

# THE EYE OF THE HAWK

To be narrated by Andrija Puharich.

## PART I

*OK*  
We begin with a series of visual impressions - ~~and~~ eye - a human face - special room in which subjects sit - ESP cards - broken objects - objects that bend - objects levitating - a person seeming to come away from his physical body - lights that streak through the sky - ghostly apparitions - ethereal imagery - colors that whirl and spin - the galaxy of stars that shine in the dark of night - a meteorite hurtling through space, crashing to earth - wild animals in their habitat - witch doctors in their rituals - mediums in their trances - the strange, the eerily beautiful. And at last we end ~~in~~ in an antiseptically clean laboratory where a ~~man~~ <sup>SCIENTIST</sup> in a lab jacket works with a young man. About them are other scientists, prepared to record, to tape, to write, to see, to hear, to validate, to testify. The voice we hear is that of Andrija Puharich ~~as it~~ <sup>BEGINS</sup> during this visual setting of mood and scene for what is to come.

"One of the most common fallacies among the learned today is that just about everything has ~~been~~ discovered and all we need to do is fill in the fine details. I do not agree with that and I can never rest until I know the truth. There are frontiers to explore - space, dimensions of time and distance - the mind - the telepathic impulse from one heart to another. I have dedicated my life to the discovery of ~~truth~~ <sup>TRUTH</sup> and knowledge about these matters, to solving the mysteries of human existence.

And now ~~we see~~ objects that are before our eyes disappear, then reappear, we see clock hands moving forward, stop ~~ing~~, moving backwards. We see the unbelievable.

"I have been touched by a sense ~~of the possible within~~ of the possible within the impossible. ~~the impossible.~~

MyxX basic hypothesis is that the fundemental mechanism at work behind it all, behind all telepathy, is the phenomena of dematerialization and remateriälization."

And in a wink all images are gone, vanished from the screen, leaving it clean and glaring white. Thus we begin THE EYE OF THE HAWK. (Each hour episode will begin in this manner)

The scene is Trader Vics. Theyear is 1947. Andrija Puharich in Military uniform arrives to join a group of friends. There is laughter and congratulations. A stranger grabs Adrinja's hand.

"Andrija, I'm Paul deKruif."

"Dr. Paul deKruif?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of you."

"And I've heard nothing but good things about you. They say that you are a genius. What are you going to do, now that you are no longer Captain Puharich?"

"That was the problem alright. I wanted to continue my studies of the brain, on a nerve theory on which I had been working. My first instinct was to leap into ~~xxx~~ bio physics, but there was the matter of my wife, Jinny, and Svetlena."

"I don't know. I suppose I shall have to begin practice and earn a respectablex living."

"Andrija, I may have a solution. How would you like to head up a new neurological institute at Kaiser Permanente Hospital in San Francisco?"

The two men drift off to a corner, Andrija's head nodding affirmatively in response to what he is being told.

Another time. It is night. Andrija boards a plane.



<sup>10504</sup>  
"I had no idea how important my decision to take the offer was, how fated that night. ~~was~~ Nor could I have ever imagined in my wildest reveries the adventure I was about to embark upon. As the plane ~~thunders~~ thundered through the sky, I lay back and watched the stars in the blue black night. Little did I realize that the stars ~~might~~ be looking back at me, little did I realize that from that moment on, my life was to be forever changed."

Chicago. A plane lands.

"I first stopped over in Chicago to spend a day with my father and step mother. They were of course happy to see me ~~there~~ though saddened by the knowledge that Jinny and I had gone separate ways. They both sincerely loved Jinny. We drove through the old neighborhood where I had been raised and it all came flooding back, the memories of myself as a boy."

We see the Ghetto of the 20's, the ghetto with all its pain and deprivation of the new immigrations, the Ghetto with its dignity, children at play, women at work. Andrija is the boy on the bicycle. We follow him as he rides his bike through and out of the city, into the country, to a spot away from everything.

"My grandfather gave me a bicycle when I was twelve. It was my salvation. I remember how I used to ride 20 miles three times a week to get away from everything, to read, to think, to plan, always planning, planning and inventing."

Another country scene. The present time. The car arrives with Andrija and his parents at a small farm.

"I looked forward to the stop over at my parents home in the country."

The kitchen of the house. It is simple but substantial. Wine is brought to the table. There are moments of remembrance. Finally, Frank pulls Andrija to a chair at the kitchen table, sitting him down.

"I heard about you and Jinny."

"I knew it had to come up. Jane was the other woman and Frank and Rosie were very upset. They were trying to be understanding."

"Dad, be patient until I can get control over my feelings. I'll do the right thing."

"They drank to my making a wise decision and eventually doing the right thing saying they were certain that in the end I would. I only wish I ~~could~~ could have been as certain."

"What are you going to do in New York, Andrija?"

"I have meetings?"

"With who?"

"Dr. Kettering from General Motors. He's going to bring me up to date on his research into the brain and electronics."

"Andrija, do me a favor while you're in New York. Look up a Zlatko Balakovic. He's one of the spokesmen for the New Yugoslavia, an important man."

"I'm not interested in politics, Dad."

"Please, Andrija. Look him up. I admire him very much. Say hello and tell him of my good wishes for him. Please."

New York City. The lights, the buildings, Rockefeller Center. Andrija <sup>stopping examining telephone to hand and ask them</sup> entering one building in particular.

no. "I couldn't refuse a simple request from my father and so I found myself at the Croation American Friendship Society. Balokovic wasn't in and I assumed that was it, <sup>by coincidence</sup> but his secretary happened to receive a telephone call from him at that moment and she put me on. I was startled when he invited me to Camden Maine to meet him. He was a perfect stranger, but of course I couldn't turn down the invitation. ~~but I was not prepared for what was to come.~~"

*He told me later that the snow of 1940 was the whole L.D. pattern was going to bring a result of the second world events."*

*out to*



A train arrives at Camden Maine on a cold winter's day. There is some snow in the air, flakes that drift in to float lazily to the ground. Andrija finds a taxi and it soon arrives at the Balokovic estate.

<sup>Full shot of</sup>  
The estate, ~~was in a~~ quite picturesque location, resting on top of Ragged Mountain, overlooking <sup>the</sup> Penobscot Bay and the Atlantic ocean. I was welcomed by Zlatko and Joyce Balakovic. He was a violinist and an aristocrat and she was a Borden born to the manor."

Inside the house, Andrija being made welcome. A drink, a warm fire place, two friendly and encouraging people, two people terribly curious about him.

"You are a physician?"

"Yes."

"But you are not going to practice?"

"I have an opportunity to continue research on my nerve theory at Kaiser Permente in San Francisco."

Y.P. "They were very interested. We talked of my research for some time. Joyce finally asked the question that had been awaiting me since my arrival."

"In all your theorizing have you ever included the operation of telepathy in your scheme of the brain and the mind?"

*Quoted back.*  
"Will you please explain what you mean by telepathy?"

*Boyce partially*  
"Have you ever felt you had received a thought from someone who was far away," she questioned.

"I remembered a dream I once had of seeing a girl who I admired. She was in the football stadium at a rival high school. It was on a rainy day. About a week later, I was at that stadium and I remember<sup>ed</sup> how startled I was to see her there in the rain. It was exactly as it was in the dream. I told them the tale."

*That's not exactly what Joyce means, Andrija.*  
"That's not exactly what Joyce means, Andrija."

"We talked and we talked, of things of the mind, of sending and receiving. It brought to mind my years of experimentation with sending and receiving impulses by the brain when I was in Med school at Northwestern. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

We are in the small laboratory of his memories, a makeshift affair. In it are animals in cages, a younger Andrija working with one, electrodes attached to its scalp, instruments registering the impact of electrical stimulation. ~~As~~ As it appeared it is gone, the scene transformed. We are once more before the fire, a question bringing Andrija to the present.

"Do you see what I mean, Andrija?"

"You mean about the brain being a super transmitter and super receiver?"

"You are naturally skeptical."

Andrija shrugs, not wanting to be difficult.

*A CONCEPT BEYOND THE SCOPE OF EXPERIENCE AND SCIENCE.*  
"Consider this, there are people who can live outside space and time,

a concept beyond [REDACTED] appearing to people, only to disappear from physical view and appear somewhere else."

"Come now, Zlatko. Who are you kidding? This is fairy tale belief."

Joyce is insistant. "Alright, Andrija. I know you are shocked, but I feel <sup>we</sup> ~~it~~ must help you get out of your narrow rational approach to life. Every major discovery in science has come about because some man believed more in the freshness of his own perceptions and analysis than in the dogma of the day. There are people whose powers seem to defy all common sense and the sacred beliefs of science." <sup>use 3</sup>

"I scoffed. It was beyond me, and yet their sincerity was also beyond question. They went on with their explanation and it turned an evening's visit into a two week stay. They wanted me to incorporate these ideas into my research, but it was not something that my conservative scientific attitudes would easily allow. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ All the way back to New York, I thought. All the way to California, my mind grappled with the ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ new ideas. Was it all fairy tale belief? Was there anything to so called miracles, healing and other super-normal phenomana? Questions, questions, questions and no answers. Telepathy? Could it be? And if it were all so, where were these people with these powers that seem to defy all common sense and the basic tenents of science which I had been taught so well? Once again I recalled my University days. In my minds eye, I saw my small laboratory. I remembered my struggles, working in the Chicago stockyards ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ tending the medical needs of the <sup>CARDINALS</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ to earn my bread. I remembered the classes, my professors, my science and how, even then, I had heard the call of the unknown as I was hearing it now. And <sup>REALIZED</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ that I could never rest until ~~ixmadxfoundx~~

*See end of book*



*inserted*

I had found the truth ~~because~~ <sup>SUCH THINGS WERE</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>it</sup> true, it would change the face of science for all time. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Little did I know that ~~the~~ at that moment I had become a maverick scientist."

We are in San Francisco. Before us is the Kaiser Permente Hospital, a fresh complex of buildings set upon a large avenue, alive with all that one expects from such institutions. Inside its clinical walls, ~~two~~ men, ~~praxedxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ One of them is obviously displeased at something, ~~xxxxxx~~ angry. ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>THE OTHER IS ANDRIJA,</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ "There is no such thing as telepathy." "

"But, what if there is?"

"The stuff has no basis in scientific fact!"

"All I would like to do is put it ~~a~~ to the test."

"Andrija, for our purpose it just doesn't exist. Work on your nerve theory. That's enough for us. We're paying you well. You've got everything you need, lab space, personnel, your own department. Why waste time with nonsense?"

"Because I happen ~~to~~ think it may not be nonsense and is directly related to my ~~xxxxxx~~ theory of how the brain receives and transmits information."

"Forget it, ~~Andrija~~ Andrija. <sup>We</sup> ~~we~~ could never get anybody to go along with you. It's not in the cards."

"The wanted me to work within the narrow confines of slick administrative science. As I listened to ~~my~~ the verdict I knew what Joyce had meant when she complained that scientists do not investigate such ~~matters~~ cases as levitation, healing, telepathy, the manifestations of the mind. If I wanted to know the truth about these matters, I would have to do it myself, alone. It was all up to me. ~~xxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ I was going to get little help from established ~~xxx~~ science, little help from my medical peers, scant help from anyone for that matter.

