ionization which had a time lag and this possibly accounted for the one trial off misses.

"When he moved in real close (within a half inch of the target), he could make the discrimination better and the ionization did not interfere.

"Silfen asked him to position himself [i.e., to position the center of clairvoyant perception] on the border between the inner and outer circle. It looks as if position has everything to do with accuracy on this particular test.

"It is not a problem of seeing too little, as we thought before, but SEEING TOO MUCH [emphasis added.] It may be possible that he can see all the waves in the atmosphere from infrared to ultraviolet."

As will be discussed in detail ahead, this "seeing too much" regarding perceptual states external to eye vision was ultimately to become a workhorse in the development of controlled remote viewing.

To simplify here a little, though, psi vision is at first lost within a sea of undulating light, and so one can usually not identify the target. It takes but a little training work to become able to "condense," so to speak, the light into the targets or subjects.

If you don't immediately grasp this here, not to worry. It will become crystal clear later in this book.

Although I did not realize it completely at the time, here was the first and principle "secret" of all forms of psi "seeing."

During this period, we continued with informal OOB experiments. At some point I began noting that all of the targets concealed on the overhead trays were laid flat -- in a sort of two-dimensional way.

Some of the targets had three dimensions, of course, but they all lay flat on the trays. Most of the other targets were merely cut-out pieces of paper of different colors and shapes.

So I suggested that sometimes the targets be put inside small cardboard boxes, not only flat on the bottom, but vertically on the inner sides. At times, even a real three-dimensional target could be placed in the center -- such as a statuette or a piece of modeled clay figure. I wondered if three-dimensional shapes could better be seen this way.

Additionally, the tops of the boxes could be sealed, eliminating any possible "other explanation."

This suggestion at first caused some consternation -- because nobody knew how to model simple shapes in clay. But this was somehow overcome, and the first box targets duly were presented. Osis felt the box should have a small light in it so as to better illuminate the targets.

Then the boxed targets soon appeared which had small "peep holes" in different sides of it, so that the subject could "go" OOB and peak into this or that hole.

Inside, one would be able to see the target on the opposite wall. Sometimes mirrors were used to see if one was seeing the real image or a reflection of it.

All this now had to do with learning from which direction this or that target was being "seen."

Here, then, were the first experiments regarding "dimensions," and which too was to play a seminal and significant role in the later development of controlled remote viewing.

After all, we do live in a three-dimensional world, not a two-dimensional one -- although the thinking apparatus of some appears to be only two-dimensional, and often only one-dimensional (i.e., the infamous "tunnel" vision).

The second of the box experiments was a comical affair. It was completely sealed (with tape) and so there was no way to see inside of it except by getting the center of one's OOB perception inside it.

The inside seemed very dark, in fact black. In the record I commented that "it's dark here. I think the light bulb has burnt out." And so that was the end of that session.

No one could think that the bulb had burnt out, since it had been a new one. Some suggested that I try again. "No," I responded. "Blackness is what I see, and that will be my

response on this experiment. I can't begin to doubt my perceptions, for where would that lead?"

So Vera Feldman had to drag in the ladder and take down the box -- to find that the bulb had burned out.

THIS was considered a significant "hit" on my behalf -- because no one, no one could believe the bulb was out. This was one step toward eliminating telepathy as an explanation.

Throughout all these sometimes tedious experiments, we did a long-distance remote viewing thing regarding weather conditions at various cities.

For some reason, these relaxed me -- and there was always an uplifting thrill regarding this form of "traveling clairvoyance." All of these experiments were exhilarating -- as all controlled form of remote viewing were to be in the future, no matter who was acting as the "viewer."

At some point during late March, someone had started up the idea that the ASPR should honor me by giving a reception on its venerable premises because of all the time and work I had taken part in -- and because of my thermistor experiments with Gertrude Schmeidler. I was horrified. "Oh, no," I protested. "That would be seen as making something special of me."

I showed my New Year's resolutions to several people, and pointed out that I was working on behalf of our species' psi abilities -- and not on making individuals seem special. I couldn't accept a reception, because doing so would have been inimical to my concepts.

I remember saying: "I will live and die, as will all other 'psychics.' And with all of us go the abilities. It's our species' inherent abilities which need to be identified and acknowledged, and once this might be done, then special individuals will not be the focus of all the admiration and attention."

I thought I had squelched the idea of a reception. But such proved not to be the case.

As March flowed into the very early days of April 1972, Hal Puthoff and I had talked on the phone several times in only a few days. I found him to be a fountain of knowledge and willingness to consider novel insights.

But somewhere along the way, he began suggesting that I consider coming out to SRI for a couple of weeks to do some simple experiments and "poke around theoretically."

I explained that if the formal OOB experiments failed, then I would be "gone" from the experimental field altogether.

Besides, in my heart I had more or less concluded that by summer I would slowly depart the ASPR, which I now loved, in order to spend some time trying to write salable sex novels and make some money.

Sex novels (of all kinds) were the utter rage in 1972, and the market for them was booming.

Every housewife and college professor was struggling to produce one.

And I bought and read dozens of them in preparation for my new career in this regard, a career which I hoped would launch me as an author into bigger and better novels. Most of what I read in this regard was really very bad and sexually not very stimulating.

In any event, although my heart was still with the experiments, they now took up most of my active brain -- and I was tired of them and the constant challenge to succeed.

I only wanted to exchange some ideas about theoretical stuff with Puthoff -- and that we could do so through the mail or over the telephone.

He continued to broach the topic of my coming out to SRI. I kept saying "perhaps," or "maybe."

Besides, SRI had never had a psychic research project, and it WAS the nation's second largest very mainstream think-tank.

I could easily imagine the ensuing difficulties -- and all of which in fact later did come true.

Meanwhile, whether or not the formal OOB experiments succeeded or failed, Janet and Dr. Osis had already decided that they had achieved significant information regarding brain activity.

Although Janet did most of the work and writing, she and Osis had begun outlining a draft of a paper in this regard, to be published in the JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The paper was entitled PHYSIOLOGICAL CORRELATES OF REPORTED OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES.

Dr. Carole K. Silfen also prepared a draft of a paper entitled PILOT INVESTIGATIONS OF PERCEPTUAL VARIABLES DURING OOB EXPERIENCES OF INGO SWANN -- this the first of three papers she was to write.

Gertrude Schmeidler has also prepared a draft of a paper, a follow-on to her first paper regarding the PK experiments with the thermistors. It was entitled PK IN TEMPERATURE RECORDS, AND SUGGESTIONS ABOUT HOW IT OCCURS.

So it now looked like I could retire (in June, I thought) from laboratory research, at least for a few months, having done my best bit for the field of parapsychology and having provided something of a small patrimony for posterity.

Buell Mullen, Zelda and Ruth Hagy Brod were horrified at my talk of retiring in order to write -- of all things -- seamy, steaming sex novels.

"My God!" Buell exclaimed. "Do you mean you are going to abandon all this excellent research to become a pornographer!"

So I explained that my novels would be under assumed names, and be erotic art, not pornography. Erotic art had become quite fashionable.

"But what are we to do, then," Buell asked, "with the pledged funding which has been accumulating? I thought we were going to give it to the ASPR."

"Buell," I said, "I can't really live off of other's funding. I really have to try to make some of my own, you know."

Besides, I didn't really know what to do with this promised funding.

The pledged funding was supposed to be kept secret, and so I couldn't discuss it with my mentors. This worried me, for I knew I needed advice -- lots of it, in fact.

But I had discussed this several times with Dr. Augustus B. Kinzel. In his letter to me of 14 March 1972, he had suggested using some of it in the following way. "My suggestion is that your get the [thermistor] phenomenon itself accepted by some group not now involved in the psychic in any way. For example, the Physics Department at C.C.N.Y."

What he meant, of course, was to go mainstream with this kind of research. Such, in 1972, was entirely laughable -- as it largely remains to this day, except in certain secret enclaves world wide.

I was on the verge of suggesting that the pledged fund ultimately be given to the ASPR, and if this could be worked out I would go back there at some future time to do more work.

So this was the situation just before the great storm broke over the ASPR.

Chapter 30

THE GREAT STORM AT THE ASPR - APRIL 1972 -

The great storm at the ASPR in April 1972 has been shoved in one of those closets which hold skeletons of scandals, and so it has been conveniently "forgotten" about.

But in some full part it was the first of the reasons I ultimately decided to visit Hal Puthoff at Stanford Research Institute, and out of which arose remote viewing proper.

Just before this storm I had more or less decided NOT to go to SRI -- not only for the reasons mentioned earlier, but because he also was a Scientologist. I fully understood that this "connection" would stick to one's boots like wet, red clay and distort the work in the distorting minds of many.

And so it has.

The great storm of April, however, was not the straw which broke the camel's back, however. THAT straw occurred in the next month of May.

As the early days of April opened up, I discovered that the plan to give the reception at the ASPR in my honor was STILL underway, despite my pleas that it not be held.

I was furious about this, which I felt was in bad taste. I knew very well how mere "psychics" were viewed in parapsychology, and in any event I was a mere test subject.

I bitched at length about this to Zelda Dearest -- and to the Wingates, only to find they were fully in favor of it.

Zelda especially was in favor of the reception, too, and thought I was being silly -- and said as much several times.

Finally she counseled: "You know, you have to learn to let other people do things for you. You're not very good at that. You insist in doing everything for yourself. They obviously admire you, and you should accept it with grace."

What I accepted, though, is that when women get an idea organized, one should just as well get out of their way -- for it was a cadre of women members of the ASPR which had decided that the reception should be held. Indeed, the reception would cost the ASPR nothing, since they themselves were funding it.

At this point, the reception would include only members of the ASPR and their friends. It was anticipated that about sixty people would attend.

The reception was scheduled for the early evening of April 26.

Also during the very early days of April, the judge of the formal eight OOB experiments returned her findings -- after which she was told that she had judged an experiment regarding out-of-body perceptions. I was told she was very surprised, since she thought she had judged a standard visual perceptual series of tests of some kind. I was also told that she had no idea at all that OOB perception could be so efficient.

In other words, she had attempted to match the eight picture drawings with the photographs of eight of the tray targets on the assumption that the responses were some form of visual perceiving.

We hoped that she would match at least six of them to bring the success rate just slightly above chance. If she matched four or less, then the rate would be at or below chance expectation -- and therefore useless.

My calendar for April 1972 shows that 4 April was the first day of that month I went up to work at the ASPR.

When I arrived, Fanny Knipe said that Dr. Osis was waiting for me in Janet's office. So I bounded up the two flights of stairs -- to find Janet and Osis with big smiles spread across their faces.

Janet was obviously bursting with something to say, but it was Dr. Osis' lab and she waited for him to say whatever it was.

The independent judge, blind to the fact she had judged an experiment regarding OOB perceptions, had correctly matched all eight of the formal trials. This was a 100 per cent match, far above any question of chance expectations.

Another independent judge was later asked to judge the same targets and picture drawings again. He, too, correctly matched all eight of them.

But here I must caution that my picture drawings were not completely exact regarding ALL of the elements on the target trays. However, enough of the major elements were exact enough to permit the matching.

I enter these comments here because of the myth that ESP perceptions can be as perfect as eye vision. I will discuss much more regarding this myth in chapters ahead -- for it was to become a vital component of tutoring regarding controlled remote viewing.

I was very relieved -- not only because the judging confirmed the efficiency of the Osis/Mitchell experiment, but it also confirmed that once again the experiment had been REPEATABLE regarding all eight of the formal trials.

I was also relieved because now I could leave the fighting ring of parapsychology lab work as a "winner," and get back to my life and try to make some real money.

Furthermore, I would do my best to cause the secret, accumulating donor fund to be given to the ASPR -- although Buell Mullen Central did not favor that and still considered the ASPR a cesspool of intrigue and stupid mismanagement.

Osis warned me to keep the judging a secret until the publishing committee had a chance to review the two papers.

"Two?" I asked. "I thought there was only going to be one paper, the one on physiological correlates."

No, now that the judging of the eight formal experiments had turned out so well, he and Janet would quickly prepare a shorter, separate paper regarding them.

Then Dr. Osis asked one of the strangest questions I ever heard. He sat down in a chair right next to the temperamental Dynograph and leaned one arm on the top face where the tracing pins were. I saw Janet's face wince.

Osis was quite tall, thin and lanky. While sitting, he had a strange way of wrapping his legs around each other so that they seemed to form a single intertwining coil.

In this position, he smiled and asked in his thick Latvian accent: "Vell, Eeengo, vy is it ju can do it -- and I can't?"

Well, I had no answer as to why I could "do it," much less why others couldn't. But I sensed, or thought I did, a trace of jealousy or envy -- and was shocked at this tip of a hidden iceberg.

I mention this here not to discredit Osis in any way. For by now I thought he was a genius at conceiving and designing the OOB experiment, and which conception and design had achieved full ASPR Board approval BEFORE it had started up.

Rather, I mention it here because it was the first time I experienced even a possible hint of envy -- and bigger and better examples of which I was to experience in the years ahead, both in subtle ways and in ways no one bothered to conceal.

And some of those who didn't bother to conceal their envy/rage, or whatever it was, were some noted parapsychologists themselves.

And the whole of this envy constituted discrimination and persecution of noted psychics, even if subtly deployed behind the scenes.

Osis and Mitchell went ahead and immediately submitted the draft of the physiological correlates paper to the ASPR publishing committee, indicating that the shorter paper would quickly follow.

No trouble was expected here, because it was standard procedure for the papers to be published in the ASPR's JOURNAL, and because the OOB experiments had been pre-approved by the Board. Whether the papers reported on success or failure, the JOURNAL was obliged to publish them.

The Chairman of the Publishing Committee was Dr. J. G. Pratt, a noted parapsychologist.

Mrs. Laura A. Dale was Editor of the ASPR's JOURNAL.

I, myself, obeyed Dr. Osis' instructions of secrecy, and told no one, not even Zelda, about the outcome of the OOB experiments judging.

But on the next day, 5 April, I had three gentlemen to my studio. They were from Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, and who had come to visually inspect me as a suitable "psychic" to take part in the seminars and retreats of that Fellowship.

I had prepared coffee and cakes for them. But not long after they arrived, they began congratulating me on the successful judging of the eight formal OOB experiments.

In fact, they seemed overwhelmed -- and so I undertook to caution them about reading too much into the experiments.

By that evening, my phone was ringing constantly. It seemed that EVERYONE knew Dr. Osis' secret. Buell Mullen, Zelda, and Ruth Hagy Brod complained that I had not alerted them earlier.

As a result of this news, the ladies planning the reception took it on themselves to enlarge the invitational list and make it a public open house affair. Buell and Zelda went to their telephones accordingly, while Ruth Hagy Brod notified her very many contacts in the media.

I merely shuddered.

A few days later, Janet received a letter dated 12 April from Laura Dale, Editor of the JOURNAL, regarding the draft paper on physiological correlates. Janet provided me an except of this letter, and which read:

"Assuming that the Publications Committee okays the paper as I am positive they will (although it is quite possible they may have suggestions for changes and/or clarifications), I plan to use it in our January, 1974 issue (deadline July 1 [of 1972].)

"Many thanks for everything and I think you have a marvelous piece of work."

To this, Janet added: "That, my friend, is what is known as a COMPLIMENT!!!"

You see, Mrs. Dale had quite a reputation as being stern, tough, and unforgiving, and whose devotion to immaculate details was legendary.

I myself only twice saw Laura Dale at the ASPR, but I was never introduced to her. You see, I was merely a test subject.

Dr. Osis had been to my studio several times to visit, discuss various matters informally, and to view my artwork. He had a very fine eye for art, and a good deal of knowledge about it.

He was a bit short on compliments, though, and I was never certain he liked my paintings.

But he telephoned one day, and asked: "Eeengo, vy don't ve haf some of your paintings at zee reception?"

Oh horrors! This would really draw things out of proportion -- to have a show of my own paintings at a reception for my humble self. Parapsychologists would certainly think I was trying to become a psychic personality and was using the ASPR to flaunt my own art work. So I complained: "That would be too expensive for me. The trucking and all that (some of my paintings were quite large). The ASPR walls were not lit enough for artwork, and so some temporary light fixtures would need to be installed."

Osis was undaunted. And when the Ladies Auxiliary got on my back about this I gave up and provided a budget for the costs -- which ultimately came to \$164, and which was reimbursed from somewhere.

The labor, though was something else. It took me, with Jim Merriweather's help, two days to get the lights and install them.

And so I would get to see some of my outer space paintings displayed against the ladies-room pink walls.

I was quite early in my outer space period, which lasted from 1971 through 1977. My goal was to make ART out of the star fields, not merely sweetness-and-light or science fiction illustrations of them.

The storm came as a gigantic meteor falling out of space, on about 17 May 1972.

When I arrived that day for work, I found Janet a wreck, and she had obviously been crying.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Well," Janet began as if she were about to burst into incandescent energy, "you won't believe this one. The publishing committee has refused to publish the papers! And they won't say why!"

I was so astonished that I failed to comprehend what she had just said. So I asked: "What did you say?"

She clarified the issue by a stream of four-letter words -- which I understood much more clearly.

I was so stunned I had to sit down -- and light up the biggest cigar I had with me.

Thus began one of the biggest scandals which was to shake the venerable, historical Society to its foundations. Even Dr. Osis, the Research Director of the Society, had tears in his eyes. Indeed, everyone did.

And, to make matters worse, the reception was but nine days ahead.

No one, not even various Board members could influence the publishing committee to change its mind. The arguments and fights were tremendous.

But an excuse was rendered up by the publishing committee under tremendous pressure to do so.

The results, it was said, of the OOB experiments were so good that there "must be something wrong with them."

This is exactly what devoted skeptics say when confronted with many other excellent psi research results.

The publishing committee, however, did not consist of devoted skeptics, but of "devoted" parapsychologists of high standing.

And these parapsychologists had now completely rejected the Osis OOB experiments -- experiments whose designs and safeguards had previously been approved by the Executive Board, and of which the publishing committee officers were also members.

The whole of this was, of course, a direct attack on the integrity and competency of Dr. Osis, Janet, and, of course, on my humble self.

What this meant for me was that my name as an experimental test subject was mud -- and would have stayed mud unless I had not gone on to bigger things.

This, however, was not the time to feel sorry for myself. My heart went out to Osis and Janet -- as did the heart of Mrs. Marion Nester, the editor and producer of the quarterly ASPR NEWSLETTER.

If I remember correctly, Marion had the summer issue of the NEWSLETTER almost ready to go to press.

But she was as outraged as everyone else was. She said that she would scrub what had been prepared, and publish the results of the eight formal experiments (I will quote at length from this NEWSLETTER in the next chapter).

This, however, was not the same as having papers published in the JOURNAL, and which parapsychologists everywhere considered a scientific one.

I don't believe Dr. Osis ever fully recovered from this disgusting event -- although he continued as Research Director for some years more. Although he and I were to have one big fight in May, I nonetheless honor and respect him completely.

At that time, he was one of the very few parapsychologists researching the question of whether there is some aspect of the human being that can go out-of-body and which might survive after death.

I did not fully realize at the time how hated was this concept by parapsychologists everywhere.

Dr. Osis was a member in good standing of the American Psychological Association, the Eastern Psychological Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a Fellow for the Scientific Study of Religion, and was on the Board of the Academy of Religion and Psychical Research.

He had published over seventy scientific articles, and had researched and authored the particular book which first brought the concept of Out-Of-Body to public awareness:

DEATHBED OBSERVATIONS BY PHYSICIANS AND NURSES (1961).

Ethically speaking, I felt that the publishing committee had no right to refuse his papers, considering that the Board had preapproved the experiments and their safeguards.

I felt that surely some other parapsychologists, and even the American Parapsychology Association, would come to his assistance -- or at least review his situation.

But to my knowledge, no one did. As I was lately reminded, the same "powers" which refused to publish his and Janet's papers were ALSO powers within the American Parapsychology Association.

To all practical purposes, this great innovator was left out in the cold as far as parapsychology was concerned.

What this amounted to was yet ANOTHER example of discrimination and persecution -- one far more serious and disgusting than what had happened to me.

I was not to learn the real reason for the refusal to publish the papers. But five years later I did so -- and from an impeccable source.

Dr. Gaither J. Pratt (1910-1979), who was the Chairman of the publishing committee, was also the foremost advocate in the United States for the NON-REPEATABLE experiment.

As mentioned earlier in this book, this was the concept that parapsychology would never have a repeatable experiment -- such as I had done with Backster, Schmeidler and Osis.

Backster, of course, was not considered a parapsychologist by parapsychologists. The JOURNAL published Schmeidler's papers on the repeatable thermistor experiments -- but only perhaps because of her extraordinary standing in science and parapsychology.

Some parapsychologists on the Board of the venerable Society also felt that the ASPR SHOULD NOT itself conduct research, and wanted to do away with the office of Research Director.

And, indeed, when Osis finally did retire, the office of Research Director was not filled again.

In the end, the Osis-Mitchell OOB experiments have been mentioned in almost every reference and popular book since.

Long after Osis had given up, Janet Mitchell continued to try to get published the paper on physiological correlates -- and which was avoided like the plague.

It was finally published in 1977, after I had become known as a "psychic spy for the CIA" and etc.

But it was published not by an American source, but in England in the JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. I will refer to this paper ahead, because some of its findings were unusual and crucial to the development of controlled remote viewing.

In April of 1972, however, it was quite likely that the publishing committee of the ASPR did not realize what the ultimate outcomes of this disgusting event would be.

The publishing committee probably didn't know of the existence of -- get ready for this -- of the Buell, Zelda and Ruth Centrals, and which tripartite kingdoms were extensive and reached everywhere, including into the influential, the parapsychological and the media.

All three of my wonderful gals were completely outraged, and seemed to take the rejection of the Osis-Mitchell papers as a personal affront to their DYNAMIC SELVES.

Thus, I personally know of five individuals who, on their deaths, were prepared to bequeath their considerable estates to the ASPR, but who changed their minds.

And during the first year after this storm, the ASPR lost over a thousand members and their subscription fees, and another thousand during the following year.

Meanwhile, the JOURNAL proceeded along as a forum through which parapsychologists could get their papers published -- even though Chester B. Carlson, largely because of Osis' efforts, had set up the venerable Society with his \$2 million endowment for RESEARCH, not exclusively as a publishing house for papers.

He had invested in Dr. Osis' concepts regarding out-of-body research and survival after death.

It was at this time that I first encountered the idea of getting the money under any pretense possible -- and then utilizing it for entirely different things.

Buell Mullen, and the two lovable Bennitts, were not ones to gloat. But they couldn't resist telling me "I told you so" -- that the venerable Society was a cesspool of pointless intrigue and backbiting, and expert in shooting itself in its feet.

In private, Buell asked: "Well, you still want to give the pledged donor fund to the ASPR?" At this point, the covert pledges amounted to just over \$350,000.

I, of course, was completely embarrassed. I explained that I had volunteered to leave the ASPR so I could get on with my own life.

But Osis, Mitchell, Schmeidler, Ehrenwald, the Wingates and Arthur Twitchell had asked me to stay in order to complete outstanding experiments.

It was even thought we might do another fresh set of formal OOB experiments all of which would be filmed on camera this time.

"I would like to support Osis," I told Buell. "But right now it's not at all clear how to do it."

Indeed, NOTHING was clear any more.

Chapter 31

RECEPTION FOR INGO SWANN AT

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

- 26 APRIL 1972 -

Over the phone I told Dr. Hal Puthoff about the disgusting affair of the publishing committee's refusal to publish the papers.

I remember having to go two times through the facts of the event because Hal had difficulty in making sense of them. He was, I think, bewildered.

So I clarified a number of issues, including some which were ethical ones -- in my mind at least.

I explained that the disgusting event had taken place so fast that the publishing committee obviously had not had time to submit the Osis/Mitchell papers to the peer review process, and which would have taken at least a month or more. So the decision not to publish had been an "executive" one.

Translated, this meant that the decision not to publish had been based in authoritarian or totalitarian overviews of only a very few individuals.

Then I said: "What this really means is that I am done for in parapsychology -- on my way out. And so I plan to fade into obscurity and write novels."

Anyhow, this event had given me a very good excuse NOT to go to Stanford Research Institute. "If I came there, the chances are that YOUR reputation would get ruined, too."

Hal mumbled something about making up his own mind about things, and renewed his invitation. He also sent letters of inquiry about me to Osis and Dr. Schmeidler, copies of which were later given to me for my archives.

Anyhow, I was relieved that I didn't have to go to California and try to strut my stuff before a noted physicist.

I suddenly felt FREE of parapsychology. By this time, my "career" as a test subject had lasted only nine months -- and which was par for the course in parapsychology labs.

There was only this stupid reception to get through.

I tried to impress on everyone that if there was to be a reception, it should honor not only my humble self, but especially, and even more so, Dr. Karlis Osis and Janet Mitchell.

After all, it was their experiments which were more notable than my mere participation in them as a test subject.

I was very frank about this, believing that credit should be given where it is due, but often avoided or ignored. I have not changed my mind about this since.

But no one would hear of this, including Osis and Mitchell. Janet said: "Well, Ingo, you have burst over parapsychology like a roman candle. You have to accept the credit."

"Yeah," I replied, "and gone out as fast as roman candles do."

I tried to find out when the ASPR had last given a reception. No one seemed to know, and so if one had been given it was way back in the history of the venerable Society.

The prospect of the reception terrified me, frankly put. I felt that no one would come -- because the refusal to publish the papers directly implied that someone had cheated -- specifically myself.

But there was no getting out of it.

And so I tried to resolve my second problem -- by now I was so FAT, FAT, FAT I couldn't fit into any nice United Nations suits, of which I had an even dozen. During the week before the reception I had drank only liquid protein in an effort to reduce. This effort was futile.

I had no money to buy a new suit. So in the end I selected a nice Nehru jacket, a style which had briefly been fashionable about 1969. I couldn't get it buttoned, of course, but it hid some of my accumulating belly. I chose a big white tie which filled in the unbuttoned space and somewhat hid my bulging belly.

While dressing, I felt I was getting ready to volunteer for the guillotine.

Well, what the hell. While slowly and reluctantly squeezing into my clothes, I smoked ten cigars and drank five vodka and sodas.

And so I arrived at the dreaded reception a half hour late.

On the street, I didn't see anyone else going into the venerable Society, and so I expected the worst.

Just inside the door I found the welcoming committee waiting. It consisted of Dr. Alice I. Bryan of the board of trustees, and a dowager lady whose name I'm sorry I don't remember, but who was a constant benefactor of the ASPR. The welcoming committee also consisted of Dr. Isobel Wingate, Ruth Hagy Brod, and my Zelda Dearest.

I hugged each of these ladies, and there was a sudden bursting of flash bulbs and applause. When the glare had subsided, I saw that the venerable premises were packed to the hilt -- with hardly any standing room left.

I spent the next hour with the welcoming committee being introduced and shaking an endless number of hands.

Janet was busy on the third floor showing the lab and demonstrating the brainwaves of those who had the courage to get hooked up.

Dr. Osis was busy on the fourth floor giving short lectures about the OOB experiments to groups of people.

I later found out that 353 people had signed the guest book before it ran out of pages.

But many guesstimated that a thousand or more packed all four of the ASPR's floors. At least thirty media types were in attendance, and it seems that all of the New York area major media sent reps and photographers along.

I shall now begin quoting from the ASPR NEWSLETTER (No. 14, Summer 1972) produced by Mrs. Marion Nester, and which came out about two weeks after the reception.

To my knowledge, this is the only "official" record of the event, and it needs to be entered into their present record of the real story of remote viewing, and which record will probably be the only real chronological record of remote viewing.

"RECEPTION FOR INGO SWANN: A showing of seven paintings by Ingo Swann, 'expanded Awareness in ART,' was featured in a reception at the ASPR on April 26. Mr. Swann is participating extensively in ASPR experimentation on out-of-body states. The gathering provided members with an opportunity to relate visually to his subjective experience of out-of-body travel, and to hear about the scientific study of this aspect of parapsychology.

"When Mr. Swann became involved with psychical research he discovered what for him is a new painting style. His pictures convey his experience of expanded consciousness. 'Aft-Ship's view of Sagittarius,' for example, reproduces [this type of experiencing] on canvas, so that viewers may get a feeling of it, his awareness of the cosmos during his out-of-body states.

"More than 300 people were present at the event, which was made possible by the invaluable help of ASPR members: Mrs. Ruth Brod, Mrs. Judy Skutch [now Mrs. Whitson], Mrs. Rita Livingston, Mrs. Lucille Kahn, Mrs. Sandra Ohrstrom [now Ms. Wright] and of the administrative staff.

"Included in the program was a tour of the laboratory. Demonstrations were conducted on the ESPteacher and the Polygraph: Dr. Osis gave an informal talk on visual perception and on the current research."

On the second page of the NEWSLETTER exists the only report of the OOB experiments to be put in print. I will quote it in its entirety, since many of its elements served in the future as a basis for the development of controlled remote viewing.

"NEW ASPR RESEARCH ON OUT-OF-THE-BODY EXPERIENCES: Karlis Osis, Ph.D. -
Director of Research, ASPR.

"In the current research on out-of-body experiences (part of the program undertaken within the scope of the expected James Kidd legacy), our central hypothesis is that a human being has an ecsomatic aspect [i.e., outside of the body aspect] capable of operating independently of and away from the physical body.

"This part of the personality may also be conceived of as leaving the body at death and continuing to exist. We want to combine all our information from OOBE, apparition cases and deathbed-observations experiences, to see whether this ecsomatic-existence hypothesis is strengthened by our new data and its theoretical integration.

"If the hypothesis indeed proves justified (in opposition to the counter-hypothesis that OOB consists only of ESP coupled with fantasies of traveling), we expect to arrive at something like Myers' concept of a phantasmogenic center which operates outside the body.

"This concept assumes that the center of the projection is capable of perceiving from the point of view of the location in space to which it has projected itself - rather than from the subject's actual eye-level.

"We have now contacted over 100 individuals who responded to our appeals for participants. Out-of-town subjects were invited to project themselves to my office and try to identify target objects arranged on a coffee table there. Several people obtained very encouraging results.

"Our major subject to date has been Ingo Swann, with whom Janet Mitchell has conducted exploratory sessions.

"The general procedure has been as follows: Mr. Swann sits quietly in a semi-dark experimental room, attached to a polygraph (in the adjoining room) which records data concerning his physiological state, i.e., brain waves (EEG), heart rate, respiration, etc.

"The targets are on a shelf suspended two feet from the ceiling of the experimental room. This shelf is divided by a partition, on each side of which is a tray containing an arrangement of target objects, placed so as to look distinctively different as seen, say, from the south or from the north.

"We used objects having strong form and color, e.g., an umbrella, a black leather scissors-case, an apple. We asked Mr. Swann to tell us the position from which he saw the objects. He gave us verbal descriptions of the targets, as well as sketches [i.e., the picture drawings]. We developed psychological scales for rating the quality and clarity (as subjectively described) of his OOB vision, which varied from time to time.

"The results were evaluated by blind judging: that is, a psychologist was asked to match up Mr. Swann's responses without knowing which target they were meant for.

"She correctly matched all the 8 [formal] sessions (the likelihood of getting 8 out of 8 by chance is 1 in approximately 40,000).

"PERCEPTION: Ingo Swann sometimes (though not always) was able to give very clear identifications, e.g., the shape of a black leather case on a red background, or a blue cross.

"His OOB perception was organized in much the same way as if he were indeed looking at the stimulus shelf from the point where he felt he had projected his spiritual self.

"So OOB vision seems in one respect at least to be more like normal vision than does ESP. Whereas the ESP processes mostly elude conscious awareness, OOB vision appears to be directly observable [by the subject]. For instance Mr. Swann was keenly aware of the lighting conditions in the stimulus area [referring to the burnt out light bulb.]

"Does OOB vision follow the laws of OPTICS? On the high self we arranged stimulus material (for example a small letter 'd') inside a closed box with a small opening and a two-mirror system.

"We wanted to see whether in the OOB state Mr. Swann could see the target through the opening, as he would normally see it from that point (as reflected via the mirror), or whether he would see it directly by clairvoyance, without using the mirrored image.

"On the basis of our [successful] preliminary results, we are now developing sophisticated optical systems for testing the ecsomatic hypothesis of OOBE. Several physicists, engineers and psychologists are enthusiastically cooperating [names given at the end of this longish quote.]

"PHYSIOLOGY: What is happening to Ingo Swann's body at the times when he feels his spiritual self to be somewhere else? We have accumulated a considerable mass of physiological records, now in process of analysis.

"The autonomic nervous system responses seem quite within normal range, indicating that there is no danger to the organism during OOB states.

"Mr. Swann was also given biofeedback training for the slower brain-wave frequencies (alpha and theta). He identified these states and after a while could reproduce them at will.

"Until our analysis is complete, we can say nothing definite about brain-wave activity during the OOB, but the voltage changes do appear to be important."

"Members who have generously donated their time and advice for the Out-of-Body Research:

"PHYSICISTS: Mr. L. F. Barcus, Mr. Thomas Etter, Mr. Robert J. Kleehammer, Mr. James Merewether.

"PSYCHOLOGISTS: Miss Bonnita Preskari, Dr. Carole K. Silfen.

"ENGINEERS: Mr. Kenneth Cohen, Mr. Martin Ruderfer, Mr. G.M. Smith."

The above longish quote, then, is the nexus of the papers the publishing committee refused to publish. For the reception, the ASPR staff had prepared 150 copies of this statement by Dr. Osis on behalf of his rejected research. I wanted one for my archives -- but the copies had all been gobbled up by the time I arrived.

The reception had been scheduled from 5:00 to 8:00. But it was still rather thickly populated as of 9:00.

