

ANACALYPSIS

(a psychic autobiography)

by Ingo Swann

Is Ingo Swann more dangerous than a nuclear bomb; thus speculated the venerable Time magazine in its issue for April 23, 1973. In an article entitled "Reaching beyond the rational," Time staffers were bending their brains in an effort to explain to readers that there was a universe of some kind beyond the one we normally call rational, a universe that was being investigated by advanced quantum physicists. It was already known that ⁱⁿ this strange and "irrational" universe, time and space disobeyed the laws they followed in the physical universe; it was also known that the human mind also possesses strange "irrational"

powers concerning space and time, powers akin to the awesome forces held by the other universe. These human powers are known as precognition, extrasensory perception, and psychokinesis ~~mx~~(mind over matter.)

The reason my humble self was featured in this article was because I had taken part in a series of mind-over-matter experiments that demonstrated an ability to influence heat-sensitive thermistors sealed in thermos bottles; to influence these thermistors by thought alone, sitting about ten feet away from the thermos bottles.

The psychic influence was not very large at all, barely a degree or so; but the implication that such a feat could be done at all was, for science, stupendous. For science, it implied and confirmed that in special circumstances, mind could interconnect with inanimate matter and bring about a change in it. But, for ~~the~~ popular ~~mind~~ belief, it implied that a human could do superhuman things; like trigger nuclear explosions by thought alone. This in turn meant, hypothetically, that in the face of psychic powers, the natural order of society could tumble overnight and world affairs could find themselves in the hands of a superpsychic who might threaten to detonate one or more of the hundreds of nuclear devices unless he got his way.

So in Time, juxtaposed against a photo of a nuclear explosion, was a photo of me sitting sinisterly behind the famous thermos bottles. I was not a little taken aback; as is usual when establishment writers try to write about the ~~irrational~~ paranormal or the irrational, they take on a little irrationality themselves. But beside that typical tactic of publishing hype, up until the time I had been only one of the relatively ~~faceless~~ faceless millions upon planet Earth, an ant in the huge pile. Naturally enough, I was busy seeking my own salvation and reason for being, reasons important to myself, but of little real interest to the countless others around pursuing their course through life. Yet, in a moment of publishing hype I was suddenly catapulted into the status of cosmic threat.

Temporarily so, to be sure. The reading public has a short memory and anyway is more comfortable with more rational threats to say nothing about the fact that I did not then and still do not have the faintest idea of how to detonate a nuclear device by psychic means. The idea itself had never entered my brains until Time, in the name of reporting, science-fictionalized the possibility.

My career as a parapsychological test subject (guinea pig) began in 1970 when I was thirty-seven years old; when it began, I had little confidence in my own laboratory-style psychic abilities. The normal life-span of any parapsychological guinea pig is about two years, after which the methodical sweep of parapsychologists moves on to other preoccupations and any given ~~the~~/subject recedes back into normal oblivion.

But it is now sixteen years later. When it became apparent to me that I could function well in the laboratory, I took a decision to confine my psychic work to laboratory work, under the somewhat misguided concept that such work might be a help and perhaps to science and a/benefit to the nation. The best-selling book Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder had just come out, alarming everyone that the Soviets had suddenly jumped ahead in psychic developments bringing into currency the concept that there was actually a "psi race," akin to the space race.

In keeping with this science-oriented decision, I began editing the whole of my psychic experiences so that I could tow the laboratory-science line clean and simple. I understood very well that science and parapsychology are disciplines that are very sensitive when it comes to the holistic world of psychic phenomena, most of which to them seem kooky, on the fringe, or, simply, embarrassing to prevailing theories.

It seemed to me constructive to delimit my participation to the laboratory route, rather than confuse it with the many other psychic issues that would unnerve scientists and parapsychologists alike. I was correct in making this decision, at least partly so. It has enabled me to be part of many of the most advanced parapsychological and psychoenergetic experimentations that have taken place during the last fifteen years. It has enabled me to witness the workings of science and society in the realms of the paranormal and irrational and the other sectors of human inquiry that are, or should be, closely associated with them. For the most part, it has all been an honor for me.

But I am not only a guinea pig with thousands of psi experiments to my name; there broods beneath this dressed image ~~the~~ what I consider the whole me, the greater psychic Ingo; experiences, thoughts, opinions and learning that I have not openly discussed much less dragged into the sterile laboratories of parapsychology.