It is the California/ Arizona dessert. A car whisks along a dusty road.

"I felt driven to further air the subject with someone whose scientific integrity I trusted, yet someone interested in telepathy. And it was fortunate that I had the acquaintance of a Dr. Eugene Milne Cosgrove. We drove across the dessert into Arizona. I was on the way to see Jinny for I had hopes of a reconciliation. During the drive Dr. Cosgrove and I thoroughly exchanged ideas."

"Andrija, I am convinced that what you are now discovering as unexplainable phenoema exist within a scientific context that we do not yet understand..."

"I found that Dr. Cosgrove was much further along in his ~~speculations~~ concepts than I had thought possible, and that some of his notions were very unacceptable to me. I simple could not accept his belief that certain wise men, for example, got their inspiration directly from some kind of universal intelligence. It sounded like so much hocus pocus. However, I didn't reject it entirely either. But once again, I felt I was alone in my quest, utterly alone."

In Arizona, the coming together of Jinny and Andrija as they meet and each sees their differences dissolve. There is love, a bond between them that transcends the bitterness of the moment of their separation.

"It was the right thing, but now it would be necessary to confront Jane. Jane was not aware that I had decided to seek out Jinny and end the separation, that it was really Jinny who was my life. It would be difficult."

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~~██████~~ In San Francisco, on top of ~~Beverlyxxx~~ the Beverly Hills, looking down on the brilliances of San Francisco Bay. It is night and we soon discover two people ~~there~~, Andrija and Jane. It is obvious that he has told her. They are side by side and no words are exchanged. Now and then her eyes drift to him and in them are tears and desire.

"It was as though there was a body attachment between us that could not be suffered. That night was a night of massive and painful denial, a night of farewells. ~~xx Even today~~ In the days, the weeks, the years that followed, the poignancy of those hours hurt me deeply. I ~~could~~ <sup>would</sup> never forget Jane."

Andrija comes home to his apartment in San Francisco, to find a note which elates him. He drives to Carmel, there to meet with Joyce and Zlatko.

~~Everyone~~ ~~The~~ ~~greetings~~ ~~that~~ They are overjoyed to see each other, ~~and~~ .

Zlatko ~~delivers it:~~ "Andrija, Dr. Cosgrove was very impressed with you and was hopeful of your ~~a~~ continuing your investigations into ~~this~~ ESP. He has suggested that ~~there~~ if there is a way to financially support your interest in telepathy, we do so."

"I don't know what to say."

"You might begin by telling us what you could live on."

~~REDACTED~~. "You can move to Maine and set up headquarters in Camden. There's a cottage you can have."

"I was dumbfounded, never having entertained such a thought, such a grand idea. But, it was intriguing. I could continue my ~~xx~~ nerve theory experiments, my electronic experiemnts and also indlude this whim. I thought it over very quickly~~xx~~ and reached a decision."

"I think I could live on \$200 a month "



*Cut to:*  
The cottage in which Andrija is to live. It is quaint, with the charm of New England.

"By April, Jinny, Svetlana and I were in Camden ready to begin our new life."

*"A-laya"*  
"Can we do it on \$200 a month, Andrija?"

"Well, we may have to make a few modifications, a few...adjustments..."

"What about a lab? Where are you going to work?"

Duke University. The laboratory of Dr. Rhine. Experiments with subject about to get under way as a demonstration for Andrija.

"I use a card guessing procedure, Dr. Puharich. We have a sender and a receiver. The receiver attempts to properly state the symbol the sender is sending."

"It was a game, and there was a problem. Most scientists did not take Dr. Rhine's evidence very seriously. And Dr. Rhine did not have the funds for another researcher. So, I organized a legal non-profit <sup>project</sup> organization to pursue my ideas, The Roundtable Foundation."

The barn. It looms before us. It is winter. A man shows Andrija the structure. It is new and it is large.

"Ain't got any heat, but its practically new. I heard you're working on some experiments that might help the ~~deaf~~ deaf. That true?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Well sir, I don't need this place right away. And you putting it to good use is better than it sitting empty." ~~XXXXXX~~

It is another day. The snow is falling in great patterns of white. Inside the barn, Andrija works single handed wearing four layers of clothing, two pairs of gloves, building partitions, lab benches, ~~knitting~~ putting together his lab by the sweat of his brow and at times that sweat transforms ~~to~~ to ice in the freezing cold of the Maine winter. Dissolved sea urchins

Y.O. "I had attempted to mobilize the normal Academic support. I went to them all. Every effort was made. Nobody was listening. Not a soul."

A day's work complete. It is night. Andrija treks from the barn to the cottage. All about him ~~the~~ the white snow nuzzles the ground, covering every leaf, every twig, every branch, ~~covering~~ every tree, covering Andrija's weary shoulders.

"I wondered what I was doing out in this wilderness. Trying to solve one of the great problems of life with my bare hands? It all seemed so futile. Then, I noted a flickering light on the snow. When I straightened out my cold, stooped shoulders and looked to the sky, I saw, for the first time in my life, the bizarre flickering light patterns of the ~~Near~~ Northern lights. Instantly I forgot my cold, hunger, weariness and loneliness. The night display was so overwhelming in its majesty that my pigmy cares dissolved in its illumination."

ANOTHER DAY.  
At the cottage. Andrija comes bursting in ~~bursting~~ taking Jinny by surprise, ~~ERULIENT~~ with the news he bears.

"Jinny! I got it! Our first grant! Twelve thousand dollars!"

Jinny is elated and there is a celebration.





Andrija listens spellbound. "I was suitably impressed. Everything she said about me was true. The ear infection had been my bane for many years and <sup>had</sup> been pronounced incurable. She seemed ideal for my first subject, my first venture."

"Mrs. Garrett, would you ~~it~~ be interested in helping me do research on telepathy?"

"In what manner, Doctor? What do you have in mind?"

"I have an idea that a good way to test for telepathy is to test for sensitivity to electrical fields. I have an electrically shielded room in my lab <sup>A FARADAY CAGE</sup>. I would like to test your sensitivity to electric fields when you work inside the room. What do you say?"

Eileen Garrett ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ thinks for a moment and then her head nods an emphatic yes. <sup>out for</sup>

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ <sup>Lab</sup> In the Faraday cage, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Preparations are under way. ~~ALL~~ Assistants see that things are correct. Eileen is brought into the room. <sup>Let's try it.</sup>

"It took a year to get the experiment ready to run. I had some very important help from a friend of Eileen Garrett's, a famous inventor who assisted in the redesign of the cage. I remembered his words as Eileen took her place. <sup>is</sup> 'The human brain is only a complex electronic circuit. But it is not the mind.'

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ The test in progress. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

"I suppose the most remarkable thing to me, was not her reactions to electrical charges, but her observation <sup>ONCE</sup> that someone very important ~~to~~ was trying to contact me. She was in <sup>THE</sup> a copper cage through which no electrical radiation could pass and yet she correctly had received a telepathic impression that a Mr. Henry Wallace, <sup>FORMER</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ vice



PART II - THE EYE OF THE HAWK

The Barn. The assistants. Andrija. Around them the collection of animals, lab paraphernalia, lab benches, the things that their labor of love has erected. Andrija faces his aides. "We are being forced out of the ~~XXXXXXbeingforced~~ barn. Roy doesn't want to honor our deal any longer."

"What the hell are you going to do, Andrija? We can't let all this work go to waste!"

"I don't know!"

"Sue him! Didn't he say he would sell!"

"He changed his mind." They fall into silence as Andrija tries to cheer them up. <sup>\*DON'T WORRY.</sup> ~~X~~Something will happen! I know it! I feel it!"

The lawn of a majestic estate. A crowd mills about, an obviously affluent, festive crowd. Among them is Andrija looking very out of place. His interest is not one of socializing, but rather curiosity about the house itself.

"I sued, but it was painfully slow and my people were at their wits end. So I decided to attend the auction of a quite impressive estate, <sup>WANNENTON,</sup> ~~X~~knowing full well that it wasn't meant for a poor researcher. It was magnificent. The house was surrounded by clumps of enormous Norway Spruce trees. I felt peaceful and happy looking out over the sea, even though I was about to be evicted from my painfully wrought laboratory.

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The auctioneer begins.



"Do I hear an opening bid?"

Silence and finally a voice. "\$15,000!"

The auctioneer is astonished. Andrija's ears perk up. [REDACTED]

"Ladies and gentlemen. This is a famed estate. It has just been rennovated at a cost of ~~qua~~ quarter of a million dollars. Now, do I hear a bid?"

"\$18,000."

"I ~~can~~ <sup>could</sup> hardly believe ~~my~~ <sup>MY</sup> ears. The paltry sums being offered amount <sup>ed</sup> to an affront.

"\$21,000."

[REDACTED] Andrija becoming more and more interested in what is transpiring [REDACTED]

"24,000."

"26,000."

"27,000."

"\$28,000!" It is ~~andrija's~~ Andrija's voice.

"I ~~was~~ [REDACTED] was my voice bidding against the monted class of Penobscot Bay. I was as surprised as anyone. And yet I continued to bid - 32, 34..."

"Ladies and gentlemen, This estate is a landmark. It is an noble work, a truly aristocratic manor. Do I hear \$36,000? Do~~xx~~ I hear \$36,000? Sold to Dr. Puharich for \$35,000."

"I was dumbfounded. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I ~~was~~ could not imagine me being the owner of this beauty. My God, it was on 65 acres on a small peninsula jutting out into the bay. The house had 45 rooms and some dozende bathrooms. It was in perfect condition. And, it was beyond my wildes dreams, yet here I was, marching forward to the well wishes of that afternnnn crowd."



Inside the house. It lives up to all its expectations - the rooms, the decor, the touches of elegance. It is a vision. A man confronts Andrija. "I can't sell you Warrenton for \$35,000, Dr. Puharich. It is absurd to even consider it."

"But, I have made a legitimate bid."

"And the arrangement was, as you know, that if it was not sufficient it could be rejected. It is being rejected."

"We argued. I pleaded my case, the case for my research, ~~the~~ <sup>700,000</sup> ~~the~~ importance to the world of the work being done. The members of the Round Table joined me and threw all the weight of their convictions behind me. They wanted Warrenton. I didn't know what we would do with it, ~~what with upkeep and taxes, but I too wanted it~~ <sup>DESPITE THE FACT THAT ALL I HAD WAS TO 100% DOWN PAYMENT.</sup> The argument was becoming wearing, but I could see his defenses weaken until:"

"Damn it, it's yours, Dr. Puharich!"

The move to Warrenton. Trucks with equipment, household items, furniture, the personal belongings of Andrija and the families of his assistants. It is as though an immigrant band is taking over. Goats tethered in the front yard, chickens running about. Never has this edifice seen such an odd array. It is a joyous occasion. Andrija is please. Jinny is aglow.

Y6: "It became the first commune in the country, ahead of its time, and a scientific commune at that. But, life wasn't to be as easy and uneventful as we might have anticipated. It was the McCarthy era and fear was heavy in the air, especially when our neighbors learned that we were working on telepathy with Mrs. Garrett. The good folks in the area all regarded our activities as being communist inspired."