As the crowd began to thin a little, I had a chance to talk longer to various people. Ms. Ann T. Johnson was the staff photographer at the time and kindly provided me with a set of photos.

I treasure them to this day.

It was thus that I have a wonderful photo of Janet Mitchell smiling beside the temperamental Dynograph (brainwave/polygraph) machine.

Another of my humble self and my past love Paula standing before my large painting, AFT-SHIP'S VIEW OF SAGITTARIUS.

And another of my humble self talking with and being nice to, of all things, one of the then-leading editors of TIME magazine, i.e., that magazine of the Fraud Box infamy. And with this my "adventures" with TIME magazine had just begun.

Everyone felt the reception was a tremendous success, but I've sort of resented it to this day, for it was held somewhat over the bodies of Janet Mitchell and Dr. Karlis Osis.

And so the reception was over, but not quite.

The original plan for the paintings displayed at the ASPR was that they should hang there for three months, in order for ASPR members to come in and view them if they wanted.

A few days after the reception, though, I was told that a member of the Board was objecting to the paintings on the grounds that the ASPR should not be used to display a private person's artwork.

I was told that this was Mr. Charles Honorton, then Assistant Secretary -- and a noted parapsychologist.

Honorton was much later to do much constructive work to change the skeptical viewpoints regarding psi of several noted scientists, and altogether his work in this regard was unquestionably admirable.

He is dead now, unfortunately passing well before his time, and I regret his disappearance from the scene. And I had the honor of sitting to the left of his boxed ashes at the memorial to him held at the ASPR -- a very sad event, indeed.

Rather than have the ASPR go through another conflict about my paintings, of all things, I volunteered to remove them, and did so immediately.

Together with three other works, two of the ASPR paintings, including AFT-SHIP'S VIEW OF SAGITTARIUS, ultimately found a permanent home when they were solicited into the "space art" collection of the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum in Washington, DC. I gave these paintings (five of them) to the national patrimony for free, although it is certainly a very tiny patrimony.

I was proud and honored when the Smithsonian packing crew came and carefully boxed them up.

I left one painting behind, though. It was the working sketch in oils for the triptych DEATH OF A MAN, the one Mr. Reed Erickson, Zelda's employer, had bought in 1969 at the

recommendation of Dr. Jean Houston. Dr. Osis had been especially fond of this painting when he had visited my studio.

In removing the paintings, I found him gazing deeply into it. I was touched and said: "Why don't you personally accept this one as a gift."

He did, and I was pleased.

Chapter 32

THE ASPR DISRUPTION - MAY 1972 -

I was to continue to work off and on at the ASPR for the next three years following the reception. Although I cut back my work schedule there after the reception, I felt I had to stay for Osis' and Janet's sake. And indeed they asked me to stay, as did the entire staff at the ASPR.

And I wasn't to be driven out by dark, largely anonymous forces which apparently lurked here and there. I still fancied myself the lean, mean fighting machine -- albeit apparently neither lean or mean enough. I was to toughen up much later.

Osis, Mitchell, Schmeidler and I and other supporters on the Board had many discussions about what to do, about how to get the experiments, and which experiments, up and running again.

At first my heart wasn't entirely in it. But when strange gossip began surfacing about me, I knew I had somehow to get stronger.

I had my tripartite spy organizations of Zelda, Buell and Ruth Centrals, and all of which combined to inform me of EVERYTHING. I was ready to quit lab research. But I wasn't going to be driven away from the ASPR by demeaning gossip, of all things.

It is somewhat painful to include the following in this book, and many might at first consider it out of place -- even vulgar.

But in the years to come, enormous efforts were made to debunk and debase remote viewing.

These efforts were made not only by chronic skeptics who could easily be identified as the "enemy."

Some of the efforts were made by a few noted parapsychologists, and some self-styled ones who had risen into visibility. I will touch on some of these events ahead.

All of these efforts included very ugly gossip, and so GOSSIP has its place in the real story of remote viewing.

In the first few days immediately following the reception of 26 April which, all in all, had turned out to be a rather glorious event,

I soon found it being spread about that I was, among other things, a drunkard; a debaucher; an alcoholic; a homosexual. I wasn't married, and so, it was said, I "must be" one. I also must be a pornographer because I was interested in, well, whatever they thought I was interested in.

On the other hand, I was also said to be a seducer of older wealthy women, and which caused some my older female friends to smile -- somewhat with a gleam of hope as I sometimes interpreted it.

It was ALSO said that my overall behavior was probably mentally deranged, that I was a mindless Scientology clone and spy. I was also a skillful mind manipulator, that I could read minds, and that I was a danger and threat to the integrity of parapsychology.

I was quite disturbed by this cloaked gossip at first, and thought it quite cruel.

But Zelda said, and she was serious, that "any publicity is good publicity. Just make sure they can spell your name right."

And Zelda reminded me that I had designated myself as a lean, mean, fighting machine, and ought to ignore the obscene accusations. Buell advised that I SHOULD read minds, for doing so was the only way of protecting oneself.

Well, I did like my drinks. So at least the drinking part was partly true. But in fact, I didn't drink very often or very much except on occasions when I had no lab work forthcoming. You see, drink caused my psi functions to degrade or cease altogether. I also couldn't drink and paint or write, which I did most of the time, because doing so caused my inspirations to vanish.

But there was another side to the gossip, and I found going before me a fabulous reputation, one entirely out of proportion to my humble self.

I was a genius, an experimental innovator, an inspired mystic, and could travel out-of-body anywhere I wanted to go.

The appellations of "superpsychic" and "superman" (with X-ray eyes, no less) now first surfaced for the first time.

Some of this fabulous gossip held that I was the best thing which had ever happened to parapsychology. I shuddered on hearing this, for I well knew what parapsychologists would think of it.

The only part of this which was partly true was that I loved designing innovative experiments. Although I couldn't have known it at the time, this particular trait was to stand me in good stead in the future.

In the end, Zelda and I had laughing fits when new gossip tidbits came flowing in. "What next?" we would laugh.

As I've mentioned earlier, Zelda was the "Earth Mother" type, and had enormous connections everywhere. And she was a veteran sexologist, and people liked to talk with her and felt they could freely do so.

Thus she knew of some of parapsychology's sexual closets -- for example, who was a cross-dresser in secret; who was into S&M leather scenes; who was a compulsive satyr type trying to hop every female encountered; who was into drugs and psychedelics and what kind; who was a prude, who was ambidextrous even if married; who was impotent, who had prostrate problems; who couldn't get it up.

I must remind here that all of this was alleged to me by Zelda and a few others at times. In only three cases did I encounter first-hand knowledge.

But in the end, all of this only meant that behind the rather prissy surface of parapsychology, parapsychologists themselves were human just like anyone else.

As psychologists say most people do, some of them presented an official public side -- but there is also a hidden side conducted in private and secrecy. Several books, I think, have rather recently been written about this.

Hal Puthoff and I twice talked on the telephone, and both times he repeated his invitation to come to SRI.

But I now had a second reason not to go. I told him of the sudden upsurge in vile gossip. "If I come there," I said, "you will have an alcoholic, faggot, mind-manipulator on your hands, one who also seduces elderly wealthy women. I'm sure you don't want such an odious creature under your wings."

In any event, I had firmly decided to slip out of the work at the ASPR and get back to my real life. I told him of this intent, and said "No. Thanks for your offer, but I'll not come there."

I was not the first to undergo the "gossip torture treatment," as I sometimes referred to it.

When Bob Monroe published in his first book that he could pinch female asses while out-of-body, the gossip exploded that if he could do THAT he could do all the rest, too.

Soon two or three women surfaced who claimed that they had been taken wonderful and satisfying advantage of by him while HE was roaming about in a lusty out-of-body state. He was also accused of invading and reading minds, and mind-controlling situations to his own advantage.

When word got about that Cleve Backster was conducting experiments on sperm, the gossip lines exploded regarding how and from whom he got his specimens and under what circumstances.

I'll leave it to your imagination here -- and in any event, imagination rather than first-hand facts always takes precedence regarding these kinds of things.

Besides the soap-opera drooling, the lascivious thrill of such speculations, the real purpose of such gossip probably had more to do with discrediting and stigmatizing certain individuals who might be making breakthroughs outside of the central and organized pale of parapsychology.

If the reputations of such contributors can be destroyed, or at least brought into question, then their work need not be considered or contended with.

In my direct experience of them, Monroe and Backster were paragons of propriety and hard work. But neither were accepted as parapsychologists by the hard, inner core of parapsychology -- although certain recent encyclopedias published in the 1990s have restored this well-deserved appellation to them.

All this "negative" gossip ultimately had a tentative outcome.

"Zelda," I said, "why don't we write a book on the sexual proclivities and phenomena of psychics, psychical researchers and parapsychologists beginning when the first Psychological Research Society was formed?"

Zelda was a bit flustered at this. "I've thought about it," she replied.

For my part, I decided to research these topics with the view to ultimately writing such a book. After all, I intended to be a writer, and this project certainly was a fascinating one during the years I dug deep into various sources.

In the end, I decided not to include personal stuff about psychics, psychical researchers and parapsychologists. My book would be about sexual phenomena encountered while doing research dating from the time of Anton Mesmer.

I finished that book two years ago, under the title of PSYCHIC SEXUALITY. Like this present book, it was turned down by all the major publishers my wonderful agent, Ms. Sandra Martin, submitted it to.

Most of the rejection letters stated that it was fascinating and written very well, but it was not their "type of thing." In other words, it was too hot and far out to handle.

I may self-publish it one of these days. And, indeed, I might self-publish a whole lot of stuff.

I probably compounded the negative gossip thing because of a strange, but welcome, shift in my attitude about myself.

After the reception at the ASPR, I began receiving invitations to dinners and parties by the score, often from people I didn't even know. I suppose everyone wanted to see what this odd mixture of gossip looked like.

I became mildly amused by watching people try to fit me into THEIR usually limited stereotype concepts -- and took a small revenge by doing everything I could NOT to fit into any of them.

Since I couldn't fit into any of my clothes any longer, I bought "new" ones at used clothing stores, and wore them boldly everywhere I went. But these tended to be religious, police or military clothes of one type or another.

I mixed these with ordinary clothes -- and went to the dinners and parties wearing them. I was expected to be abnormal, and so it was a pleasure to present myself as such.

After the reception, though, it was for sure that I was considered at least an oddity of a wide variety. Prior to this, I had tried very hard to NOT be considered an oddity. But there it now was, anyway.

So I said to myself: "To hell with NOT trying to be an oddity, let me just experience being my true self for a while."

And so I started appearing in public dressed in various strange ways. I didn't go overboard, though, but added discrete costume elements to my daily attire.

When Al Brod saw I had gotten into "costumes," he gave me two duffel bags full of HIS WW II Army clothes. He had always been somewhat portly, and they fitted me perfectly -- until I got even FATTER.

There was a somewhat liberating fallout from all the negative and positive gossip, at least in my mind. It freed me to be what I wanted to be at any given time -- where hereto I had forced myself to conform to respectable conventional standards. I luxuriated in this new-found freedom of alternating identities.

And there was one great and unexpected reward to this change in dressing style.

Because of my "costumes," I suddenly found myself easily accepted into a social substrata which had mostly rejected me before. Which is to say, into the realms of New York ARTISTS -- and most of whom tend to dress and act radically anyway.

In any event, the first part of the New Age Wave was in full progress, and to be even a small part of it meant that one could not wear conventional clothes which the "tuned in" New Agers had "dropped out of."

But even within this new-found "freedom," I felt that the negative, ridiculous gossip was designed to drive me out of the ASPR -- and terminally out of parapsychology itself.

So Zelda and Ruth helped me trace back some of the gossip to its original source. In those instances where we succeeded, a parapsychologist was often found, and on some occasions other psychics.

My calendar for 1972 shows that I worked at the ASPR only ten days during May.

When I arrived for work on 3 May, I expected to do more of the tedious ESP teacher experiments.

But things went differently. I take the following from Janet's log for that day.

"Ingo arrived late in the rain. It was a surprise to both him and me that Dr. Osis had planned another experiment at the Natural History Museum. Dr. Haraldsson and Vera were to go there and Ingo was to find out what they were looking at."

Dr. Haraldsson was Dr. Erlendur Haraldsson, the noted psychologist and parapsychologist from Iceland, who was spending a period at the ASPR.

He had received his Ph.D. from the University of Freiburg with a dissertation entitled "Vasomotoric Reactions as Indicators of Extrasensory Perception." He later undertook research in Sri Lanka and India regarding cases of reincarnation.

Haraldsson and Osis had very much in common, including their body types, and so they seemed from the same planet. Dr. Haraldsson was genial and charming, and I liked him very much.

Janet and I later learned that this particular out-bound remote viewing experiment had been planned for a week, at the beginning of which Haraldsson and Vera had again gone to the American Museum of Natural History to plan their route.

This was to be the fifth experiment of this type. Of the four others, three had worked out quite well, but one was a bust as far as my perceptions went.

Janet had been omitted from the loop in this fifth case -- which she and I interpreted as questioning her integrity, and had somehow aided me in cheating.

But she was as "blind" to this experiment as she had been to all the others. She had not known the locations selected inside the Museum. But here was the first open suspicion that perhaps she managed to cue me in some fashion.

In the case of this experiment, the two out-bound beacons were to be at their first target site at 2:25 p.m. They were to stay there for four minutes, and then spend two minutes moving to their next pre-selected location.

I enter the full text of this experiment into this permanent record, because of a highly unusual aspect -- one which scared the bejesus out of the experimenters, and parapsychology as well.

2:25 P.M. Well, I'm having a little difficulty, but I suppose they are in some sort of a dark corridor. I can see a lighted hall at the other end, maybe in one of those rooms where they have those glassed-in exhibits, but I can't be sure. That's all. Did you get that? [I asked Janet through the intercom.] I now seem to be over a banister of some sort, a railing. Yes, a wide wooden railing. They seem to be moving now.

FEEDBACK. The two beacons were late at getting to their first pre-selected site and were still in a corridor at 2:25 P.M. They then emerged into a large room with glassed-in exhibits

protected by large wooden railings. They quickly proceeded to the next location in order to make up for the lost time.

2:31 P.M. Well, again I am uncertain. It doesn't seem -- it doesn't appear that they've moved too far from where they were before, but if I position myself in back of where I think they are standing, they seem to be standing in front of a large window of some sort. I don't [pause] have the clarity [pause].

(NOTE: The last pause was a rather long one, and Janet noted that I picked up the verbalizing at 2:35 P.M. and which was out of order according to the established, pre-timed schedule.)

2:35 P.M. They now seem to be moving. I think they must have moved towards the right from where they were standing. I seem to feel that they are trying to decide which way to go next. There's a choice of corridors there or directions.

FEEDBACK: Haraldsson and Vera had gone to the Museum a week earlier to plot out their locations in the Museum, and the routes to get quickly from one to another. During the intervening week, the Museum had thrown up alternate wooden corridors and blocked off others because of renovations which had gotten underway after the two beacons had planned their routes, and of which the two were unaware. At this point, they were LOST and didn't know how to get to their next location. The Museum is very big. Thus, they were confused as to which way to go next.

2:37 P.M. At this point I see that they are passing some cages or -- not cages but shelves or displays which have glass fronts to them, where I can't quite discern what is in the glass case. Yes, I sort of got the feeling that they have stopped. Well, as usual in situations like this where there is so much in the environment, it is very hard for me to specify any thing. I can't see anything that I could specify except glass. They just moved location somehow.

FEEDBACK: The two beacons were again in a construction zone, a room of glassed-in exhibits, but most of the exhibits had been taken away leaving empty glass cases.

2:43 P.M. I get the impression, and this is an impression, that they are not as cool and collected as they might be. Well, I can see a corridor and stairs, but I can't quite seem to correlate how close they are to it. That's what I can't figure out. I can't quite locate them. Well, it's almost as if there were some confusion around which makes me withdraw from them. I'm not quite certain what it is. I'm afraid that's going to be it [for this session.]

FEEDBACK: The two beacons were lost again because of the construction work. At this point they encountered a set of stairs but which were roped off. For a few moments they split up and went in different directions to find their way. They were confused, and I was picking up the confusion.

Dr. Osis waited with Janet and my humble self until the two beacons returned. We felt I hadn't done well regarding my remote viewing perceptions. I was quiet, trying to figure out why I had experienced so many confusions during the experiment.

Then I got it. "Ah ha, I have a feeling they got lost at least TWICE.

Osis didn't see how that could be since they had planned their route a week earlier.

But I had faith in my perceptions. When the two out-bound beacons came in-bound into Janet's office, I spurted out: "You got lost, didn't you? That's why you were confused."

Yes! They had gotten lost because of the unexpected construction work.

Vera seemed pleased that I had detected this.

But Haraldsson's face had turned somewhat pale. "Does this mean you can READ OUR MINDS, TOO?" he asked.

And here I had inadvertently tripped across the most feared of the hidden wires in parapsychology research -- MIND PROBING.

I hadn't done anything of the kind, of course. I did NOT say in my responses that I was telepathically probing their minds, just that they were confused about which way to go next.

But in my gut I intuited that my career in psi was over with. A "psychic" was not supposed to read minds, at least those of the of experimenters and parapsychologists.

In any event, Haraldsson remained at the ASPR for the month of May. But I remember that he was cold toward me.

For the rest of May we limped through various experiment. But tension was everywhere.

When I arrived at the ASPR for work on 29 May, Janet said that Dr. Osis wanted to see me in his office. Her face was pinched up.

So I bounded up the stairs to Dr. Osis.

The upshot was that we were to do no more remote viewing experiments, that the ASPR was not to permit time for ideas I wanted to test out.

I was furious. And, I'm sorry to say that I treated Dr. Osis to one of my most volatile outrages -- and for which I was later to become somewhat noted as the "prima donna superpsychic."

I remember saying: "Is this your idea, or the idea of some of the scumbags on the Board?"

Does this mean that we will dispense with all my concepts -- including the picture-drawing one?"

No, the picture drawing idea had been a good one, and "we" (the ASPR) would continue to use it.

But in essence, I was henceforth to do only what the experimenters wanted -- and nothing else. I was to become a standard test subject.

The argument was tremendous and went on for about fifteen minutes.

"I quit," I shouted, "as of this moment. I will go somewhere else to work."

Then Dr. Osis managed to say the one thing which managed to break this camel's back.

I don't know how he managed to say this one thing. I remember it verbatim.

"Eeengo," he smiled. "Ver would ju go? Zer is no place else for ju to go."

"Vell," I said, rudely mimicking his accent (to my eternal regret), "Ve'll jus see about that!"

and stormed out of his office with my fists clenched wanting to break holes in the wall.

I briefed Janet, and then left the ASPR. I got to the stairs of the subway and once again sat

down on the same spot where I had my transcendental experience the October before.

I calmed down a little, and smoked a package of cigars, astonished at the vigor of the

adrenaline arousal of a complete hatred -- not for Osis or the ASPR, but for the

parapsychology establishment in general.

I remembered Dr. Kinzel's advice to get some other more conventional place to test the PK

stuff.

I stood up. There was now only one option open to me. If I didn't try for it, then my short-

lived career would be not only mud, but sewage.

For reasons I can't explain, I've always had a peculiar kind of philosophical overview. It is

this.

When all of what is to be known about a situation is known, and you don't like it, then marching into the completely unknown is more preferable -- for better or worse.

When I got to my studio, I went directly to the phone and rang up Dr. H. E. Puthoff at Stanford Research Institute.

When he answered, I said: "OK, I'll come. When do you want me? I don't have enough money for an air ticket. How will we handle that?"

"How about tomorrow? If you can get up the money, SRI will reimburse you for the travel expenses, and some per diem while you are here." (NOTE. It took SRI, with its millions or more of dollars, SIX MONTHS to reimburse me.)

I called up Zelda Dearest. "I have to have some money to go somewhere urgent. Can you loan it to me. It will be paid back."

I didn't tell her where I was going, or anyone else either. "Just say I've gone to screw my head off in Acapulco."

I arrived at San Francisco Airport on 4 June 1972. Hal Puthoff was waiting to meet me.

Until this day, and considering all that happened since, I've wondered if I did the right thing in making this first visit to SRI. I still don't know for sure.

In any event, I had stepped into the completely "unknown." It and its forthcoming circumstances were to be awesome indeed.

Part Three: Stanford Research Institute (SRI) 1972

The trouble with the world is that the stupid are cocksure
and the intelligent are full of doubt.

-- Bertrand Russell

What we need is more people who specialize in the impossible.

-- Theodore Roethke

Chapter 33

AIRBORNE INTO THE IMPOSSIBLE

When on 4 June 1972 I departed New York to visit Dr. H. E. Puthoff at Stanford Research Institute, I was quite sure I had finally taken leave of my senses. During the long taxi ride to the NY airport I was encased in dark, foreboding feelings of gloom and doom.

Frankly put, I felt stupid - which is one of the worst feelings one can have - and why, I suppose, so many pretend they are not stupid.

But there were two reasons I dared to make the trip.

Dr. Karlis Osis had quipped that I had no place else to go other than the American Society for Psychical Research. It was of course quite infantile of me to make the trip to SRI just to show him and everyone that I WAS invited to another place.

But second, I was sure that the respected Dr. Puthoff would want to see some convincing experiment conducted under his supervision and control. Without such an experiment, at the nation's second largest "think tank" to boot, all of the Schmeidler and Osis work would soon disappear under the cloying onslaught of doubt which would come in from all possible directions, including from within parapsychology itself.

I absolutely adored Gertrude Schmeidler, and aside from Osis's relative innocence regarding scumbaggy human machinations, I admired and respected his experimental designs. If, then, I did not at least dare to try elsewhere to take part in some kind of experiments, I felt I would be abandoning them because of simple cowardice.

THEN! OH MY GOD, and even worse! There were also my three networks to consider, composed of the Buell Mullen, Ruth Hagy Brod, and Zelda Suplee Centrals. THEY would NOT appreciate cowardliness. If I didn't go to Puthoff, surely the word would circulate that I had been invited by him, but had declined because I really couldn't produce. Would not this be a visible signal to opportunistic skeptics everywhere?

I believe I could have lived with the loss of face if it involved only myself. But for the first time in my life, and much to my surprise, the current situation involved many of others, all of whom I respected and whose friendships were entirely meaningful to me.

I, poor little Moi, was caught between those painful circumstances typically described as the damned if you don't try and damned if you do try - and fail.

But there is no shame in failure IF one gives one's best shot at trying. Right? After all, that's what sports competitions are all about.

And here was my first real intimation of the "circumstances" thing I presented in Chapter 1 of this book. I had never before really felt I was sucked into circumstances - other than those which seemed to be of my own making.

The circumstances now surrounding my trip to California were not made by me, but had come about because of situations which involved others - situations which I had been sucked into simply because I had volunteered to try lab experiments. And I was caught into them as a portended victim is caught between two pincer prongs - thereafter to be jerked around as the circumstances desired.

To be more clear, I had always felt that my life was more or less under my own determination, for better or worse. In large part, I could take part in what I wanted, and I always could walk away from whatever. No one cared one way or another.

In any event, the experiments with Puthoff would at least be under excellent auspices - auspices far beyond anything parapsychology had to offer anywhere. Stanford Research Institute WAS an eminent SCIENCE center. The whole of parapsychology was, if anything at all, only a fringe science affair, with the mainstream and academic emphasis on "fringe."

Back in 1972, "fringe" still meant "looney tunes"... "wacko"... "deranged." Today in the 1990s, use of that term has virtually disappeared replaced by "cutting edge."

The SRI adventure could have only two possible outcomes.

(1) I would fail, but only by having demonstrated the courage to try at which time I could finally put an end to this whole affair;

(2) Perhaps some small positive result would result by having tried, at which time I could rest on those small laurels and finally put an end to this whole affair.

Either way, I could finally STOP this whole mishmash and get back to painting, writing or whatnot. God, how I wanted all of this to END, and to fulfill Janet Mitchell's wonderful analogy when she said I had burst over parapsychology like a Roman candle to which I had replied that their beautiful lights don't last long.

Finally, I really DID have to stop all this parapsychology stuff and bullshit. You see, for one thing there was NO money in it for a "psychic" research subject. The only problem was how to get out of it the best way possible and it was Dr. H. E. Puthoff who would provide me either of the two face-saving avenues to do so.

It was with all this in mind (and I do remember it very well) that I stepped into the plane completely certain that all of this incredible silliness would be over with one way or another within a week's time and everyone's face would be saved at least in some respects.

In other words, Dr. Puthoff was to be my vehicle of ESCAPE, my route back into my mundane FREEDOM, after which I could get my nerves together and resume writing erotic novels and painting metaphysical paintings.

Alas! The best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray, as the old cliché goes.

As it turned out, I didn't escape anything.

You see, whereas I had all of the other factors appraised quite well and accurately, I completely failed in even noticing one which needed to be appraised more than all the rest of them together.

That one factor was Dr. H. E. Puthoff himself.

Chapter 34

HAROLD E. PUTHOFF, Ph.D

It is now not only my great pleasure, but an honor, to introduce Dr. Hal Puthoff. He is the sole and only reason that what came to be called "remote viewing" saw the light of day, and in the big-time way it achieved its extraordinary visibility.

And in this sense I want very clearly to say that as all roads led to Rome in antiquity, so all remote-viewing roads in our time led to Puthoff. Everyone else connected to RV, including myself, were incidental to Puthoff's great thrust on its behalf.

Because of his importance, I want to take some time here to present Puthoff, and I will do so by first stepping outside of the usual biographical description. In that usual biographical sense, in the same way I am stereotyped and over-simplified as an "artist," so too is Puthoff stereotyped as a "physicist."

Indeed, he IS a physicist, and indeed I am a painter of canvases.

But Puthoff exemplifies dimensions which extend far beyond the confines of his chosen profession, physics. And in that this book is an historical memoir, what I will now say about him may be the only place posterity might find a more complete rendering of him. You see I have MEMORIES of him extending throughout our close association for over fifteen years.

Some years ago, the now venerable consciousness researcher, Dr. Jean Houston (who is noted for making short statements poignant with very deep implications) quipped that we should try to put a man on Earth before attempting to put one on the Moon or into space.

Implicit in Houston's remark is the concept that human specimens of our species dwelling on Earth are less than their enormous potential which might be realized if someone really and definitively goes to work. Also implicit, I might suppose, is that just because one is born of the human species, well, that is no indication that one achieves true human-ness or humanity or becomes representative of our species potentials. I am sure Jean will straighten me out if I have erred in interpretation here.

In my long studied observation of Hal, I believe him to be one such man, the scope of whose human-ness and humanity are stupidly hidden behind the stereotype of him as a mere "physicist."

In any event, even if some will believe I have overblown something here, I will hold that Puthoff is a great man.

As will unfold in the many chapters ahead, he and I were to work closely and creatively together, and also to have disagreements, shoot-outs and Mexican standoffs many of which achieved high dramatics.

But none of these ever altered my basic sense and appreciation of him as a great human being, a title I've learned to use very sparingly throughout the long and now tedious years of my living experiences with thousands of others.

And indeed, as I now begin my descent into advancing age, I think I can say without remorse that there IS a distinction between scumbags and human beings - even though both walk about in relatively similar bio-bodies often "dressed" in similar social and material trappings.

In order to organize this chapter regarding Puthoff, I've had to consider at length how I arrived at my estimation of him.

My first introduction to him was not a face-to-face one, but via the papers handed to me by Cleve Backster in March 1972. In Chapter 28 I have already reviewed those papers for the purposes of this book. I now refer to his proposal entitled THE PHYSICS OF PSYCHOENERGETIC PROCESSES, RESEARCH PROPOSAL (1971, unpublished), and now direct your attention to page 154 of that Chapter.

In his proposal, Puthoff had reviewed experiments in the psi phenomena of telepathy, PK, etc., and was proposing that the advancing science of quantum theory and physics be enlarged to incorporate their possibility. But Puthoff then went on to speculate that the psi phenomena were aspects of LIFE PROCESSES themselves.

"When one considers basic LIFE PROCESSES," Puthoff had written, "within the framework of modern scientific theory, particularly modern quantum theory, two basic viewpoints emerge."

These two viewpoints were that quantum theory is capable of encompassing those principles, but that the processes had not been brought into the fold of quantum theory because of the typical reductionist methodology which (in my words) infected the whole of modern science.

I now need to elaborate a little. Modern science indeed considered biological and psychological processes, and it was (and still is) those processes which scientists of all kinds tended to think of in terms of LIFE processes.

But biological and psychological processes are the RESULT of life processes - and in a specific sense cannot really be considered as the processes of LIFE itself. In other words, biological and psychological processes are manifestations of the life processes, without or in the absence of which there would be no bio-psycho processes.

And, indeed, that scientific entity which once had considered LIFE PROCESSES as such had earlier been known as VITALISM - a discipline which, around 1920, had been "conquered" and terminated by the modern materialistic sciences. You see, scientific vitalists assumed the existence of a number of phenomena which were entirely antagonistic to materialist philosophy and doctrine.

Within my knowledge as it existed at the time, Puthoff was not the only mainstream scientists to propose that psi phenomena might be looked at under the auspices of science proper.

Before 1920 there had been several notable scientists who had suggested as much. But after the modernist scientific door had slammed shut, few "conventional" scientists dared suggest anything of the kind. The fear of losing tenure, prestige, professional standing, or being laughed out of town, was everywhere pervasive in modern sciences.

Cleve Backster had assured me that Puthoff was a respected scientist who had already achieved a visibility in physics. I remember thinking that Puthoff, whoever he was, was very brave to circulate a proposal which could easily demolish his entire career and future as an acceptable physicist.

As I write this in January of 1996, a number of changes have taken place in this regard. But back in 1972 this scientific trespassing was vigorously forbidden by a number of scientific brotherhoods. What I understood was that I was excited by Puthoff's proposal - but also that he was standing on the edge of professional death.

The most I could think in March, 1972, was that this Puthoff would perhaps dally with psi-cum-quantum theory, but in the end he would diplomatically advance back to more conventional prospects.

But indeed, such was not to be the case. It was only later that I really learned of the depth and breadth of his commitment in this regard.

I will now utilize the typical reductionist method to simplify all of the above. As I said to Backster in 1972 after I had read the papers. "Gosh! This guy has a remarkable daring and a hefty set of balls!"

Did you get it so far? If not, I'll reiterate: Puthoff was brave, daring, and had balls. In other words BEFORE I knew him, he was walking where angels might fear to tread.

What I did NOT imagine (for how could I have) at the time was that I, too, was going to have to deal with those three Puthoff items just as everyone else had to do in the years ahead.

When Puthoff met my in-coming flight at San Francisco, I was somewhat startled to find myself looking at a boyish guy with a length of thick black hair that would more properly belong to an Asian or an Amerindian. He was shorter than I, and I was pleased to see that he also had something of a fat problem. Mine mostly was the beer-belly thing, his was mostly sort of relegated to the posterior.

But of course it's usually not the bio-body itself which matters. It's the mind and the mental wiring that counts - in the end, anyway.

Beyond my appreciation of him as a bold physicist, my first intimation that there was something else special about Hal came in his car on the drive from San Francisco airport to Palo Alto. I was nervous, filled with dread. But he seemed excited and wanted me to tell him everything.

So I began my yap and sad story - and on this or that point he would ask me how I interpreted whatever it was. In a certain sense I felt he was aiming at discerning larger meanings of things.

He had things to say, too, beyond asking questions. And this encouraged me to depart a little from my apprehensions and to begin asking him how he interpreted this or that.

I shortly became aware of two very rare phenomena, at least to my way of thinking.

First, I became aware that Puthoff was actually LISTENING to what I had to say - this in a world where everyone appears to be listening but actually are not.

Second, I became aware that he and I were trying to DUPLICATE each other's "mental information processing grids" - as I later came to call them (and regarding which I'll have a great deal to say later on).

To try to make these phenomena more clearly identifiable, I will try to adumbrate a little. The reason for adumbrating is that hardly anyone in the future could figure out why Puthoff and I had a link (or a bonding, if you will.) Which is to say, that since he and I were so dramatically different in so many respects, hardly anyone could comprehend why we put up with each other for so long.

With regard to the LISTENING issue, it is very clear that most people listen only to what they want to hear, to what fits in only with their own realities, their personal preconceptions, hopes, aspirations and expectations.

Sometimes such people will appear to be listening to everything, but in actuality they are not. In the past, I used to think this non-listening was deliberate and sometimes mean. But I now know otherwise.

The fact is that although people seem to be listening, they cannot actually hear what is being said if it doesn't somehow fit within their existing frames of reference. What doesn't fit is simply not registering, although people often have to pretend that it is.

My major source of learning regarding this came from, of all places, the publishing industry - which during the late 1970s adopted the maxim that in order to achieve a mass market success one must publish only what the general public can understand, or, better still, produce for that public what it wants.

With regard to Puthoff, I was very sensitive to this non-listening issue. I had, of course, encountered it from childhood, as I dare say most people have. But you see, I had just come

out of six months direct experience during which I had been made painfully aware that most parapsychologists NEVER listened to what "psychic" subjects had to say, and in fact sometimes even took extraordinary steps NOT to do so.

In his car zooming down the freeway, I gradually became aware that Hal WAS listening to whatever I had to say about anything, and as this awareness peaked into recognition I was mildly shocked.

And it was at that point I FELT I was actually talking to a real human being, one also equipped with a very fine and penetrating "mind" as I suppose we must call it, whatever it is. The duplicating of mental information processing grids is a little more difficult to articulate. I wish I did know how many people have experienced this, but I don't. I think this phenomenon is relatively rare, mostly because it takes two to tango here.