I have been reflecting on this situation -- partly of my own creation -- for about four years now. I find that my participation at the laboratory level only has helped to create the image of the psychic man or woman solely in terms of the laboratory. There is no really good reason why this science-image of the psychic should be the one to

prevail because in reality the psychic persona of us all is much greater than labs or science yet have the courage to admit to. At the grass-roots of the human fabric, the various form of psi, when they are experienced individually, are of a much different nuance and potential than the science versions can yet become. Science and parapsychology might well distill drops some/of this vast ocean of psychic experience with what ever equipment (or theories) ~~they~~ in which they have some confidence. But this is like skimming over the surface/without ~~and~~ grapple with gigantic ~~wishes~~ wishing to discover/the/denizens abiding in the deeps. in a light craft

Anacalypsis -- a Greek word -- means an uncovering, a revelation or an unveiling. In its most/proper dramatic sense it meant a tearing away of the veil. To my best understanding of this power-concept, although the term anacalypsis certainly must incorporate tearing through illusions, it must have originally meant tearing away the various realities men drape themselves with in order to get at the brilliant light/around which all the/phenomena of illumination shadowy of matter, thought and experience are otherwise ~~xxxxxxx~~ formed.

Anacalypsis is not therefore just a modern psychological function like therapy or analysis; it is a deep probe into causation, of beingness, of those transcendental "realities" that function beneath the normal rational world held so religiously dear in our Western hi-tech civilization.

But, in a way, the anacalypsis-function is somewhat akin to therapy, if we extend the definition of therapy beyond the usual and limited psychiatrist-patient relationship. In his extraordinarily insightful book Re-Visioning Psychology (Harper-Colophon Books, New York, 1977), James Hillman indicates that therapy is a heavy word because it brings to mind the sufferings of mental illnesses. But he goes on to point out only that therapy or analysis is not/something that analysts do to patients, but that it is a process that also goes on intermittently in our individual soul-searching. In soul-searching, we try to intuit our deeper selves, and our place in humanity and the universe. We try to comprehend the nature of our beliefs, complexes and drives, and, to the degree we do this we are a therapist to ourselves.

Therapeutic soul-searching is therefore a type of anacalypsis-functioning, for in soul-searching we make attempts, however successful or not, to tear away veils that prevent us from having deep intimacy with our fundamental selves and our relationship to the many axiomatic first principles that seem to govern humankind -- God, society, matter, life, health, energy and even art, aesthetics, will, creativity and destructivity. There are many veils that hang between our conscious awarenesses and the deep founts that spring forth each of these axiomatic first principles among which we nevertheless try to live and function.

The anacalypsis-function, by its "tearing" definition, is a heavy-handed or heavy-booted metaphysical concept ~~xxxxxxxx~~ implying, I suppose, that no veils will go away until we, in ourselves. the guise of our greater selves, tear them away/ The idea and then yet another that beneath one reality there is another reality/is implicit in the dramatic concept of anacalypsis. Whether or not one is ready to look at the new reality is ~~x~~ a function of our human condition and the personal psychologies that have become formed in us and as us.

To a large degree, the ^{metaphysical}/anacalypsis-function has been the major and dominant theme of my life, a life also laced with plenty of excursions into physical, intellectual and spiritual phenomena -- some ecstatic and some rather baleful. In constructing this autobiography, it has seemed to me that all taken together, the whole does fall under the term "psychic," meaning of the the/word being much greater than commonly defined in psychical research and its successors parapsychology and psychoenergetics. My life has been unusual, in fact, because of its continuing psychic content and experiences, and so it is through these that my life's story can best be told. In my way of thinking, true psychic experience and the anacalypsis-function are nearly synonomous. Both require a ^{tearing away} ~~xxxxxxxx~~ away of veils and a surrendering of values previously held close and dear in the ego.

In my opinion, no adequate definition for the word "psychic" has come about in our modern scientific times. In parapsychology it is exclusively attached to mediumship, clairvoyance, precognition, psychokinesis (mind over matter) and the like. But each of these psychic phenomenologies can clearly be seen as an active extension/^{or projection}of a deeper psychic whole that should perhaps best be called our greater self. The attributes of this greater self extend well beyond the business of parapsychology; into the realms of spirit, soul, into the senses we have of past and eternal future, into aesthetics and creativity. Parapsychology involves itself with none of these, and is/empty ~~an~~ science as a result.

Standard psychology sometimes uses the word "psychic" to describe the whole of the internal mental workings of the individual. But there is a certain paucity in this definition due to the fact that for many decades psychology has clung to the theory that all mental and mind attributes were productions of electric or chemical workings going on in the physical brain.

I feel that a better grasp can be had for the word "psychic" if it is defined ~~as the~~ as being the all of the invisible non-material factors upon which all matter ~~is~~ is itself founded and human awareness of some of these factors. This type of definition brings psychic phenomena in close relationship

to the invisible realms that advancing quantum physics is slowly inserting into our cultural orientations. These insertions are gradually bring into existence ~~the~~ an idea that might best be grasped ~~as~~ as psychic-quantum-realities. In a simplistic way, this means those worlds, universes, planes, levels beyond or above matter and what our matter-oriented sciences view as rational.