A man comes to the ~~door~~ front door of Warrenton. Jinny greets him. He show a wallet with a badge. "Harris. FBI."

The man is shown into the ~~new~~ house.

"I was treated like a dangerous radical. However, we went on with our research. Soon we learned to ignore the rumors. And soon we began to be another kind of object of interest as hundreds of strangers came from far and near to see what kind of things we had ~~learned~~ learned about telepathy. Warrenton was a Mecca."

In the house. Jinny. She is giving birth. A lot of agony and pain, a lot of happiness. They have a ~~daughter~~ <sup>SECOND</sup> daughter and Andrija sees her for the first time.

"She's cute. Looks just like me."

"It will never be a dull life for our children, will it Andrija."

"No, it will never be a dull life. And by the way, I have good news. I got another grant."

"Wonderful. \$12,000?"

"More."

"15?"

Mrs. Bolton is giving the foundation \$77,000."

Jinny doesn't know whether to cry or laugh. It is incredible.

"How did you do it, Andrija?"

"It wasn't easy. I asked for \$107,000. And you know how much the lawyers wanted to give me?"

"How much?"

Zero. Exactly Zero. They acted like I was trying to fleece her."

"You Andrija. Fleece somebody." Again she is brought to a point of laughter and tears, laughter born of love and of knowing the man she married.

In the laboratory at Warrenton. The work, the testing, the animals, Eileen Garrett in the Faraday cage - the energetic, dedicated activity of the members of the Round Table Foundation.

"The work was almost completed with Mrs. Garrett, and we were beginning to pay our way with research ~~into~~<sup>into</sup> such diverse things as taste for General Foods, and the further development of my nerve theory, which brought us to a new treatment for head noises. But, we were still operating on a shoe string. Most important, the tests with Mrs. Garrett had proven to me that telepathy did exist and I was encouraged to press on."

We are in the living room of a large home. The center of attention of a group of people is a dark skinned man.

"Somehow, my interest in the paranormal ~~now~~ now qualified me as somewhat of an expert, a title I did not wish, and so I was asked to investigate <sup>OK</sup> Sadik Bay, ex-finance~~er~~ minister of Egypt. It wasn't something I particularly wanted to do but his claim was intriguing. He claimed he could perform transmutation of metal, change one form to another, in this particular case, ~~lead~~<sup>LEAD</sup> to stainless steel. It sounded very much like a confidence game to me."

The group moves to the kitchen where Sadik goes through his demonstration. He takes a stainless steel. Into it he places a pinch of powder~~er~~ along with lead. Then he melts it over the kitchen fire. The lead cools.

"I inspected the metal and it was still unchanged. He melted it again but this time chanted some Arabic words. When the lead cooled, I discovered upon examination that it had indeed changed. More heatings and chantings until it became steel hard, and then back to ordinary lead. It was an impressive show." But there was more to come."



"Dr. Puharich, will you give me your mother's first name, and will you also write out that name and your first name?"

Andrija writes the two names. Sadik Bey takes the paper and re-writes the names in Arabic and places the paper under Andrija's right heel, facing him to the east. He then kneels on the floor and begins to chant in Arabic with ~~quiet~~ the quiet intensity of religious fervor.

"I felt a strong electrical tingle ~~in~~ in my right foot and leg, but otherwise everything was essentially the same. When he finally rose, Sadik looked quite solemn and pronounced that 'tonight my destiny would be revealed in a dream.' ~~xx~~ There was no dream that night and my tests back at the laboratory showed that the changes in Sadik's metal had not come about from transmutation but from some unknown chemical process. That night <sup>SPENT</sup> with Sadik might have been considered a ~~loss~~ loss, except that I had managed to secure further research grants for the foundation."

The vision: It is a face. There is a Christ-like quality about it. The eyes are staring. It is a serious, suffering face.

"I woke with a start. It was only a dream, though ~~the~~ ~~vision~~ I still wondered if it was the dream Sadik Bey had spoken of and if so, what it could possibly mean. When I found myself entertaining ~~that~~ speculation I suddenly realized how my mind had become susceptible to ideas about matter I would never before considered."

(TRAIN)  
~~xx~~ Princeton University. Andrija is strolling along a path with a very dignified ~~man~~ gentleman. The gentleman is speaking. "...naturally you understand that my first reaction to such extraordinary results is the question of the reliability of the data...but, accepting that ~~xx~~ what you have shown me is sound I suggest you write up your work and send me a half dozen copies. If we cannot solve this problem within the present state of our knowledge I will be happy to bring the problem to

TTT

about it.

home

Bugio

22 [REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED]  
 [REDACTED]

The laboratory at Warrenton. It is now busy, a

AND I FOUND  
elepathy. My

experiments in parapsychology ~~which~~ again leading me into unexplored, (PERILOUS?) dangerous waters."

A Man in a trance. He writes on paper. He speaks ancient Egyptian words. A woman and Andrija are present to observe his actions.

"Alice Bouverie introduced me to Harry Stone, a man who went into a deep sleep and spoke and wrote in the ancient Egyptian language. She asked my opinion of his performance. It was remarkable. I wondered whether I was observing an elaborate delusion or witnessing a subtle manifestation of a reality far beyond the boundaries of common-sense experience."

Egyptian hieroglyphics. A library rich with ancient Egyptian artifacts. A man who smiles broadly but gently at Andrija. A friend.

"Now, Andrija, you surely don't believe that this represents the writings of somebody who lived in the fourth dynasty, do you?"

"Well, I have no particular beliefs about this case at the moment, Dr. I have merely undertaken an investigation for Alice Bouverie, <sup>and there are indications that these could be genuine</sup>

"Well, in my opinion, I think that what this amounts to, at the best, is a case of telepathy. After all, Alice knows enough about the subject to transmit it to this Harry Stone."

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ "The dialect was too obscure <sup>as</sup> for Alice to have been familiar with it. My friend knew this but wouldn't admit it. <sup>I</sup> I went to other experts and discovered that the writings were authentic, <sup>and</sup> in an ancient form not often seen, and <sup>they</sup> designated the writer a person of royalty. But, what interested me most was the allusion in Harry Stone's writings to a sacred plant that was used to induce a state in which the consciousness could <sup>SUPPOSEDLY</sup> be separated from the limitations of the body. If such a plant existed, I thought, perhaps there was the possibility it could stimulate latent extrasensory perceptions in human beings. <sup>I</sup> I began ~~xxxxsearching~~ playing detective and soon concluded that the ~~fabled~~ plant was none other than a mushroom, Amanita muscaria, the fabled key to the doorway of eternity."



Harry stone, the subject of investigation. He is in a trance. He speaks in ancient Egyptian.

Insert  
out  
"Harry identified himself while in his trance as Ra Ho Tep, a high born Egyptian who lived 4600 years ago, <sup>AND</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> was able to define the lost ritual of the sacred mushroom and its astonishing effects upon the human consciousness. Later, some historical digging turned up the interesting sidelight that the mushroom and its effects were the best kept secrets of that culture. In ~~fact~~ fact the word mushroom was practically non-existent in the ancient Egyptian language. It took lengthy research to even get an adequate description."

Andrija and Jinny in the New England woods. Jinny calls Andrija to see what she has found.

"Not another mushroom?"

"Well, it looks different." Jinny point it out.

"Who would have ever suspected that the sought for sacred mushroom might be growing right there in Maine, less than a mile from the laboratory. We had scouts looking all over the world and here it was. I took it back to the lab and after careful scrutiny we were able to proclaim that it was indeed the sacred mushroom, ~~Amenita~~ muscaria."

Mushrooms are boiled, juiced extracted, doses given to Harry Stone and Peter Hercus.

"We began our experimentations using the drug taken from the mushroom with Harry Stone and Peter Hercus, a Dutchman who had an extraordinary talent for finding lost objects. Peter was particularly famed for his ability to help police solve insoluble crimes. Peter and Harry worked well as a telepathic team able to easily demonstrate talents. ~~The Round Table~~ As a result of the tests, the Round Table again became a gathering spot for the curious and the interested."

Peter in a trance.

"One experiment in particular was very intriguing and left us with a complete mystery. Peter had gone into a quick trance and had begun to talk."

"I see two things. A miracle in the sky."

"What is the miracle in the sky, Peter?"

"I...I...cannot...explain...but there is going to be...a miracle in the sky. It is coming. I cannot tell you...precisely what it is... except that I see it as an...earth-ball. It is in the sky. Everybody in the whole world can see it."

"Do you mean a planet?"

"No."

"A comet?"

"No."

A...flying saucer?"

"No."

"I had asked him all the possibilities I could think of. He stuck by his description of an earth ball. It was very puzzling."

A woman. She is with Andrija and she is distressed.

"Andrija, Peter is acting very strangely. He gets up in the middle of the night. He says he is awakened by an invisible presence. Then he walks through the grass to one of the cliffs out there, sits for several hours before coming back to bed. I'm worried."

"I agreed to talk to Peter and when I did his response was a challenge. Peter and Andrija.

"I was told to tell you what is going on."

"Alright, what is going on and who asked you to tell me?"

"Look, Andrija, you know that I don't believe in any spirits or ghosts and I always thought that flying saucers were balony. But believe me, I swear on my baby's eyes, I have been ~~awakened~~ awakened

at night by beings from flying saucers. I was down by the rocks last week. It was about four in the morning. All at once there appeared a flying saucer over the water about a hundred meters away. It was about 15 meters across and shaped like a lens...all transparent. I could see through it like through glass. But it glowed all kinds of changing colors. Then, as this saucer hovered over the water, it lit up everything around it including where I sat on the rocks. And suddenly there were two beings standing near me. They were small and looked very old with young bodies. ~~They just looked at me.~~ Their faces were wrinkled, old and kindly. They just looked at me. Not a word. But I felt like they were telling me things, and I understood it, but it was all going into my subconscious. (I don't remember anything they told me.) Then they suddenly were in the saucer. There was fire and smoke and it went away silently. You have to believe me, Andrija. That's what I saw - more than once, too."

"Out on the rocks the next day while we looked for a place from which the saucer might have taken off, some charred spot that wasn't there, Peter remembered one other thing."

"Look, I'm supposed to tell you about this so that someday you will be able to understand. Right now, you are not to know...but someday..."

"I remembered then of listening to a news report back in 1948, a report about the crash of an F-51 fighter which was in pursuit of an unidentified flying object. I remembered the reports of the radar sightings. And I could not deny Peter's experiences, but neither could I believe them without strong corroborating evidence. There was none to be found. But the more I thought about it the more I related it to an incident in Mexico that had occurred a year before."

A small village, Acambaro, Mexico. Peter and Andrija are dragging suitcases into an old hotel. They discover that there are no rooms. Those that had been reserved for them have been given to other



Americans by mistake.

"It was the only hotel in town, so we accepted two strange, windowless rooms. Next morning, we met the Americans, a Dr. and Mrs. Charles Laughead from Flagstaff, Arizona."

"Are you the brothers from space?"

DR. LAUGHEAD ASKED  
"They asked the question with such intensity and sincerity that Peter and I were at a loss."