What most encounter, I speculate, are barriers of some kind, and I know for sure that many do experience others who do not or cannot really listen, much less duplicate. After all, one cannot duplicate what they can't hear even though they appear to be listening.

In any event, it is my studied conviction now that real human beings can and do duplicate the mindworks of others. This of course requires the art of stepping outside one's own frames of references without the threat of those frames suffering invalidation.

As it was, Puthoff could LISTEN and could DUPLICATE. I was later to learn that in the same way birds have feathers this was natural and perpetual to him - and, of course, these complex faculties made of him one of the most extraordinary diplomats I have ever encountered.

I now want to be exceedingly clear. Puthoff possessed the extraordinary and highly developed faculties of what I'll call "true listening" coupled with no defensive fear of

duplicating. These combined to make him an extraordinary, although somewhat low-keyed, diplomat.

I will submit that it was this trio of capacities which permitted Puthoff to take the "psi" phenomena we were to work on into the highest reaches of science, government, politics and the intelligence services - and succeed in doing so often against insuperable odds. Whether or not people agree with the phenomena we were to work with, even just ONE of these three characteristics is the hallmark of great men and women everywhere. But one cannot duplicate others very well if they don't partake of true listening (unless they be highly achieved telepaths), while diplomacy is an art which must be learned, usually at the cost of bitter experience.

I don't know if Hal ever realized it or not, and so what I will say next may come as a bit of a surprise to him when he reads it.

From the moment I realized that he could and would listen to me and would and could duplicate what I had to say, whether it was worthwhile or now, I became clay or putty in his hands.

I think even the most dense will understand this, for I know that people everywhere and in all walks of life would give very much to find someone, anyone, who would really listen to them.

True listening is rare indeed, but without doubt the signal hallmark of the true and great human being. [It will be necessary ahead to dig deeper into this topic, because it proved to be of exceeding importance to the development and tutoring of controlled remote viewing.]

As to myself, I have some small component of the true listening thing. But it is more my nature to observe and sense by non-verbal methods. As it is, most would rather have

someone really listen to them, and many don't like to be observed and sensed for such seems intrusive, whereas yapping-listening doesn't.

In any event, my affinity for Hal Puthoff began when I realized he could and would listen to me, not just selectively so, but in some kind of so far undescribed holistic sense. If I have to pick the single thing that accounts for our long-enduring relationship, this was that I could **DEPEND** on him listening to me - and I'm not at all ashamed to admit that I sought this kind of thing as does everyone else.

It was this particular thing which made a kind of virtual-reality communication possible between us, at least as far as I am concerned. And it was out of that virtual-reality interchange that remote viewing and all its discovered phenomena emerged, were researched, then confirmed.

Puthoff possessed at least two other characteristics which should be noted in this memoir, for they were meaningful regarding what was to come.

First, this true human being hardly had a shred of a mean streak anywhere within him - and I would assume that the lack of a mean streak is a concomitant of the true human being.

There was not a taint of scumbaggery about him - and which is also to say that in my appreciation he was not a used condom filled with vindictive acid ready to spurt out. Indeed, he had to be severely pushed for a very long time before he could or would get it together to push back.

I know he got angry about this or that, for I sensed as much. But it hardly ever showed.

When driven up against a wall, Puthoff never bitched. Rather, he took definitive and constructive action, the surprise of which usually sent his antagonists running never to return.

In my memory, he only took me to task once and bluntly pointed out why and how I had overstepped my bounds - although I know I drove him to the point of distraction many more times than that.

After THAT dressing down, I promptly ceased being sloppy about overstepping my bounds and forthwith took great care that I did not - unless there was MORE than adequate reason to do so.

The second characteristic refers to what is commonly called "rebound" or "recovery" potential. I can recall many times when things, trends and events got Hal down - at least for ten minutes. The comeback rebound usually then promptly occurred, along with completely renewed enthusiasm.

On my part, it could take me two weeks to get over something - and, like most people, I like to hold on to some of my more profound resentments long past the time, as the actor Bette Middler says, I should "get over it." I know that resentments don't matter, and that one just as well get on with what does matter.

I don't know that Hal consciously knew that resentments don't matter, or if he ever deliberately thought about the matter. But I do know that resentments were somehow always deactivated, and slid off of him like water off a duck's well-oiled feathers.

As you will see in the chapters ahead, it is rather a marvel that Hal put up with me through so many years. Indeed, I have to admire him for having done so, since I do admit that few others have survived such a task.

But in this, whether rightly or wrongly, he extended to me perhaps the most premier honor of my life - and, although the mere word cannot do justice, I must take the opportunity in this memory book to thank him for it. And so I do.

Harold E. Puthoff was born in Chicago on 20 June 1936, but grew up in Florida.

As strange as it may seem, he and I never discussed our early years very much except in snippets and flashbacks most of which I've forgotten. In any event, it's not necessary to reconstruct his early life - save to say that it probably was a typical American one, and thence progressed by the usual educational steps culminating which his Ph.D. received from Stanford University.

Both he and I discovered that we felt ourselves to be future-oriented, and in this sense the past seemed to matter little except as regards information retrieval from it. I had been close to other future-oriented individuals before and since, and as a group they tended not to cling to their own past, or at least not give it undue importance.

This tendency makes for clear conversation and speculation about what lays ahead, and if there are misfortunes in their past such people tend not to moan about them, more or less not dragging them into their future.

There are people whose past means something to them. But there are some people to whom it doesn't.

Although I considered myself a future-oriented type, Hal was much more of a where-are-we-going type than I was. But we both were interested in the future, the unknown, in discovery, in destiny. So we didn't talk much about the past, at least in any solidly egocentric manner.

After his doctorate at Stanford University, Hal became a lecturer there in the electrical engineering department, and supervised Ph.D. candidates in electrical engineering and applied physics. By 1969, when he was thirty-three, he had a patent on a tunable Raman (infrared) laser he had invented, and had co-authored a textbook entitled FUNDAMENTALS

OF QUANTUM ELECTRONICS which quickly became a standard volume in physics in general.

The field of laser physics was on a great upswing by then, and by all accounts, as many later told me, Hal Puthoff was destined for laser engineering limelight, a field in which his scientific reputation had already achieved luminosity.

A short while earlier in New York, Cleve Backster had advised me that Puthoff was a genius. Others I later met in the Silicon Valley area said so, too, and I accepted this as a matter of fact, albeit somewhat intimidated by being in the near proximity of a genius..

How and why it was that Hal's interests changed from laser physics to biofield measurements was never clear to me, and so I'll not be able to articulate much in this regard. We did discuss the matter, but somehow whatever we discussed has faded.

In any event, Hal had quit teaching at Stanford University and had moved over to Stanford Research Institute (SRI), which was where I found him in the summer of 1972. SRI was known as the nations largest "think tank" after the Rand Corporation, and for a long time had constituted the research arm of Stanford University whose funding came largely from government contracts, often of the military research kind.

I'm now going to ask the reader to accept one thing on my say-so.

As you will see in the chapters ahead, the "relationship" between Dr. H. E. Puthoff and Ingo Swann was to be punctuated by many remarkable - how shall we say it - FIGHTS.

Even so, these hardly ever extended past our "work." As a person Hal and his perceptive wife, Adrienne Kennedy (of whom I'll have more to say later,) ALWAYS treated me personally with respect, kindness, warmth, and sometimes undeserved graciousness, and both often went out of their way to do so.

My concept of Hal as a great human being was consistently present within me through the years and I NEVER had any reason to change it one iota. And this concept of him has not changed until this day.

For how could it? Great men ARE what they are. It is only the failure of perception on the parts of others which may be in question. And I do not believe that my perception regarding Hal Puthoff is in question.

Chapter 35

STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE (SRI)

Before moving on with the story, it is necessary to describe the functional nature of Stanford Research Institute. The reason for taking time out for doing so is that there are many misunderstandings about the place, and which sometimes figure into and distort various popular versions of how and why remote viewing came about.

But the reader should understand that SRI has a public relations department and that the Institute publishes information about itself and the various research functions that come and go within it.

What now follows constitutes MY understanding of the facility as I acquired it beginning in the summer of 1972, for it is my understanding of the place that figures into the many why's

and wherefore's of my future behavior. Since 1972, the name of Stanford Research Institute (SRI) has been changed to SRI International.

SRI is located in Menlo Park, California not far from the southernmost tip of San Francisco Bay, and, more or less, is on the Western side of what is known as Silicon Valley, one of the largest research preserves in the world.

This is a vast outspread collective of private and corporate research facilities which reaches eastward, includes many towns, and ultimately incorporates San Jose. So thickly populated are all of these towns that there is no visible demarcation between them except road signs.

But Silicon Valley proper also would incorporate the entire Bay area and include San Francisco, Oakland, and other cities to the north.

Impressive freeways have been constructed on the edges of the towns for speedy access to the various research installations. The main drag that links them centrally is El Camino Real.

Menlo Park itself had a small town atmosphere, somewhat sleepy and "laid back." In a certain sense, it was a place one would pass through, hardly noticing it, to get somewhere else except that SRI was there SRI, often described as the nation's second largest "think tank" after the Rand Corporation.

The facility sat on about thirteen acres of land, formerly occupied by fruit tree orchards, and under which ran a branch of the great San Andreas earthquake fault. The thirteen acres were mostly composed of a collection of two/three-story buildings and rather large parking areas to accommodate the moving vehicles of all who worked there.

In 1972, I was told that there were about 3,200 such workers, composed of scientists, administrative echelons, support staffs, maintenance and security personnel. The various branches of science research activities were somewhat separated into various buildings, or

at least on to various floors. But they were all linked together by the central administrative complex containing offices, reception and conference facilities, the main dining room, and an excellent library.

Neophytes to the place needed a map in order to figure out how to get to here and there.

Hal gave me a tour of the facility on our first morning, Monday, June 5, and I remember that he seemed proud to have found a place therein. I think he was a bit surprised when I took the place aboard somewhat calmly.

But I felt at home almost immediately because although SRI was spread out horizontally rather than towering vertically, its population size and internal organization and divisioning were almost like the United Nations Secretariat where I had worked for so many years.

The only real difference was that whereas the United Nations was a diplomatic body, SRI was a scientific research and development one. But the organizational superstructures of both were nearly identical.

One small difference, though, was that I noticed that there were metal bars everywhere, protective fences. So I mentioned this to Hal, and thus learned that Stanford Research Institute was no longer a part of Stanford University. They had been forced to become separate entities because of the recent student campus riots at the University of the type, if I remember correctly, had begun at Kent State University.

One of the major objections of the Stanford students was that the University's research arm was intimately connected to the government/military/industry machine, and insisted that this link be terminated.

Expecting demonstrations and riots, SRI had quickly installed protective bars everywhere in anticipation of the kind which had trashed the University campus itself. Thus the research

arm was detached from the auspices of the University and reincorporated as a separate entity.

After lunch, Hal gave me a car tour of the University campus. So in the central area I was able to see the extent of the destruction. All windows everywhere were crashed in and boarded up, including the book store, and as well there had been extensive internal damage. So, now in 1972, SRI was a private research institute or "think tank," and indeed the major part of what was called its "funding" came from government sources. The annual extent of this funding was said to be in the range of \$70 million annually.

Here is one major reason that Puthoff once indicated to me regarding why he had resigned from the University and came to SRI. He wanted to do research as, in my own mind, all great scientists want to do. He could no longer really do it at the University. Merely lecturing at university was trapping oneself in the past. Research is the direction to the future.

And whatever else might be said of Puthoff, he was a doer not a mere lecturer focusing only on academic tenure.

It is this "funding" situation which is most misunderstood by the public and even by many writers and reporters. It is commonly assumed that the government, etc., contributed money to SRI for research purposes.

It is this assumption which now needs to be corrected, because it was to constitute a terrific source of problems regarding what lay ahead for remote viewing and for Dr. Puthoff's several projects.

Scientific researchers who proposed to work within the SRI umbrella had also not only to bring their own brains with them, but their own funding, too. They had to write proposals for

research, circulate the proposals to various potential "sponsors," fight over the amount of funding required, and then bring that money to SRI.

In 1972, SRI promptly cannibalized \$1 out of every \$3 the researchers had managed to acquire. This one-third amount went to cover the general overhead costs of the entire SRI organization. The remaining funds went to the researcher's project in terms of salaries, equipment, and whatever other expenditures were needed to complete the research project. To be clear here, each researcher was not hired by SRI and none received any money from the organization itself. All had to bring their own money with them, and keep it in-flowing or they didn't work at SRI.

If such money was not coming in, SRI management might support the researcher's project for about eight months on overhead, expecting to be repaid when new money did come in. If it didn't, the researcher had to get out, move elsewhere, often into obscurity.

Dr. Hal Puthoff hoped to establish at SRI a project to research, in a completely scientific sense, certain paranormal phenomena, to bring to those phenomena the expertise of physics and etc. To do this, he had to write proposals and flog them to potential funders.

In essence, well, let's get into the proper vocabulary, Puthoff was proposing to conduct PSYCHIC research at SRI, right in the middle of the nation's second largest "think tank."

As I remember it, this was the first time I simply broke out giggling in front of Puthoff for what he was proposing was something the entirety of parapsychology and earlier psychical research had never been able to achieve, even though those two fields had been populated by some very eminent scientists and not a few Nobel Prize winners.

Puthoff took my giggling in stride, as he was always to do in the future, and asked me to explain.

So I briefed him on the many of the well-known and little-known fiascoes and horrors of funding in parapsychology, how parapsychologist stabbed one another in the back in order to sequester any possible funding, no matter how small, for themselves.

Then! There was the absolute resistance to psi frequently demonstrated by science proper, resistance elaborated everywhere by science groupies of the skeptical bent. Then! There was the MEDIA Time Magazine, for example, whose smug enthusiasm destructively put every real psi research effort into their broadly-read "fraud box."

Puthoff took me to lunch in SRI's main dining room. There I remember saying that "not only will you have to raise funding no one else has ever been able to achieve, not even J. B. Rhine for all HIS visibility and this place is, I think, a very expensive one. But you will also get clobbered from far and wide." I've paraphrased this a little, but I do specifically remember the word "clobbered."

I'm afraid I was the doubter here, but I'll freely admit I have a pronounced streak of pessimism. But, considering all things, pessimists usually prove to be more correct than optimists do. You see, it's really hard to get anything constructive going, since there are many smashers and scumbags lurking everywhere and we will meet some prime examples in chapters ahead.

However, I didn't know Harold E. Puthoff very well at this point. Had I known him better, doubtlessly I would have never giggled and would have kept my mouth shut even though it is very difficult for me to do so.

Anyhow, it seemed Puthoff was about to attempt a self-launch into the impossible which WAS impossible from almost every standpoint whereas I was about to begin my descent

back from the impossible to my mundane and hopefully more predictable realities. So it didn't matter very much or so I thought.

And Monday, 5 June 1972, was the first of the five days I was obliged to spend with him.

Only four more days to go, I silently said to myself and then I'll be free again, one way or the other.

The real fact of the matter, though, was something neither Puthoff nor I could have imagined. For unknown to both of us WE HAD BUT SOME THIRTY-TWO HOURS TO GO before both of us were plunged into the THREE strangest attributes of the IMPOSSIBLE.

You see: (1) the impossible is invisible until it happens; (2) after it has happened, everyone makes very serious efforts to explain how it didn't or couldn't happen which is to say, to re-invisibilize it; and (3) efforts to re-invisibilize something serve to make it MORE visible.

And, as I might point out, here in a nutshell is the entire history of psi during the modern scientific period - and which might be further reduced to four words: KEEPING THE IMPOSSIBLE IMPOSSIBLE. Yeah!

The event that occurred on 6 June 1972 was to galvanize the pathways that led into the next fifteen years of research at SRI. Even so, had it occurred elsewhere and under the auspices of anyone else except Hal Puthoff, doubtless it promptly would have been re-invisibilized as have all great moments in psychical and parapsychology research.

But Dr. H. E. Puthoff was now on the case. And thereby hangs the very slim thread he wove into the mighty rope which came to lasso ALL of this nation's great and not-so-great intelligence agencies.

There is a definition of personal power which should now be presented. It is this: personal power is the ability to create a context in which others can play.

Puthoff created such a context. And many indeed were those who came to play in it including the many who ultimately served to trample it into once-again empty meaning.

Chapter 36

SOCIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND MAGNETOMETER EXPERIMENTS

6 JUNE 1972

As Puthoff and I leapt into action on Tuesday morning, 6 June 1972, neither of us could imagine that before the day was finished two things would be achieved:

(1) I would have the crucial element I needed to retire from all of this parapsychology bullshit; I could rest on my shaky laurels, return to New York and begin getting on with my life;

(2) Puthoff would have one element he would advertise far and wide on behalf of getting his desired project afloat.

But, as that day began, certainly I had no hint of what was to happen - - and I don't think Puthoff did either.

He and I more or less began the day with what was to become a constant ritual for almost everyone connected with the long-term project I was convinced would never come about.

On Menlo Park's main drag, not too far from SRI, was Pete's Coffee Shop. This establishment sold a very large selection of coffee and coffee-making materials, usually of

the more elegant, costly kind. But tucked in a front corner behind the street window was a small coffee bar which brewed and sold cups of some of the most delicious coffees I had ever tasted before or since. I was especially fond of Italian espresso liberally laced with milk.

In somewhat the same way that people went to the South or North Lounges at the United Nations to discuss substantive matters, in Menlo Park people went to Pete's to do so.

On the morning's work agenda were a number of experiments Puthoff had set up having to do with psychokinesis (also known as PK). Also, he was to introduce me to Dr. Bonnar (Bart) Cox, Executive Director, Information Science and Engineering Division.

"Well," I said, "please don't introduce me as a `psychic.' I can't stand being thought of as one."

And with this began discussions about something which was forevermore to cause more heads and asses to ache than any other thing: the problem of NOMENCLATURE, a problem somewhat akin to the fabled "black hole of Calcutta" into which much goes and nothing ever comes out - - a problem of extraordinary importance - - a problem no one pays any attention to - - and a problem which most people absolutely refused to believe IS a problem.

As I told Puthoff, I never claimed to be "a psychic." I did not give psychic readings and never intended to do so. And in any event the term didn't have a very good definition in the first place and therefore acted merely as a stereotyping label.

Indeed, I have always had, and still do, much disgust with stereotyping labels since these always serve as the method others use to REDUCE a human to a simple object.

I learned very early, via my favorite avocation of people watching, that EVERYONE is composed of many things, everyone is very complex. Therefore I didn't at all see why such multifaceted-faceted creatures should be reduced to a single label.

As I explained to him, all I had done during the last twelve months was to volunteer to be a "subject" in certain parapsychology tests. But the term "subject" was a reductive label, too.

What so-called subjects actually do in experiments is to COLLABORATE with the experimenters who design the experiments.

After all, no experimenters' experiments are any good unless someone agrees to collaborate in the role of trying to produce the phenomena the experimenters want.

There is therefore no such thing as a subject - - but there are such things as participating roles which when put all together make up the experiment.

This type of conversation led me to begin tearing apart a number of other standard parapsychology terms - - an examination we continued in the car going back to SRI, an examination that ultimately continued through the next fifteen years.

And an examination that will be continued in this book at various important junctures - - for if anyone wants to comprehend what remote viewing is, the standard parapsychology nomenclature is useless and, in fact, misdirecting.

I thought all of the existing terminology should be done away with - - since it contributed more to stereotyping than anything else. Stereotyping, I said, reduces a person's thinking mechanisms to such a simplistic point they no longer need to really think.

I don't remember exactly when I was taken into Bart Cox's inner sanctum. But I found him, in my own assessment, to be a noble man, very erudite, somewhat gentle, but not likely to put up with too much bullshit.

I found myself wondering what it took to achieve his position at the nation's second largest think tank. I was somewhat intimidated by what his credentials must consist of. We

exchanged courtesies, and the meeting was brief. He and I were to have far longer discussions ahead.

On the way into and out of Dr. Cox's office, I also met Mrs. Judy Schmickley, his assistant and secretary. At the time, this was an "oh, by the way, this is Judy Schmickley" type of thing.

But as we shall see ahead, this wonderful woman was to play a significant role in what lay ahead. She was to be put to many stresses and situations which dumbfounded her and challenged her realities -- not only about unusual situations, but how people BEHAVED.

And I was to be rewarded with the life-long friendship of this most excellent and extremely ethical person, a friendship which is still extant today.

Puthoff and I tried a couple of magnetometer experiments he had set up.

A magnetometer is an instrument for measuring magnetic intensity, especially of earth's magnetic field, but also of many substances, chemicals and elements. The magnetism produces an "electric potential."

You will recall from my descriptions of Cleve Backster's work that if a magnetic intensity changes, the change will be accompanied by an "electric potential shift" usually indicated on some sort of chart recording the electric potential and any changes in it.

I don't believe there was anything significant achieved in these preliminary experiments, or if so, then the effects were minimal. Puthoff's "toys," as all such things were later to be called, were very elegant and up-to-date ones. But I noticed, and discussed it with him, that his toys were powered by the electric outlets of the wall, and therefore inundated with 60-cycle alternating current.

The toys in Cleve Backster's lab, on the other hand, were powered by batteries and utilized direct current. I also noted that Backster had told me that alternating current was very strong, and tended to occlude the more refined, and weaker PK interactions with his plants and substances.

The basic theory was this.

In considering an experimental PK design, if the equipment is run by electric power, then the electricity itself must be considered a full part of the experiment.

The electricity element was not usually considered an important part in most PK experiments -- because the experimenters thought that the "target" was some mechanism within the equipment that would be sensitive to PK impulses from the subject.

Backster thought that the human trying to influence the target must in some way actually interact not only with the target, but with the whole system involved. The smaller and more separated this system is from all other electrical energies, the better the experiment, and the easier to make PK "appear."

A direct current system can be set up with a battery, and which isolates all of the equipment and experiment from all other electrical sources -- and so the whole system is quite small and contained.

In the case of equipment being plugged into a wall socket, the whole system must actually be very extensive, and ultimately include the gigantic generators which are producing the electric power.

The "system" would also include the enormous electric grids that distribute the power to many users, and smaller grids which download the alternating current into SRI, and into the magnetometers sitting on the table.

In any event, the literature of psychical research and parapsychology contain quite a number of apparently successful PK experiments which utilized direct current versus alternating current situations.

Then there is the matter of "shielding" the experiment from other kinds of electromagnetism. For example, our planet has a magnetic field, and various parts of its surface have variations within that field. An individual's body also has some kind of field. And so the whole concept of an electromagnetic environment becomes problematical.

Puthoff understood all of this completely, but for my part it turned out that I knew nothing at all about what such shielding would consist of.

Of course we had lunch in SRI's main dining room where I was introduced as a "New York artist" to a number of scientific types. But everyone knew I was THUH "psychic" -- with the result that most were rather nervous not knowing exactly what to say since there had never before been such a creature upon the think-tank premises.

I do recall, though, that at least two or three of the scientific types quietly asked if I could read their minds.

Not knowing how to reply, I just smiled and changed the subject -- which made them MORE nervous. I already knew that everyone had their own idea of what a psychic is -- and that they project that idea onto psychics.

In any event, we may be ourselves to ourselves. But to others, we are not ourselves, but THEIR idea of what THEY think we are. And that is usually the beginning and end of THAT story, right? Right!

I don't remember what happened after lunch -- except that I had to go into a men's room and throw up the lunch.

The next thing I do remember about that day was that about 4:15 in the afternoon Puthoff said something like "Oh, by the way, there's a shielded magnetometer set up over at Stanford University. How would you like to try that?"

I said I thought that would be a good idea. "Will it be hard to arrange before I go back to New York?"

No, Puthoff didn't think it would be difficult at all.

"Are you sure it is an impeccable experimental design?" I asked. "I don't want to take part in anything that can be debunked because of some design loophole or flaw."

Puthoff thought it was a perfect design. And we could do it early in the evening -- if I felt up to it. I didn't feel "up" to anything, and had visions of yet another miserable piece of technological equipment sitting on a table.

Chapter 37

THE VARIAN HALL OF PHYSICS, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

6 JUNE 1972

In a book I later published in 1975, entitled *To Kiss Earth Goodbye*, I gave a version of what happened during the evening of 6 June 1972. That book was not really under my editorial control, however, and much was chopped out of it.

In any event, it is now twenty-five years after the fact, and I've found that those involved don't remember the same things.

So, the best I can do herein is present what I remember.

But I'll first explain that my memory is quite good in this case -- because I got rather angry in that Puthoff DID NOT alert me to the fact that this would be a different kind of experiment.

I was being asked to try to influence yet another magnetometer. And all such pieces of equipment were of a size that could sit on a table. So I naturally thought that was what the experiment would consist of. Anger has a way of deeply etching memory traces.

The Stanford University campus was about a fifteen minute drive from Stanford Research Institute.

The sun was nearing the western horizon when Puthoff and I finally arrived at the Varian Hall of Physics. The early evening was already bathed in a delicious pink atmosphere and the darkening palm trees of the campus looked like something Hollywood could design for a movie.

I am very partial to great sunsets. But I was somewhat worried -- because I didn't think the magnetometer experiments earlier in the day had succeeded very well. I felt like I was about to step into another failure, this time under the watchful eyes of Puthoff and the physicist in the Varian Hall.

As we made our way into the building, Puthoff explained that the equipment was in the basement. So we descended to that level and found our way first along some gray corridors, then into a big room.

The most notable image of this big room was that it contained a number of huge, round structural supports for the floors above built to withstand earthquakes. The pilasters were all painted a bright ORANGE. There was also a confusion of all kinds of pipes everywhere. We proceeded to a slightly better lit area where I was introduced to Dr. Arthur Hebbard. A Dr. Marshal Lee was also present. Puthoff managed to whisper to me that Lee was a noted and extremely important physicist from China. Also present were six doctoral candidates, students of Hebbard.

I didn't think that witnesses were appropriate, but there was nothing I could do about it. So I shook hands all round, but noticed everyone was a little uptight, including little me.

There was a somewhat elaborate chart recorder in operation, and its pen was slowly, very slowly tracing out a wavy line, up and down in graceful curves. This, I was told, was monitoring the magnetic stability of the magnetometer and had been doing so for some weeks without any change in the rhythmic fluctuations.

However, the magnetometer itself was nowhere to be seen. And so I asked where it was.

Puthoff replied: "You're standing on top of it."

Now was explained to me the nature of the "magnetometer."

As of 1972, the existence of a strange cosmic sub-particle was suspected. It was small and fast enough to go right through the planet as if the planet was composed of empty space.

The suspected particle had been dubbed a "quark."

A slight explanation is needed here. Back in 1972, physicists had theorized that the proton is composed of three sub-particles called quarks. The actual existence of these were not identified until some years later.

Thus, the "magnetometer" at Stanford was actually a quark detector, the first of its kind, still unique in 1972, and had been constructed at very great expense and with copious work in an effort to capture the passage through it of one of those sub-particles.

The whole of this contraption was encased in an aluminum container and insulating copper canister. As well, it was in a supercooled, hence superconducting shield.

The centerpiece inside the detector was a Josephson junction and which would "detect" any variation magnetic flux in the supercooled equipment.

The whole of this was buried in solid concrete some five feet down in the floor beneath our feet.

The horrible implications of all this dawned on me without much difficulty. I was being asked to "poke around" with a "target" I could not see, or even know exactly where it was in the ground beneath.

In retrospect, I don't know why I got angry. But my eyes narrowed upon Puthoff -- because he and I had already discussed the desirability of a subject being completely informed regarding the experiment he or she was to undertake.

We had also discussed the matter of observers and witnesses. In order to give the subject the best chance possible, why should the experimental task be made more difficult by the presence of unneeded witnesses who would make the subject nervous. Subjects could easily be affected in many ways by the presence of other people.

An experiment, after all, was not a stage performance for the enjoyment of others.

In this case, there were no less than nine people in the area -- and some of whom were smirking with certainty that nothing would come of this.

But I lost sight of all of them except Puthoff. Even my humble self ceased to be a body, becoming a yellow haze with eyes in it.

Those eyes focused on Puthoff, whom I asked: "How the fuck am I supposed to influence something I can't see???"

But Puthoff was ready for me. "Now, Ingo," he began, "you wanted an experiment that has no loopholes in it. Well, here it is." And he then went on to explain.

And I now explain here. First of all, since the equipment was buried in concrete, no one could say that anyone could have an opportunity to fool around with it.

The quark detector, the magnetometer inside it, had been subjected to tests with large electromagnets, and no signals had been induced in the shielded portion.

Prior to our arrival, a decaying magnetic field had been set up inside the shielded chamber. Its steady, slow decay with time provided a background calibration signal that registered as a sine wave output on an x-y recorder, the frequency of the sine wave corresponding to the decay rate of the calibration field.

Further, this system had been running for something on the order of an hour before our arrival with no "noise" showing up in the sine wave. The quark-detecting function of this instrument was not in operation, and so the experiment would pertain only to the operating magnetometer housed deep within the various shieldings.

Puthoff explained that if I were to affect the magnetic field in the magnetometer, evidence of the effect would show up as a change in the output sine wave recording. This would be seen as some kind of variation in the sine wave -- which was slowly moving up and down in a wavy line with an obvious equal rhythm.

I was angry -- but not stupid. If I walked out on this one there would be no less than eight witnesses.

And this was not parapsychology where experiments and results are messed about all the time.

THIS was SCIENCE, and THIS had witnesses, and THIS was the first time, in my case at least, there had ever been any witnesses except those necessary for an experiment.

I had always been willing to try parapsychology experiments. I had never said I COULD DO anything except to try.

In such experiments, one has a fifty-fifty chance of some kind of success -- and so there was no real reason not to try. You see, even if one failed, one could always try again.

In the case of THIS magnetometer, though, failure was THE END -- most certainly because SCIENCE didn't want parapsychology or Psi stuff in the first place.

I could walk out -- and never know if I would fail or succeed.

I suppose I should say, in retrospect, that this was a challenge. And it certainly was -- an awful one. One of those "damned if you do and fail," and "damned if you don't try."

Far worse (and very much more dramatic) "challenges" were to come in the years ahead.

And in retrospect, I'm glad I decided more or less to look death in the face, for the experience at the Varian Hall gave me some familiarity along those lines.

Puthoff is not an unkind man. But he had put me between a rock and a hard place -- deliberately so, because he too needed to find out things.

So I asked Dr. Hebbard: "Do you know exactly where the magnetometer is?" The answer was no. It was down there, but exactly where no one knew.

So, as in Cleve Backster's lab, I started "probing" -- whatever that means.

Shortly, I felt I could sense some metallic differences, and I tried to affect them, explaining what I was doing as I went along.

All eyes were glued not on me, though, but upon the sine wave.

I tried "affecting" the equipment several times.

NOTHING! Zap, Zero.

Except for Puthoff and little me, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. Two of the doctoral candidates even smiled a little.

"Well," I said, "I can sure as shit see something down there. Let me try to sketch it out, and that might help me focus a little better."

But there was no paper anywhere. So Puthoff suggested I draw directly onto the chart paper.

So I sketched a this, and then a that: "Is this the Josephson junction?" I asked. "If so, I think I can see it quite well."

With that comment, the inked pen which was slowly tracing out the mathematically perfect wavy line gave the smallest jerk.

Then it STOPPED for a brief second.

And then it began LIFTING up above its previous pattern. And somewhat above this it wobbled along for no less than about TEN SECONDS -- long enough for two wavy line intervals to have occurred.

As we watched, I heard someone mumble "Jesus Christ."

"Is that an effect?" I asked.

No one answered. Puthoff and Dr. Lee were whispering. I think Dr. Hebbard was somewhat pale.

Puthoff asked: "Can you do that again."

"Give me a moment or so, and I'll try -- if that's what you want.

Now, let me explain. When the distortion in the sine wave line took place I was NOT trying to effect the equipment. I was simply trying to sketch what I could "see."

In other words, I didn't DO anything except just sketch. But maybe drawing it set up some kind of connection.

"Is that an effect?" I asked again.

Puthoff looked at Dr. Hebbard for the answer -- and he and Puthoff began muttering in inaudible tones.

Now, I noticed that the doctoral candidates were unobtrusively evacuating the room. The last two turned and virtually ran, one of them crashing directly into one of the big, and totally visible, orange structural supports.

"Gosh," I said. "I hope he didn't hurt himself."

"Who?" Puthoff asked.

"The guy that collided with that pillar," I replied.

The SECOND perturbation was not quite as dramatic as the first one, and didn't last as long. But from the looks on the three remaining faces, I knew I had done something. I then said I was tired, and which I was.

Puthoff now asked Drs. Lee and Hebbard if they would sign their names as witnesses directly on the chart paper. Both agreed, and did so.

The next thing I remember about all this was Puthoff and I getting into his car in front of the Varian Hall of Physics. It was dark, and I could see stars. They were very beautiful. And I, well I think its fair for the purposes of this archive to say that my head was in the process of swelling up with smugness.

Puthoff said something like "Jesus, Swann . . . you want to have dinner or something?"

We might have had dinner, but the next thing I remember was that we went to Puthoff's favorite ice cream place. He and his soon-to-be wife, Adrienne, were ice-cream freaks.

I don't eat much of it. But in this instance I had, first, a chocolate milk shake, the a strawberry one, and then a Sunday (minus banana) with five types of ice cream.

Puthoff and I talked, of course. He was in Seventh Heaven. But all I could think of was that I had DONE IT. I could now go back to New York -- and totally forget about all this parapsychology Mierda del Toro.

Puthoff was waxing very enthusiastically. But I said that Science would have to debunk this. There was no way Science would let it stand as a true PK effect. They will HAVE to say there is "some other RATIONAL explanation."