"Are you?"

"I don't understand. Brothers...from...space?"

DR. LAUGHEAD EXPLAINED.  
"Three night ago we were ~~have~~ a seance with a very fine young medium. He suddenly slipped into a deep trance, and a voice spoke through him saying that he was one of the brothers from space. The voice stated very emphatically that I should immediately leave for a place in Mexico, ~~Here~~ I would meet two men who looked lik ordinary men, except that they were brothers from space. They would have an important message for me. Are you the brothers from space?"

"For a moment I wondered if maybe I was. Then Peter and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. The whole idea was just too absurd."

At Warrenton. A typewriter. ~~is~~ TYPING is furious.

"I later received a letter from the couple. And enclosed were two communications that were to be forward to me ~~at~~ "...at Mesa Verde in Colorado a great space craft landed and contact was made at that time with the brothers of space..."

"I naturally couldn't believe what I was ~~reading~~ ~~ALL~~ I gave it to my secretary to type."

Later she called me in.

"Look at each of the carbons, Andrija." I didn't change the carbon paper, but kept using the same one over and over again for each of the twelve and a half pages. See how they're wearing, right trhough page

10 and 11. See how light the first lines are at the top of page 12. Then as soon as I started to copy the first enclosure the carbon paper got black and clear, just as it was on page one when the carbon paper was fresh. It's impossible. How can carbon paper suddenly get rejuvenated?"

"I examined the sheets and she was absolutely right. I then read the messages. They were incredible."

"M calling. We are nine principles and forces. It is vital that you have a personal conference with Dr. "L" as soon as possible for it was not by accident that you met him in Mexico."

"The message included reference to a similar such contact through Dr. Vinod which included complicated formulæ that no one could have known of besides my staff. I met with Dr. Laughead many times and would have placed no credence in what he said except for the undeniable evidence of the rejuvenated carbon paper. I was almost at a point of being willing to admit that there might be some reality to Dr. Laughead's contacts with space, almost, but not quite. It was a mystery that could not be easily solved in the lab, and Maverick thought I might have been, I was still a scientist. So I tabled the matter for a time when some new evidence might come along. But I also remained alerted for further manifestations of the Nine and of "M".

A car drives along a road.

"Jinny had been confined to a hospital in Madison, Wis. undergoing insulin shock therapy. Our three daughters were living in Madison because the doctors felt that if they were close to Jinny it might help her. Jinny finally became an outpatient traveling to the hospital several times a week. One day, on the way, Jinny quietly and sweetly told her mother that she wanted to do an errand at the museum which was on the top floor of the hospital.

The car has come to a stop. Jinny emerges from it to enter a building.

Her mother waited in the car for her. Jinny <sup>WENT IN AND</sup> quietly leaped from the top of the hospital into eternity. <sup>I wept for Jinny.</sup> ~~I~~ I wept for my failure to keep her healthy and happy. And I wept for our three daughters <sup>WHO</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>WHO</sup> ~~who~~ would never know a mother and a normal upbringing."

Andrija and his three children at Carmel, walking along the beach, through fields, in the hills, being a family, becoming part of the buccolic splendor of ~~that~~ the Carmel landscape.

"~~For days we tramped together~~ I took the <sup>CHILDREN</sup> ~~children~~ back to Carmel. For days we tramped together by the sea, and in the hills because that is what we ~~would~~ had done ~~in~~ so often in Maine when Jinny was healthy and alive. In the spring of 1960 my life in Carmel Valley consisted of spending as much time as possible with my children, writing and doing consulting work. It took some time before I was able to once more devote myself to parapsychology."

Mexico. Cuernavaca. Nine people ~~7~~. Some of them look very pale, very ill. Andrija is confronted with a ~~problem~~ <sup>seven</sup> problem by Paul Jones.

"Andrija, we're in trouble. We've got ~~seven~~ people dying of dysentery. Maybe we oughta scrap the project."

"Nothing doing. We'll go alone. You're okay aren't you?"

~~xxxxxx~~ "Sure. But listen. I've heard there's severe political ~~problems~~ troubles in ~~the~~ Oaxaco. A wave of murders against the authorities and outsiders."

Jones, Andrija ~~and~~ a woman <sup>AND A MAN</sup> ~~boarded~~ boarding a plane. It takes off to land on a small strip in the midst of the <sup>TOWERING</sup> ~~peaks~~ peaks of the Sierra Madra range.

"My ~~own~~ quest was a sacred mushroom rite performed ~~in~~ deep ~~in~~ in the interior of Mexico. I had gotten a pilot <sup>A REV. DUGAN</sup> ~~to~~ fly us in, <sup>HE</sup> ~~she~~ was a missionary but the only person <sup>WHO</sup> ~~should~~ ~~to~~ do it. ~~Then~~ Paul Jones took one look at the forbidding countryside and said that he would return to Oaxaca with the pilot. Mrs. Dugan agreed to <sup>STAY</sup> ~~stay~~ on ~~the~~





Again the burros, Andrija and Dean and their guide. They arrive at a clearing after long hours on a mountain trail. About them are coffee trees. And from the trees soon emerges a man.

"The mysterious Erujo was a 30 year old Chatino Indian dressed in typical peasant garb. His name was Macedonio."

They all sit solemnly in the clearing and begin a dialogue, Dean acting as interpreter.

"He says that he has consulted his gods about you and that you were sent to them to be taught about the sacred mushroom as he had been taught."

"I couldn't believe my ears. It was suddenly so easy and all I had done to earn this honor was to make back ~~down~~ that trail in the rain, alive."

"He doesn't know a thing about the trip down the mountain, Andrija."

"That exploded all my preconceived notions about how the meeting had come about. The Erujo told me that I was to be initiated that night. I could see that Dean was terrified. Being a missionary and against such practices she would not believe that that the Erujos might have powers of divination, telepathy and clairvoyance, but she did believe in the devil."

Andrija and Dean dining with Macedonio's family in an adobe hut with an earthen floor. A child of 15 presents Andrija with her fresh tortillas, kneeling before him.

"I noticed that I was eating alone. Even Dean, as a woman, was not allowed to eat until I had finished. ~~E~~ It was sad but somehow I felt apart from everyone, from Dean, from these beautiful people."

Andrija leaves the adobe hut, walking away into the forest, surrounded by his thoughts.

"Everything was so ~~primitive~~ primevil here. I thought to myself, where are you Ra Ho Tep? Where are you Nine? Where are the spirits' signs of higher powers? Where are the real spirits that these people

do they feel as part of the daily lives of their daily lives?"

A small hut. In it are Andrija, Macadonia and Dean. It is a night of initiation into the mushroom cult. The mushroom is prepared. Prayers are uttered.

"We drank the ~~mushroom~~ concoction and I waited for the mushrooms to begin painting scenes in my mind."

We now see a montage. It is superimposed over the figures of the three and it begins with flickering lights that ~~it~~ look very much like the Aurora Borealis. It then assumes the shape of fire, of distorted ~~SCENES~~ **ICONS**, of animals that change into men and back into animals, of a hundred irrational happenings and at last to the sun rising ~~in the morning~~ on a new day.

"During the night I had take motions pictures of the sacred rite, the first ever made by man, and I had deepend my understanding of the religious instinct in man."

There are children with their mothers, dozens of them and ~~in~~ they  
~~gathered where~~ Andrija treats them in a makeshift way.

"I let it be known that I was a medic. It was the only way I could  
express my gratitude for the experience."

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~" XXXXamkkyxxdtkxnoatxxfxwxwaxxdadxxexakhwxx  
nxxxusbandxtbxnxxyxxbganyxxxxxxwttnrxwofdxbsnnxxtx

~~At the airstrip.~~ At the airstrip. The villagers are there to see Andrija off.

The Rev. Dugan ~~xx~~ has returned in the light plane to pick Andrija up.

The plane takes off, straining to get over the high mountain peaks from the airstrip nestled in the mountains. It becomes obvious that ~~the~~ it is going to be more than just a struggle. Inside the plane, eyes closed, his hands in prayer. the Rev. Dugan with his ~~Andrija~~ Andrija, panic stricken.

"He had given up his attempt to pilot us out of the crisis. I watched in astonishment as the man blithely ~~br~~ prayed. And then the plane was gently lifted as though by an invisible force. Rev. Dugan opened his eyds, grabbed the wheel, pulled into a climb with full throttle and



we cleared the mountain ahead by a mere few feet. We were safely airborne. It was a fitting way to end ~~my adventures~~ this episode in my search for a greater truth."

*1/10/12*

THE EYE OF THE HAWK - PART IV

A midwestern town, Chesterfield, Indiana. A sign that proclaims the town to be "The Hub Of Spiritualism". It is a town that is alive and prosperous, bristling with activity.

"I was often asked to investigate mediums and I usually turned down such requests because I did not wish to become a psychic investigator. But when a friend, Tom O'Neil, editor Psychic Observer Magazine, asked me to look into a certain medium in Chesterfield Indiana who could materialize spirits, I couldn't refuse. Knowing that Tom was a ~~spiritualist~~ spiritualist, I was also hopeful of not having to destroy any of his dearly held beliefs."

Andrija on the back of a motorscooter. The vehicle driven by an elderly lady who points out things of interest to Andrija.

"Chesterfield was a mecca, ~~for~~ 62,000 pilgrims pilgrims came each year to witness phenomena that would prove to them that man survives after death. Mable Riffle ran the town, efficiently and completely."

"We got mediums who do healing, some that produce spirit photographs on silk, some that do spirit card writing, a few that materialize the spirits and bring the living into communication with the dead. Just tell me what you'd like to see, Dr. Puharich!"

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "Tom wanted me to see Edith Still well. He was convinced that through the medium he had on several occasions conversed with his Grandmother. I promptly asked for an introduction. Mable readily agreed. Tom was to join me that evening."

Andrija and Tom setting up equipment in a room. There is a stage at one end of the seance room surrounded by black, velvet curtains. Folding chairs face it.

"The stage was the so called medium's cabinet. There were two doors into the room but no windows. One door entered from the street at the far end of the room. The other entered from the home of the medium. It was

about five feet from the cabinet. The seance was to take place in the dark. I had an infra-red monitoring system for the occasion, and I invited both Edith Stillwell and Mable to look through it. Try as they might neither could see a thing through."

"Mrs. Stillwell, do you have any objection to my using this infra-red viewer?"

"Why of course not, Dr. Puharich. And if the spirits object they probably won't appear."

"They both tried again to see through the viewer and I was fearful that they would object in some way but Edith and Mable were both satisfied with our arrangements, preparations and ~~the~~ intentions and Edith was very eager to demonstrate her abilities."

It is dark, quite dark. A church hymn is heard being sung by unseen voices. Gradually as our eyes become accustomed to the dark we can make out that there are people sitting in the folding chairs and they sing the hymn led by Edith Stillwell.

"We will now recite the Lord's Prayer."

Edith explained that the purpose of the hymns and the prayers was to bring on the spirits. She took her place in front of the curtained cabinet, seating herself in a rocking chair. I was at the far end of the roomxx Keeping my infra-red telescope focussed on the front of the cabinet but not looking through as yet. I did not see anything unusual until the singing ended."