I could not have known it then, but the sine wave page became one of the most frequently xeroxed pages in the history of the phenomena. The quark detector set-up was left running for hours afterward -- with no additional perturbations showing up.

In preparation for this chapter, by telephone I reviewed the entire episode with Puthoff.

Through the years, he had presented the magnetometer data at many scientific conferences.

He said that there had of course been occasional flack, but that positive interest and curiosity had been the main thing.

Puthoff mentioned that Dr., Hebbard had had many official and unofficial opportunities to explain the effects as something else, but that to his knowledge Hebbard had never done so.

So? Was this PK or not?

I can only consider things via my own understanding.

In the first instance, I don't see why we have to get locked into, and stay locked into, the term "Psychokinesis (PK)."

As the next few years passed, and this "poking around" experiment became the Big Deal it did, I began to note that people focused on the so-called PK squiggle. And in this light, I've heard of at least one skeptic who said the squiggle has a more "rational explanation."

But on the SAME piece of paper is another factor -- my quick sketch. This turned out to be a fair diagram of an actual Josephson junction device, and at SRI I asked to see one the next day. Puthoff, I, and several others compared the sketch to the real thing. I had never heard of a Josephson junction before, much less seen one.

The effect took place as I did the sketch, but it is the sketch that most people avoid mentioning since.

For my part, I have consistently said that I was NOT trying to affect the equipment when the effect occurred.

GET IT? I WAS NOT TRYING TO AFFECT THE EQUIPMENT.

Thus, if PK is defined as an intention by a subject to affect whatever, then this experiment was not a PK experiment. So SOMETHING ELSE must have been going on.

My own guesstimate as to what this MAY have been is as follows.

What is loosely referred to as the Observer Theory in quantum mechanics clearly stipulates that it is not possible to observe reality without changing it.

If, for example, one observes a certain particle collision experiment, or wave experiment, or light which can be either particle or wave, the activity OBSERVED is affected by the observer(s) watching it.

The Observer Theory holds that the structure of the observer's consciousness interacts with the structure of whatever is being observed. And all quantum physicists are familiar with this.

Since the sketch did turn out as corresponding with the actual design of the Josephson junction, then it could be said that I was observing the one in the buried magnetometer in order to be able to sketch it.

Of course, if the Observer Theory is absolutely correct, then all of us interact all the time with whatever we observe -- or perhaps with whatever we think about.

No one will notice the "squiggles" -- with the possible exception of high-stage "psychics." The reason for not noticing is that the dynamics of the activity and other surrounding activity are so gross as to cover the minute squiggles. And so, here is the signal-to-noise ratio.

But in the Varian Hall experiment, the Josephson junction was buried in a super-shielded environment, and was itself supercooled.

This could mean that it was shielded from all other gross activity, even that of electromagnets placed to test its sensitivity.

If, then, nothing else could get through the superconductive environment, my little probing CONSCIOUSNESS may have in order to see the different parts of the Josephson junction and sketch them out.

The meaning here is that the squiggle on the x-y recorder paper might better refer to a demonstration of the Observer Theory rather than to PK as THAT is understood as intentional mind-over-matter.

In the usual sense of things, this interacting activity must be so small as to get buried in larger signals. But the quark detector was designed to eliminate all larger signals.

Chapter 38

REPERCUSSIONS BEGIN

Hal and Adrienne Kennedy, his fiancée, had put me up on a fold-out bed in his study. I awoke therein on Wednesday, 7 June 1972, in a mood that was a combination of a comfortable feeling coupled with an ice cream hangover.

The sense of comfort involved the certainty that I had only three more days to spend at SRI -- and which would constitute the END of all this parapsychology stuff. I could then reclaim my life and get on with my creative visions.

Hal was elated as we drove to Pete's coffee place, but I was sardonic. It was clear to me by now that he fully intended to attempt setting up a project at SRI. But I was gloomy in this regard -- largely because I was thinking through what later turned out to be two misconceptions or "realities."

"If you try to do this," I warned him, "you're sure to end up in Time magazine's Fraud Box, and the parapsychologists will hate you anyway. You'll be dead in the water from the start."

In talking along these lines, I was thinking in terms of parapsychology's closed, ghettoized system characterized by internecine warfare.

I had no idea that interest could come from far larger auspices other than those parapsychology represented.

After all, back then all scientific, academic and mainstream systems were completely resistant to the phenomena Puthoff intended to work with.

I couldn't imagine a factor emerging that would make any serious change within that complicated, but rather straightforward scenario.

If, then, all things remained the same, and if that factor had not emerged, my estimate would have probably been correct.

The factor that emerged was, of course, Dr. Harold E. Puthoff himself, a person I really didn't yet know very well with just two days experience with him.

And in this regard, his appearance and jovial, optimistic attitudes gave little in the way of clues to the reserves of dynamic strength underneath.

MY only clue at the time was that although Puthoff listened to my gloom-and-doom scenario, I was somewhat left with the impression that my speaking went in one of his ears and out the other. Oh, well, I was already familiar with the fact that people listen only to what they want to hear.

One of my major purposes in going to SRI was to transport evidences of the experiments in which I had been involved in New York. On behalf of Backster, Schmeidler and Karlis Osis, I wanted to find out what Puthoff (and possibly others) thought about them, especially with regard to whether the experimental protocols constituted competent science or not.

At Pete's, we agreed to spend most of the day, Wednesday, going through those materials.

When we arrived at SRI, however, Hal proceeded to be on the telephone for the entire morning. So I perched on the desk of his secretary, Eli Primrose, an extremely beautiful and

competent woman who did everything to make me feel comfortable -- i.e., showed me where the coffee machines were and gave me a tour of the local offices, labs etc., When I grumbled a little about the delay, Eli explained that Puthoff was always on the phone.

I then remembered to telephone Dr. William Tiller, whom I'd met briefly in New York. I called him in his office at Stanford University, and he said something like "Well, you've really started up a hubbub. Can you come to dinner tomorrow? Dr. Shafica Karagula is staying with us. Would you like to meet her?"

WOULD I? YES, yes, indeed!

And so that was arranged.

At some point later in the morning, Hal came briefly away from his precious telephone saying that Dr. Willis Harmon was on his way over to meet me. "He'll probably take you to lunch, so I'll see you later this afternoon."

I had no idea who Harmon was. Eli explained that he was one of the pillars of SRI, with his own staff and building at SRI, an office in Washington, D.C., and that he was connected to the highest places everywhere possible.

Meanwhile, Bart Cox came into Eli's office to shake my hand regarding the magnetometer experiment. With him was Judy Schmickley, who said she didn't understand much of what had happened, but that everyone who did was excited.

With them was Dr. Earl Jones, director of all the labs under Cox's jurisdiction.

It's fair to say, I think, that Jones looked like his world was ending because of the experiment. But he was cordial and eventually gave his full support to Hal's project. I later learned that Jones's Washington connections were also awesome.

In fact, as of June 1972, everyone had Washington connections except me -- and as of that month I couldn't imagine that anyone in Washington would have the slightest interest in parapsychology stuff.

You see how dense and naive I could be?

Dr. Willis W. Harmon then arrived. He had a warm, firm hand and for a full moment held mine and looked straight and deep into my eyes without saying anything. He then said: "My, my!"

This flustered me a little, since I hadn't the faintest clue as to what THAT was all about.

When Harmon found Puthoff was closeted with his telephone, he suggested that he take me to his office where a few of his staff were wanting to meet me. Then there would be lunch. I said OK. He made a quick call.

I'm going to present Harmon's credentials later in this book, but in June 1972 I quickly found out something about him and his far-flung importance.

At SRI, he was Director of HIS Educational Policy Research Center. This Center was a large project merely sheltered under SRI's umbrella. The major goal of the project was studying "Planning Amid Forces for Institutional Change." Big Business, the DOD, Congress, everyone, was interested in what "institutional change" might consist of. Dr. Harmon and his staff were in process of giving answers.

When this gets transliterated into more simplified English, Harmon was the head of SRI's futurology effort. And as of 1972, Futurology constituted one of the most important and biggest efforts in THE ENTIRE WORLD.

The Center's "own building," though was not one of the modern glass-and-machine ones at SRI, but composed of two old Army barracks joined together. During WW II and shortly after,

the SRI grounds had been a military hospital, and had at one time taken in earthquake victims.

Upon entering, Harmon took me straight to a large conference room -- where there were sixteen people sitting around the table. He insisted I take the head chair, and then explained that everyone would introduce themselves and have questions to ask me. ME? I was completely astonished.

Willis explained that part of their ongoing project (funded \$2 million plus annually) was to see if parapsychology and/or psychic abilities could or should be factored into the future scenarios.

I was so stunned by this revelation that I nearly missed my chair and almost fell to the floor on my ass.

Having managed to claim the chair, I began, of all things, laughing. All gathered just looked at me. So, paraphrasing now from approximate memory, I explained:

"Well, before you consider anything I might have to say, you should understand that only two months ago a move was made at the ASPR in New York to get me discredited and thrown out. I don't think I'm in good repute with the parapsychology inner core . . .".

I would have continued, but I got unnerved when I saw almost everyone around the table start smiling. So I asked: "Why are you smiling?" Then everyone started giggling.

Harmon explained that all was known about the ASPR goings-on, and that the attempt to expel me "gives you more credentials than you realize, and also makes it easier for various people."

I hadn't the faintest notion of what he was talking about -- but I clearly remember what he said because I tried for the next six months to figure out his meaning.

Then the questions began, none of which I remember. And I'm sorry I can't remember the names of all present. But I met Mark Markley, Duanne Elgin, Arthur Hastings -- and Brendan O'Regan, who earlier in his career had been assistant to the famous architect, Buckminster Fuller. Brendan, as we will see later, was otherwise one of the great mysteries of the universe.

Through these five exceedingly interested persons, I was eventually was introduced to a large number of individuals throughout the Bay area and Silicon Valley. I thought all of them wonderful.

What I could not have suspected, though, was that Harmon would speak about me within his large circumference of "contacts" in and near Washington.

Harmon limited the "meeting" (as I suppose it might be called) to exactly an hour, at which time he stood up, as did everyone else. He then asked if I wanted some lunch, what kind. "A good hamburger," I replied. So we got in his car and arrived at the Oasis, a short distance down El Camino Real.

This was a beer and hamburger joint populated with a mixture of business people, Stanford students, and redneck motorcycle types.

It stank of beer, and had big wooden tables and booths into which everyone was invited to carve names, credos, obscenities and various kinds of sometimes shocking graffiti.

The hamburger was delicious, but I couldn't drink beer because Puthoff and I were again scheduled for the Varian Hall magnetometer later that evening.

As things proceeded in the following years, the Oasis was to become a favorite watering hole for "visiting East Coast scientists" (as they were called), since the noise and din at the Oasis prevented surreptitious recording of conversations.

Harmon and I talked of metaphysics, meditation, Eastern mysticism, parapsychology problems, ramifications of consciousness and its different levels. He had brought a folder thick with proposals and projects of the SRI futurology center, and he asked that I read them when I had a chance. We talked for nearly three hours.

I report, with regret, that as I was writing this chapter in April 1997, Willis Harmon died of a brain tumor -- leaving the field of consciousness studies without one of its greatest pioneers.

The second magnetometer experiment that evening at the Varian Hall of Physics yielded no results.

As reported by Puthoff in a later book, "We returned the next day, but the equipment was behaving erratically; it was not possible to obtain a stable background signal for calibration.

... This in no way cast doubt on the previous day's results, since at that time the perturbations occurred only in conjunction with Ingo's activity. ...replication of these results had to wait another year before we obtained apparatus of our own for an extended study."

(See Mind-Reach, Targ & Puthoff, Delacorte, 1977, p. 25.)

Hal and I went and consumed MORE ice cream, anyway, after a delicious Chinese meal.

Thus ended the day of 7 June 1972 -- but I had met the guys and gals at the futurology center, an entirely different breed of consciousness carriers than I had ever encountered before. Although they never said so directly, they all more or less agreed that Rule of the World be invested in Wisdom Masters rather than in political cabals.

REALIGNING SOME GARBLED HISTORY

There are three major purposes in creating this memoir. The first is to show what remote viewing consists of -- and what and why what happened because of it.

The second is to pay homage to all those many extraordinary people somehow involved, and will otherwise be forgotten -- as they already are except in my memory of them. But there were not just people -- they became my support system, and later my espionage system when it became clear I desperately need one.

Additionally, in the United States many are somewhat under the impression that things just come about, or that they themselves can make things happen. In my opinion, this is rarely if at all true. I'll never know why I deserved the interest and support of so many people. But their support was not only just friendly, but crucial -- as will unfold ahead.

The third purpose takes a little bit of explaining.

In general, most of us tend to accept and trust what we find in books, and I am no different in this regard. The reason for this is that we take for granted the idea that authors are competent, especially when it comes to some kind of historical topic.

In this sense, we believe that they could at least get the timelines correct and which would seem a rather simple matter.

Well, remote viewing began in December, 1971, and from that date thence proceeded to become something of an historical phenomenon.

I have lived through the whole of it until today -- and can bear witness to the fact that **EVERYTHING** ever written about it is not only garbled, but often "imaginative," and sometimes erroneous, motive-laden, misdirecting and even deceitful. And this includes media, popular articles, books and videos, commentary from government agencies and from the CIA.

I have watched this happen -- with the result that one wonders how much of **REAL** historical activity ever appears in books recounting the history. As a child, I heard that what gets into print may consist of a few facts, thence distorted this way or that, the rest beyond the few facts being Mierda del Toro.

But I truly never realized the extent of all this. And I dare say few will -- unless they witness this discombobulating garbage as it occurs.

In the case of my grousing in this present chapter, many who became associated with the project at SRI have ascribed the origins of remote viewing to a number of different sources and causes. This actually began quite early, and emanated from personnel who knew better. Since then, the actual origins of the concept of remote viewing have disappeared altogether from **ALL** reports purporting to immaculately investigate it. Some, whom I know knew better, even have said that nothing was known at SRI about the origins of RV.

The implication here is that Puthoff invited me to SRI in the complete absence of **ANY** reason to do so, and that when I arrived at SRI I was more or less like a completely unknown person snared on the street outside -- thence to be tested as a subject. Surely this is heaping idiocy on Puthoff's head.

The fact of this particular matter was that I was terrified by the prospect of flying out to a recognized and credentialed **PHYSICIST** in, of all places, the nation's second largest think

tank -- and anyone thinking that I did so empty-handed is casting a fair amount of idiocy in my direction.

Indeed, the experiments I had been involved in, and which had attracted Puthoff's attention, were not parapsychology done in someone's garage.

I was so nervous about this I made every effort to consult with those I worked with as to what to take with me to SRI in the form of documents and evidence.

In this regard, I have in my archives the foolscap piece of paper upon which I listed what I should take with me, and which I made up as a checklist so as to ensure that I wouldn't forget anything.

I also intended to show (and did so) the same materials to Dr. William Tiller, professor at Stanford University's Department of Materials Science and Engineering whom I had met in New York just a few days before departing for California.

Bill Tiller was in New York to attend and give a lecture at the First Western Hemisphere Conference on Kirlian Photography, Acupuncture, and the Human Aura.

The Conference was held on 25 May 1972, in the hall of the United Engineering Center. It was organized by Dr. Stanley Krippner, then in professional residence at the Maimonides Dream Laboratory in Brooklyn, and was sponsored by the Center for the Study of Social Change and the Foundation for ParaSensory Investigation.

I attended the Conference, since I was very interested, and Dr. Krippner mentioned various artists who intuitively had painted the aura, Little Moi being one of them.

I later gave Krippner one such painting, which I understand he still displays in his offices in San Francisco. Krippner also asked me to provide a short statement, and which is included

as Appendix C in the book entitled *Galaxies of Life* (1973) authored by Krippner and Daniel Rubin. The book, more or less, constitutes the Proceedings of the Conference.

Although today interest in Kirilian photography has almost disappeared, explained away as electrostatic discharge (an "explanation" that remains entirely inappropriate). But back then it was hot stuff, and so the Conference was packed. The moderator of the first session was my dear friend, the beautiful and ultra-dignified, Mrs. Lucille Kahn, whom I have already mentioned. Tiller's talk was entitled "Some Energy Field Observations of Man and Nature." But Lucille had had a small group up to her apartment to talk with Tiller, and I had been invited.

At Lucille's apartment, various aspects of the work I had been part of were discussed. Those aspects included specific reference to the out-of-body experiments designed by Osis, Mitchell, and others. But also included as a specifically different kind of experiment were those identified as the long-distance REMOTE VIEWING experiments.

The list of evidences I presented to Puthoff includes one signal and very important item -- one which just about everyone has avoided or forgotten about. But it is this one item (itemized as No. 8 below) which contributed just about everything to discovering the structure of remote viewing and ultimately made possible what came to be called "controlled remote viewing (CRV)."

And it was to be the prospects of CRV which ultimately brought to the project at SRI the larger amount of its funding.

Thus, in June, 1972, I brought with me to SRI the following items and evidences:

1. Xerox copies of five strip chart recordings achieved in Cleve Backster's lab of events suggesting some kind of perturbation correlating with my attempts to probe a target substance.
2. Three similar photocopied examples of charts obtained as a result of the thermistor experiments with Gertrude Schmeidler.
3. A copy of Schmeidler's first version of the paper reporting on these experiments. The final version was not published until later, as already noted earlier herein. However, I believe Schmeidler had already sent a copy to Hal.
4. Duplicates of seventeen photographic slides referring to the out-of-body targets and picture-drawing responses.
5. A draft copy of the Osis/Mitchell paper regarding these experiments, and which was finally rejected by the publishing committee of the American Society for Psychical Research.
6. Photocopies of all the initial remote viewing experiments, all of which were clearly identified, in Janet Mitchell's handwriting, as "preliminary RV experiments."
7. Copies of the two outbound "beacon" experimenter remote viewing experiments conducted at the ASPR, clearly labeled as such.
8. A photocopy of my initial notes and preliminary paper regarding the discovery of the picture-drawing potentials, including speculation why such drawings were more efficient than verbalizing into tape recorders.
9. I also carried with me the folio of experiments with Dr. Carole Silfen regarding attempts to isolate perceptual qualities of ESP perception. These were originals since I did not have time to get them photocopied, and I brought them back with me to New York since they were a sort of mishmash, anyway.

With the exception of item 9 above, I left all of these behind when I departed SRI on 10 June 1972. Although upon my return to New York I told no one else I was back, and only Zelda knew that I had gone in the first place, I telephoned Schmeidler to report to her. I then met with her the next afternoon (Sunday, 11 June) at her office at City College to discuss what Puthoff had thought of the evidences.

I'm sure he thought and said something, and I am sure I conveyed most of his comments to Schmeidler. But I do not today remember what they were. I do know that Puthoff was later in touch by telephone with both Schmeidler and Osis to discuss the work in which I had taken part.

Chapter 40

DR. SHAFICA KARAGULLA

Shafica Karagulla was one of those very great souls, a very great visionary, a very great mystery to most ordinary mortals.

She was also one of those rara avis (rare bird) types who saw the world as-it-is -- instead of seeing it as everyone pretends-it-is.

What all of this added up to was that "Shafia" was inconvenient to the let's-pretend-world.

So, she couldn't really have or find a PLACE to BE in it.

She is dead, now.

And because of all of the above, she will be among the vast multitudes forgotten in the oblivion that comes to encompass all but the glamorous.

So it is my intent at this point to honor her -- not only because of WHAT she was, but because of the incredibly important, behind-the-scenes role she was to play in the story ahead.

Alongside her other extremely creative work with the higher senses, she had a deep and biding political nature. She hated totalitarian rule and political manipulation of peoples. She detested mind-control efforts whether political, religious, philosophical, or academic. She was awesomely opposed to "occult conspiracies" about whose dark underbellies she knew a great deal.

Her attitudes along these lines resembled mine -- but her KNOWLEDGE was like Mount Everest compared to my low foothills.

She also knew about how almost all of the world's intelligence agencies operated -- those agencies known to exist, AND those which exist but are not known or even admitted to by anyone and don't even have names.

When I first met her, I somewhat grasped all of the above. But this made me appreciate her as an extraordinary person. I had no clue then that I would DESPERATELY NEED Karagulla as a tutor and advisor, and that I would sit at her feet six hours at a pop listening to her knowledge.

Shafia asked me never to reveal this role, but years later said I could after she was gone if I felt there was any reason to do so.

You see, Shafia was to become one of my three major advisors regarding international affairs of the type that never get mentioned in the media, science, academe, or mentioned even by conspiracy enthusiasts.

Here is the world of the Really Secret -- the world of stuff so ugly and/or so silly, or so slime-bucket-like, that most people simply pretend by silent consent that it doesn't exist.

In order to get into this, I have to return back to the year of 1967 and take up a personal issue that might seem irrelevant to the book.

But this issue was central to two developments. First, my knowledge of this issue served to create a unique link between my little self and the tremendous figure that was Shafica Karagulla.

Second, the time was nearing when, of all, things I would have to decide whether to become attached to CIA sponsorship of the project at SRI -- the CIA being, in most people's minds, somewhat of a scumbaggy affair liberally laced with stupid mistakes. And it was the following event in 1967 that tipped the scales.

Readers of this memoir will remember that I came to New York in 1958 with visions of becoming an "artist." I managed to obtain work at the United Nations to support myself until I "arrived" in the New York Art Establishment.

Thus, I painted away and worked in the great International Organization then seen as truly vital to world order.

By 1967, it had become apparent to me that I could not gain ANY real access to the Art Establishment, not even by volunteering to fund my own exhibitions. My paintings were shown at a small gallery. But this was not THE art establishment.

For this failure I first blamed my technique, my vision. But many said that my work had definite merit, including the then leading art editor at The New York Times, who sent back my photos with the comment that my works were conceptually stunning.

In March of 1967, I chanced to meet a somewhat noted art historian at a very large cocktail party. I told him my tale of woe in this regard, and he proved amenable to coming to my studio to view my work.

He came, he saw, he considered -- on 9 April, to be exact -- a day I'll never forget.

He was in process of doing an anthology of contemporary art at the time. He said: "I really wish I could include your work in it -- but I can't. My reputation would be wrecked if I did."

Here was one of those beating around some kind of bush things. So I gave him more wine and asked him to "Please just tell me what you really mean."

So he did.

And I quote!

"The problem has nothing to do with your paintings. It's that you are not a Marxist."

He, himself, was a Marxist, and he offered to introduce me to the inner clique of New York ones which had powerful lines into the Art Establishment.

I explained to him that even if I wanted to be a Marxist, which I didn't, I couldn't be one. I would never have passed the character and morals security checks the US government imposed on American citizens hoping to gain employment at the United Nations.

Additionally, all international civil servants (as UN employees were called), were required NOT to have political feelings, ideas, relationships or standards -- and if they did were required never to voice them. The United Nations was an international forum. Those of

diplomatic rank were expected to have political orientations, but workers within the Secretariat were expected not to have them.

I don't know if this is true today, but it was the case in 1958 when I first entered the UN as a worker there.

Many who read this will think I'm jesting about the Marxist infiltration and domination of the art world. Many believe artists are above politics -- and many are. But there is a distinction between mere artists and those who manage the big business of culturalism.

Many have told me to my face that politics and art do not mix and are NEVER mixed. Well, politics are everywhere, and mixed into all things -- and all can be as sure of this as they are of their daily bowel movements.

In any event, during the 1970s a number of books finally began came out revealing the dimensions of Marxist power and influence in the New York art, literary and architecture establishments from the 1920s through the 1960s.

For example, the witty author, Tom Wolfe, in his book *From Bauhaus To Our House* (1981) refers to the "Marxist mist" that vaporously occupied the mental equipment of culturati.

A well-documented overview is found in David Caute's *The Fellow Travelers: A Postscript To The Enlightenment* (1973). Caute illustrates the lines of Marxist cultural influence from France to England and the United States.

William Barrett also dissects many aspects of the culture-making Marxist/Communist aesthetics in his book *Time of Need: Forms Of Imagination In The Twentieth Century* (1972).

But as of 1967, although I understood political stuff did go on in the art world, it never dawned on me that it could be THE reason MY work was completely unacceptable.

Once it was pointed out, however, it became clear enough -- and it also became clear that I had spent nearly ten years dead in the artistic bilge water without even a clue that I was in the water.

The phrase "political correctness" had not yet emerged, of course. But my work had fallen victim to such an hypothetical creature.

I'll not bore you with the cataclysmic effects this produced within my psyche -- save to say that I stayed drunk for a week, slashed one of my best paintings in rage -- and submitted my two-years advance notice of resignation to the United Nations, itself somewhat overloaded with Marxist going's on.

These cataclysmic effects arose mostly from having to admit to and deal with MY OWN abysmal naiveté and stupidity.

As a result of this defacement to my artistic ego, I realized that I didn't know very much about Marxism -- or about Communism, since the two were completely intertwined. I set about correcting that deplorable gap with an angry passion that left no stone unturned. I was eventually able to write MY OWN essay tracking the Marxist influence in art (the essay was eventually published in the Spring Special Issue of The American Theosophist (1982) under the title of "Unbinding Prometheus").

Once one got into the dimensions of international Marxist-Communism, well, here is a big and very important part of human history -- and other than watching STAR TREK, this pursuit I undertook with in-depth gusto. Many of my friends thought I had become somewhat overbaked in this regard.

As it amusingly turned out, five years down the road Washington intelligence community visitors to the project at SRI were somewhat mystified and surprised that I could discuss the Soviet Union in a detailed way.

Meanwhile, back in 1967, I determined to remain friends with the Marxist art historian in order to learn more about this aspect of the Secret World so secret that no one ever discussed it.

Among the issues we discussed was the Demise of Creativity -- once so valued but which since the mid-1950s was noticeably being phased out of sociological and artistic importance by 1967.

Thus, and to encapsulate much of our discussions, I learned that the concept of creativity necessitated various determinations as to what WAS creative or not.

In some kind of ambiguous equalitarian sense, this small problem was an impediment to "individual expressions" -- and which should be judged by merits other than those involving creativity issues.

The uninitiated will not realize any of this went on -- and is still going on. But if one looks deep enough, one will find that research and study into creativity has not been very vital for about four decades.

In this way, I learned that not only were my paintings Out, but my deep interests in Creativity were also.

So, I was somewhat amused when in October of 1967, I came across a NEW book entitled Breakthrough To Creativity. I smiled and thought that the very title doomed this poor, naive author to obscurity -- since "creativity" had become a politically incorrect non-word.

The author of the book was one Shafica Karagulla, M.D., whom I'd never heard of. In the book's introduction she wrote:

"Man is moving in consciousness out of a world of static solid forms into a world of dynamic energy patterns. This is his problem and his opportunity. As a prisoner of the five senses, he has experienced his world as `solid', `concrete', `rigid.' Today, he has entered a fluid intangible world of vibrating, radiating energy.

"Life adapts to environment. Man plunged into this new environment, a universe that is nothing but frequency, and must necessarily make new adaptations. He must achieve an ability to more directly experience a world of frequency. In order to do this, he must develop new senses or expand those senses which he already has. There is abundant evidence that many human beings are already expanding the usual five senses which he already has.

"There is abundant evidence that many human beings are already expanding the usual five senses into super sensory levels. It is possible that there is already a `mutation in consciousness' taking place. . . .

"We are moving from a study of anatomy, physiology and pathology, the denser aspects of the physical form, to a study of the electrical impulses which the body generates."

YES! YES! YES! Upon reading thus much, I broke into tears.

SHAFICA KARAGULLA was born in 1914 in Turkey, educated at the American University in Beirut, Lebanon, and took her residency at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders in Scotland.

In 1952, her research into hallucinations in abnormal mental states brought her to Dr. Wilder Penfield at McGill University in Montreal, Canada.

She became an American citizen in 1957, and was on the faculty of the State University of New York's Department of Psychiatry. At that time she read about the famous sleeping clairvoyant, Edgar Cayce, and concluded that he "did not fit into any of the categories of the insane or the neurotic or even the sane. Edgar Cayce shattered my theories about the nature of man's mind."

She thence determined to investigate what she later called "higher sense perception" (HSP) which is not extrasensory but physical." After years of research she found that people with HSP could make medical diagnoses, could "tune in" on things and people, and often exhibited telepathy, clairvoyance and clairsentience.

All of this, Karagulla stipulated, was not extrasensory, but resulted from factors of the biological body.

Needless to say, as I later found out, not only was Karagulla anathema to the social forces busy with devaluing the meaning of creativity, she was also anathema to PARAPSYCHOLOGY. And, as well, she was anathema to Science which wanted nothing to do with higher sense perception.

It was the sum of her research and evidence along these lines that she published in **Breakthrough To Creativity**.

Boy, I thought, this woman surely has balls.

The year of her birth in 1914 saw Turkey and the Middle East in terrible upheavals, and which lasted for twenty years, and which until today have left many hatreds open and active. Religious and political sects tried to exterminate each other, and as a young girl, Shafia saw her parents and most of her relatives herded into a church which was then burnt to the

ground with the alive inside screaming in agony. Only she, and I believe a brother, escaped this abysmal genocide.

She was born with a foot deformity that made her undesirable for marriage. She had been captured, tortured, beaten and tossed in a tub of water in an effort to try to drown her -- an activity that left her with occasional lung problems.

She had become a brilliant neuropsychiatrist.

Open evidence of her brilliance consisted of the invitation to join the famous brain researcher, Dr. Wilder Penfield.

And it was this woman, with all her impressive credentials, that had decided to focus on higher sense perception -- and to hell with what the rest of the world thought of it one way or another.

And it was this woman I was finally going to meet at the Tiller's place in Menlo Park, California.

Chapter 41

DINNER AT THE TILLER'S, 8 JUNE 1972

I didn't know Bill Tiller very well, having just briefly talked with him in New York, and I'll treat him more in depth later on.

But I did know he had already upset his peers at Stanford University by commencing experiments with Kirlian photography--which had been developed by Semyon and Valentina Kirlian at Kazakh State University in Alma-Ata, Kazakh, USSR.

Tiller had become a very energetic Kirlian researcher, one of the first of many others.

Puthoff dropped me off--but I think he was somewhat impressed that I was going to dinner at the Tiller's.

I mentioned that I was also going to meet Shafica Karagulla there.

He said: "Gosh!"

The Tiller place was somewhat palatial--by my standards, anyway. But then the entire Menlo Park residential areas are somewhat palatial.

Bill is about five inches taller than I, and he seemed to tower down at me in the entry hall when he said: "Shafia is like a hawk; I hope you two get along."

Jean Tiller emerged from somewhere and we greeted as if we'd known each other for years.

Then we went into the living room.

The lights hadn't been turned on, but the beautiful sunset was reflecting off the swimming pool just outside.

Karagulla was sitting in a big couch silhouetted against this light.

I could make out a white blouse, black skirt, a shock of black hair--and two eyes gleaming, piercing and narrowed--with suspicion it turned out, because Karagulla did not accept surface appearances about ANYTHING.

Bill and Jean took orders for drinks--and then nervously rushed, it seemed to me, out of the room to fetch them.

I sat on the couch somewhat apart from The Woman.

I wasn't quite sure what to say, or if I should say anything. I fully anticipated talking about higher sense perception.

Karagulla took the initiative. "So, Mr. Swann, what do you think of parapsychology?"

"Well, Madame. That depends. Do you want a social answer or a frank one?" I don't know what possessed me to say that, and I winced as it came out of my big mouth.

"Whatever suits you," she replied.

My next words also came all by themselves. "Well, with a few exceptions, parapsychology sucks." I was certain now that I had wrecked the whole evening.

"Oh," she replied. "I've never heard it put quite that way."

"I apologize. I shouldn't have said that word."

THEN! I saw one of Karagulla's hands flutter up to her mouth to hide a smile beginning to form.

THEN! I felt a big laugh forming in my belly. I started giggling--and she did too.

We both started laughing--hard, those hard laughs that bring tears up.

The Tiller's came rushing into the room with the drinks, looking quite worried, to find their two guests sort of bent over to their knees shaking with laughter not very well under control.

Taking her drink from Jean, Karagulla commented: "Well, as you said, he chooses his words well."

At which she and I lost it altogether, gulping down the liquor between spasms. Additional drinks now had to be fetched--with Jean leaning down saying: "What did you do to her? She hardly drinks at all?"

Meanwhile, I espied a young boy (the Tiller's son, Jeff) riding a balanced bicycle across a length of two-by-four stretched across the swimming pool.

I pointed this out. Bill said "Oh, shit," and rushed out onto the patio.

Karagulla asked me: "What do you think of conspiracies?"

"Oh," I said, "they're everywhere, aren't they?"

"WELL! Shall we compare some notes?"

"Yeah! But I think Bill and Jean want to talk high etheric and spiritual stuff. They might find that topic crude."

At this, Bill returned to the living room and began turning on the lamps. At the third lamp, all the lights in the house went out.

Bill said: "Oh shit!" He went to fix the fuse box.

A voice in the dark, Karagulla's: "What about occult conspiracies?"

There was a huge crash of some kind in what I took to be the kitchen--and a wail, Jean's:

"Bill, they're discussing conspiracies ALREADY." The lights came back on.

All in all, Dinner At The Tiller's seemed successful enough. Karagulla limped toward me and gave me a big hug as I was leaving. Bill drove me to the Hal/Adrienne set-up. "You and Shafia seemed to get along well," he said.

"I think she's just wonderful. I hope we can meet again to talk about higher sense perception."

Chapter 42

THE FIRST INTIMATIONS OF PSYCHOENERGETICS

Friday, 9 June 1972, was to be my last day at Stanford Research Institute.

And in my mind, it was also to be my last day of being mixed into psychic and parapsychology stuff -- 80 per cent of which was cow pucky -- pure and simple.