Above the top of the curtain of the cabinet a glow begins to appear. Soon it manifests itself behind the curtain. Then the curtain parts and out steps a shimmering, luminescent figure, the materialized spirit.

"I am Brother Benois." A masculine voice. ~~xxxxxx~~

"How are you Brother Benois. It is good to see you again." ~~Ed~~ Edith exchanges amenities with him. ~~Brother Benois then says xxxxxxxx~~



Brother Benoise retreats behind the curtain. And another spirit then appears to take his place, a female.

"Hello! Hellooo! I am sister Mary. I have come to tell you, Dr. Andrija Puharich, that I am your guardian angel."

~~"Through the xxxxxxxxxx~~ It was all quite eerie and impressive, all in the best tradition of ghostly materializations. It even looked possible, but alas, through my infra-red device it was a different matter."

Through the infra-red monitoring system. More ghostly appear draped in fine luminescent netting, wearing ashen faces. Edith Stillwell rocks back and forth watching the ghostly pagentry. At the height of it she suddenly stops.

"That will be enough for this night. Thank you spirits."

The spirits disappear. Edith is seen gathering in the curtains of the cabinet with one hand and reaching out to gather in the curtains of the swining door behind her, making a curtain passageway between the cabinet and the door entering her home. Andrija is glued to his viewer.

"I caught a fleeing glimpse of a head scuttling from the cabinet to the door. I must say I was startled."

The lights come on. Edith Stilwell rises from her rocking chair and comes happily to Andrija. #x

"Well, you were quite lucky tonight, Dr. Puharich. Your guardian angel paid us a visitation. My, my."

Andrija struggles to appear appreciative and not to indicate what he had leared.

"Another seance was scheduled. If the first night was a revelation, the next night was an astonishing display of audacity. I viewed every bit of it through my infra-red monitoring system."

Again we are plunged into darkness. Gradually the room glows in infr-red intensity and we see an Indian. It comes in through the door where Edith sits in her rocking chair, and scurries into the cabinet.

"In a few minutes, an Indian spirit came out of the cabinet wearing a luminous feather headdress, and danced and grunted on the floor, calling himself Big Bear in broken English."

The Indian retires to the cabinet as a female figure swathed in luminous netting appears.

"I am your spirit guide, Nitak," it intoned. "I will now grow smaller. Watch me grow smaller...watch me ~~be~~...."

" I watched, ~~that~~, and unbeknownst to her or Edith, I saw more than either could have anticipated. She did the shrinking routine twice. With the naked eye it appeared that she shrank from about five feet one to about three feet. Through the infra-red visual system she simply bent her knees in a jerky fashion and stopped, each time a bit lower, and then rose in the same way. ~~She~~ 1 She too disappeared back into the cabinet."

Another figure appears. "I am Tom's Grandma Vess."

"I glanced over to see  
 Tom leaning forward in his chair, eager to hear, intent, unaware of  
 the deception. Through viewer I saw that though the costume was  
 different, Grandma Vess and Nita were one and the same person. [REDACTED]

██████████ I was angered and disappointed at this outright act of  
charlatanism."

Through the infra-red device two figures are seen as they leave the cabinet and the seance room, past the curtains, through the door. Then, more spirits entering the cabinet to later exit through the door, hidden from normal sight by the curtains carefully held in the dark.

"The whole rigged show paraded before us." And I had all the evidence. Now it was simply a matter of developing film and presenting Tom with the obvious. I was hopeful that even though he was a believer, he could take the shock of the betrayal."

A darkened room. A movie screen. On it the projected images of of ghosts and spirits as seen with infra-red light. The film ends. The room is illuminated and the projector stops. In the room are Tom, Andrija and several other people. Tom is tight lipped. One of the other men present is unexpectedly undisturbed.

"Dr. Puharich, I insist~~xx~~ that it is impossible for those two sweet little old ladies to perpetrate a fraud on the one hand, and allow it to be so fully monitored and photographed on the other. It's my firm conclusion, as a practicing spiritualist, that evil spirits appeared ~~in~~ the seance room, impersonated the good spirits that you talked to and then diabolically rigged the entrances and exits in order to cast suspicion on the two mediums."

"There was no time to argue such monumental faith.~~xx~~ Nor would it have accomplished anything. I could see that ~~xxxx~~ Tom was greatly disturbed but I could also see that his logical sense was~~xxx~~ clearing the way for truth in his mind. He had asked me to come and I had honored his request. But I wished the results had been different. There was no ~~exhalation~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~glory~~ for me in this victory."

A small chapel. A wedding. It is Andrija being married. The three girls are present, Andrija's children.

"I married Bep Stevens. She had taken care of the children in Maine and after Jinny died ~~and~~ had come to Carmel to help me in my ~~moment~~ ~~of~~ ~~need~~ hour of need. I hoped the children would have some security with her."

Carmel. Andrija, Bep and the children. Andrija works on his book in the yard, beneath a tree.

"In the spring of 1960 my life ~~at~~ in Carmel Valley, California, consisted of spending as much time with the children as possible, writing a new book and doing some consulting work. But I was not at peace. There were still things of fascinating urgency to delve into, the search for new truth, the matter of the sacred mushroom. So I returned to Mexico



with a team of investigators to further develop a body of scientific thought about the mushroom and its effects. Among them was a very unusual man, David Bray."

"Andrija, I would like to invite you to come to Hawaii to study the customs of our ancient religion."

David Bray is dark skinned about 70 years old. The place is a Mexican village.

"David had come to Mexico with us because of his interest in studying the similarities between his culture of Hawaii and that of Mexican Indians. I liked David and the offer sounded intriguing, besides I recalled that some earlier inquiry had turned up that the Hawaiian language had some interesting words for mushroom."

A laua. Dancing. Eating. Andrija is in the middle of the throng.

"I was handsomely welcomed. David was a marvelous hoast. And David Bray was also a Kahuna, a high priest. He was in direct line of blood descendents from the first Hawaiian Kahuna, Pao-Pao. And he was powerful, more so that I could have imagined. No building could be erected unless ~~David Bray blessed it~~ he ceremonially purified the ground. No new building could be opened unless David Bray blessed it. ~~xxxxxx~~

The crator, Kilawea. About its edge are gathered a group of Hawaiians in prayer. Andrija watches from a respectful distance, taking occassional pictures.

"David invited me to come along to a special ceremoney for the fire Goddes Pele. The ceremony was strictly for blooded Hawaiians and I could not participate. Among the worshipers was a woman, Kamokila, an influential woman in the island. She had requested the ceremony. ~~I~~ As I watched ~~with great interest from a respectful distance~~ I wondered about the Hawaiians reality, wanting to taste of it, wanting to experience it. I was not content to be an observer.

Evening. The group sits about a fire. David Bray chants.

"They allowed me to join them for an evening prayer and meditation service. It had all the beauty of a high mass with its ~~depth~~ deapth and piety. I did, feeling the closeness and warmth of ~~my~~ these people."

Kamokila suddenly brings the prayers to a stop, coming to her feet. ~~They all~~ Her eyes are glass and she is staring. All wait with a hushed expectancy for her to speak.

"Pele has joined us. This young doctor, Andrija - he is one of us. ~~xxxxxx~~ You must accept him into your inner circle and begin his training right away."

"It was though it was Pele herself speaking and not Kamokila. Her voice had taken on a new power, a new dimension. I knew I could not refuse. Besides, I was delighted by the prospect.

David Bray was amazed."

"After fifty years of Kahuna, I thought I understood all these things, but this is unheard of. But, Pele has spoken. Will you undergo every test that one must undergo in order to become a Kahuna?"

"For a moment I was speechless. I humbly nodded agreement."

"Now, Andrija, you must take a pledge of secrecy."

It is a somon moment.

David Bray and Adnrija chop their way through jungle growth. ~~They~~  
We went from secret spot to secret spot, from island to island."  
~~gaxfromxxx "xxwentxxfromxxsecretxxspotxxsecretxxspotxxfromxxislandxx~~  
David, Andrija and some young ment walking ritualistically around a  
~~islandx~~  
pan of flames, chanting in prayer. The flame leaps up in a sudden spurt  
as though amplified, coiling, spiraling with the roar of a rocket engine.

"There were some exemptions to the pledge that I could reveal."

Andrija making their up a river, ~~xxxxxx~~  
~~Therextheyxxentierxxintoxxceremonyxx~~

"On the way to a beautiful water fall one day, marching up the  
Wialeale River, I stopped and told David I heard drum beats coming from  
beneath the ground. He was pleased and congratulated me. ~~saying~~ "

"Only those in tune with the spirits of Hawaii hear these sounds,  
Andrija."

The come to the falls and enter into a ceremony.

"One of the most dramatic things that happened to me was an ability  
I developed to look at a person and see through him as though he were  
transparent."

Andrija looking at a person. The person. It is a boy being examined.

"For three weeks I was the perfect diagnostician, seeing everything  
that I wanted to see of a human being. I could look into any part of a  
body, purely clairvoyantly. I could see if there was slugging or  
thickening of the arteries, or if there were infections. From normal  
experience I new the body intimately and this new added dimension was  
thrilling. David told me that it was all part of general heightened



sensitivity, a bi-product of my training for priesthood. X For the first time in my experience I found myself endowed with ~~an~~ strange and awesome abilities, abilities beyond scientific reason."

Hawaiians in outriggers paddling furiously.

"There are two remarkable feats that I was never able to accomplish of which Kahuna priests are capable. Triggering a volcano and calling sharks. I saw David stand on the beautiful sands of the islands and chant and wherever the sharks were, a hundred miles out, they came. It was startling and I thought to myself that perhaps the legends are more than fairy tales, perhaps there are psychic powers that the world has forgotten and lost."

Hawaiians swimming between island. A boat along with them. In the boat, Andrija and David. David talks soothingly to the waters in Hawaiian.

"One day I witnessed a swimming race in the shark infested channel between two of the islands. It was a thirty ~~mile~~ mile course. ~~David~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ And I was witness to David talking to sharks. I watched and listened in fascination as he told them to stay away from his people. The sharks would come near but the never bothered the swimmers. I quietly speculated that it appeared to be psychonetic control of the beasts. But David explained that it was an ancient ritual to placate the Gods of the deep. I accepted his reality."

The Hawaiian forest. Andrija and Bep ~~g~~ gathering plants.

"Bep ~~had~~ joined me for a few days to help me search for the sacred mushrooms. I was told by good authority that there were no hallucinogenic mushrooms in Hawaii but I had been told I was wrong many times before so that did not deter me. Naturally it was Bep who found the hooded beauty for me. We had been ~~stud~~ studying the possible locations and searching but we found it purely by accident when Bep practically stumbled over Amanita muscaria. We collected so perfect specimens."

Hawaiians in prayer at a craters edge. Hawaiians in one of their festive ~~luau~~ luaus. Hawaiians seeing Andrija and Dep off for the mainland. It is all warmth and love and feeling.