Puthoff, however, wondered if I'd consider making another trip to SRI if he could arrange matters. And this we discussed at Pete's coffee spa.

As I explained to him, my excursion into parapsychology as a test subject had begun in mid-July 1971, eleven months ago. Prior to that I certainly had seen the field as important and Psi stuff had been of deep interest to me many years before that.

But in this, the term "enchantment" could best be used to describe my interest -- for, like most people outside the field, my vision of it had probably been enchanted by visionary books and science fiction ideas of what was involved.

But the eleven-month direct experience had shown me a few candid realities -- among which was the principal fact that the field was a hellhole, and in more ways than one.

The inside of parapsychology was wacko. Outside of it, the social, academic and scientific stance was wacko.

Puthoff assured me that he was on the case now, and that things could be made to go differently.

Yes, I said, that might be. But for HIM, not for me.

After all, he was a Ph.D. scientist. I did not have a Ph.D., and if I continued I would always be considered only a subject sitting around waiting for some Ph.D. researcher to test something or other.

I pointed out to Puthoff that the life-expectancy of a test subject was about three months at best. Even Hubert Pearce, J. B. Rhine's most successful subject during 1932 and who helped put ESP on the map, was cast into oblivion after three months had passed.

I also pointed out that if a scientist failed, he or she could count on going on to other work. But when a test-subject failed, the failure was final and terminal.

Besides, there was no money anywhere. During the eleven months I'd spent in lab work, I could have written one novel and painted six paintings. And those kinds of MY products at least had some small career-making chance.

For me, then, what were the career opportunities in a hellhole where test subjects were nothing more than expendable guinea pigs?

And, Oh, Yes, I asked, when would my airfare to SRI be reimbursed? I needed to repay Zelda. Soon, Puthoff replied.

Additionally, in general Psi stuff was far and wide so encumbered with superficial garbage and sociological competitiveness that no one could put their finger on anything fundamental.

Finally, no one was interested in what a mere subject had to say about things. As I had found out, they were supposed to produce results, but otherwise keep their mouths shut, keep their knowledge and observations to themselves.

I had no intention of being such a creature.

Puthoff listened thoughtfully, and then said something like: "But I am interested."

So I said something along the lines that follow.

Rather than looking at the phenomena in the first instance of all things, one should first look at the scenarios in which the phenomena are to be studied, and in which the drama of the "work" is to be played.

In this case, parapsychology was probably already moribund, largely from internal conflicts. But in any case, social forces external to it were poised to attack any positive developments -- if only to keep parapsychologists on the defensive, keep them ghettoized.

I didn't see why one should adapt to all of this, and especially not Puthoff who came with credentials and vision that were, in my estimation, unique to the parapsychology scenario.

Why not attempt to create a whole new approach -- a different kind of scenario?

Why not cast the phenomena into a scenario of physics, rather than into the familiar psychological one?

To be sure, Puthoff was already thinking along these lines, and had been for some time - evidence of which was in existence in his earlier proposals that Cleve Backster had given me to read.

For starters, why continue to utilize the nomenclature of moribund parapsychology -- for doing to would directly reconnect to that field. Surely, there ought to be some kind of comparable nomenclature in physics that would serve three positive purposes:

First, to confuse the social forces poised to discredit, for example, clairvoyance, telepathy, and etc.

Second, to make the phenomena more recognizable to physicists, or at least more amenable to them.

Third, to link the new field into a multidisciplinary approach -- and which was sadly lacking in the existing approaches to it.

Indeed, the idea that the phenomena were exclusively of psychological origin was just a theory that had taken hold somewhere back in time. It was an assumption, nothing more.

There really ought to be a physics connection to them, a biological connection, a neurological one. Perhaps there were connections no one had yet discovered.

Puthoff had been thinking of the term PSYCHOENERGETICS, so I suggested that we spend a few hours erecting a new box-and-flow organizational chart based in that concept -- and relate that concept to the multidisciplinary approach.

Puthoff made his daily telephone session short when we got to SRI. We then got some paper, pens, 3 x 5 index cards, retired into an unused conference room and spent several hours envisioning a completely new field replete with novel nomenclature.

Finally, we were able to put all the cards together into a box-and-flow chart made up of six standard paper pages scotched-taped together.

The whole of this was thrilling.

My archive copy of this first restructuring was later stolen in 1973 from my office at SRI. But I have a copy of the second one -- and which I'll present in due course.

While driving me to the San Francisco airport, Puthoff returned to the topic of a second visit.

"No way, Jose," I replied.

"Well," he smiled with usual optimism, "maybe I'll make you an offer you can't refuse."

On the plane I enjoyed three Vodka and Sodas on the rocks and mulled over the SRI experience.

It had been wonderful. Puthoff was great. SRI was great. The unexpected results of the magnetometer experiment would circulate through the field and knock everyone off their pins.

Willis Harmon and company, the Tillers, Shafica -- well, all these represented a world I wished I was qualified to enter and be an intimate part of.

But I was not qualified, academically at any rate, and such qualifications were a full part of the SRI scene and the whole of Silicon Valley as well. The most I could be was the "psychic guinea pig," and which in the end was nothing or no one.

Anyhow, I was used to Manhattan and its rapid transit systems, taxis, the opera, the museums, the multi-tiered social life. Silicon Valley stressed me, for when one was not sitting some place, one was sitting in a car going somewhere. Everything was at least 20 miles distant.

On just about every street intersection was a Mobil gas station, a Taco Tico, a McDonald's, and a bank. Therefore, all corners in Silicon Valley looked alike to me. And the California sun was too bright.

Back within the familiar confines of Manhattan's towering canyons, I unplugged my phone and slept an entire day.

Then I called Zelda to say I hadn't yet been reimbursed my airfare. My total capital at that moment was \$10.28. I then telephoned Gertrude Schmeidler -- and then Janet Mitchell. Janet said something like: "What the fuck have you been up to? What's this magnetometer stuff everyone's talking about?" I made a date to have dinner with her and explain everything. My total, in-hand capital was \$10 and some change.

But I was FREE of that whole hellhole experience. I could rest on my laurels. I felt great.

Chapter 43

HAIL TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND ONE'S CONTROL

As a child and young man, I had always understood that circumstances beyond anyone's control indeed existed.

But I also quite seriously bought into the very popular, and very uniquely American idea that one's life is what one makes of it.

This idea, of course, more or less has to ignore circumstances that are beyond one's control. But there were so many examples building spectacular lives by rising above or dominating circumstances, and these examples seemed to prove that such circumstances were irrelevant.

And indeed, up until the morning of 11 June 1972, I felt that my life had more or less been under my control, even if for better or worse.

I was very serious about exiting parapsychology, very serious about not returning to SRI.

As but one example of this seriousness, I believe I could have reinstated the slush fund that Buell Mullen and Dr. Kinzell had hoped to establish. Certainly the auspices of SRI would have been approved by Kinzell. I could have routed several thousands of dollars to Puthoff, and he and SRI would have been glad to accept.

But doing this would have involved my participation.

I wanted out, was out, and intended to STAY out.

Alas! My resolve to stay out was squashed by noon on Monday, 12 June 1972 -- and in eventual retrospect my life thereafter was almost completely knocked about by circumstances beyond my control until November, 1988, some sixteen years later. And the dimensions of these circumstances became awesome, indeed.

As of the morning of 12 June 1972, I thought I'd done a rather good job of things, culminating with the magnetometer experiment. No one today will have any reality about how impressive was that particular experiment or of the shock waves it created far and wide, not only within parapsychology but within background scenarios of science itself.

I thought I'd be applauded, which I was.

I thought my decision to get back to my own life would be understood. It was not.

I had mentioned my decision to bow out to three people: Schmeidler, Zelda Dear, and Janet Mitchell. And when Dr. Osis telephoned early on the morning of 12 June to ask when I'd come to the ASPR to continue work there, I explained to him I was now out of it all.

"But," he said, "ju muss come back."

"No."

Almost immediately Janet telephoned. "What the fuck are you thinking of? Now is the chance to stick it in the faces of those curds that squashed the paper on the OOB work."

She was angry.

Zelda called. She was angry -- a mood quite unusual with her.

Ruth Hagy Brod called. "You can't step out NOW!" She was angry.

Buell Mullen was so angry she had the telephone operator interrupt Ruth's call saying there was an emergency. "You're letting ALL OF US down."

Al Brod called. "What? Are you chicken shit or something?" He was angry.

Arthur C. Twitchell called, a member of the board of the ASPR, and always a gentleman.

"No," I said.

Osis called again. "No," I said.

Twitchell called again. "How about \$80 instead of \$50 per day?"

I paused. "I want the agreement reinstated that I will do Osis's work 50 per cent of the time, and that we'll follow up on my ideas the other 50 per cent. I also want no more flack from the board. If there's any more flack, I swear I'll somehow go public and name names. It's straight-forward fucking hardball from now on."

"I'll get back to you shortly," Twitchell said.

Osis called. "Vatever ju vant, Eengo."

"I'll think about it."

THEN! Charles Honorton called, a member of the ASPR board, a member of the cabal who had voted not to publish the Osis/Mitchell paper, and the figure who forced the early removal of my paintings from the ASPR.

"Why don't you think about coming out to the dream lab sometime? We would like to show you around."

"I'd be delighted," I said.

There was an understandable bottom line, I think. Eighty dollars sounded very good to one who had only \$10 plus change to one's name. Surely this was a circumstance that could victimize just about anyone. So I presented my fat body at the ASPR at 1 p.m. in the afternoon of 12 June 1972.

Everyone hugged me, even Fanny Knipe, the ASPR business manager with the dragon's teeth.

Janet Mitchell -- my dear, dear Janet -- was in tears.

Fanny said there was a call for me from Vy Bennitt. "Can you and Janet come to dinner on Thursday? You will be the guest of honor, of course."

WOW! I'd unseated the British at Vy's table -- and with the exception of the famous spiritualist psychic, Arthur Ford, I was the second and the last American "psychic" ever to do so.

Fanny also said, "Some people at NBC have been trying to get hold of you," she whispered. "I didn't give them your number. Was that all right?"

And so, here was the media problem -- now that all my friends had gotten me into step with their drummers.

I determined never to talk with media types. Everyone was aghast at this, especially Ruth Hagy Brod so well connected to the Press Corps everywhere.

But in this, if nothing else, I held firm. As I explained, "Well, you all prevailed, but in the end I'm now headed straight for TIME magazine's fucking Fraud Box."

I explained further. The only thing I wanted to do was experiments within strict scientific boundaries -- and there was no sensible reason to mix this with media or public.

Ruth and Zelda Dear didn't see how this could be managed, but I said if everyone doesn't help me in this, I WILL walk, and that time it will be for good.

Indeed, when I did next talk to media types, they were from the fucking Fraud Box Beast Itself, TIME magazine, and I agreed to do so only because in November, 1972, his eminence,

Dr. Harold E. Puthoff, telephoned and BEGGED me to do so. I will report this event fully in a chapter ahead -- and you can look forward to reading it, if only because I didn't behave very well during it.

Chapter 44

PUTHOFF SPREADS THE WORD

Sometime soon after the Fourth of July, 1972, I received from Puthoff a copy of a letter he had sent to Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler, dated June 30, 1972. I will quote its entirety -- for a reason you'll shortly understand.

"To introduce myself, I am a physicist at SRI working primarily in the area of lasers and quantum physics. I also have obtained a contract to investigate the primary perception hypothesis of Cleve Backster (sponsored by Wm. Church, Scientific Unlimited Research Foundation of San Antonio, Texas) from a quantum physics viewpoint, so you can see my physics is broad by my definition.

"As you probably know, I recently had the pleasure of hosting Ingo Swann's visit to the West Coast. I had earlier heard of the very impressive work you had done with him (from Ingo himself), so that's why I invited him out. As part of my work to determine the nature of the

communication link in this general area I wanted to test Ingo out on some equipment which I know to be very well shielded against ordinary electromagnetic signals.

"Enclosed is a writeup of the experiment. Basically, it would appear that Ingo manipulated magnetic fields inside of a superconductive-shielded magnetometer device which is known to be extremely well-shielded. As a physicist I am cautious enough to consider this an observation rather than an experiment, since we did not test for direct control of the recording equipment, etc. However, the demonstration was impressive enough for me and my colleagues that further experimentation in this area is planned, and I personally consider that Ingo did in fact produce an amazing result, and there is a lot of agreement on this from other observers who signed the data sheet on this basis.

"Should you visit the West Coast, I hope that you would get in touch with me and we could trade some shop talk on that and other items."

Enclosed with the letter was a full report on the "observation," together with graphs.

Referring to the full report, Hal had scribbled to me: "Ingo -- spreading the word. 10 copies went out today alone -- and many agencies are interested."

From Ingo to Hal, 15 July. "Dear Hal, thanks for sending along the stuff you did. Everyone is impressed, and so good luck with getting your project going. I haven't received the reimbursement for the airfare yet? Is there some delay?"

Chapter 45

DINNER WITH RUTH HAGY AND AL BROD

On 10 July 1972, the summer was sweltering in New York. The heat was oppressive and terrible.

Ruth had called in the morning. Could I come to dinner at their place that evening? Al was fixing something special to eat. The meal would be a cold one, soothing in the hot climate. So after spending the day working at the ASPR, I went to their apartment on Park Avenue South.

This was a small apartment, quite unlike the tremendously roomy and elegant spreads in which little me was being lionized elsewhere. There was a tiny entry, a tiny kitchen (and I mean tiny), an equally tiny eating alcove. The living room was not all that large.

Every square inch of wall space was hung with photos from Ruth Hagy's career as a famous international correspondent in both war and peace.

Al had prepared cold chicken in aspic. He was very proud of his cleverness regarding the aspic. It was made of Campbell's tomato soup and gelatin, and there was a nice salad and some bread, and iced coffee afterward. I put some Tabasco Sauce on the chicken-in-aspic, and Ruth then began to reveal the purpose of the evening.

As I've already mentioned earlier, both the Brods were exceedingly well connected in Washington, D.C., although they didn't talk much about this to others.

They had just returned from some function there having to do with President Richard M. Nixon.

Ruth said: "There's some behind the scenes talk going on down there -- and it involves YOU."

I stared blankly at her.

"We were asked, unofficially of course, for our opinions of you."

I thought they were joking, so I replied: "Well, Al, I trust you didn't tell them I'm a chicken shit who dresses up in your old Army gear."

Al said quite seriously, and Al is really SERIOUS, "Don't be surprised if you are asked back to Stanford."

"Will you please explain this to me? Who is interested?"

Ruth started to reply. "Powerful people . . .", but Al shushed her.

"Can't say more," Al said. "Don't tell anyone of this, but we thought you'd like to know."

While Ruth and I were having coffee, Al busied himself doing the dishes in the TINY kitchen.

I moved round the living room looking at the photos: of Ruth with Churchill, of Ruth with Mohandas Ghandi, of Ruth with Franklin Roosevelt, Ruth with Eleanor Roosevelt, Ruth with Eisenhower, Ruth with Nixon, of Ruth with EVERYONE.

"You must have been very powerful and influential," I mused.

Ruth was silent for a moment. "I did stories people liked of themselves, and one led to another. I loved people, and all those people had something admirable about them. I told that story. But it was all just a game, you know. One needs to play the game."

She seemed to emphasize "play the game" -- not obviously, but in the tone of voice.

Al came into the living room drying his hands on a remarkably tattered towel. "You want a brandy?" Yes, indeed I did.

Their air conditioner wasn't working very well.

We sat silently, they permitted my cigars. They watched my face as I got the implications of their power connections together with what they had said earlier. They were not joking.

Even though I was sweating, I shuddered.

I was afraid.

I suddenly knew what the covert purpose of the aspic dinner was. Some one had asked them to feel me out -- without putting any direct questions -- well, not TOO direct anyway.

Ah, yes, this is how sensitive business is done -- Lord knows that I'd seen this kind of thing in the U.N., and elsewhere. Decisions are made without putting anything into print, sometimes not even into words. What the public then sees is just the formalizing of a lifted finger, an arched eyebrow.

Out of nowhere, my entire life flashed through in a split second, like when one is dying. And then the flashing pictures came to a still stop of me sitting on the subway steps and having a vision of our species potential -- that same potential that would never open up via parapsychology.

Something in me -- not ME, but something in me -- said: "Well, one WOULD be chicken shit not to play the game."

With that, Al stood up and said they were going to bed because the air conditioner in the bedroom worked.

I didn't take the subway home. I walked -- more or less like a zombie. I felt completely empty.

GLORIA SWANSON

On the morning of July 15, Lucille Kahn telephoned. "Gloria Swanson wants to meet you. She has always been interested in psychic developments. Can you come to my apartment tomorrow night?"

It turned out that Lucille and Gloria as young, aspiring actresses had been close friends back in the days of Old Broadway. Lucille abandoned her acting career to marry David Kahn; Gloria had gone on to Hollywood -- thence to become THE Gloria Swanson of tremendous and worldwide fame -- and later the mistress of Joseph Kennedy when he was ambassador to Great Britain.

"Gloria is very careful and particular about food, you know," Lucille went on, "because she nearly died from eating mercury-laden fish in Portugal. I'm getting the freshest fish and strawberries. I'll call you back later with your instructions."

"Instructions?"

"Well, yes. You have to collect her at the theater and bring her to my apartment."

I had only \$40 to my name, not enough to hire a car to stand by. Then there was the problem of WHAT TO WEAR since the weather was hot as Hades and I was fatter than ever. I finally decided on a nice suit made of good blue denim. I had to let out the pants a little.

But I struggled into all of this, and in the theater district found a taxi and explained the situation to him. He agreed to stand by with the meter running.

I then proceeded to follow my instructions -- which were harrowing. I had to report to the stage manager of the play BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE in which Swanson had the lead role. I

finally managed to do this. He said Swanson was expecting me and I was to wait in her dressing room backstage and then went off without telling me where it was.

I forget how I found her dressing room. Soon the play was over. I could hear the applause and curtain calls. Then I heard Swanson screaming at some one outside the door, and she steamed in. "WHO the fuck are YOU?" she demanded. I explained, totally intimidated.

"SIT THERE," she pointed, "I'll be right with you." So, I SAT, sweating up a flood. She went behind the proverbial dressing room screen and changed almost in full sight of my eyes which didn't know where to look.

When dressed, Gloria was still muttering about something. She shoved two bottles of cologne or perfume into my hands. "HOLD THOSE," she commanded. So I HELD THOSE.

Then, without warning: "Well, come on," and she left the room with me trailing.

When we exited the stage door at the BACK of the theater (our taxi was waiting at the front, a block away), there were at least 200 people waiting for autographs.

At this, SWANSON turned into the kindest, most considerate Bird of Paradise. She gave me the two bags she was carrying -- and which weighed a ton each -- and started signing playbills left and right.

The taxi meter was ticking away.

What would happen if I didn't have enough money? GOD!

Finally, I didn't know what to do -- except push through the crowd, take SWANSON firmly by an arm, and say loud enough: "We're going to be late for the next appointment." Then I simply dragged her out of the crowd, apologized that the taxi was on another street.

Finally, we were in it, and on the way to Lucille's apartment building. "So," Swanson said sweetly, "tell me everything about yourself." I did my best.

Arriving at Lucille's building, I paid the taxi off -- and had \$2.50 left. And I knew I had to take HER home in another taxi.

The three doormen at Lucille's apartment building took one look at WHO was coming through the door -- and virtually bowed down at her passing, not one word being exchanged. I followed up the rear with the tonnage of the two bags.

So we got into the elevator -- and Swanson saw the two bottles I was still HOLDING.

"WHAT ARE you doing with THOSE?"

"Well, you asked me to hold them back at the theater."

"Oh, JESUS CHRIST. Give them to me." She put them in one of the tonnage bags. "I hope YOU KNOW WHICH APARTMENT we're going to."

"Yes, I know the way."

"Isn't it this WAY?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am, it's THIS WAY."

Lucille was a bit slow coming to the door. "JESUS," SHE said. "ARE YOU SURE this is the right apartment???"

The door opened, and the two girls fell into each other's arms, and Lucille then closed it -- with ME still outside of it. In NY apartment buildings, doors LOCK when they close. I waited -- and waited -- and finally had to ring the bell AGAIN.

Now there were drinks. Swanson didn't DRINK. I DID. Lucille DID. We sat and chatted. Lucille began telling HER about me. I sat and listened.

Then we moved to the table. I seated Swanson, sat myself, and picked up the pink napkin.

Lucille began bitching about the trouble she had gone through to get all the special and EXPENSIVE foods Gloria would like.

"My DEAR, you shouldn't have bothered. I only eat my own food. I've brought a thermos of SOUP with me."

"WHAT!" Lucille screamed. "You're NOT eating MY food?"

I opened the wine and poured myself a large glass. The cat fight went on -- and then went on some more.

I was VERY shaken. I guzzled the whole glass -- and poured me another. I tried politely interrupting. Neither paid me any attention.

So, my brain in a red haze with blue spots in it, I grasped for WHAT TO DO -- and then without knowing what to do I stood up and SAID: "WHAT THE FUCK is going on HERE???"

Both SHUT UP like obedient daughters. SHE ate her SOUP. Lucille and I ate the sole almondine and fresh strawberries. We chatted as nothing had happened. I got quite tipsy, as did Lucille.

We "dished" the American Society for Psychical Research, we dished everyone and everything -- and SHE finally decided to have a glass of wine. SHE got tipsy -- and HER famous red lipstick got EVERYWHERE, on napkins, the table cloth, on the glasses -- and, somehow, on my SHIRT.

THEN -- Lucille brought out the champagne. We toasted the future of psychic research. I laughed. Lucille went into her tiny kitchen to putter. SHE and I stepped out on the small balcony overlooking Central Park. We necked. It was ALL SO NATURAL AND WORDLESS. Red LIPSTICK now EVERYWHERE.

I felt like I had stepped into OZ.

Lucille gave me money for the next TAXI.

It was the SAME taxi -- the driver of which said it was his honor to wait and didn't charge anything.

Letter dated July 18, 1972 from Swann to Swanson: "It was indeed a pleasure talking with you last evening, and I am greatly appreciative of your time. Enclosed are the several items we talked about. I hope they are interesting to you. Again, if there is anything I can do to support your work, please ask. Best wishes for the summer in Portugal and your future."

Swanson telephoned to say I was too fat. She gave me HER macrobiotic diet. I tried it for ten days -- and ended up so weak I had to crawl on hands and knees to the toilet. But I lost about 25 pounds.

Gloria went to Portugal for the rest of the summer. I gained about 25 pounds. When she returned, we thereafter talked at least once a day by telephone.

Swanson was later to become the biggest jewel in my espionage system. She knew everyone who was anyone, and everyone wanted to know her if they were no one or whatever else they might be. But she was a very big gun -- and I utilized her only if and when all else failed.

Her interest in psychic matters was profound and well-grounded.

She really knew how to play HARDBALL. I learned from her.

She terrified everyone, and wouldn't be nice if they were terrified. If they were not terrified, she could be as sweet as plum pudding. She couldn't keep a house boy or maid for more than five days. This drove her to distraction.

SHE was magical.

Chapter 47

WHAT DOES ONE USE FOR EYES IF ONE IS OUT OF BODY?

What with all of the socializing, parties, lionizing, meetings and the hints of secret activity going on, it might seem as if no RESEARCH was getting done.

This was not the case at all. I was, and am, a workaholic, demanding perfection or at least the best possible -- as was Janet Mitchell, Dr. Schmeidler, and, in a somewhat lesser sense, Dr. Osis. And with a sort of renewed enthusiasm, we proceeded to produce experiments of several kinds at the ASPR.

In order to throw my weight around within my newfound glory, I suggested that we meet and TALK about what we were doing. Here was a subtle shift -- because experimenters typically DID NOT talk about experiments with subjects any more than experimenters would discuss experiments with rats or guinea pigs.

As I explained (and was also later to explain in far more impressive surroundings), it was one thing to set up experiments merely to see if certain phenomena existed.

But something else was involved IF researchers wanted performance from their subjects.

How could a subject really attempt something if the subject had no idea of what was involved? Running a rat through an experiment designed to reward the rat with food if it did what was wanted -- well that was one kind of experiment.

Running an human being through an experiment designed only to please the experimenters' expectations, an experiment with NO reward for the human subject if it did what was wanted -- well, that was ANOTHER kind of experiment.

Rats and guinea pigs got food as a reward for succeeding. Human subjects got . . . (nothing, perhaps a brief word of praise). I suggested that subjects who succeeded should be given a one-carat diamond. THAT ought to inspire them.

But more seriously, because of my long-term studies of the literature, I had noted a definite lack of interest in what Psi perceptions consisted of.

After all, psychics do not utilize their physical eye mechanisms to see what they "see." In the first instance, it seemed that their "seeing" depended on mental image pictures, although many in the past had said that they didn't "see" anything, but merely "sensed" whatever they did.

Some said they "heard" whatever they "sensed" -- and not a few had said that the "information" came from their toes or armpits -- or some other unusual anatomical place or part.

Even in my own case regarding the formal eight out-of-body experiments the inner ASPR clique tried to demolish, I didn't "see" all of the time. Sometimes I had clear, sharp mental image pictures, other times a preponderance of fleeting, non-visual "impressions." At other times all was foggy, or simply black, but with a sense of information "coming through" anyway.

One day after a particularly good result had been achieved, and before the ASPR feathers hit the fan, Dr. Osis had grown silent and pensive. He sat down and wound his legs together like two snakes, put his chin on his hand and looked at me with piercing eyes.

"I vonder, Eengo," he began, "vat ju use for eyes [pronounced `ice'] ven ju are OOB."

"Jes," I responded. "Zat's a very good question, eesn't it?"

We had not gotten around to going any further with this back then. But now, back in the saddle at the ASPR, I did decide that we should spend some time looking deeper into this. This activity would comprise part of the 50 percent time guaranteed to me under our new working arrangement.

I have already mentioned in an earlier chapter that Dr. Carole Silfen had been brought into the ASPR work. She was a perceptual psychologist, and so Janet and I met with her and handed over to her the guidelines for this type of thing.

Dr. Silfen was a small woman with fine black hair I remember as naturally curly. She had pale olive skin that came off as pallor and dressed in a way that was neither fashionable nor unfashionable.

She was delighted, saying "Mostly I'm asked to overview other people's ideas, and no one asks me for suggestions or creative guidance. Parapsychologists are not interested in the intricacies of perception."

To get into this, we decided first to meet several times to discuss the issues, and then to refine them until an experiment could be conceived and designed.

Thus, on several days, Silfen, Mitchell, and sometimes Schmeidler commandeered the big table in the library room and locked ourselves in and others out -- somewhat to the disapproving eyes of her rulership, Fanny Knipe. "It IS supposed to be open to the PUBLIC, you know."

But, bless her alligator heart, Fanny had begun to smile at me.

In the end, several complicated experiments were designed. But I will now single out one of them in detail -- because it was the mother lode of much of what was to come in the years ahead.

A written report of this experiment was produced on July 26, 1972, entitled "Report of an Out-of-Body Experiment Conducted at the American Society for Psychical Research: Participants: Dr. Carole Silfen, Janet Mitchell, Ingo Swann."

The report was prepared "for record purposes only. For several reasons it cannot be considered a test-perfect experiment in the traditional sense of experimentation, and thus must be disqualified from that area of interest. From the study of the phenomenon, however, several important effects have become both visible and possibly measurable."

The report begins with an overview, called SITUATION 1.

"On the assumption that there is an out-of-body phenomenon at hand to be studied concerning discovery of characteristics of the phenomenon, it is to be assumed also that the point or vehicle of perception exterior to the body must assume, at different locations, the functions performed by the visual system and the brain in the body.

"Within the body/visual system it should be noted that the sense of vision is owing to the effect of light on the retina of the eye.

"Only vibrations [frequencies] of light over an extremely limited range of the electromagnetic spectrum are capable of stimulating the human retina. The mechanism of sight depends upon rays of light reflecting from objects.

"These rays of light are bent by the cornea so as to fall on the retina. The brain interprets the size, shape and distance of the objects seen.

"One layer of the retina consists of rods and cones, connected with endings into the optic nerve. The perception of light depends on the rods, while color perception is considered a property of the cones.

"Assuming the possibility of perceiving exterior to the body at a distant location, the center of perception at the distant location would be compelled to somehow duplicate all the functions of the eye system, be able to properly select the appropriate light vibrations reflecting from objects, as well as performing the analytical functions of the brain in the correct interpretation of size, shape and distance of those objects thusly brought into view.

"The magnitude of the abilities desirable for such form of perceptions non-dependent on the visual/brain system, if they could be measurably indicated, would be by implication very impressive."

"SITUATION 2: In testing for the validity of such presumed out-of-body perception, it was felt necessary to design a test situation in which not only the target might be reported by the subject, but that the point of view at the proximity of the target might also be located by virtue of certain variables constructed within the target.

"A target situation was constructed which could be viewed from a multiple of points, yielding thereby possible differences of perception, construction, shape and form in the response of the subject to it.

"This situation can be better visualized in theory by imagining a person standing to the far right of a doorway. He would look through the doorway and view whatever could be seen on a direct line from where he was standing.

"However, if the viewer moved to the far left of the doorway, his direct line of vision would now be on a different line."

Description of the Experiment

"On July 26, 1972, Dr. Carole Silfen arrived with her new target device. Ingo Swann, the subject, was not permitted to see the contents of the box or the openings through which the targets were to be viewed. [The report shows a drawing of the device, a rather large black box with two openings and a light housing unit on top of it.]

"Ingo sat in a room adjoining both the EEG equipment chamber and the target room. He was connected to the EEG equipment with electrodes that are in turn attached through the wall to the EEG equipment. He was thus prevented movement during the experiment.

"The target box was then uncovered in the target chamber [another room.] Both the subject chamber and the target chamber were darkened. When all was ready, Ingo is assumed to have moved exterior to his body taking a position in front of the first target window. He endeavored to ascertain the target. His viewing of this target lasted 50 seconds.

"At this point Ingo and Dr. Silfen exchanged one or two comments about whether he should describe or draw the target. It was decided that he would draw it.

"He asked whether there was something red in the target, and Dr. Silfen replied that was correct. Ingo quickly sketched his perception of the target as he saw it through target window 1, and then went on to do the same with target window 2. At no time was Ingo disconnected from the EEG electrodes and vision between the subject and target chamber was impossible."

The APPARATUS and the STIMULI (i.e., the targets) are described in Appendix A to the report.

"APPARATUS: The rectangular viewing chamber was constructed of 1/2 inch plywood with outside measurements of 30 X 18 X 25 inches. The entire chamber was painted in flat black. The top of the chamber was removable, for easy access to stimulus arrangements. Mounted flush with the inside surface of the chamber lid was a 9 & 1/2 inch milkglass surface rimmed with chrome, behind which was a lighting fixture, illuminated by a 100 Watt bulb.

"Two 6 inch square viewing windows were cut in the chamber. The front window was positioned 7 & 1/2 inches from the top of the chamber and 5 & 3/4 inches from the right side. The second window was cut in the left side of the box, positioned 7 & 1/2 inches from the top and 6 inches from the front.

"Three rows of 1/4 inch holes were drilled in the floor of the chamber, 6 inches, 12 inches and 18 inches respectively from the rear of the chamber. The stimuli were mounted in these holes in appropriate arrangement."

"THE STIMULI: Two stimulus arrangements were prepared, so that the views from each of the two windows would be entirely different.

"The stimulus arrangement for the front view consisted of three overlapping squares of different colors and sizes, arranged to give an illusion of depth. The square closest to the viewing window was painted red, and measured 5 inches square. It was positioned 5 & 1/2 inches from the right side of the chamber, 18 inches from the rear, and 11 & 1/2 from the floor, measured to the nearest surfaces.

"The second square [behind the red square] was painted yellow, and the third square [behind the yellow one] was green.

"The stimulus arrangement for the side view consisted of a black square with a white bulls-eye target measuring 3 & 3/4 inches in diameter. This target was mounted on the surface of the right [inner] side of the chamber. The black square appeared darker in hue than the black interior surface of the chamber."

Experiment Error

"It can be seen from the drawing of the experimental set up that should a viewer position himself directly in front of the [front] target opening, say about 1 foot back, he would naturally perceive three colored overlapping targets receding from the front.

"However, when the target box was set up, it was placed on two folding chairs, the back of the front chair obscuring nearly 50% of a direct frontal view of this target window. This was not noticed at the time."

Results

"A frontal view of [front] target 1 should have presented a series of receding, overlapping, colored squares. Ingo's drawing, however, shows only part of the front square denoted as red. This view was possible only from the lower left corner of the window. Ingo did not "see" the chair back inadvertently blocking the right half of the window. The photo taken after the experiment from the lower left corner of the window shows that only the red corner of the

foremost target was visible, and Ingo's drawing conforms exactly to the photo taken from that viewpoint.

"In the case of the second [side window] target, it can be seen that Ingo adequately saw the rectangular opening of the target aperture, the structure to the left (which was the side of the red target), and the general location and shape of the black square bearing the three concentric white circles. As he indicates, 'vision disappears' in relation to these three circles.

"Study of this target revealed that the black square and circles were painted with an highly reflective gloss paint while the inside of the box was painted with a flat black paint. This created an extreme difference between light absorption and light reflection.

"Thus, as has been noticed in past experiments, the albedo content of this particular target might have obscured vision in this area. This, however, could be measured."

Concluding Observations

We all were excited by these results, of course, since it could now be shown that OOB vision DID assume a specific point with respect to the target materials, and that this specific point could be located by comparative analysis between the drawings and the targets.

In other words, the viewing of the targets WAS NOT going on within the subject's head or imagination.