"We left Hawaii and my brief career as a a Kahuna Priest. One thing I had learned <sup>was that</sup> deeper knowledge of the parapsychological side of the mind was not necessarily to <sup>be</sup> found in the lab. Perhaps it ~~comes to find one~~ <sup>comes to find one</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>one is</sup> ready. It is the kind of knoweldge that finds the seeker."

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

Sharks that swim in the deep. ~~Vol~~ Volcanos that erupt. ~~and~~ Lava flowing. ~~Hawaiians~~ The transparant human torso seeming to come from it all.

"When we got home I was disappinted to find that the many powers I developed and <sup>that</sup> were so strong in Hawaii had disappeared. I, ~~was~~ KA O NO HI O KA LA, the seeing eyes of the sun, <sup>as I had been named,</sup> could no longer see into another person, could no longer hear the beat of the drums. My talent had disappeared with the last sight of the magic islands." "

THE EYE OF THE HAWK - PART V

The night sky. It is filled with stars. We seem to be moving through this field of twinkling lights.

"My search for the sacred mushroom filled me with new visions of the limitless expanses of man's mind. But now it was time to return to my own reality."

New York City. The bedlam that is Manhattan.

"I was ~~developing my~~ quickly absorbed in developing my transdermal hearing system with Dr. Joseph Lawrence, unaware that it would soon create a storm of controversy."

A lecture hall. Andrija [redacted] before the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. One of the members comes to the dais.

"Dr. Puharich, your work is simply not acceptable. You are not even a member of this Academy."

"Gentlemen, ~~and~~ TO ANYONE INTERESTED IN REPEATING THIS EXPERIMENT.  
loan ~~my~~ my equipment. I await judgement from ~~the~~ THE data  
developed, not from personal opinions."

"~~\_\_\_\_\_~~" Years of testing all over the world <sup>WERE NECESSARY</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ to prove out my system.  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. I became terribly preoccupied with ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
papers for publications, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ and ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ traveled a great deal. It began to take its toll."

Children playing. Andrija doing some gardening.

"There were two more children now, making five in all. On weekends I tried to be with <sup>MY FAMILY</sup> ~~them~~, but my mind was constantly at work, and there was little time for thought about anything else. It was if I were a man possessed. Eep and I were soon sleeping in separate bedrooms."

Again the night sky with its field of stars.

"One night as I lay awake unable to sleep, I saw amongst the stars  
a bright light."



~~The~~ The ~~light~~ light appears, ~~it~~ moves across the sky.

"It just seemed to appear out of nowhere. It looked like a flattened egg and it was about the size of a full moon, steady blue-green in color."

Andrija in his bedroom. Rises from the bed and comes to the window to peer up at the night.

"I thought of Peter Hurkos' description of the translucent space craft ~~and it was~~ landing at Penobscot Bay in Maine, a landing that could never be verified. I could see nothing inside the light at all, but I kept my eyes trained on it, recounting mentally every possible logical, rational explanation. It seemed to fit none of them. Was it merely a light for which there was no immediate explanation?"

The night sky. The light seems to wink out and ~~there~~ there is nothing more than a star littered field, immense, vast, but not the least unusual.

END VII

"I had read much about so called UFOs but I could not accept that what I had just witnessed was anything as dramatic as that. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
However ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ the experience ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ I served to ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ to reawaken ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ my awareness of mysterious objects in the sky; <sup>AND</sup> ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ It was the beginning of a tug ofwar between my present activities and ~~my~~ the call of the ~~unknown~~ unknown."

A banner which proclaims: "INTERNATIONAL AERONAUTIC FEDERATION.  
Paris. A meeting hall. A man speaks to an assemblage.

"...I am pleased to announce that NASA has decided to sponsor research into bio-information transfer, and energy transfer at Intelectron Corporation under the leadership of Dr. Andrija Puharich."

There is a smattering of applause.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. WHAT NASA WAS INTERESTED IN WAS AN APPLICATION FOR THE SPACE PROGRAM OF TELEPATHY, OF ESP.

The city of Campinas del Campo. Andrija is at a small church where he is arguing heatedly, quietly, coaxing, assaunging, doing everything possible to get agreement from those about him. B-11

"NASA had asked me to unofficially look into reports of a young man near Sao Paulo Brazil. He reportedly had the ability to levitate objects. The young man was a trance medium and a member of the spiritualist church. The church members considered the levitation a holy and sacred matter and not intended for scientific research. It turned out to be useless. They were not going to trust me and I would not be allowed to see the young man. It was disappointing. I began a tour of other South American cities to investigate mediumistic and spiritistic phenomena for a foundation. There wasn't much to investigate, and I was about to leave Brazil when I happened to <sup>Lunch</sup> [redacted] with Dr. Clark Keubher, my former College Greek professor, in Rio de Janeiro.

"I didn't know you were interested in psychic phenomena, Andrija.

I have a friend I would like you to meet. He might know just where to find such talent. It's his hobby."



~~Arigo~~ A small dilapidated church. Arigo is a young man in his late thirties. Medium ~~height~~ ~~height~~ height, a powerful muscular build, olive colored skin, a clear direct look about his brown eyes, a rather extrovertish manner, a confidence that seems to radiate. Brazilian natives fill the church.

"Arigo performed major surgery on humans without using any known form of anesthesia, bleeding control or antisepsis. He had become known as the last court of appeal for hopeless medical problems in Brazil and his rate of success was phenomenal. I was quite excited at the prospect of observing him work."

Andrija and his team of researchers unloading equipment from a minibus.

"Arigo claimed that he acted only as an agent of a higher power, a spirit of one Adolpho Fritz."

Arigo about to work. the church is crammed full.

"In order to show that he would not harm anyone, Arigo would first demonstrate the safety of his work."

Arigo takes a man by the shoulder standing next to him. Without a word he plunges a four inch stainless steel paring knife into the man's left eyeball. The knife is skillfully inserted under the upper eyelid and the sharp point plunges deep into the eye-socket.

"It was astonishing. The patient felt ~~nothing~~ nothing and he was calm and relaxed. Arigo asked me to feel the point of the knife through the upper chamber of the eye socket. I did. When the knife was withdrawn I asked the ~~patient~~ patient how he felt. He said he felt fine. I examined the eye and found no laceration, redness or other signs of irritation. I was stunned at this demonstration of surgical and medical power."



about a half inch long."

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Andrija examines the wound. More pictures are taken.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Arigo is ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ pleased.

"I think every Doctor in Brazil should come here and do what you do. You must come back and I will do major surgery for you."

"Arigo, would you now place the knife in my eye."

"He refused, saying that I had enough demonstration and went to work on his patients. An assistant placed an unsterile dressing on my wound and I speculated to myself that under these conditions and with ~~this~~ dressing, if the ~~wound~~ wound ~~did~~ did not get infected I would have a real test of Arigo's powers. By the third day, the wound had healed ~~by~~ and not one drop of pus appeared. Nor did I develop any symptoms of blood ~~POISONING~~ or tetanus. I threw away the bandage on the fourth day, convinced that Arigo had extraordinary powers in surgery, bacterial control and anesthesia. The entire procedure on the tumor had lasted, and was a mere five seconds ~~and~~ documented by ~~the~~ motion picture film. ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~taken~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ I had found a perfect subject for further ~~experiment~~ ~~in~~ experimentation into the workings of the ~~other~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ hidden mind.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ The night sky. Across it moves a  
STRANGE light.

"I had taken a group of researchers back to Brazil to further study John Lawrence, ~~Andrija~~ Arigo. Among them was an authority in astroelectronics. One night as we gathered on the front lawn of a small ranch we had rented, ~~Maxall~~ we saw a bright ~~light~~ white light moving across the sky from south to north. John confiremd that it ~~wasn't a plane~~ or a satellite. It moved slowly overhead like a very bright star, then suddenly winked out."

The group on the front lawn. One of them is a Brazilian.



\* "The common folk around here call them "The River Of Gold" because they believe that these lights will lead you to gold. I don't believe such things myself but I can tell you this, I saw one of these lights come down and land."

"Our Brizilian landlord then told the most incredible story I had ever heard."

"It landed about 500 meters from here - in that direction by the river. I started to walk towards the light to see what it was. When I came ~~out~~ within 50 meters I could clearly see moving figures under what looked like a metal craft. It was shaped like a...giant lens."

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ "The description rang a clear and loud bell,  
**IT WAS** ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ **INSISTED** what Peter Herkus had ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ the space ship he saw ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ **LOOK LIKE!!**

"I still am not sure whether the creatures were more like people or more like animals. ~~But~~ I could see and hear that they were digging in the earth. ~~AS~~ I got closer - to about 30 meters - these figures, three or four of them, suddenly disappeared into the metal hull which was ~~x~~ standing on metal legs. All of a sudden it shot out fire and smoke and rose straight up in the air. When I examined the ground I found many small fresh holes. That is all. Nothing more."

"Hey, there's another one!"

"John had spotted another light in the sky."

The night sky. The light traveling across it.

" Again that night we saw a very birght white light going slowly overhead. Soon, another appeared, then another and another."

The group of scientist ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ going over photographs. It is John who speaks.

"I don't believe we can come to any other conclusion. These light effects are what has been commonly termed UFOs."

Andrija throws out a conjecture. "Perhaps Arigo doesn't get his

power from this Dr. Fritz, but from some intelligence associated with space craft of extraterrestrial origin."

~~with~~ this idea  
"It was a new idea for me, <sup>^</sup>that perhaps certain paranormal phenomena ~~were~~ influenced by other intelligences and it brought about ~~the~~ wide open discussion <sup>WITH MY COLLEAGUES.</sup> <sup>^</sup> I decided to ask Arigo what he thought about the possibility."

Arigo in uproarious laughter.

"Arigo just laughed away the question, ending my inquiry, closing of investigation that avenue <sup>AND</sup> for the time being, <sup>BESIDES,</sup> bringing to a halt my study of the UFO problem. ~~There~~ <sup>^</sup> there were more important things to do ~~work~~ to be accomplished. ~~work~~

<sup>NEW YORK.</sup>  
A commuter train. Andrija. He is a typical commuter, reading his <sup>MORNING</sup> paper.

"~~work~~ In ~~my~~ many ways, my life <sup>TOOK</sup> ~~work~~ on an almost robot pattern. I would leave for New York city at seven thirty Am and <sup>RETURN</sup> ~~work~~ home at seven thirty pm. The ~~work~~ days were a blur of clinical and laboratory activity ~~work~~ and the ~~work~~ corporate ~~work~~ battles of Intellectron. ~~work~~ One day seemed to melt into the next."

Andrija working in the lab. Andrija in conferences. Andrija ~~work~~ with bankers. Andrija with ~~in~~ paper work. Andrija, discussing, debating, lecturing, involved.

"~~work~~ My research on stimulating the sensation of hearing in humans ~~work~~ with electromagnetic radiation <sup>STILL</sup> ~~work~~ created quite a stir in the scientific community. Some scientists openly stated that the work was nonsense and could not be proven. A few supported it after seeing demonstrations. Out of the years of experimentation came a ~~work~~ device known as the transdermal hearing system. I could make deaf people hear."

A demonstration. Andrija ~~work~~ exhibiting his hearing device, <sup>DEMONSTRATING.</sup> Repeated words transmitted to the patients brain by radio waves.