The actual point of the viewing was quite near the targets themselves, while the physical body of the viewer was locked up in a room about fifty feet away from the target box.

The chair back blocking most of the front view was fortuitous. Without her knowing it, two lab helpers had placed Dr. Silfen's box on two folding chairs instead of a table. But Dr. Silfen KNEW that the target arrangement was supposed to consist of THREE colored targets.

Neither Janet nor I knew anything about the box or targets in advance.

The chair back DID block a visual frontal view, and if I had reported three targets from that viewpoint, then a problem would have come up regarding getting the target "telepathically" from Silfen. Analysis of the experiment showed that I saw only a corner of the first target painted red -- and this eliminated explanation via telepathy.

With regard to the bulls-eye target, although I first reported the black square and three concentric circles, I then said, "vision disappears."

This has to do with intensity of albedo reflection of light, and which, if too strong, wipes out even eye vision. One literally cannot see something from which light is reflecting too strongly. One sees only the light, but vision of the object disappears. This is completely understood by perceptual researchers.

Drs. Silfen, Osis and Schmeidler were extremely excited by the results of this experiment -- for it was highly suggestive that indeed a point or vehicle of perception exterior to the body DOES assume "at a different location the functions performed by the visual system and the brain in the body."

The report's final comments stated: "Factors of light reflection, arc of measurement, size of target perceived in relation to point of perception, etc., suggest that for the first time out-of-body perception can be taken out of the realm of 'claim' into the realms of physics and mathematics. It is hoped that this type of experiment will be replicated soon to support this first occurrence."

To put this into simple English:

(1) For a long time, science, psychologists, and even most parapsychologists held that nothing could leave the body -- and so whatever occurred as claimed out-of-body must be explainable via some internal psycho-mental mechanisms. It was for this reason that Dr. Osis had been given a very hard time regarding his OOB experiments -- since they were UNSCIENTIFIC within the prevailing science wisdom.

(2) Dr. Silfen had designed a very simple experimental set-up via which lines of perceptual sight could be measured as extending from a certain "point" which could be precisely located by the measurements. This simple experiment COULD HAVE BEEN done fifty years earlier, but no one had bothered to do so. Silfen's experiment gave evidence that "something" did leave the body and organize its perceptual self at a particular point of reference to the target. That "something" also moved its point of reference from window 1 to window 2.

NOW. Something additional must be explained. Back in 1972, the out-of-body experience DID NOT have the currency it was to have in later years, especially regarding death-bed and clinical death experiencing.

Dr. Osis had been the first exponent within parapsychology to study it in depth, first fully reporting his research in his 1961 book DEATHBED OBSERVATIONS BY PHYSICIANS AND NURSES.

This book launched a psycho-political resistance to Osis -- since his work moved much too close to the problems of the existence of the soul, reincarnation and true EXTRA-sensory experiencing that was not a mere figure of speech.

SCIENCE did not like any of these ideas, and so most parapsychologists petitioning to be received as scientists did not like them either.

In other words, Dr. Osis was doomed -- except for one important factor. This factor was the support of Chester F. Carlson, the American physicist who invented the Xerox process to become universally utilized and which made him multimillionaire. Carlson WAS interested in OOB and Dr. Osis's work.

Carlson died in 1968, but the continuing position of Osis as Director of Research at the ASPR was tied to the large endowment Carlson has set up for the ASPR. All those parapsychologists who became members of the ASPR board and who didn't like OOB stuff could only make life and research difficult for Osis -- but they couldn't get rid of him.

However, within a few years, they drove him into early retirement.

THIS was the actual reason the ASPR publishing committee refused to publish his first OOB experiments that involved my humble self.

I, of course, had learned a bitter something along these lines. And so, after the Silfen experiment was done, I said: "OK, some science has been done. So let's now consider the psycho-political aspects."

"If you prepare an official report, then certain parapsychologists will begin pissing in their pants again. Instead, let's prepare a very unofficial, groveling report and circulate it unofficially but widely -- and do this BEFORE the ASPR board is aware of it."

Everyone involved balked at this. So I drew rank on them. "Look, we can say that this experiment was done within the scope of the 50 percent time allotted to ME. Since we have progressed with this idea under that concept, then no parapsychologist will seriously consider anything that had any hint it was my idea to begin with."

Everyone still balked. "Then," I said, calmly, "I'm outahere this time for good."

Everyone then agreed -- and thus it was done.

I designed the scheme for this covert distribution of information. The ASPR had, at that time, some 8,000 supporting members who paid annual dues at \$15 per head. Five hundred of these received the Silfen-Mitchell report.

The subscribing members got very excited -- and demanded MORE research along these lines. Against this onslaught the obstinate members of the ASPR board could do nothing -- and MORE research was undertaken.

Well, after all it IS true that science is one thing, and that politicking, planning and plotting is another. The Chinese have an old proverb that goes something like "If water cannot get in one way, it will circulate and find another way to do so."

Dr. Silfen's experiment has always carried an additional luminosity to it, one that is completely lost in the history of remote viewing.

It was the break/make point between experiments that merely fiddled with phenomena and experiments attempting to discover PROCESS that might be involved.

After all, most people think Psi perceptions "just happen" without bothering to think about why and how they happen -- and about this a great deal is going to be narrated in chapters ahead.

A PLEA: When I was organizing my archives for this book, I attempted to locate Dr. Carole Silfen. She has vanished, and is not locatable via any lists of psychologists or in any telephone directory in the United States.

So if anyone knows of her whereabouts or what happened to her, I'd be very appreciative, with my thanks in advance.

Chapter 48

URI GELLER

As of 1971, there were many American psychic personalities who had some kind of fame, greater or lesser.

Some of these were noble people, some pretentious, some tended toward scumbaggery -- but NONE of which had any SCIENTIFIC credibility (as it was referred to back then) and ALL of which were ATTACKED by skeptics if they became too visible.

Parapsychologists tended to avoid the entire lot of them so as not to be painted with the skeptical tar brushes.

The most famous was probably the seer of Washington, D.C., Jeanne Dixon. But skeptics avoided shoot-outs with her because of her tremendously powerful political and media connections.

In other words, the social and antisocial battle lines were well drawn and well understood by everyone -- and it seemed that those lines would remain in force forever. I fully expected to be victimized within the scope of this traditional situation -- if not by parapsychologists themselves, then certainly by the skeptics and media. I warned all my enthusiastic contacts that well, if I'm here now, I'll be gone tomorrow.î

However, in 1971 Dr. Andrija Puharich DISCOVERED Uri Geller in Tel Aviv, and shortly thereafter brought him to the United States -- and it was the ARRIVAL of Uri into the American situation completely and unexpectedly that blew to smithereens the typical situation I have outlined above.

And for this I owe Uri a tremendous gratitude of a type that I guess he'll be surprised to read of in these pages.

Zelda Dear of course knew Puharich quite well -- in that her employer, Mr. Reed Erickson, funded many of Puharich's projects regarding psychoactive substances -- and which projects were all the rage during the late 1960s.

So I'd met Puharich many times in Zelda's apartment where anyone who WAS or wanted to be someone in psychic research gathered. I think Puharich was disappointed with me in that I wouldn't take part in ingesting substances. But he, as did Dr. Jean Houston and other luminaries, praised my paintings as being representative of REALITIES usually only available via substances.

I considered Puharich to be a man of great vision, and read everything he had written. His credentials were awesome and solid. Thus, I understood that he was looking for a paragon of psychic performance, and it appeared that he first found this paragon in the person of the

brilliant Brazilian psychic surgeon, Arigo -- but whom unfortunately was killed in a car wreck in 1971, a loss to the world, I think.

Puharich went to Tel Aviv to witness Geller's metal-bending talents, and commenced a series of tests. During these Geller manifested psychokinetic abilities, and dematerialized objects that reappeared elsewhere. Under hypnosis, a mysterious voice was heard in the same room as Geller, claiming to be a superior intelligence of an extraterrestrial nature. A Hindu scholar had conveyed similar messages to Puharich in 1953, and again in 1956 by someone else in Arizona.

Many observers of Puharich's career have noted that the communicating of superior intelligences in spaceships manifested in the presence of Puharich and seemed to follow him around from one psychic to another. As noted in the Berger & Berger encyclopedia of Parapsychology (1991), Along with Geller, Dr. Puharich thinks that he also has been chosen by extraterrestrial entities to persuade the world of the reality of their existence and benevolence of purpose.†

It is fair to say, then, that Puharich (deceased in 1994) either began, or certainly gave currency to, the concept of extraterrestrial psychic communication. Because before him I know for certain that not even scumbaggy psychics would have dared as much -- and anyway this particular territory belonged otherwise to the first UFO CONTACTEES of the early 1950s and whom were savaged by skeptics, media and scientists.

For his part, Geller proved to be a delightful personality. He was dynamic, optimistic, and with endless reserves of energy. He was also exceedingly handsome and possessed an extraordinary public charisma -- all of which ultimately added up to his superstar glamour.

He was exactly what the dour realms of parapsychology versus science and skeptics needed to experience.

In my estimation of him, he defiantly dared to walk where angels feared to tread -- and was also to prove to have many more than the nine lives attributed to cats.

Finally, it should be said that Uri simply adored the ambrosia of the public stage -- and it was this wonderful talent that wrecked the cast-in-cement power of the skeptics and who thereafter really had to work overtime even to be heard through the applause of Uri's vast public audiences.

I thought all of this was great, and admired Uri very much for this fabulous CONTRIBUTION. DECONSTRUCTING the skeptics IS, after all, a needed contribution.

Parapsychologists, of course, ran for cover. Some of them even made public and semi-public announcements that THEY would never touch Geller with a ten-foot pole -- much in the same way they worked overtime to avoid taking notice of Cleve Backster's breakthrough work.

Uri, of course, simply stole the limelight from all other psychics of whatever water, and the bitching I heard along these lines was vastly more amusing than watching TV.

There can be no question that it was Geller who put psychic research back on the map of public awareness, not only in the United States but regarding the entire world. Regardless of what was said about him, he reached deep into the human psyche and reminded our species of something that is hard to articulate, at least for me.

This was a tremendous and wonderful achievement.

It was doubly wonderful for little me. I thought the collision (for that is what it certainly was) between Geller and society, scientific and otherwise, was simply fascinating -- and the collision was clearly won by Uri.

But in my case, although media AND skeptical interest was increasing, and I was having to work overtime to outwit it, Geller's extraordinary luminosity attracted all of the negative attention that otherwise might have become focused ON ME.

Thus, I slipped unscathed through the summer and autumn of 1972, clearly a crucial time if the skeptics had taken notice of my existence. They did not, otherwise arming themselves in a futile attempt to cut Uri down.

When little me next became something to notice, I was already associated with a project everyone understood was being SECRETLY sponsored by the Central Intelligence Agency -- THE Company with tremendous influence in science and media everywhere. Here, then, was a horse of a strange color, and no one knew what to do, or say, or think.

Chapter 49

RESEARCHING THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE

In addition to being hot as hell, June and July were eventful months for little me, but they were also very busy ones.

First off, even though the dashing Uri Geller was tromping around giving the mainstreams an increasingly large headache, I was also being lionized and sought after.

Most of my friends, and the ASPR itself, were besieged with calls from people who wanted to know how much I charged for a reading or a consultation.

"Mr. Swann doesn't give readings."

Hesitation . . . "But what does that mean? He's a PSYCHIC, isn't he?"

"Mr. Swann says he's not a psychic."

Hesitation . . . "Well, give me his phone number anyway?"

"Sorry. Mr. Swann's phone number is CLASSIFIED." (I'm serious: this IS what my friends had begun saying.)

"If he's not a psychic, why is everyone saying he is?"

"Mr. Swann only works with scientists."

Hesitation . . . "But what does THAT mean?"

The American Society for Psychical Research had a lot of calls from media types wanting to talk with me. When I say the ASPR, I mean the archdeaconess, Fanny Knipe, took the calls. She called me to ask what to do about the calls. I said: "Tell them to stick their heads where the sun don't shine."

Fanny said: "You know, Ingo, you're the first psychic we've ever known who doesn't want publicity."

"Fanny, dear, I'm NOT a psychic. I'm a . . . (grasping for words) . . . I'm a perceptual researcher, that's all."

After Buell Mullen Central and Ruth Hagy Brod Central complained to Zelda Central about my refusal "to go public," Zelda undertook to change my mind over a good game of Scrabble.

"Zelda, Dear," I said, "you know what the media will do... toast my nuts, that's what. You know how they treat the entirety of this topic."

"Publicity would be good for the ASPR," she began again. "It might help them raise money for research."

I looked at her in astonishment. "What! Raise money for those turds who trashed Osis and MY work?"

Zelda said: "You know, any publicity is good publicity. Just make sure they spell your name right."

At some point in July, Puthoff called wanting, among other things, to discuss the possibility of a second trip to SRI. "We'll pay your airfare again, and maybe some per diem if I can work it."

"You haven't paid the first airfare yet."

Gloria Swanson called from Portugal, at about 4 in the morning East Coast time.

"Oh, hello Miss Swanson."

"Oh, for crissakes, DO NOT call me Miss Swanson!"

"Oh, what should I call you, then?"

"I'm SWANSON, simply SWANSON!"

She had read the package of materials I'd sent her -- and wanted to know what she could do to help."

Remembering the chicken aspic dinner with the Brods, I said: "Well. I think there's something going on in Washington, behind the scenes that is. I don't have any way of finding out anything."

She was silent for a moment, and then said something like: "OK, I know what to do. I've done this kind of thing before."

"Thanks."

SWANSON called back a day or so later. "They're upset about the Russians -- that's all I can find out."

"You mean about the girls' book, PSYCHIC SECRETS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN?"

"Oh, heavens no! Something much bigger. Don't tell Lucille I told you this."

"OK."

I like bigger pictures, and I began putting two and two together. Zelda was my closest intimate friend.

Swann-to-Zelda over another game of Scrabble: "You know, I think I'm going to end up working for the CIA or something."

Zelda-to-Swann: "Your head's getting too big."

Zelda thence appointed herself as permanent deflator of my inflated head.

I decided I didn't know enough about how intelligence agencies actually worked. I knew something, of course, from past on-the-job experience in the Army and at the United Nations.

But my knowledge along these lines was taken mostly from mainstream media sources -- which in this sense is to say my knowledge was SUPERFICIAL IN THE EXTREME.

I did understand that the CIA made asses of itself. But I did not understand, as I later did, that the intelligence agencies of the world made the world go round. I had a general, superficial picture; but knew nothing at all of the details regarding the way the world's intelligence agencies actually conducted their activities.

Having had good reason, as of 1967, to research Marxism, I knew a great deal about it and international Communism, and even about the KGB. But let me be specific here. I had a great deal of BACKGROUND information. I had nothing in the way of hands-on knowledge -- except that I understood that Marxists ruled the Art Establishment.

The first book I read was THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE (1963) by Allen W. Dulles who had been Director of the CIA, but who was forced to resign in 1961 because of events that brought the CIA into controversy and criticism, most notably the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba.

The book was dedicated "To the men and women of the Central Intelligence Agency who are devoting their careers to the building of American Intelligence."

It seemed to me that this was a rather good book in that it dealt with the issue of intelligence requirements of a free society (a necessity which few seemed to consider). It described the various tasks of collecting, how intelligence is put to use, and the role of intelligence in the Cold War.

And here I think I should remind readers now in 1997 that in 1972 the Cold War WAS a serious and complex issue -- and if this is forgotten, then how and why remote viewing came into existence will not make much sense.

I think I'll dare to say that even if the Soviet Union is gone, that the Cold War has not really gone away as of May 1997 as I write this. It has simply shifted its formats, gone deeper underground, and become more complicated. In that most people recognize and deal with only simple things and superficial issues, doubtless many will disagree with me here.

It was easy to take the information in the Dulles book on board. But the second book I read was more difficult -- and a little mind-bending. This was THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

(1964) by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. I'll simply quote the summary on the flaps of the book's dust jacket.

"This startling and disturbing book is the first full, authentic account of America's intelligence and espionage apparatus -- an invisible government, with the CIA at its center, that conducts the clandestine policies of the United States in the Cold War.

"The Invisible Government is made up of many agencies and people, including the intelligence branches of the State and Defense Departments, of the Army, Navy and Air Force; specialists in codes, propaganda and espionage; and even seemingly private companies and institutions, academic groups, radio stations, a steamship line and a publishing house. But largest and most important of all is the Central Intelligence Agency.

"Aside from the tremendous power these agencies wield, they spend literally billions of dollars yearly. Moreover, as the authors show, money is concealed in the Federal budget and is approved by Congress without debate and without any real knowledge of how it will be spent.

"Inevitably, this shadow government is shaping the lives of 190,000,000 Americans. Major decisions, sometimes involving peace or war, are taking place out of public view -- and even without knowledge of our elected representatives."

This book was rather well-documented. It contained informative chapters on the National Security Agency (NSA) and the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA).

I soon became entirely fascinated with this subject matter. I DID like to find out how things worked. I was a bookworm. I understood libraries and how to organize information. I still try to keep up-dated on this today.

Together with HOOVER'S F.B.I. (1970) by William W. Turner, I took the above two books with me when between June 18-23, 1972, I went to give lectures at the annual retreat of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship held at the Carleton College Campus, Northfield, Minnesota.

I had decided to support Spiritual Frontiers because one of its missions was to re-introduce psychic phenomena into religious contexts. But I had decided I'd not talk about myself, rather I'd focus on what was going on in larger-picture kinds of ways. A little over 400 people attended this retreat. This was the first time I was to mount a podium and speak. I was terrified, uncertain.

There were 31 speakers. The business of the retreat began at 6:30 a.m. with meditation and prayer and did not conclude until 10:00 p.m. I gave two seminars a day, and three major lectures in the evening. For this I was promptly reimbursed my airfare and, if I remember correctly, paid \$200.

The people were wonderful, individually and as a group, as was to be the case with SFF people everywhere.

But by the end of the retreat I had begun to realize the larger dimensions of a situation I already knew existed.

People really don't like to have their realities or visions tampered with no matter who or what they are.

They accept what fits with their realities or visions.

They may listen to what doesn't fit, but they don't really hear it.

Whomever it was who coined the maxim "Pissing into the wind" knew what they were talking about.

It was at the Carleton College retreat that I got to wondering why people think as they do, and why they are not open to information and data that contrasts or contradicts their realities. Up until then, I had believed that people just preferred being stupid or uninformed. But the majority of those at the retreat were by no means stupid.

Two factors emerged from this wondering. One speaks to people ONLY in THEIR own terms -- or one is pissing into the wind.

The second factor emerged about a year later -- and I dubbed it MENTAL INFORMATION PROCESSING GRIDS. I was then able to say that if one thinks they are dealing with people, well, they are in error.

They are actually dealing with walking, talking information processing grids -- of which a great deal will be said in chapters ahead.

I didn't think my talks at the Carleton retreat went over very well -- especially when I said that we should dump everything thought to be known about Psi and simply start over on a new basis.

But in the weeks ahead invitations to speak poured in from all directions. I met Robert Ashby at Carleton, and when he telephoned a few weeks later to invite me to Kansas City to talk, I asked why. I didn't think I related to the public very well.

"But you do!" he insisted. "People LIKE to consider larger pictures, but are seldom given the opportunity to do so. All things conspire to keep them fixated in small stuff. Please do come."

Chapter 50

IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

My diary for 1972 shows that from the Carleton retreat I proceeded directly to Washington, D.C. to do book research in the Library of Congress.

Arriving in Washington, I stayed with a very good friend, Virginia Downesborough. At the time, she owned and operated a small employment agency there specializing in job market opportunities in government and on the Hill. So, of course, she had "contacts" everywhere.

I had already been to the Library of Congress one time earlier, the reason being that I had drained dry the New York libraries regarding psychic matters, and had several times been referred to Washington for books.

Back then, one had to have some kind of credentials to utilize the nation's Library, and so Dr. Jan Ehrenwald had written a letter saying I was a researcher working for the American Society for Psychical Research in New York. This letter had passed muster. I had filled out a vast number of call slips for books, determined eventually to look at all the books on this subject matter. If I remember correctly, ten books at a time were delivered to my seat in the vast impressive reading room.

While waiting for books, I went to view Buell Mullen's murals installed years earlier in the Library.

On this second trip, I began submitting call slips, and the first books duly arrived at my seat.

But shortly, a young man dressed in a very chic suit came up asking if I was "Mr. Swann." I first thought I was going to get thrown out.

"If you'd like, I can provide you with a pass to go into the stacks. There's a desk back there you can work at."

I was completely dumbfounded, for it was my understanding that only members of Congress (or their aides) could gain admittance to the STACKS.

So I said something like: "Gosh! To what do I owe this honor."

He smiled, saying that it would save everyone a lot of time -- then adding that "someone has spoken on your behalf."

"Who?"

"I have no idea. I'm only an overseer here. Just come with me."

I went with him.

As I remember it, the Library had only two double stacks of psychic books, and I was able to look along each shelf to find books I wasn't familiar with or didn't even know existed.

I noted the titles of some, thinking I'd somehow obtain copies of them.

THEN I came across one book I'd never heard of, by two authors I'd never heard of, entitled THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE (1942).

Well, I HAD heard of one of the authors -- Sir Hubert Wilkins, the noted explorer of the Arctic.

But I had not known that the famous explorer had been involved in a dramatic psychic experiment.

I was dumbfounded when I read through the book's contents -- and saw that the book contained the "Authenticated documentary record of the Wilkins-Sherman experiments in

long-distance telepathy" -- Harold M. Sherman, of course, being the other author and the psychic involved.

As I turned through the pages, I was completely staggered to see that the Wilkins-Sherman experiments had been almost an exact replica of the out-bound "beacon" remote-viewing experiments at the ASPR.

MY GOD!!! IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE! AND -- involved no less than SIXTY-EIGHT "tests" between Wilkins at the North Pole, and Sherman in New York! -- the tests running between October 25, 1937 and March 24, 1938.

I had no idea of who Sherman was, but it was certain that Sir Hubert had been of impeccable character.

The last page of the book contained a letter, dated April 4, 1938, from Sherman to the parapsychology luminary, Dr. Gardner Murphy, Department of Psychology, Columbia University:

"Dear Dr. Murphy: I am herewith enclosing the last of the annotated impressions returned to me by Wilkins following completion of his six months' Arctic search for the lost Russian flyers.

"I am sorry that we were unable to perform more of the ESP card texts desired by you, but conditions in the North with Wilkins made this impossible. . . .".

Even while sitting in the Library of Congress I could see that the rate of successes was astronomical, everything considered. Wilkins would be at a certain place at all times. He would not know where this place would be in advance.

But a time was pre-arranged when Mr. Sherman in New York would attempt to view the explorer at the Pole, and try to describe where Wilkins was and what was going on around him.

LORD ABOVE, if one substituted "spying" for "describe" -- well, one would have long-distance spying -- e.g. long-distance spying by "remote-viewing."

I was FURIOUS, FURIOUS, FURIOUS.

At the ASPR, Osis, Mitchell and I had been dealt all that bullshit about out-of-body viewing and the two kinds of remote-viewing experiments, with those turds on the publishing committee proclaiming that they were off the wall.

Yet, the Wilkins-Sherman experiments had been monitored by Dr. Gardner Murphy, several times the president of the ASPR, and while he lived surely one of the greatest figureheads parapsychology has ever had.

Immediately on my return to New York, I briefed Janet and she and I went into the ASPR library to see if the book was there. There was an index card for it with two notations on it: "missing" and "disposed."

"Well," I giggled, "what do you think?"

Janet thought they had gotten rid of it.

So I telephoned Weiser's Occult Book Store to see if they had a second hand copy of it.

They did. I went immediately to buy it.

When I had it in hand, I found it was stamped "Circulating, American Society for Psychical Research."

"Where did you get this book?" I asked. "It belongs to the ASPR."

No, I was told. It came in a box of books the ASPR occasionally sold to Weiser's.

I promptly bought it. And so it WAS true -- the ASPR had "deaccessioned" (gotten rid of) the book of the Sherman/Wilkins long-distance experiments. Why? Oh, Why, Why, Why?

"Janet," I said, "there's some kind of a goddamned plot going on here."

No one had heard of Sherman, except Lucille Kahn. "Oh, yes, he had something to do with Rhine way back. I think he must have died since."

In any event, remote-viewing under another name had actually begun in 1938. I was later to discover that it had begun MUCH earlier -- at least in its modern contexts.

I was also able to discover that if ANYTHING had been completely sanitized from parapsychology consciousness, THIS was it. "THIS," of course, refers to LONG-DISTANCE clairvoyance or traveling clairvoyance, or whatever you want to call it.

Janet and I assumed Sherman was dead, since Wilkins was. There was a great mystery here, and somehow great shame on parapsychology.

The mystery and the shame was ultimately to be explained in November, 1972 -- explained by Mr. Harold M. Sherman himself and who was very much alive and kicking.

Chapter 51

MORE SHENANIGANS AND IDIOCIES AT THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH JULY -- 1972

By the end of July, the ASPR had turned into a noisy zoo fermenting with shenanigans and idiocies. These were now noticed by just about everyone far and wide, and many wondered "what is wrong up at the ASPR -- where everyone seems to have gone crazy."

I wouldn't bore the reader with these, but for two reasons.

First, the ASPR shenanigans proved to be mere kindergarten prototypes for versions of much larger idiocies that lurked ahead for everyone at Stanford Research Institute.

But the second reason is much more important -- or, as it perhaps should be said, more "significant." The second reason is also more elusive, introducing, as it does, a level of life's complications most people like to avoid dealing with.

From what might be called a "collective" level of groups of humans attempting to live and interact with each other, a process can be identified that involves the ratio or order to disorder. It would appear that one of the purposes (or goals) of making a Society is to bring more order than disorder into the communal situation of people living (or clinging) together.

No society-making format works very well if it doesn't succeed in trending away from disorder toward order.

Very broadly speaking, it is far easier to establish social order if it is based on material, physical things. Such things can, of course, be seen or interpreted in various ways. But at bottom, physical things can be seen by everyone to EXIST -- and it is the mere existence that increases various kinds of agreement leading to at least a sense of communal CERTAINTY.

It is easy enough to see that physical certainty can facilitate certain kinds of order -- at least if only in some hypothetical sense.

This becomes more clear when contrasted to immaterial or non-material stuff -- against which it is much more difficult to perceive whatever order the immaterial may possess or be indicative of.

So, it can be said (at least I will say it) that it is easier to establish a sense of order regarding physical phenomena than it is regarding non-physical phenomena.

In this sense, then, regarding physical phenomena it is likely that the ratio or order can be much higher than that of disorder.

Conversely, since very many human specimens can't get a good grip on immaterial phenomena (nor sometimes even perceive them in any clear-cut way), such specimens are clearly beset with the problem of whether those kinds of phenomena exist at all.

The monster of UNCERTAINTY now raises up its head, and uncertainty usually induces a spectrum of disorder.

If the scenario the above represents is explored as calmly as possible, it is easy enough to see why the physical universe of matter and the bottom-line philosophy of materialism are more beloved than the non-physical "universe" and the philosophies of immaterialism.

It is also easier to see why the ratio of order/disorder is different regarding the material and immaterial realms.

In any event, it's within my realms of REALITY to suggest that there may be one principal reason that research in metaphysics, spirituality, consciousness and parapsychology doesn't get very far.

I'll take a moment to explain.

Something akin to final answers can be arrived at in the physical sciences -- because MATTER, physical matter is what it is. You can plop this or that piece of matter onto a plate

and look at it. You can subject it to microscopic examination. You can poke at it, pound or wiggle it. THERE IT IS. Eventually everyone will agree that THERE IT IS, and most will usually agree as to what it is.

But in the psychological sciences, in metaphysics, in parapsychology, you can't plop this or that piece of non-matter onto a plate and look at it. It is elusive, it is invisible, it isn't THERE -- except by inference or interpretation or by some abracadabra statistical interpretation. So, there is no ultimate need to have agreement that it is there -- like a piece of physical matter is there.

Now, it would be clear that interpersonal relations become, well, more secure among those who deal with "hard" physical matter, because there is the possibility of some kind of ultimate certainty regarding the physical matter itself.

It is true that such people do have interpersonal difficulties. But in the end the certainty of matter more or less resolves a good deal -- with the possible, and probable, exception of WHO is to possess the most of matter deemed VALUABLE.

However, in the "soft" sciences there is no certainty of the kind obtainable by plopping a piece of physical matter on a plate and saying "Well, THERE IT IS."

This type of certainty is not really possible in the soft sciences, and so those who work within them are usually more stressed than those who work in the hard sciences -- perhaps more unhinged (at times.)

By way of allegorical illustration:

First scenario: "Now," a geologist says, "the material sample I've put on this plate is a kind of hard carbon otherwise known as a diamond. This specimen is flawless and therefore very valuable. THIS IS a diamond."

Well, no one argues, right? THERE IT IS! That diamond. So the stress element is relatively low -- except among those who covet the sample on the plate.

Second scenario: "Now," a parapsychologist says "the statistical sample I've put on this plate reflects a particularly good example of acquiring information by other than the senses than can be explained as a function of biological matter. This example is flawless, and therefore very valuable. THIS (we think) IS long-distance seeing."

Well, now there will be a number of predictable arguments -- such as "Oh Yeah?!" "Your calculator needs fixing." "It's impossible." "We can see the statistic, but WHERE IS THE long-distance seeing ITSELF. Put THAT on the plate, and then we'll believe it."

So the stress level is relatively high -- and the ratio of disorder increases with all its attendant phenomena. And this disorder increase also tends to be perpetual -- since parapsychologists can't usually put much more on the plate than inferences -- even though it is easier to discover examples of ESP, etc., than it is to find diamonds.

In other words, in the soft sciences and philosophies everything can not only be argued about eternally, but eternally doubted. So the stress levels are always complicated. This leads to increases in social, or interpersonal, disorder. And it is quite for sure that idiocies can more abundantly exist and thrive among higher ratios of disorder.

After returning from the first trip to SRI, at which time I was dragged back to the ASPR somewhat against my better judgment, I thought things would go better -- all things considered, of course.

At some point in early July, I went down to Fanny Knipe's office to Xerox something -- to find the dinky old Xerox machine on the blink again.

So I commented to Fanny: "You'd think that since Chester Carlson, the inventor of the Xerox process and equipment, had the ASPR so close in his heart, that the Xerox Corporation in his honor would keep you equipped with the biggest and best equipment available in his honor. Has anyone asked them about this?"

At this, Fanny, the dragon lady, almost burst into tears. "I proposed this to the board -- I even had a draft letter. Xerox gives money to lots of places. But the board argued about this for six weeks and then turned down the idea."

"OH! For crissakes! Why?"

"They're all afraid of their own shadows, that's why. No one dares DO anything. They turned down the idea because it came from ME -- not from one of THEM. They are also afraid of Mrs. Carlson -- who makes up the deficit each year. Asking for a Xerox machine is too risky."

In my understanding of things, Fanny was the one holding the ASPR in any semblance of order. I told her so. She warmed up a little.

"You know -- well, there's been gossip going on that you are planning to take over the ASPR. Is that true?"

Now, I have a big mouth and very little can make it speechless. My mouth simply gaped, wordlessly. "You've got to be joking. WHAT would I want with this place?"

"Well, you're gaining in power, too much of it? Some don't like that."

Janet Mitchell's mood declined during July, even though we all seemed enthusiastic about the different kinds of experiments. So I asked her about this. "They don't tell me anything -- I never know what's going on, THAT's what's the matter."

Dr. Osis turned, well, a little fuzzy. Although he was interested in the experiments, and especially approved of the one's designed by Drs. Silfen and Schmeidler, he was ambiguous about his name being attached to them.

Janet explained: "He's afraid of the board, and won't become part of any experiment that doesn't have board approval."

I decided to take matters into my own hands -- and sent a report of the SRI magnetometer experiment directly to Dr. Montague Ullman, president of the ASPR, and Director of Community Mental Health Center at Maimonides Medical Center. In the cover letter, I explained what an honor it was to be a test subject at the ASPR and work on Osis's breakthrough experiments."

I then complained to Arthur Twitchell and John Wingate, both being ASPR trustees, that I resented the gossip about Moi taking over the ASPR. I explained that I hadn't the credentials to begin with, and wouldn't WANT to do so even if I had them. I further compound about the declining morale. Both said they would investigate.

I received a letter from Dr. Ullman dated 26 July, the day Silfen, Janet and I did the interesting box experiment:

"Dear Mr. Swann: Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness in sending me the report of your work on the West Coast. I was very much impressed with your ability to achieve so startling and challenging a result. I hope that we can move toward a similar line of investigation in connection with your work at the American Society for Psychical Research. At any rate, I would very much like to explore this with you and wonder perhaps if we either

might meet sometime at the American Society for Psychical Research, or have supper together in the city. I would be happy to do either at your convenience."

I later met with Ullman. He turned out to be a fine fellow and we became friends.

I then received a letter dated July 31 from Dr. John Wingate, who had investigated the problems that Ullman apparently didn't know about -- or didn't want to get into.

"Dear Ingo: After further talk with Osis and Janet (separately) it would seem to me that much of the difficulty in conducting an experiment that Osis is willing to vouch for grows out of the lack of someone in charge of the procedure. Janet has often not been consulted in advance and yet Osis tells me she is in charge, but she says she has been given no authority. Everyone gets into the act in a free-wheeling way, and the critic could find loopholes. Dr. Osis is very afraid of criticism.

"I hope you will agree that the time has come, preferably in August while Osis is away, for you and Janet and a couple of observers to conduct an experiment like the ones you have been undertaking on a 'training session' basis but with rigid controls. Janet is sure, and I am too, that you will perform fully as well and that then there will be no question about distributing the documented report along the lines you have suggested.