"I presented <sup>THAT</sup> ~~work~~ for <sup>^</sup> Dr. Leon <sup>his ASSOCIATES</sup> ~~work~~ of the <sup>FAMOUS</sup> Bell laboratories. It



was my most spectacular and successful failure."

"Damn it, Puharich! That's not hearing we saw! That's telepathy!"

"I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. After all these years of work, of research, of development, I <sup>DEMONSTRATED I</sup> could make deaf people hear and that was all he could say. <sup>And I realized</sup> ~~I knew~~ that demonstration was one thing, scientific, observable, ~~but~~ acceptance was another, emotional, subjective."

Andrija traveling by plane across the ocean.

"It became necessary to personally train researchers ~~in~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~system~~ in every possible ~~local~~ research group in the world. Soon, I found myself traveling to Israel to ~~introduce~~ <sup>team</sup> introduce a ~~research group~~ at the Tel Aviv University Medical school to my ~~own~~ technique."

Andrija driving a car along a narrow road. Andrija with an Arab boy who leads him up into caves.

"Being an avid sight seer and amateur archeologist, one of the places I wanted to see <sup>IN ISRAEL</sup> was the Qumran site near the Dead Sea where the scrolls had been discovered in 1947. I was fascinated by the doctrine of the ~~Essenes~~ <sup>Jesus</sup> who lived there and by their writings."

Andrija exploring, looking, touching, feeling. Outside the caves, on the rocks, ~~the~~ Arab boy leaves Andrija alone. <sup>IT IS DAY'S END.</sup> Andrija finds a place to sit in that high place.

"I just sat there on the rocks of the community site, drinking in the spirit of the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley to the north. It was a happy and exhilarating hour. As I let my mind absorb the magic of Israel it was almost as if I was hypnotized, drugged, as if some external force was entering me, creeping into every microscopic nook and cranny of my mind. And for some ~~unexplainable~~ inexplicable reason I wondered if there were any psychics in Israel. I had not yet heard of Uri Geller."

Andrija in his office, unable to concentrate, drawn to stare out a window.

"The news that Arigo had been killed in a tragic automobile accident was a blow. He was both a friend and a gifted person. Before his death he had ~~sp~~ spoken to the President of Brazil and said, 'my mission on earth is finished. I will leave soon'. I thought about my mission on earth. Had I abandoned it. I recalled Warrenton, with nostalgia, and those first experiments to ~~to~~ prove the existence of ESP, so long ago, so far behind me. And I knew that if <sup>I</sup> ever found another psychic talent like Arigo I would concentrate all my efforts on him. After all, I could not really make any more creative contributions in the area of helping the deaf. Others could carry on what I had started. I must now return ~~to my mission~~ to what I knew to be my mission on this planet, uncovering the mysteries of the universe, uncovering the mysteries of ~~man's mind~~ the human mind."

THE EYE OF THE HAWK - PART VI

An Israeli night club. A handsome young man is performing.

"My extended research into ESP took me back to Israel and Uri Geller. My first meeting with him was at a discotheque, the Zorba, where he was performing."

"With the cooperation of the audience, I am going to try to demonstrate simple telepathy and psychokinesis. I hope I will succeed."

"Uri was quick, sharp and a real showoff, using his talents with telepathy to earn his living."

An apartment. Uri and Andrija. Two others are present.

"Uri, I would like for you to show me those talents you feel must be sure of and do them in your own way."

"Uri agreed. It was a way of getting acquainted."

"Think of a number from one to nine. Don't tell anyone, just keep it in mind. Got it?"

"Yes."

"Now, think of another number."

"I have it."

"Now the last number. Okay?" Now pick up the pad on the table before you which I wrote on before you picked your first number. Did you notice that I had written on it and haven't touched it since?"

"I had noticed what he had done. I picked up the pad which was face down, turned it over and read what Uri had written. It read 432, the numbers in the order I had thought of them."

"That's pretty clever. You told me that this would be telepathy and I of course thought you were going to be receiver."

Uri is elated. "You got it quick. I wanted to send you the numbers, but I knew that if I told you to try to receive the numbers you would fight me."

.



The session continued. Uri goes through many demonstrations. Metal bends. Keys break. Watch hands move forward, backward. Times seems to be suspended.

"We went from simple telepathy to the stopping of watches, the moving of watch hands backwards and forwards. It climaxed with the breaking of a ring."

Andrija in a symposium. He is with a large group and they are in active discussion.

"I presented my findings about Uri to a group of friends at Cambridge. I had subjected the broken objects, rings, ~~keys~~ and keys, to electronic microscopic inspection and discovered definite physical changes in the metal, and fractures that were very unusual. I had eye witness accounts and motion picture film to corroborate them."

Israel. It is winter. Andrija arrives to clear skies and crisp air.

"It was not to be an easy matter. My data on Uri was not readily accepted by the scientific community. Once again I found myself pursuing shadows of "what might be" with little support. My friends secretly encouraged me, but there was no public accreditation."

An apartment house. Andrija and Uri. Andrija hypnotizes Uri.

"Uri had some interesting thoughts about paranormal phenomena. He thought that telepathy waves traveled faster than ~~light~~ light. He believed that there was no limit to the smallness of particles and he claimed

~~Elia~~ claimed that he noticed strange side effects of his performances.

'Sometimes when I break a ring it loses some of its material. With a chain breaking, sometimes a link disappears. During shows, people complain that holes appear in their trousers.'

*THE FIRST QUESTION IN EVERYONE'S MIND WAS ALWAYS*  
*IS URI* some kind of a fraud? I was determined to find the truth no matter what it might be."

Uri influences the movement of a compass. Uri ~~XXXX~~ water, Uri under hypnosis. Andrija ~~was~~ watching, observing, notating, photographing. Uri moving matches on a table, breaking metal, bending metal, moving watch hands, drawing symbols on ~~XXXX~~ cards.

"The experiments were exhaustive. ~~There~~ There were other witnesses present, a total of ten different individuals to observe Uri, to attest to their Observations of his claims. ~~The~~ I hypnotized him several times in an attempt to trip him b up, get him to admit that it was ~~trix~~ trickery, or reveal some method which we had not ~~been~~ been able to detect. All I could conclude after ~~it all~~ was that Uri Geller was a phenomena unto himself. ~~I would have said that I was~~ More objective and scientific, I ~~have~~ determined that: psychic energy is indeed beamed; this beamed energy has a ~~large~~ torque which operates both clock-wise and counter clock-wise. psychic energy acts in a discrete volume of space; it interacts with matter; it can be modulated by the mind; and it writes information on the screen of the mind like a moving finger of energy. Finally, psychic energy appears to be quantal, pulsed and horizontal in nature, directionally beamed.

Uri under hypnosis. His eyes ~~stayed~~ open, gazing.  
 "THE FIRST TIME ~~THAT~~ I HEARD THE VOICE OF SPECTRA WAS WHILE URI WAS  
~~UNDER HYPNOSIS.~~ Under hypnosis. As the  
 session came to an end, a voice suddenly was heard, a voice that had  
 no origin. It may have come from Uri, from the air above him, from  
 anywhere and what it said was startling. Present were four others,  
 Reuben, Gedda, Itzhaak and Iris ~~and~~, all friends and associates. ~~The~~

They agreed with me that it had been a voice and [REDACTED]  
IT HAD [REDACTED] said: [REDACTED] 'Spectra calling. It was us who found Uri  
in the gardenxxx when he was three. He is our servant who we created  
to help man. We programmed him [REDACTED] for many years to come,  
but he was also programmed not to remember. On this day his mission  
begins. Andrija, you are to take care of him.' [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] HAD Uri had in some way hypnotized us to  
believe we heard those words, or [REDACTED] for some reason [REDACTED] HAD we [REDACTED] all  
[REDACTED] mutually hallucinated the  
same scene. And so began, this strange and episode that was to [REDACTED] be  
me to [REDACTED] the limits of my endurance, the edge of  
disaster, to [REDACTED] what I now realize may make the world hold me in [REDACTED] SCOMFUL  
disapproval, my peers reject my data, [REDACTED] and  
make me question my own sanity. For I [REDACTED] wasxxpreparedxxthat  
began to ask, is there some kind of civilized life out [REDACTED] there  
in space nursing mankind along in secrecy?" xxx [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] the things I [REDACTED] WAS TO SEE & HEAR  
[REDACTED] were [REDACTED] beyond all reason, beyond all science. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Another time. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Steel ring being placed inside a wooden microscope box  
by Andrija.

"During a further session with Uri, I absent<sup>ly</sup> - minded placed a coded  
machined steel ring inside a box. Uri [REDACTED] offered an instant reaction.

"Take a move<sup>re</sup> of putting the ring in the box and I will make it  
vanish."

Andrija [REDACTED] sets up his camera and takes pictures of the ring being  
placed in the box. Uri concentrates.

"I think the ring has vanished."

"I cautiously opened the box lid. The ring had vanished. It was



not there. It was the first time I had seen an object ~~xxxx~~ vanish when I was absolutely sure there was no deception involved. I was to see it happen many times with Uri."

Reuben, Itshaak, Uri and Andrija. Another hypnosis of Uri.

"Reuben and Itshaak had joined us to witness the the experiments. They had introduced me to Uri and were aware of our progress. We decided that if the ring could be returned it would take us out of the realm of mass hullucination. Uri held his hand over the box for fifteen minutes. Nothing happened. Then he asked me to place my finger on the side of the box facing north. I did while ~~ev~~everyone hovered near the box. Suddenly we all simultaneously heard the sound of ~~ax~~ a metal object falling inside the closed box and we knew without even looking. The ring that had vanished six hours earlier was in the box. We opened it ~~x~~ to confirm our conviction. It was there. The same ring with its marked ~~xxxxxxx~~ coding on the side. Then, the voice of Spectra spoke again, this time expressing concern about the possibility of an outbreak of war between Israel and Egypt and detailing the time and place of an Egyptian surprise attack. Reuben and Itzhaak felt it their moral obligation to report it to the Israeli army chief of staff."

"A plane lands in the dessert. Andrija in a truck, about them signs of past conflict - wrecked hulks of tanks, soldiers patrolling. They truck is stopped by an Israeli officer.

"There's an alert. Egyptian commandos have infiltrated."

Andrija eating in a mess hall with Israeli troops~~xx~~ and Uri.

"Uri had been invited to the Sinai to entertain the troops and I had come along to observe. Uri said he had something to show me. He asked for and got a jeep, a driver and a guard. We drove into the frigid dessert night," ~~xxxxxxx~~

The jeep on the dessert roads.

"We drove through the sandy expanse, taking turns in purely random fashion. Uri

insisting I make the decions about each turn. I was completley and totally lost. ~~Atxixstxwxrxx~~ Uri told me that he had the feeling that ~~we~~ we were going to see a red light in the sky. ~~Atxixstxwxrxx~~ It wasn't long before it appeared. I was sure we were both hullucinating. I asked the two sold~~ers~~ers if they saw~~y~~ it. They didn't. ~~ix Butxwxrxx~~ Uri insisted that our eyes did not deceive us. I tried to reason with him."

"Uri, you and I must be imagining the red light because we want to fulfill our wishes."

~~ix~~ "For the past day I have been driven to get you to the Sinai. I got you here and we don't even know what we are seeing."

"We stood there in the cold night stilhlness staring at what felt like a red eye in the star studded sky. Uri broke the silence."

"Quick, take five feet to the left."

"I paced off the distance and looked around. Nothing. Then my foot touched something soft. I reached eown. It was a soldier's fatigue cap."

"That's it, that's it. That's a sign."

"I thought Uri was toying with me. It was just some cap that blew off the head of some soldier, ~~but~~ but Uri ~~insisted~~ insisted that it was ad sign~~?~~.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ I was beginning to feel cold and wanted to get back to the jeep~~?~~ when oneof the soldiers spotted the cap which I had put on to keep~~?~~ my head warm.

"How did you get my cap?"

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
"It was his cap. He had left it back in the barracks. I burried myself in thought. Uri had told me that ~~he hadxwxrxx~~ earlier ~~he~~ he had received a message to look for something. He had thought it was the red light, a red light that Uri and I saw but that the soldiers did not. I thought about Spectra, ~~Naxwxrxx~~ I hardly heard the soldier, Avram, trying to find out how I had managed to steal

his cap. What was happening to me was like some tale from ~~scripture~~  
scripture, ~~where~~ or from some ancient ~~text~~ <sup>MYTH</sup> where <sup>A</sup> God comes down  
to give a sign and prove his existence. It was more than <sup>my</sup> mind could  
cope with. We drove through the dessert, the ~~red~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~light~~  
following us."

Andrija. Army officers. [REDACTED] In an office. Andrija is being questioned.

"~~THAT~~ I prepared a document summarizing all the military information that had developed in Uri's presence over the past three days and ~~delivered~~<sup>IT</sup> to the proper authorities. Among the ~~pieces~~ of information was a statement that the war ~~would~~<sup>WOU</sup> begin on December 26th. at Dakashem. ~~That alone electrified the atmosphere~~<sup>ALTHOUGH THE NAME WAS UNKNOWN.</sup> It also made the military very aware of ~~my~~<sup>my</sup> presence. ~~THAT~~"

Andrija and Uri. They are in a heated argument.

"We had not told Uri about our meeting with the military and he was furious. ~~Uri~~ Uri had a mind of his own and did not want the military involved with his powers. He ~~is~~ was precocious and impetuous and there were difficult moments."

A ball point pen. A code is being scratched onto it.

"Wexxer began a search for an answer as to whether Uri controlled his ability to ~~send~~ consciously control objects or whether it was the result of the power of some outside force. If it was Uri's power that made things vanish it would simplify our test ~~xxxxxx~~ procedure. If the power was controlled by an extra-terrestrial intelligence we would be ~~stepping into an~~ entirely ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~xxxx~~ million."

Andrija assembles the ball point pen and places it in a wooden



cigar box. Uri sits down~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ near the box, very serious.. He places his left hand over it without touching it.~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Minutes pass. The tension mounts. The witnesses wait expectantly.

"Okay, I think ~~something~~<sup>something</sup> happened, Andrija. Open the box and see."

A hush settles over the group. The box is opened. The parker pen is ~~ex~~<sup>ex</sup>actly as it was.

"I concluded that the experiment had failed but when I picked up the pen I instantly knew that it felt lighter. I pressed the metal cap. There was no spring action and no point. I unscrewed the metal clip case from the plastic body. There was no brass filler cartridge. Even Uri was puzzled."

"I don't think I did it. I didn't know it would happen that way. I have no idea where that cartridge went. All I can say is that it will come back as some kind of proof."

Itzhaak had begun to worry whether the power, if there was such a thing, was good or evil. I was INTENT ON SIMPLY FURTHER PROBING the problem ~~further~~ of what was at the root of these mysteries. //

Uri under hypnosis. ~~He~~ This time his eyes are closed. Andrija interrogates him.

"What do you see, Uri?"

"I am alone in a big room. In the middle is the thing I have seen before. It is the power plant plant of a space craft. I am really afraid now. Andrija, please touch me. ~~Xi~~ There is a hall. Please go with me..."

"~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ When Uri finished his description of his visit to the space ~~craft~~ craft, I was left a little weak. Nothing would surprise me now. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The voice of Spectra began. I immediately ~~XXXXXXXX~~ made certain the level of recording on my tape recorder was proper and awaited the outcome." ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

"Andrija, you shall take care of Uri. He is the only one for the next fifty years to come. Spectra is our planet. It is very far away.

"How far away is it?"

"It is "53,069 light ages away."

"How far is a light age?"

"It is beyond you to understand. But, there are some books on your planet left by our people. Uri will find them in the years to come. Keep them. Keep them. Keep them. They will <sup>be</sup> materialize themselves away after they have done their work. Take care of Uri. Farewell."

"It was incredible. I stopped the tape. Uri woke up with a headache and very much dazed. He didn't remember a word of what was heard or said. I then ~~discovered~~ that the tape record<sup>er</sup> had ~~been~~ jammed and we had not been able to record the voice. <sup>Uri</sup> passed his hand over the tape and it began to work perfectly."

Uri with a friend, Shipi. They are like two children playing by the ocean.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ In the days to come there were many encounters with Spectra. ~~As~~ I attempted to record each one and each time the tape either jammed or was vanished before my eyes or erased. I was almost prepared to believe ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ (that contact had been made with an extra-terrestrial form of intelligence. And I wondered if there were others like Uri. While I could muse on these possibilities as an exercise in imagination, the problem of scientific proof seemed insoluble."

It is night. A car drives ~~along~~ along a back road, its headlights probing the dark.

"~~xxxx~~ The military had deciphered the message about the attack.

The town that the voice of Spectra had indicated would be the place of attack ~~which~~ did exist, but by another name. The one I had given them had not been in use for 4,000 years~~xx~~, but Israeli intelligence had solved the mystery. The Israel army deployed accordingly. Uri was not interested. We were driving through the suburbs past an open area that looked like a dumb surrounded by new high rise apartments. There were three of us, Uri, myself and Iris, a friend. For some unknown reason, I suddenly commanded Uri to stop."

The three sit~~x~~ very still listening. There is a chirping sound in the air like a cricket continuously chirping. Andrija leads Uri from the car, up an embankment that looks like a levee. Iris follows.

"As we reached the top, we all saw a blue stroboscopic light pulsing at about three flashes per second. We walked towards it over a muddy area freshly bulldozed. About a hundred yards from the light, Uri forbid Iris and me to take another step forward."

"Only I am allowed to approach it."

"Uri moved forward and I got out my movie camera, determined not to miss this opportunity but knowing I would be luck if I could record even the blue light. Iris began to tremble and cry. Uri had disappeared and I wondered if ~~xxxxxx~~ he would ever return. I also wondered what was going to happen to Iris and me. Then, about fifty yards away, I saw Uri ~~slowly~~ walking towards us, holding out his hands palms upturned. He looked dazed. When he reaches us, I looked at his hands and was astonished to see resting in one hand the brass filler cartridge vanished from the inside of my Parker pen three days ago. I quickly checked it and there on the side was my coded number.



~~Uri~~ Uri ~~had~~ fell into ~~as~~ sleep in the car and when he awakened he ~~no~~ no recollection of what had happened. All the way back to ~~the~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~apartment~~ apartment my thoughts were in circles. Was it some kind of hallucination? Had Uri fooled me? If so, how did he know the serial number? It was maddening. ~~xx~~ And the madness was heightened when Uri later informed me that he knew more than he had indicated because he had not wanted to frighten Iris and that the information was for us alone. I listened in fascination as Uri revealed his thoughts."

"I know where my powers come from. Now I know for sure they are not my powers. Oh, I ~~know~~ know that I have a little bit of telepathy and psychokinesis. Everybody has some. But making things vanish and ~~h~~having things come back, and the red light in the sky -- that is ~~the~~ the power of some super-civilization. Maybe it is what man always thought of as God. ~~It~~"

A room. In it ~~is~~ Israeli secret police with tape recorder and bugging devices. On the street <sup>side of</sup> Tel Aviv. Secret police following Andrija. ~~Andri~~ On a balcony of his apartment, Andrija in meditative prayer, sitting quietly.

"~~That I had not recorded this~~ I had become the object of Israeli secret police investigations. For some reason they thought that I might be a spy. ~~It~~ It was a continuous game. I had no idea that my every word was being recorded nor that the tapes would then be mysteriously erased. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ The secret police concluded that I was an undercover genius. At the same time I had another hypnotic session with Uri in which Spectra had instructed me to pray for peace to help avert the feared war. ~~Israel was~~ The Israeli army was electric with the tension. The generals believed that the war would indeed begin on the 26th. I prayed as instructed, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~







At that instant it dawned on me that the three men had seen nothing because there was nothing to see. My God, I thought. Could it be that the image was placed there by some superior intelligence which may not have required the prop of an actual space ship? The picture of the space ship floating in its metallic splendour over the Sinai was certainly and firmly imprinted in my mind to remain there for all time."

And apartment. Andrija. Iris. She is beside herself.

"I cannot keep up this kind of pace, Andrija...all this new, unmanageable information! It's driving me crazy! I don't want anymore of it!"

"The incidents were beginning to effect us. Iris was first. All her previous conceptions of parapsychology had been destroyed. What she had witnessed was more than she could bear."

Tel Aviv. Andrija walking through the streets.

"What to do. The Israeli police were ~~xxxxxx~~ convinced that I was a master spy. My friends at home thought I had gone mad in Israel. I was dishonored at home and in Israel. And I was tired, weary, full of unanswered questions, wondering if my senses had betrayed me and plunged me into a bottemless abyss. And yet, I had seen and heard and felt and applied my best scientific investigative techniques to what had assaulted my eyes and my ears. I knew that it was time to leave Israel, to go where I could find myself, where I could quietly sift through the information, the incredible, outrageous information.

The Italian Dolomite Alps. A hotel, the Tre Croci Hotel. Andrija checks into the hotel. The room. Andrija prepares to write.

"Uri had told me that the army had decided that I was no spy, but that nobody believed my journals and documentations of the pressence of the intelligence from Spectra or the space ships. They thought I made up the whole thing to cover up my activities in Israel. I sighed.

Could I ever trust my own experiences again? As I prepared to write my memoirs I thought of what astronomer Carl Sagan had said: 'I cannot say I believe that there is life out there. All I can say is that there are a number of reasons to think it is possible and that we have at our command the means of finding out.' I sat down to pen the first words, and I realized that I was indeed prepared to believe that life exists in forms and states beyond the imagination of man to conceive. And further, that if small and insignificant men like Uri and I were contacted and used as contacts to men, there must be a large army of men and women on earth serving as we were. I determined to find others like Uri and I in the future. My pen touched paper. And it was then I heard it, the voice from nowhere, the voice of Spectra."

"We are coming. It is your task to prepare mankind for our arrival, Andrija. You and Uri. It is your task. Prepare them. We are coming."

The clear sky of the Dolomite Alps. A hawk circles, coming closer, closer, closer until it fills the screen.

THE END or THE BEGINNING