"Janet is now working over the earlier experiments and I hope they will be ready for circulation early in the fall."

Well, there it was. If you have difficulty in getting together the implications of the two letters I have just quoted in full, well, don't worry too much.

They merely reflect that the president and some members of the ASPR board wanted things to go well, but that the ASPR was a mess internally, a hotbed of intrigues, stupidity and, alas, some hatreds that were not too well concealed.

I had no idea of how to surmount any of this, for even though I could throw my newfound weight around a little, like Janet I had no "authority." In fact, it was quite difficult to discover who DID have "authority." It seemed no one was in charge. It seemed everything at the ASPR was done via covert manipulating -- liberally laced with various idiocies.

So with the two letters in hand, I went to Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, himself a trustee of the ASPR, and one of the greatest realists I've ever known. Mrs. Ehrenwald had prepared a delightful European lunch and we talked for about two hours.

In his ultra-tactful way, Ehrenwald pointed out, among other insights, that I was the problem -- something I'd not quite realized, of course. He permitted himself a small smile.

"You've tripped across something most people prefer not to acknowledge. You see, on the one hand the world fears ESP and Psi, most certainly any real evidence of it. On the other hand, you don't."

I didn't completely understand this, so he gave me a draft paper he had written on the phenomenology of fear -- and which, unfortunately, I've lost by now. But I remember most of its contents quite well -- major amongst which were Ehrenwald's two hypotheses:

(1) that fear is the greatest disruptor of all things big or small;

(2) that fear rules all things if not in one way then in another.

I looked at Ehrenwald in open disbelief. "Do you mean," I asked, "that I am dangerous to echelons of fear because I'm not afraid of Psi?"

"Well, I refer to them as `hives,' not `echelons'. But, yes. You are NOT afraid of Psi, are you?"

"I've no idea. I've never thought of it in that context. But if the ASPR is a hive of fear, why are you a trustee?"

"Well, to study and observe it, of course."

The benefit to me (as well as to those who might take the time to study his books), as a mentor Ehrenwald was not a hard-line parapsychologist. However, he was of the opinion that certain "Psi" phenomena were right-hemisphere functions, or at least the products of a different kind of cognitive function within our species.

In his EXCELLENT book, THE ESP EXPERIENCE: A PSYCHIATRIC VALIDATION (1978), Ehrenwald obliquely touched upon the topic of "fear" in his chapter 22: "The Psi Syndrome and Modern Man Against Psi."

But even he avoided the issue directly -- that is, the issue of fear, the issue that induces uncertainty and thus disorder.

And with this, I've now briefly introduced into this memoir a topic I'll return to time and again ahead -- a topic that is absolutely necessary in that much to follow will not make complete sense without it.

THE DARKEST DAY OF MY LIFE -- (ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY)

My debt to Dr. Jan Ehrenwald for introducing me to the topic of fear is so profound that I will never be able to articulate it.

But the day after our conversation was certainly a dark day of my life. I was plunged into a deep gloom. I had feared many things so far in my life. But not Psi, or anything that might be incorporated into that concept.

To me, and since my childhood experiences, Psi represented expanded potentials, expanded perceptions, MORE of something that is great about our species capacities. I had always relegated the existence of fear to those who were lesser perceptive, and because they were lesser perceptive had something of a right to fear whatever they couldn't perceive or understand.

But I'd never conceived that Psi could be feared by, say, SCIENCE, certainly not by parapsychologists. But I now knew that fear could exist among them -- even if not in a conscious way.

Getting a little ahead of the unfoldment here, I can say that one of the fall-outs of all this can be a new sense of compassion -- and which I'd never felt very much of before. And it a type of compassion that can transcend self -- for all of us are among those who fear something or other.

But I was a wreck at the time. I laid in bed all morning smoking cigars and drinking Italian coffee. I knew I had to give up on the ASPR -- this a sad business, because it meant betraying Janet Mitchell and Gertrude Schmeidler.

And for the first time I realized that I really didn't want to give up. The contours of this realization were foggy -- but among them appeared the understanding that I "got off," so to speak, on the parapsychology challenge.

More clearly put, once I realized that I'd have to give up, then I realized that I was hooked, even addicted -- not to the glamour, etc., of the field, not to the woo-woo psychic persona, but to the thrill of succeeding in experiments -- addicted to the thrill of surmounting the impossible.

This kind of "think" is akin to why mountaineers climb mountains -- because "they are THERE." Or akin to explorers who trek into the unknown -- because it is THERE.

Dr. Ehrenwald's fear thing struck a deep resonance in me, a quirk, I suppose, but which now needs to be explained. You see, since childhood I already knew that I was afraid of fear. My entire being could become contorted about things I was afraid of.

But the fear was also a fascination, I suppose.

I remember an early fear as a child -- that of hiking alone in the woods. One day I determined to do just that, and did so. A simple thing, to be sure. But in the end that fear vanished.

Thereafter, when I found myself afraid of something I simply worked up my courage and went and did it -- alone, all by myself.

Back in 1953, the idea of having to go into the Army put me in bed a full week with a pillow over my head, a kind of blinding psychotic episode. Then one day I got out of bed and marched to the military recruiting office in Salt Lake City and said "here I am."

This solution to fear had led me to do many stupid things -- such as walk fifty-seven blocks through a New York subway tunnel when I realized I was afraid to do so.

One reason I tried parapsychology experiments was that I was afraid I would fail at them -- and did so many times.

One reason I had refused Puthoff's invitation to SRI for a second time was that I was afraid I would fail.

Another reason was that if I didn't fail, then if Puthoff's project really got going, it would be somehow connected to the larger military-intelligence establishment -- for that was where SRI got most of its money from. I also could not possibly miss the accumulating clues indicating probable Washington interest in his project.

I WAS afraid of falling flat on my face in full view of SRI and THAT establishment.

It was in this slightly psychotic frame of mind that I got out of bed about 3:00 p.m. I made yet another Italian espresso pot, sat it by the phone, and with sweating, shaking hands dialed Puthoff's number.

"Puthoff speaking."

"OK, here I am."

"Gosh! Really? I was about to call you. Is it true you're taking over the ASPR?"

I lost it. I bitched about everything -- about the suppression of the Wilkins-Sherman experiments, about the ASPR board, about Xerox machines, about how difficult it was to play hardball inside a pillow stuffed with fraidy-cat egos and bullshit, and etc.

I then felt better.

I suddenly felt like playing hardball again.

"If I come out there," I began, "I want some things."

"OK, you got'em."

"Where's the reimbursement for the FIRST trip?"

"What! You haven't got it yet?"

"Would I ask for it if I HAD gotten it?"

"SRI is slow when it comes to paying consultants. I'll look into it again."

I continued my hardball approach.

"It is to be understood that I will be fully informed about the type and nature of any experiment. I don't want any more surprises. I also will do only those experiments I feel I can succeed at. If I don't have this feeling, then nothing will be held against me. After all, if I feel I won't succeed, then my psychological balance will be negative."

"OK, I swear."

"I want an office with a telephone to sit in when we're not working."

"Gee, that might be difficult. SRI doesn't assign offices to consultants."

"Work it out, or I no show. I also want a work agenda cast in cement. I want the work to be as full-time as possible, even though that might wreck your telephoning."

"OK, how soon can you come?"

"In a week or so. How's that? I need time to TELL EVERYONE where I'm going this time."

"OK. Done deal. I'll work on the office. Would you mind having some observers present?"

"No, providing they are qualified and not just some dipshits wanting a thrill."

Then I showered -- and went over to Zelda's. I needed to be in the company of someone who was fearless. Zelda feared nothing.

After all, back when she owned two nudist camps, and PLAYBOY magazine wanted to do an article on them, she was the first full frontal nude to appear with the magazine (the picture was in black-and-white, though, and that WAS the time when decency squads still ruled.)

Zelda again loaned me the money for this second trip.

Later that night, I called up Martin Ebon. "I'm going to SRI again." He was thrilled. "I want to know if you can tell me why SRI is sponsoring this kind of thing?"

"The Soviets, of course."

"But surely not because of all that superficial public stuff in PSYCHIC SECRETS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN."

"No," Martin replied.

"OK, how big is the secret work?"

"Big."

"OK, can we meet for lunch tomorrow or so?"

"Tomorrow. Come to my office and we'll go to lunch."

I then called Shafia Karagulla in Los Angeles.

"I'm going to SRI again, and I need to talk to you."

"Enough said over the telephone," she whispered. "Can you come down to me?"

"Yes, I'll arrange it somehow."

"Don't tell anyone."

"OK."

I then went to bed -- and put a pillow over my head. But the weather was too hot. So I threw it on the floor -- and, believe it or not, prayed for guidance.

Chapter 53

THE SECOND VISIT TO SRI 7-25 AUGUST 1972

I flew to California on 7 August 1972, and was to be there for three weeks. Puthoff met the flight in San Francisco -- and immediately handed me an envelope containing my reimbursement for the first trip, and a copy of our work schedule -- just to show me, as he said, that he was "on the ball."

We were to have a one-week informal period, and then a two-week formal set up. The latter two-week segment would be attended by "two East Coast Scientists who would observe some of the experiments."

So I said: "CIA, right?"

His eyes widened. "East Coast Scientists!" he responded.

I don't remember or have any record of what happened during the first week, except that my calendar shows several appointments with Mr. Jim Bolen of San Francisco who had recently founded PSYCHIC magazine.

I flew to Los Angeles on the first weekend to be with Dr. Shafica Karagula and her associate.

I don't remember what we discussed, but almost certainly the continuing topic would have been "Conspiracies" of all kinds.

Regarding the second two weeks, Puthoff had prepared a schedule of activities, probably not so much for my benefit but for that of the two "East Coast scientists" who duly

presented themselves. No one will believe it now, but neither Puthoff nor I remember their names, and Puthoff indicates that so far as he remembers they were never heard of again with regard to his project.

SCHEDULE: PUTHOFF/SWANN

(on SRI letterhead)

AUGUST 14 AUGUST 21

Discussion am Boxes am

Visual research am Helium pm

Velikovsky lecture pm Visual research pm

AUGUST 15 AUGUST 22

EEG am Discussion v/r am

Magnetometer pm Visual research pm

Discussion pm Boxes pm

AUGUST 16 AUGUST 23

Probing helium am Discussion am

Visual research am Boxes am

Visual research am Conference lunch

Targ/Hurt machine pm Photomultiplier pm

Magnetometer pm Physical research pm

AUGUST 17 AUGUST 24

EEG am EEG-Thermister am

Probing helium pm Conference am

Probing helium pm Physical research pm

EEG pm

AUGUST 18 AUGUST 25

Discussion am Physical research am

Boxes am Helium pm

Probing nitrogen am Final conference pm

EEG am

Now, it must be said, in fact, emphasized, that the second visit to SRI was wonderful in the extreme. And the whole of it went off like a well-oiled mechanism that didn't miss a beat. Puthoff, in a vivid display of management, competency and diplomacy, was on his best behavior. Better still, I was on MY best behavior -- because the two-week enterprise of experiments and discussions involved dozens of people, technicians and management types from within SRI, individuals from corporate Silicon Valley, and additional "visitors" from the East Coast who faded in and faded out mysteriously.

One of the reasons I was on my best behavior was that I was fascinated with the various kinds of people, each of whom seemed to be a specialist in some wonderful discipline or original work.

So, for the most part I kept quiet and just observed them, responding only to questions when asked. I felt I should listen and learn, something I decide to do every now and then. Here I had an excellent opportunity to study how people who were not parapsychologists were responding to Psi potentials.

Additionally, I don't remember anyone asking a stupid question. Of course, none of them were parapsychologists, except Mr. Russell Targ, but he was principally an acknowledged noted physicist with several important patents to his name. He was among the visitors I met, and on the work agenda were sessions during which I was supposed to try to work with a "Psi teaching machine" he had invented with David B. Hurt.

Targ gave me a paper to read entitled LEARNING CLAIRVOYANCE AND PRECOGNITION WITH AN EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION TEACHING MACHINE, authored by himself and Hurt. The paper had been presented as an invited paper at the IEEE International Symposium on Information Theory, January, 1972. The auspices for this invited paper meant, to me at least, that the possibilities of Psi were seriously being considered at the highest levels of science.

I amended this understanding a little when I found out that the IEEE was a Society of Engineers -- not scientists per se. Here is a distinction that was to be very meaningful, as I'll discuss at some point ahead.

Targ also gave me "A Proposal" constructed by himself, Charles T. Tart, and David Hurt entitled RESEARCH ON TECHNIQUES TO ENHANCE EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION, dated 1 March 1972 -- and which I'll review more completely at some point ahead.

Targ seemed exceptional to me, and I liked him tremendously, although he was not yet directly affiliated to SRI. It was whispered that "the Navy" was most likely to fund Targ's enhancement program. "Ah, yes, the Navy," I whispered to Puthoff -- and told him of Buell Mullen's Naval encounter many years before [and which has been recounted in an earlier chapter herein].

If you will study the work agenda given above, all of us were kept constantly busy. The two East Coast Scientists were in constant attendance. Puthoff explained their presence. He was on the verge of obtaining a small amount of funding IF I performed well. The two "scientists" were "observers" whose opinions would be very important for the future project.

"EEK!" I breathed -- because THIS aspect of the two week's work had NOT been made all that clear to me.

Unfortunately, I didn't accumulate a complete archive of this two-week period and so I can't now report on the success-failure rate of the various kinds of experiments.

Of course, the "probes" of helium, nitrogen, thermistors, magnetometers and photomultipliers constituted psychokinetic-type experiments -- the "mind-over-matter" thing. I think some few of these experiments went well, for I remember that when it seemed a PK effect had been achieved, the technicians who has set up the equipment usually said "there must be something wrong with the equipment."

The Visual and Box experiments had to do with clairvoyance -- the experiments involving something hidden inside envelopes, in other rooms or in closed, sealed boxes. This was the

usual, very boring type of affair, showing that inventiveness and imagination did not move too far beyond this approach.

I do have evidence of the best six of these experiments. But for the most part, the visual experiments were not all that encouraging, and in private I apologized to Puthoff for this. For one thing, I was coming down with a cold, and my nose was running most of the time. Puthoff said something like "not to worry. It's your overall work and ideas that are under review."

But at one point, the EEK Scientists were invited to put things of their own choices in boxes and tape them shut with their initials or something on the tape. They were to ensure that no one, not even Puthoff, knew what was in the boxes.

The EEK Scientists then presented three sealed boxes. Regarding two of them I approximated the hidden contents quite well.

But with regard to the other, I indicated the box contained "something like a brown leaf -- except that it was on the underside of the lid and not at the bottom of the box. It also seemed alive, but I didn't understand how a brown leaf could be thought of as alive."

The box contained a living moth the EEK Scientists had capture outside. It was reasonably large, was brown, and with its wings folded it resembled a brown leaf which nature had designed it to look like. When the box was opened, it was clinging to the bottom side of the lid.

The two EEK Scientists looked at me with forlorn eyes.

At this point, the work schedule was interrupted. Puthoff and the EEK Scientists went into closed conference with other officials at SRI. I was excluded. So I mopped at my dripping nose and drank coffee.

When the conference was over, Puthoff asked if I would agree to fill out forms necessary for a security clearance at the Secret level. I said "Yes," but that I'd have to do so back in New York where all my documents were.

After this, the "discussions" part of the agenda, or what remained of it, changed considerably. I pick up on this again in the next chapter.

I flew back to New York on 26 August 1972. Puthoff again drove me to the San Francisco airport. He was enthusiastic (as usual) and in very good spirits. Back in New York, I found I had a fever of 102 degrees, and felt absolutely awful.

None the less, I prepared the application for the security clearance and mailed the required copies to Puthoff. This was the common and usual "Industrial Secret Clearance." It was the only clearance I held until the remote viewing project was wrapped up some fourteen years later, although back in my Army days I had Top Secret clearances.

As I signed the application, I felt I was stepping into a void -- and went to bed to get rid of my flu -- which didn't go away. On 15 September I was diagnosed with "walking" pneumonia. My doctor ordered me to hospital. I didn't have any money. So he prescribed large amounts of penicillin and said I was to lay flat in bed for ten days, and get a "nurse" in. He said I could only get up to go to the toilet.

My dear Zelda moved in and was my nurse.

When all this was finally arranged, I slept all the time, lost twenty-five pounds -- and could finally fit back into some of my better suits.

TRANSFERRING OUT OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY

Before continuing with the events in 1972 that ultimately led into the CIA-funded "Eight-Month Project" at Stanford Research Institute (SRI), it is meaningful to begin elaborating upon a particular topic that can lead to a more exact and larger understanding of what was involved.

The importance of that topic cannot be emphasized enough, especially with regard to those who would like to enhance their own powers.

The topic centers on what are referred to as "frames of reference," the contexts and boundaries of which constitute substantial mental frameworks through which people process whatever information they encounter.

Frames of reference are thus of extraordinary importance, so much so that it is surprising (even astonishing!!!), how little investigative attention is paid to them. Indeed, many people don't even know they have frames of reference, and are completely unaware that their "realities" are, as it were, produced and confined by them.

The mental fulcrum of this topic can be stated quite simply: how one thinks about something has a great deal to do with whether it will be adequately understood or not.

Beyond this simple statement, however, it is quite well known that people think about a given thing in different ways, with the predictable result that the given thing becomes surrounded with different versions of it.

Thereafter, what might be called direct and accurate mental contact with the thing itself can become distorted, deflected, or lost within this or that version, with the predictable result that the version ultimately takes mental precedence over the thing itself.

There is a predictable result here, too. The versions can be mentally understood within this or that frame of reference, but in ways that may have very little direct connection to the thing itself.

The import of the four paragraphs above can be reduced to a very simple formula composed of five essential parts:

1. There are people.
2. There are things.
3. Between the people and the things are the ways the people think about the things.
4. The ways of thinking result in different versions, realities, and understandings about the things.
5. Yet, the things ARE what they ARE despite the different versions, realities, and understandings -- and which may or may not MATCH what the things ARE.

As simple and basic as this five-part formula is, the whole of it is none the less deeply, VERY deeply, cocooned within complexities so dense and turgid that each of the five parts vanish from any possible perception of their actual existence.

There are a great number of identifiable reasons for this. But certainly a fundamental one is that people, on average, attribute more value to THEIR versions, realities, and understandings than they do to things themselves.

If this is considered as calmly as possible, it can be seen that people exist and that things exist, but that versions, realities, and understandings are merely mental constructs having only quasi-existence according to the value attributed to them.

Furthermore, human history both illustrates and confirms that the quasi-existing mental constructs constitute only temporary affairs.

Taken altogether, versions, realities, and understandings that individuals are somehow exposed to in order to format their thinking processes constitute **FRAMES OF REFERENCE** all individuals utilize to assess what they do and do not become aware of.

The phrase **FRAME OF REFERENCE** is important enough to be included in most dictionaries which define it as:

"A set or system (as of facts or ideas) serving to orient or give particular meaning."

One cannot quibble too much with this definition, except to mention that "facts" of and in themselves seldom signify much unless they can be associated to "ideas" whether imprinted from socio-cultural environments or somehow gotten up fresh from within this or that individual.

And indeed, as just about everyone experiences at one time or another, various idea-based frames of reference need not necessarily be bothered with any "facts" at all.

As it is, however, "facts" exist everywhere, and it is not too much to say that we live in a Universe thickly populated with them. But they usually mean little unless they can be incorporated into "ideas."

For clarity, we more or less have to say that "facts" exist naturally, but that "ideas" about them one way or another need to be incorporated into mental constructs which, in turn, serve as frames of reference.

The bottom line here is that what might be called the HUMAN PROCESS OF THINKING is obliged to acquire at least basic workhorse frames of references through which each individual thinks about this or that so that they can format their own "ideas" with regard to whatever.

From this, it can hypothetically be supposed that the NUMBER of frames of reference one has available can become important. For example, one might have ten frames of reference. But fifty, a hundred, or perhaps a thousand of them might be better, depending on what is involved.

The utter importance of the NUMBER of frames of reference becomes apparent if the frames are associated with the concept of NEXUS.

This term is taken from the Latin NECTERE, which means "to bind together." In English, NEXUS is defined as "connection, link; a connected group or series."

In this sense, the NUMBER of frames of reference one has available will probably link up, or connect together, to provide a mental nexus via which encountered information will be processed.

Frames of reference and their resulting nexus, are sometimes referred to as mindsets, habits of mind, frames of mind, and maps of mind. But whatever the terminology, they all have one thing in common: they can, as they mostly do, prejudice or bias how one views and interprets information.

Those interested in enlarging their frames of reference with regard to this topic might wish to read MAPS OF THE MIND by Charles Hampden-Turner (1981), and FRAMES OF MIND by Howard Gardner (1983).

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It goes without saying, of course, that frames of references are most useful and productive if the ideas upon which they are based can be formulated to most closely MATCH essential reality as contrasted to NOT-reality or unreality.

In this particular sense, the topic of frames of reference is extremely important to the real story of remote-viewing and to the comprehension and development of the necessary faculties in individuals. So it will be expanded upon at various points in the many chapters ahead.

But the purpose of introducing the topic at this point serves as a fundamental basis to begin clarifying a number of factors about the SRI project which otherwise have suffered from an overwhelming burden of erroneous, faulty, irrelevant, and even illusionary frames of reference.

This "clarifying" was horribly difficult even at the start-up of the project, and it remains so down until this writing -- so much so that the quintessential frames of reference for the remote-viewing project are cocooned within versions that are inappropriate to them.

It is helpful here to note that QUINTESSENCE is defined as "the essential essence of a thing in its purest and most concentrated form." The most appropriate antonym, or direct opposite, to quintessence, is, of course, POLLUTANT, defined as "something that befouls or taints, especially by contamination."

In elaborating the distinction between quintessence and pollutants in relationship to the story of remote-viewing, it might seem that this writer, usually so humble otherwise, is suddenly assuming a dictatorial mountain-top position over the whole landscape of what is involved.

Well, one of the thick, turgid, and major layers that WAS and still IS part-and-parcel of the real story of remote viewing is composed of the MANY conflicts between frames of reference that collected around the project, and which have also burdened every interest in remote viewing since.

If, then, the larger REAL story of remote viewing is to be put on record by THIS writer, the REAL story of those conflicting frames of reference must also take its appropriate place within the larger one.

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To now move expeditiously onward, you will of course have noted the title of this chapter -- TRANSFERRING OUT OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY -- which, at first take, might not make much apparent sense.

But even if the meaning of this chapter title seems obscure at first, its most obvious implication is that the SRI project, from its initial 1972 outset, was conceptualized by Dr. Puthoff so as to enable constructive work toward discovering and establishing what were referred to as "novel approaches."

"Novel approaches" clearly implies a significant change or shift with regard to frames of reference.

It is especially important to point up three factors in this regard:

1. One of the disadvantages of frames of reference is that they can mentally become locked in or locked down with the result that many find it exceedingly difficult to change them.
2. Thus, throughout the project, it was always difficult to convey the aspect of novel approaches to many.

3. And it is this aspect that HAS BEEN TOTALLY FORGOTTEN by now, even by some who should know better.

The best way to elucidate this situation is to first describe what was departed from or transferred out of -- after which the title of this chapter will become more understandable.

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Since its promulgation, parapsychology was (and still is) most certainly composed of its own special frames of reference that historically evolved within its workings during the first sixty years of the twentieth century.

Parapsychology's frames of reference achieved wide and powerful exposure, at first principally through the research work and popular books of Dr. J. B. Rhine during the 1930's and thereafter.

The broad societal result was that anything "psychic" became loosely interpreted through those special frames of reference, or at least through what people could understand of them in a popularized grab-bag kind of way -- including scientists of other disciplines who knew little or nothing of parapsychology (and didn't want to.)

The wide-spread popular download from those frames of reference (whether well understood or not) was, so to speak, that "if it could be thought of as psychic, it was parapsychological."

But even before the advent of Dr. J. B. Rhine, the inner core of parapsychologists never had in mind anything that resembled this mistaken and ambiguous popular version of their own formatted research discipline composed of definite contours.

The central difficulty in determining the great differences between the popular version and the official inner-core idea of parapsychology is that few bothered themselves to READ

about the criteria (i.e., frames of reference) that were set up by parapsychologists to identify and circumscribe their emerging discipline.

Those criteria can be found unambiguously set forth in several early publications, but they were more neatly brought together and published in **PARAPSYCHOLOGY: SOURCES OF INFORMATION**, by Rhea A. White and Laura A. Dale published in 1973.

Since interested readers will probably have difficulty in locating a copy of this book, the formal definition of parapsychology found on page 13 is provided as follows:

"PARAPSYCHOLOGY (the modern and more restrictive term for psychical research) is the field which uses the scientific method to investigate phenomena for which there appear to be no normal (that is [physical] sensory) explanations.

"Basically this refers to phenomena subsumed under the general term PSI, which in its motor aspect is called psychokinesis and in its more familiar mental aspect, extrasensory perception (comprising telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition). All these phenomena have been observed under laboratory conditions.

"In the vastly more complex and intricate world of actual life, some form of PSI often seems to be a probable explanation of such human experiences as dreams that come true, waking visions of events occurring at a distance, inexplicable hunches, and similar occurrences.

"PSI is also a useful concept in explaining much that happens in mediumship. Since parapsychologists have established that PSI is a part of living behavior, many have hypothesized that what in the early years of psychical research was thought to be evidence of communication with the dead can better be explained in terms of the combination of some form of PSI with the dramatizing propensities of the unconscious minds of the medium and other persons involved.

"It is these building blocks of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and psychokinesis that parapsychology uses to extend the bridge of knowledge into the unknown.

"But contrary to uninformed popular opinion, parapsychology does NOT deal with astrology, numerology, Tarot cards, theosophy, witchcraft, or other occult systems of practices-- or, if so, only insofar as they empirically demonstrate that at their base some form of PSI is operating."

It is worth mentioning here that the term EMPIRICAL has three definitions. It is the third meaning that is being utilized just above, i.e., "capable of being verified or disproved by observation and experiment."

However, the first definition of the term is: "relying on experience or observation alone often without due regard for system of theory."

From the foregoing quotation regarding parapsychological frames of reference, it can be seen that parapsychology was defined by parapsychologists themselves as a "restrictive" field of research which uses the "scientific method" to investigate human-associated phenomena that apparently have no physical explanations.

However, although this definition seems straightforward, appropriate, and even logical enough, there are certain significant, but subtle implications within it that can escape observation unless they are pointed up.

The term RESTRICT of course means "to confine within bounds, to prohibit, to limit," while the term RESTRICTIVE is defined as "anything that restricts," but ALSO as "limiting the reference or references of."

The definition of parapsychology clearly indicates that parapsychology is the field of PSI research that was to be restricted to and by "the scientific method."

Most dictionaries define SCIENTIFIC METHOD simply as:

"Principles and procedures for the systematic pursuit of knowledge involving the recognition and formulation of problem, the collection of data through observation and experiment, and the formulation and testing of hypotheses."

But the same dictionaries usually do not indicate that the chief workhorse of the scientific method IN PRACTICE involves quantitative statistical analysis.

STATISTICS is defined as:

- 1. "A collection of quantitative data; a branch of mathematics dealing with the collection, analysis, interpretation, and presentation of masses of numerical data; and**
- 2. A statistic is a function of the observations in a sample designed to estimate a parameter of the population from which the sample was drawn, or to carry out a test of significance of a hypothesis."**

Returning briefly to the parapsychological definition of parapsychology as "the more restrictive field which uses the scientific method," it is now more clear that:

- 1. the initial designers of parapsychology parameters restricted THEIR frames of reference to be consistent with the frames of reference of the scientific method, and**
- 2. which methods lean very heavily on statistics and statistical analyses.**

Indeed, it is amply recorded that this was conceptualized and set in motion in order to "make parapsychology scientifically acceptable," on the political assumption that doing so would permit the full acceptance of parapsychologists into the ranks of the mainstream-funded modern sciences themselves.

And although parapsychologists did NOT (and mostly still do not) fully comprehend the enormity and seriousness of mainstream societal resistance to PSI, this effort was fully appropriate, quite honorable, and understandable.

From the foregoing discussion, it can be seen that parapsychology perhaps should not have been called simply that, but rather might have been referred to as something like STATISTICAL PARAPSYCHOLOGY. Indeed, it is quite well understood that parapsychologists adapted to quantitative statistics with a vengeance.

To now get on with this somewhat laborious effort, it needs to be pointed up that there are phenomena that are amenable to quantitative statistical analysis, and there are phenomena that are NOT.

For ease of terminology, phenomena that are not amenable to quantitative analysis are usually thought of as being QUALITATIVE in their ESSENTIAL nature, so much so that they cannot be broken down or reduced to bits, pieces, or bytes in order to measure, count, and quantify them.

Much beyond stating that they exist, it is exceedingly difficult to address the exact nature of qualitative phenomena, but which will figure into discussions in chapters ahead.

At this point, however, it is worthwhile to briefly consider the distinctions between MICRO and MACRO -- if only because those distinctions ultimately came to figure largely in the project at SRI.

MACRO refers to large, extensive, or generic. And so MICRO of course refers to small, minute, or particular. Indeed, the meaning of MICRO as a prefix to another term -- such as

microscope or microphone -- is taken as meaning "to enlarge" something that is small or minute.

One of the advantages for considering the distinctions between MICRO and MACRO is that the micro can more easily be discovered, identified, and dealt with in quantifiable statistical terms.

Since it is easier to deal with micro affects, effects, and phenomena, it is understandable why micro quantification procedures have been successful and why the methods of modern science were founded upon them in such full part.

It should now be pointed up that there is an important distinction between early psychical research and later parapsychology.

The early psychical researchers interested themselves in macro-PSI phenomena. Those interests, however, could not be integrated into the micro quantification procedures demanded by science proper.

So the later parapsychologists more or less attempted to remedy this lack of integration by focusing on micro aspects of PSI, and statistically presenting their research results in this regard, on the assumption that doing THAT much would commence the integration.

What they failed to take into account, however, was that even in science proper, a micro this or that is of little interest unless it can be ENLARGED to some productive end in a societal system that demands product.

Indeed, statistical parapsychological experiments and research mean very little if they only signify a slight statistical deviation above chance expectation.

In the end, though, and especially as of 1972, statistical parapsychology had accumulated a very large body of work that confirmed little or only slight statistical significance of the

phenomena they were testing for. AND they had ignored attempting the discovery of any methods that might ENLARGE any format of micro-significant PSI.

In other words, there was no hint of achieving "practical applications of PSI" anywhere within the contexts of statistical parapsychology.

*

Before moving toward the end of this possibly difficult chapter, it is worthwhile to briefly comment upon the drawbacks and limits of statistical analysis.

These were somewhat understood as of 1972, but after that they became increasingly commented upon in various disciplines, such as archaeology, paleontology, anthropology, genetics, linguistics, and even astrophysics.

As brief background, statistics is the science of collecting and classifying a group of facts according to their relative number and determining certain values that represent characteristics of the group.

The most familiar statistical measure is the arithmetic MEAN, which is an average value for a group of numerical observations.

A second important statistic or statistical measure is the standard deviation, which is a measure of how much the individual observations are scattered about the mean. Other statistics indicate other characteristics of the group of observations.

In addition to the problem of computing certain statistics for a particular group of observations, there is the problem of sampling, or the problem of the sample group.

Sample groups are taken from among larger groups, and so there is always the first problem of whether the sample group constitutes a representative figure for the larger group.

This problem of sampling can be solved only by resorting to the theory of probability and higher mathematics.

There are at least four stress factors that statistical analysis can seldom escape altogether.

First, no matter how sophisticated the mathematics that can be applied to statistical methods, the final yield only indicates a probability, not a certainty, that the assertions behind the mathematics are true.

Second, the probability arrived at may be impossible to demonstrate.

Third, there has been no shortage of new mathematical formulas developed within various disciplines, and so something depends of which formula statisticians utilize to crunch their numbers -- while submitting the same samples to different statistical analyses often yields significantly different probabilities.

Fourth, the contexts of samples considered consistent enough can suddenly undergo change by new discoveries regarding them, and so statistical analysis of a given sample is relative to what the sample is thought to represent at any given time.

It is somewhat amusing to learn that "science" of statistics was invented by a gambler as a way to help wager bits in line with statistically indicated probabilities. Thus, the USE of statistical analysis has always been a risk-taking affair: i.e., this or that statistical number crunching gives this or that probability. After the numerical probability is achieved, all that remains is how much is one willing to bet that the probability is true.

With regard to statistical parapsychology, its researchers confirmed time and again that microPSI is statistically present in the many different kinds of samples with which they have experimented. Indeed, there can be no scientific or any other kind of doubt about this.

This combined work, through the years, confirms the very high PROBABILITY that microPSI activity is somehow constantly going on in just about everyone -- but most certainly within the human species as a whole.

As a result of the foregoing combined observations, it is finally possible to address the title of this chapter in relationship to the project at SRI.

To do this, it must once more be reminded that in late 1969 the interest of various intelligence agencies was shocked into existence by the revelation that significant research of certain phenomena had been going on in the Soviet Union for some time. I have given a rough introduction to of this research in chapter [2](#).

The agencies did not yet have a good grasp on what the Soviet phenomena consisted of, except for the certainty that they involved "paranormal stuff" along the lines of Western frames of reference having to do with influencing-at-a-distance, mind reading and influencing, telepathy, and PK knock-out potentials.

Between 1969 and about the beginning of 1972, a number of "threat analysis" papers had been prepared and circulated within the various agencies, and among select high government officials.

It was for certain that the Soviet research consisted of a very large, even huge, multi-disciplinary effort, and which was logically assumed to be dominated and controlled by the KGB and the Soviet military. THIS was highly suggestive of "threat potential."

However, it was for sure that the CIA and the American and European military did not possess "matching projects," and would have been laughed out of office and town if they did.

To further complicate matters, the first translations by the Air Force translation center of the captured Soviet documents were badly translated.

The translators automatically had assumed, for example, that the Soviet phrase "electromagnetic bio-information transfer" should be translated as "telepathy," and that the East German term "psychotronics" should be translated as "parapsychology.

Because of those inexact translations, it was initially assumed that the Soviets were trying to reproduce the Western modes and frames of reference of statistical parapsychology.

If that was so, then there would not be much "threat," because American parapsychology had, at best, only demonstrated the statistical existence of PSI at slightly above chance expectation. Based on those statistical parapsychology frames of reference, the probability of Soviet PSI was equally low.

For some strange reasons that were never made clear, the early translators of the relevant Soviet documents had trouble translating the Russian term that meant AMPLIFICATION, the first definition of which in English and Russian are quite similar: "to increase, extend, or expand," which in English are generally associated with "development." So, the Soviet "amplification" was translated as "to develop."

[NOTE: For further elucidation here, see Chapter 13, entitled BOOSTING THE BRAIN, in PSYCHIC WARFARE: THREAT OR ILLUSION? by Martin Ebon (1983).]

But at some point, a second English definition needed to be applied:

TO UTILIZE AN INPUT OF POWER SO AS TO OBTAIN AN OUTPUT OF GREATER MAGNITUDE.

Agency analysts did not know what this meant exactly, but the idea of "Greater Magnitude" was familiar enough, largely because intelligence agencies and military evaluators are always busy assessing "magnitudes" of just about everything.

It was at this point that the Soviet term "Electromagnetic bio-information" took on alarming significance. After all, electromagnetism is not only universally acknowledged as a source of energy and power, but is closely connected to amplification, which in turn is directly connected to the "threat" of Greater Magnitude.

The upshot of this was a kind of well-covered-up panic the American public never learned about, and Washington threat analysts were ordered back to their drawing boards to consider the unnerving difference between what amounted to unamplified microPSI and the possibility of amplified macroPsi.

At this juncture, whether they believed in PSI or not, members of those intelligence agencies responsible for ensuring the defense of the nation obviously had to commence an active threat assessment aimed at discovering whether amplified or amplifiable PSI of ANY KIND could indeed exist.

It was at this point that statistical parapsychology, including its frames of reference, bit the dust on three counts.

First and foremost, American and European parapsychology of any kind had always held that forms of PSI were anomalous psychological products of the minds or peculiar mental make-ups of given, somewhat special or naturally gifted individuals.

Thus, parapsychology possessed no frames of reference that PSI might be attributable to anything other than some kind of unusual psychological functioning.

Indeed, if the terminology of the Soviet research was taken at face value, then the Soviets were aggressively attributing "bio-information" effects to something more like bio-energetics rather than some unusual kind of mentalism. Parapsychology's frames of reference along these lines were NOT a match for or equivalent to the Soviet work.

Second, in 1972 what was termed by the intelligence agencies as parapsychology's MIND-SET was completely focused on statistical microPSI of low or threshold significance.

This of and in itself could not be thought of as leading into any PSI phenomena equivalent to a probable threat potential. So statistical parapsychology again provided no frames-of-reference match for the Soviet efforts.

Third, frames of reference that were totally absent within the contexts of statistical parapsychology, and in fact in parapsychology as a whole, had to do with potentially developing PSI into "practical applications." It could be pointed up that the bigger fault here did not particularly lie with parapsychology per se, but with mainstream societal powers which would not appreciate any REAL development of practical PSI applications.

Nevertheless, as contrasted to the history of early psychical research, most of whom did not mind tackling sociological showdowns and shoot-outs, a study of the history of "scientific" parapsychology show a careful desire for as much sociological neutralism as possible.

Thus, no frames of reference for amplification of microPSI into macroPSI either.

*

I will now direct the reader back to chapters [28](#) and [34](#) of this narrative, both of which are about Dr. Harold E. Puthoff, and who had earlier circulated various proposals to numerous funding agencies in Washington and elsewhere.

In one of those proposals (1971), he had petitioned for funding to undertake studies of the physics of psychoenergetic processes down to and including the level of quantum mechanics.

In other proposals, he had advocated the need for "alternative hypotheses" and "novel concepts" via which telepathy and clairvoyance, for example, might be tested, developed, and enhanced.

The central idea of his proposals was of course suggestive of departing from standard statistical parapsychology frames of reference, i.e., transferring out of those frames of reference into those of the quantum mechanics of consciousness of the "life force."

Furthermore, he already had some idea of the nature of the Soviet work; he was NOT a parapsychologist but a physicist of some reputation; and he was already installed in the nation's second largest think tank wherein other kinds of government contracts were implemented.

It was thus that the interests of the Washington agencies were transferred out of parapsychology. The statistical parapsychologists were quietly but completely by-passed by the intelligence agencies, and they were surprised and confounded when rumors began circulating that "the government" was going to fund PSI research, not within their auspices, but at SRI which had never before sponsored such research.

And so it was that Dr. Puthoff's "star" began its remarkable ascent.

"THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE"

As mentioned earlier at the end of chapter [53](#), I was diagnosed as having "walking" pneumonia on September 15, 1972, and was confined to bed for two weeks. I was really sick and weak and felt it. I simply blacked out for about the first three days, but Zelda woke me every four hours to administer the prescribed penicillin and lots of water.

The penicillin quickly did its job, although I was still confined to bed. So, on about the fourth day I began to reread the book THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE, "A Remarkable Adventure in the Realm of Mind," co-authored by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Harold M. Sherman, published in 1942.

By any measure, this book clearly constitutes one of the most exceptional documents of the twentieth century, especially so in that Sir Hubert Wilkins was one of the all-time great and daring-do explorers of the two poles, and who had chalked up numerous aviation feats and records as well.

Yet the book apparently became quietly and quickly forgotten. One is forced to grasp for explanations as to why.

One possible reason might have been that although the Wilkins/Sherman experiments took place in 1937-1938 before World War II commenced, the book itself was unfortunately published in 1942 during the hottest part of the war, during which the topic of parapsychology was of little interest to anyone.

Another reason could have been that the book was about long-distance telepathy -- a topic that was considered with disgust by the modernist scientific mind-sets of the Western world.

But the experiments were overwhelmingly successful in parapsychological terms. So why it was forgotten in parapsychology circles is difficult to understand or explain -- and it WAS forgotten in those circles because no parapsychologist I was able to ask about it had ever read it.

However, if the limiting microPSI aspects of statistical parapsychology are considered, the book was a record of some kind of macroPSI that flew in the face of microPSI, and which also clearly portended that practical applications COULD be possible.

The activities of Sir Hubert and Harold Sherman were characterized by them as telepathic in nature. But in fact only a small part of their experiments could be thought of as telepathic.

The reason is that the larger portion of their experiments clearly equate to the out-bound remote viewing model established at the American Society for Psychical Research during 1971. Of course, telepathy and remote viewing are only names for something not well understood.

But still, Wilkins went somewhere far distant from Sherman, who, at intervals, was supposed to "see" and describe the locale of where Wilkins was, what he was doing, and what was going on around him.

In 1972, when I discovered and read the book, it was difficult to discover any biographical background for Harold Sherman, except that everyone thought he "must be" dead. His biographical details were to become available later, and I'll include them at the appropriate

juncture ahead. That he was living in New York City at the time of the experiments during 1937-38 is established in the book itself.

SIR GEORGE HUBERT WILKINS (1888-1958) was the noted British explorer born in Australia. He made a number of trips to Antarctica and to the Arctic regions.

Valuable experience was gained when he accompanied Vihjalmur Stefanson's expedition (1913-18) to the Arctic regions, and Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition (1921-22) to Antarctica prepared Wilkins to assume the leadership in the following years of a number of polar expeditions.

A pioneer in the method of air exploration, he was the first to fly (1928) from North America to the European polar regions, traveling from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitsbergen. His book, **FLYING THE ARCTIC (1928)**, described his observations during the flights. He was knighted that year.

He commanded an Antarctic expedition (1928-29) during which flights were made in the region of Palmer Peninsula, and in 1931 he headed a submarine expedition to the Arctic regions, an exploit depicted in his book, **UNDER THE NORTH POLE (1931)**.

Though mechanical difficulties made it impossible for his submarine, the **NAUTILUS**, to reach the North Pole, Wilkins work was to be very valuable for future Arctic exploration by submarine.

From 1933 to 1939, he was manager for Lincoln Ellsworth's trans-antarctic expeditions. His **THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE (with H. M. Sherman, 1942)** recounts the attempts made by Wilkins and Sherman to communicate by mental telepathy, during the period when Wilkins was searching (1938) for a group of Russian aviators lost in the Arctic.

During World War II and afterwards, Wilkins served as a geographer for the British army.

The biographical notes above are taken from the Columbia Encyclopedia, but they do not at all illuminate the tremendous popular and media interest at the time of the often dramatic and challenging exploits Wilkins undertook.

But the notes do imply that Wilkins was not a fool, and was someone to be taken seriously, as indeed was the case. He would have been consistently demanding, accurate, and scrupulous with regard to his long-distance experiments with Sherman.

While Wilkins was traversing the Arctic and undergoing woes and unpredictable difficulties, he was frequently out of radio communication with anyone. Furthermore, events, accidents, and inclement weather made it necessary to alter schedules and agendas time and again. And so there was no feed-back to Sherman for long periods of time.

Sherman recorded his telepathic impressions three nights a week, and promptly mailed copies of them to a Mr. Samuel Emery, identified as a "resident of the City Club of New York," and to Dr. Gardner Murphy at Columbia University. Sherman's "impressions" were therefore in good hands long before any confirmation of them could be achieved.

Gardner Murphy was a distinguished psychologist and an extremely influential leader in psychical research and parapsychology, and at the time was on the Board of the American Society for Psychical Research, later becoming its president in 1944.

One important element of the Wilkins/Sherman experiments was not made all that clear in the book itself. During the 1930's, Sir Hubert Wilkins had achieved enormous renown and his merits were highly respected throughout the world. He had become a larger-than-life, even an heroic personality in conventional terms that were taken very seriously.

Telepathy was certainly beyond the scientific pale in those conventional terms. So Wilkins didn't have much to gain, but perhaps much to lose, by involving himself with Sherman in

such long-term experiments that attracted much media attention while they were taking place.

Then there was the matter of the apparently large confidence Wilkins placed in Sherman in order to commit himself to an experiment that was to take place over a six-month period.

Thus, one wonders what Sherman had demonstrated to Wilkins so as not only to acquire the latter's support but, more importantly, his enthusiasm?

There was also the smaller matter of why the Wilkins/Sherman experiments were not somehow associated with Dr. J. B. Rhine, the founder of statistical parapsychology, and who had become highly visible during the 1930s.

[NOTE: THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE was first published by Creative Age Press, New York, in 1942. A revised paperback edition was later published by Fawcett Publications, New York, 1971.]

Chapter 56

THE LONG-DISTANCE FACTOR

Because the long-distance factor was soon to figure very prominently in the actual history of remote viewing, it is worthwhile to begin some admittedly difficult discussions of it at this point.

One of the principle reasons for doing so is that it always was (and still is) the LEAST examined and discussed aspect of all the other phenomena involved.

This is to say that the long-distance factor is taken for granted as an important element. It is therefore never inspected or really wondered about, and is thus lost or suspended in mental vacuums devoid of frames of reference that are appropriate to the whole of the remote-viewing phenomena.

The central problem involved is that distance is always measured via some kind of physical dimensionalism, or at least can be expected to be measured within standard frames of reference having to do with standard physical dimensions.

In other words, in the physical sense, there is point A and point B, with C indicating the separation between them. The separation equates to the near- or far-distance between, and which is usually interpreted via the clock time it takes to traverse the distance.

The foregoing constitute perfectly good and workable frames of reference for physicality.

And so if one does not know that other frames of reference regarding "distance" do exist, then one will probably non-consciously superimpose the physical frames over those other unknown ones.

And to the degree that this unknowing superimposition does take place, then "cognitive dimensions" will accordingly DECREASE, not only with regard to the processes of remote viewing, but to other formats of PSI, including those of telepathy and clairvoyance.

It is going to take several discussions to bring the foregoing into a focus that can be grasped with relative ease.

But one simple way to begin acquiring this focus is to assert that the parameters of mental "distance" per se are NOT modeled in accord with physical distance parameters. Many

already understand this in general, of course, but it is none the less difficult to describe and articulate.

There is an old motto that applies here. If the only tool one has is a hammer, then one will tend to treat everything like a nail.

Thus, if one only has physical frames of reference regarding distance, then one will tend to think about all things as physically separate and having a near or distant "place."

Although the importance of frames of reference tends to be minimized in what might be thought of as general or average Western thinking, it IS somewhat understood that there ARE different ways of considering things, each of which yield different "realities."

Even so, it is always somewhat of an uncomfortable, mind-bending shock to discover this in some factual way, and so people tend to avoid undergoing the shock in the first place.

One plausible reason for this is that certainty is much preferable to uncertainty, and so if something seems to instigate uncertainty, then resistance to and avoidance of it is rather predictable -- ON AVERAGE.

Another plausible reason has to do with the scope of one's awareness parameters, which is to say, the scope of what one is accustomed to being aware of.

Relative to this, it can easily be shown that everyone is born into certain socio-cultural-environment factors.

These not only contain basic frames of reference that both characterize and are useful within the confines of those factors, but also establish limits of what one should become aware of.

Individuals imprint on those factors, and at some point, usually at puberty, the imprintings undergo what is called "maturation lock down," a process that also locks out other frames of reference and awareness parameters.

One of the subtle problems involved, however, is that awareness parameters are usually formatted along the lines of some lowest common denominators that are most sharable within the majority.

After that, any experienced awareness that is not consistent with the common denominators is considered to be unusual or worse, because it tends to "threaten" the presumed certainty of the common denominators.

It is thus that most do not like to consider the possible validity of awareness parameters that are either different or larger than their own.

*

It can be said that forms of PSI, including, for example, remote viewing and telepathy, experientially involve parameters of awareness that are not consistent with those that are appropriate to and efficient within the realms of physicality.

During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries of the modern West, those realms were culturally grouped together within the frames of reference governing philosophical and scientific materialism.

Philosophical materialism, even if sounding elegant, was always something of a mentalistic quagmire.

Even so, scientific materialism became very apt and successful with regard to examining physicality, both directly in substance and indirectly via mathematics.

What is not generally discussed about the modern scientific process, however, is that it exclusively defined and increased sharable parameters of awareness regarding physicality.

It is important to become aware of this success, because before the advent (circa 1845) of the modern physical sciences and their methods, awareness parameters of physicality were always somewhat ambiguous and ill-defined within most cultural set-ups.

If, however, one confines "reality" to physicality, and/or also confines the total scope of awareness to it, then problems with regard to the scope of awareness emerge.

The reason is that the human species clearly possesses elevations, ranges, or spectrums of awareness that, so to speak, are additional or external to those kinds of awareness that are specifically appropriate within the limits of physicality.

Indeed, the exact context of the paragraph above was tacitly established within science itself with regard to defining (as of 1967) the term PSYCHIC as: "Lying outside the sphere of physical science or knowledge."

Even though this scientific definition is found in dictionaries, most don't realize that it exists as such. And so many, including some scientists themselves, do not realize that this scientifically-endorsed definition tacitly establishes that something DOES lie outside of the sphere of the physical science and their specialized kinds of knowledge.

The further direct implications are that whatever does lie outside require other kinds of awareness besides those commensurate with physicality, and also require different frames of reference with regard to same.

*

Distance, or even long-distance, is, of course, a physical construct that that establishes physical parameters between or among things that are physically separate. Thus, awareness of distance is a physical attribute that is efficient within physicality.

But THAT particular format of awareness is NOT efficient within, for example, "Thoughts Through Space," largely because THOUGHTS themselves, and awareness of them, vigorously elude definitive incorporation into the contexts of physicality.

And if this is not enough to shock, it simply has to be said that SPACE itself is only demarcated by physically measurable distance between TWO or more physical things. But much beyond that, science has not yet achieved any appreciable understanding regarding the nature of space itself, this a continuing situation that has confounded, for example, astrophysicists for some time.

What IS known, however, is that if suitably physically equipped to do so, one can physically go THROUGH space.

That one can also go mentally through it was established by the Wilkins/Sherman experiments. And those experiments clearly established that the parameters of physical and mental awareness are different, and as such absolutely require different frames of reference.

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In any event, Wilkins and Sherman could have entitled their book as TELEPATHY ACROSS DISTANCE. Doing so would have made their book more "accessible" and "politically correct" within the trusted, common denominator frames of reference regarding physicality and average awareness of it.

THAT title would have least kept the physical realms somewhat comfortably in view, in that DISTANCE, distance intervening between physical things, is a trusted and expected aspect

of physicality, and which is amenable to quantitative analysis via statistical theorizing and extrapolating.

Well, this is enough about the long-distance factor for now, and, to be sure, this topic will be re-introduced several times in chapters ahead.

But an important distinction has been made, and perhaps the perceptive reader will already have realized what it is. If not, don't worry, because it will later be made abundantly more clear herein.

*

Meanwhile, it will be helpful to discuss certain aspects of the Wilkins/Sherman experiments. During their 1937-38 experiments, when Sherman was physically in New York and Wilkins was physically somewhere in the Arctic, there was an average long-distance of about 3,000 physical miles between them.

Furthermore, although Wilkins had begun his trek by having something of an operating schedule to be at this or that place by a given time, the schedule was often defeated by unanticipated equipment failure, inclement weather, other kinds of delays and upsets, and so forth.

How, then, was Sherman to "know" or "locate" WHERE Wilkins was physically at in any given long-distance aspect?

According to the pre-arranged experiment plan, Sherman was to "tune in" on Wilkins at specified days and times for nearly six months, with the physical distance between them averaging about 3,000 miles.

Wilkins was to note in his log where he was at and what he was doing or experiencing at those pre-arranged clock-time windows. Since his schedule fell to pieces even before he took off for the Arctic, Sherman clearly could not tune in to a physical place.

Therefore, physical frames of reference depending on physical distance and place measured by clock-time miles or meters were useless with regard to locating where Wilkins was at the times of the pre-arranged "windows."

The principal question thus emerges: what DID Sherman tune in to?

Even if Sherman had known where Wilkins was physically, such would not have contributed to some of his impressions as follow:

December 20, 1937:

Regarding Wilkins, SHERMAN in New York has the impression that "You have some rare wine offered yourself and crew tonight.

WILKINS in the Arctic records: "Blueberry wine -- not bad!"

December 21, 1937:

SHERMAN: "You have another project looming -- to follow immediately after this work [is] completed for Russian government. Think it [will be] in association [with] Lincoln Ellsworth, and that further communications will be exchanged about it."

WILKINS records: "Message from Ellsworth about his expedition to the South [i.e., the Antarctic] next season."

January 24, 1938:

SHERMAN: "You are out somewhere -- I see smoke curling up from fire -- three tents appear to be nearby."

WILKINS: "Wood stove in radio tent, always smoking or steaming in low temperature. Two tents."

January 27, 1938:

SHERMAN: "Strange as it seems to record, you appear to be dancing tonight -- or listening to dance music by radio."

WILKINS: "Played victrola. Some tango records tonight, first time since arrival in North. Also trying to learn Russian by linguaphone, but alone as usual."

During same "viewing," **SHERMAN** also noted: "A dog seems to have been injured in Aklavik and had to be shot -- was injury sustained in flight with others -- or something falling on it? Quite a strong feeling here."

WILKINS: "Out walking -- came upon a dog dead on ice -- it has been shot through the head -- thought about it strongly for some time, wondered reason for killing."

February 15, 1938:

SHERMAN: "Large box-like, crated affair seems to contain motor you have bought to replace damaged engine."

WILKINS: "Engine in large square box."

Chapter 57

COGNITIVE AFTERMATH OF THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE

As a result of studying (not just reading) THOUGHTS THROUGH SPACE, a number of realizations began to dawn on me. When these were integrated with one another, the outlines of a bigger picture began to form up. It was NOT an attractive one.

The first of the realizations had to do with the out-bound experiments at the American Society for Psychical Research (ASPR). The details of those experiments, which took place in February, 1972, have been described in chapter [26](#).

But briefly here, they involved person A who goes somewhere in distance unknown to person B, with person B then attempting to "see" something of where person A is at. In February, 1972, this idea was thought to be original and never before tested.

Although those directly involved with the experiments were enthusiastic, it turned out that they upset a number of trustees on the ASPR's Board, and Dr. Osis was soon the recipient of their demand that such experiments cease.

The best reason given was that there was no precedent for such experiments, and that the overall work of the ASPR had to be confined only to what was "scientifically presentable." Or, as more simply put, confined to what was approved by the dominant influences within the Board. As was soon learned, the FULL Board of Trustees was about equally divided on whether the experiments should proceed.

Beyond this squabble, however, the insistence that there was no precedent was not the case at all. But this became apparent only after I inadvertently discovered (in the Library of Congress in late June, 1972) the existence of the Wilkins/Sherman book (see chapter [50](#)).

Since Mr. Sherman's "impressions" were quickly put into the hands of Dr. Gardner Murphy, a long-term Member of the ASPR's Board of Trustees, it became impossible to think that veteran parapsychologists were totally ignorant of the Wilkins/Sherman effort.

In fact, the Wilkins/Sherman experiments were a full, completely fleshed out, and tested model for the out-bound experiment procedure.

And as it was later to turn out, other kinds of out-bound experiments had taken place prior to 1937-38, some of them dating back to the turn of the century.

It is perhaps too much to say that lies about this precedent were involved, but clearly misdirecting and suppression of earlier evidence was.

This, in turn, (1) aroused the spectre of what did or did not constitute ethical behavior among parapsychology researchers of various mind-sets; and (2) the connived and convenient editing, diminishing, marginalizing, rewriting, and bleeping-out of certain meaningful and pregnant aspects of PSI research history.

*

Having achieved the foregoing realizations, I could now place them in, shall we say, a world overview context, and in the contexts of societal power interests, in which the development of ANY format of PSI was anathema and not wanted, so it was officially said PSI didn't exist. In that regard, statistical parapsychologists had seized upon "scientific" statistical methods to demonstrate and prove in scientific terms that PSI existed.

This presumed goal was myopic and naive in the extreme, in that anyone (including skeptics) with enough smarts to do so already understood that PSI existed.

But it was also understood that PSI represented something like a Pandora's Box which, if significantly opened, not only could but WOULD introduce undesired practical-applications elements such as telepathic and psychokinetic invasiveness.

Indeed, it was for THIS reason that parapsychology had consistently experienced considerable trouble in acquiring not only mainstream societal interest but, more importantly, FUNDING.

After all, there ARE those in the world who do realize that if they do not want something "developed," then it must be deprived of funding.

*

In my own mind, the whole of this now represented an overall impossible and pointless situation that fluctuated somewhere between the ridiculous and the futile. Yuk! and several times over.

So, as my recovery from pneumonia proved well underway, I said to wonderful Zelda, my nurse-attendant: "I've decided to quit research."

"Don't be silly," she smiled, "you can't."

"Why not?"

"They won't let you."

None the less, I got out of bed determined to telephone Puthoff at SRI to explain why I was terminating taking part in research, and to tell him not to count on me for the project he was cooking up.

As I picked up the telephone to do so, something dawned on me.

Even though what he was cooking up was supposed to be hush-hush, word about the forthcoming project had been leaking out, and would continue to do so. Indeed, Ruth Hagy Brod had it from some horse's mouth in Washington that the go-ahead was in the works.

If I did withdraw, doing so would be interpreted as failure on my part to produce product under Puthoff's scientific auspices -- and this would have direct implications to my earlier work.

So, I put the phone down -- and in order to think this through, decided to take a shower.

Chapter 58

THE MEDIA HYSTERIA OF 1972

By the end of September, 1972, I was still somewhat weak from the pneumonia. The dynamic Ruth Hagy Brod chose this time to begin making a great fuss about my refusal to talk to media types. Media interest, she explained, "was growing everywhere, and something really needed to be done about it."

In order to break down my resistance on this issue, she soon had Dear Zelda on her side, and then Buell Mullen, Lucile Kahn, and Vi Bennett.

Each of the ladies comprising this Gang Of Five were wonderfully different in many aspects, but they shared one awesome thing in common. This can be described in various ways, but I'll point it up as that type of mature, experienced, and tested FEMALE determination against which it is better to simply throw in the towel from the start.

I made an attempt to resist -- by saying I was going to quit research and so it was now pointless to talk to media. This made no impression on the Gang.

So I gave in, but with two stipulations: that I would talk only unofficially and off the record; and that I would not talk about myself, but about the bigger picture of PSI powers of the human species.

Ruth Hagy Brod smiled and said: "I know just how to get this rolling, and I'll set it up."

(Please refer back to chapter [22](#) for background information on the superdynamic Ruth Hagy Brod.)

*

I must now refresh historical memory by indicating that back in 1972, media could consistently be depended upon to dump negative and sarcastic platitudes on anything having to do with psychics, parapsychology, and PSI in general. It is important to remember this, important to understand that back then everyone connected with PSI was scared shitless when it came to media "exposure."

The naive of the time did not realize that this consistent trashing was pre-set and pre-ordained by high editorial POLICY of, for example, the otherwise venerable NEW YORK TIMES, TIME and NEWSWEEK magazines, the WASHINGTON POST, and so forth.

Indeed, TIME magazine still carried its infamous FRAUD BOX, in which any parapsychology news could be humorously trashed, diminished in its significance, and, well, laughed out of town.

It thus didn't matter what one said to a reporter or a press writer, because above their excellent selves were higher editorial police who simply rewrote their submissions in ways that were as negative as possible.

Each of the Gang-Of-Five ladies knew this quite well, and so it was understood that my "mission," if it can be called that, was to challenge the high editorial policies that trashed all PSI developments.

I was quite intimidated in attempting this prospect. But the Gang thought it might work out because I was already known for not mincing words. And what the hell, I was going to quit research anyway, and so I didn't have much to lose.

*

Two other factors of significance in 1972 need to be narrated into this record, because both of them have been forgotten.

The first of those factors was that in 1972, the growing media interest was not stimulated by PSI in general, but precisely by the REPEATABLE thermistor experiments of Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler at the City College of New York. (Please refer back to chapters 8, 9 and 10 in this regard.)

Her experiments equated to an EVENT, because previous to them parapsychology research "had not produced a repeatable experiment" -- and until it did, parapsychology research "need not be taken seriously," because it was otherwise only composed of random and fortuitous phenomena requiring "interpretation."

In the broader actuality of parapsychology, this condemnation was true or not true, depending on the mind-set judging it. But from the skeptical and thus the media point of view it WAS true, since it provided the loophole that could be thought to justify trashing. Schmeidler's experiments had two advantages most other PSI experiments did not have.

1. From start to finish, the data-effects of her experiments were automatically recorded by mechanical means (i.e., by computers), and which thus did not require "interpretation" whether fortuitous or otherwise.

2. Her experiments dealt with psychokinesis (PK), otherwise defined as "mind" affecting matter. They did not, for example, deal with clairvoyance or telepathy which were completely "mental" and which often produced only garbled "results" that DID need "interpretation."

The second of the 1972 factors consisted of rumors that had begun circulating in the media background noise that "the government," and especially "the CIA," was going to start funding "psychic research."

It is not too much to point up that even in rumor form, THIS was shocking enough, especially when insider Washington sources would neither confirm nor deny the rumors.

*

The first major media interest of 1972 took place at the open house reception given for humble MOI at the American Society For Psychical Research (ASPR) on April, 26, 1972. In this regard, you can refer back to chapter [31](#).

But here it is necessary to point up that the reception was not undertaken by the ASPR's Board, but by a number of ladies including the Gang Of Five, who simply bought a lot of champagne and commandeered the place.

Numerous media types came to the reception, and took the tour of the ASPR headed by Dr. Osis, and who, bless his heart, was in seventh heaven by having someone besides the antagonistic Board interested in his work.

Among the media types in attendance was a delightful lady from TIME magazine. I have forgotten her name, never having made note of it, but I have some quite nice photographs which show us talking together. As I remember, we talked about fifteen minutes, and no one disturbed us because, after all, she WAS from TIME, back then still an awesome edifice to be from.

To my knowledge, nothing came of this encounter. But the mere fact that "TIME magazine was at the reception" was taken by one and all as significant, in that TIME did not attend upon things there were beneath notice.

At some point thereafter, a team of four from NBC News arrived unannounced at the ASPR, wishing to be shown everything, and talk to everyone. I was at the ASPR that day.

The team spent a lot of time with Dr. Osis, who talked about out-of-body stuff, then with Janet Mitchell who talked of brainwaves regarding same. When my turn came, we spent the time talking about the lack of "visual material" that could pep up a TV piece, which, after all, would consist of pictures.

To begin with, according to the NBC crew, the decor of the ASPR building (formerly an elegant brownstone townhouse) was in "strange taste." However, that background decor could be faded out. But that left the experimental rooms which were "ugly," the equipment was "incomprehensible" even if filmed, and charts showing this or that statistical analysis were "not NBC news material." That left only "talking heads" who said things "the public" would never understand.

"Yes," I agreed sympathetically, "TV does have a problem about what to film."

As the NBC crew departed, they got stuck in the ASPR's small elevator.

Numerous other media types subsequently visited the ASPR, and left equally uninspired with regard to "visual materials."

But the overall upshot was that the venerable ASPR now had more potentially positive media interest than at any other time in its history. And members of its Board antagonistic to Dr. Karlis Osis, the ASPR's central feature, STILL DID NOT get the message.

*

Ruth Hagy Brod got her ball rolling almost immediately. I was soon told to suit up in order to take lunch with her at the Overseas Press Club at noon on Thursday, September 29, 1972, that Club residing on Park Avenue South in New York City.

Thank goodness I had lost nearly nineteen pounds during the two weeks of the pneumonia affair, and so I could get into some of my more up-stat suits.

Press Clubs worldwide constitute conveniences for media types who can go and take a few or more sustaining beverages, meanwhile finding out what's going on behind the scenes, what gossip is thumping about, in order not only to discover "leads" but what everyone else is officially and unofficially saying about them.

As I had learned from my wage-slave days at the United Nations, media types consider themselves sort of a communal brotherhood which has a number of unwritten codes -- one of which is to try achieve newsworthy consistency among themselves when reporting on this or that story.

One such consistency has to do with "angles" as to whether a given event or personality target is to be consistently dumped upon, played down or up, or consistently supported as significant.

To achieve the latter consistency, it first needs to be determined what is or is not "significant," in that significance makes news while insignificance does not. It is thus that "facts" not leading up to significance are seldom reported, while it does occur that significance, whether real or imagined, can be emphasized or demolished by higher editorial authority.

The whole of this equates to a behind-the-scenes filtration system regarding how and what "news" is to be managed before it is reported as such.

*

Ruth Hagy Brod had warned me not to talk about parapsychology in general. "They are interested," she said, "in YOU as a personality."

I had no intention of leaving the matter of "consistency" to random speculation or imagination of this or that media person, or to their senior editors. After all, media in general already HAD a consistency regarding "psychics" and parapsychological researchers in general -- which was to consistently trash them.

So we decided that I should prepare a brief hand-out sheet that could be given to this or that media person.

My little hand-out sheet ran to two pages, because I decided to include the eleven criteria I had established regarding my own interests and behavior. These have already been presented in [chapter 20](#), and so there is no need here to reiterate them.

However, before listing those criteria, I provided a statement establishing:

- that I was NOT "a psychic"
- that I never claimed to be one
- that I did not give readings, advice, or suggestions

- that I was prepared to take great exception if I were falsely represented as "a psychic"
- and that I was only interested in working with scientists in scientific experiments that were capable of providing scientific feedback.

Ruth Hagy Brod frowned when she read through this statement. But before she could complain about it, I firmly told her: "Ruth, sweetie, IF I am a PERSONALITY, then this is what that personality consistently consists of. We either go with this, or not go at all."

*

The atmosphere and furnishings of the dining room and bar area of the Overseas Press Club was one of, well, of quiet, sedate elegance, with white table cloths gleaming, all of which set off Ruth's own special elegance. We had drinks -- margaritas, as I recall -- and then a sedate lunch of soup and salad.

Soon after that, two media types passed by as if to say "hello" to Ruth, who invited them to sit at the two extra chairs.

She then introduced the PERSONALITY, and the affair of establishing consistency about him began.

As intended, the media types got hung up on the not-a-psychic disclaimer. "Well, Mr. Swann, if you are not a psychic, what are you?"

I responded in general, but consistently: "I'm just a lab rat, a guinea pig. I don't think that superficially stereotyping human beings is all that useful. Do you?"

This procedure was repeated six times with six different media types and six different rounds of drinks. Others did not sit, but merely came to get the hand-out sheets they saw

were being provided. Media types love hand-outs, sometimes referred to as "press releases."

Some who did sit asked increasingly stupid questions -- such as "What is the importance of parapsychology?"

"I don't really know," I replied quizzically. "What is more important are the remarkable human phenomena that are being studied in that self-limiting field -- and nowhere else, and which are usually trashed in the mainstream."

*

Ruth Hagy Brod telephoned in the early morning of October 1, 1972. "It WORKED," she said.

"TIME wants to talk with you unofficially as soon as possible."

"Can't do it soon. I'm leaving for SRI tomorrow."

"Can I tell them that?"

"I suppose so. There's no secrecy about it.

I'm going to tell Puthoff that I'm bailing out of research."

Return to Vision Remota

Return to Ingo Swann