But it is also true that ~~in~~ any "realities" ~~we might~~ ~~talk~~ of or about the psychic all are usually totally dependent upon ~~our~~ those experiences ~~we each of us has had, if any,~~ that we call psychic. Thus we can talk about a scale of psychic realities. At the bottom of this scale will be people who have never had a psychic experience at all, and so their reality levels will be commensurate with this experience. At the top of the scale will be those rare individuals whose experiences have led them to the view that the all of the universe is a psychic all, topped out, perhaps, by God and realms of other higher beings working and functioning for objectives the mere mortal human brain can hardly fathom.

This autobiography consists of the telling of all those ~~thematically~~ events in my life that/have led (and are still doing so) me towards the higher end of this psychic scale. There are few autobiographies that attempt to do this. The only one that comes to mind at the moment is Carl Gustav Jung's/Memories, Dreams, Reflections (Pantheon, 1963) which he insisted be published only posthumously because of its unorthodox content.

I've no illusions at all that many are going to relegate me to the kook pile; but now, as I begin ~~x~~ what I hope will be the graceful slip into old age, It might ~~might~~ appear a little defensive to say that I don't care. Considering the general ruin that is the world today, what can it matter if I recall some strange and outrageous psychic events that have marked my life since childhood, events that have in themselves instilled in me an inveterate joyful outlook/^{towards eternity} that continues even now, even though laced/^{through} with a few good doses of pessimism. and, even, iconoclasm.

Few autobiographies I've read, and certainly none of psychics, are meant ^{totally} to serve the ^{psychic} anacalypsis-function; most autobiographies only serve to narrate the individual's mortal, experiences in the normal, rational, /physical frame of reference, with perhaps some excursions that are intellectual or philosophical in nature. But there is plenty of good literature ^{have} served the anacalypsis-function well, some more directly ^(that) has inspired me, and spurred me along my own anacalypsis path. The works of Plato, Descartes, Goethe, Jung; the iconoclastic writings of H.L. Menkin, the poetry of Walt Witman, Ayn Rand's Atlas Shrugged, Helena Blavatsky's Secret Doctrine, and, most recently, Dancing in the Light by Shirley MacLane. All the above help the wondering mind focus on some aspects of the indwelling labyrinthine personality seeking to poke through some of the veils around it. It was, in fact, MacLane's book that stimulated me to write

what is to follow. If such an elegant and gutsy lady such as she can expose her soul, so to speak, as she, why should I cringe and retreat from writing about the ^{psychic} fundamentals that have, in spite of their strangeness, given the substructure to my own life.

Today, some insightful psychologists hold that there are two major times in our lives that have supreme importance in how our lives become structured. The first ~~is~~ is in childhood when we are impregnated with our cultural ~~values~~ ^{imprinting}; the second comes at puberty when we acquire we become ~~imprinted~~ ^{imprinted} with and accept those values that are, as likely as not, to carry us, for better or worse, throughout the rest of our life. In my case, this is almost certainly true, and so I must begin with my birth in the small ~~an~~ alpine town in which I was born; Telluride, Colorado in the High Rockies.

Today, Telluride is in that part of Colorado referred to as the civilized wilderness. In 1984, with a friend driving an 84 Toyota, we virtually glided ^{at 50 mph} ~~EVERY HIGH MOUNTAIN~~ on wide paved highways over high mountain passes and through the canyon approaches to the town.

Civilization had, to a large degree, obliterated two ^{past} of the town's/most impressive features; the area's verticalness ^{general} and the town's/inaccessibility. Gone were the old railroad tressels that arched over precipitous canyons, and gone were the old highways, which in the 1930's were nothing more than dirt roads dynamite blasted out of soaring cliffs, roads so narrow in some places that two cars could not pass each other. The old roads, so narrow already, ^{negotiated at only 10 mph} were even more torturous ^{surprise} by their many/hair-pin curves, often missed by drunk drivers of the day, whose cars flew out over deep canyons and crashed on the rocks five-hundred feet below. These same roads were

often taken out by winter avalanches and summer rock slides. In the past, just getting up to Telluride was itself a significant adventure, and many visitors who had a fear of heights were frequently worse for the trip.

Because of the town's astonishing ^{geological surroundings} ~~beauty~~ and near-by ⁱⁿ potential ski slopes, it was always/Telluride's destiny to eventually become a leisure spot of magnificent beauty, somewhat ^{and summer} akin to Colorado's other famous ski/resort of Aspen. In 1984 it was apparent that the mountains still resisted the building of ski lifts and resorts, but developers anticipating the future, had already been at work. Condos were everywhere, built in those areas that the town proper had never built for two very good reasons. One area of condos has been built on top of what used to be the town's dump grounds which, in my days there, consisted of a large area of garbage piled up twelve feet or so. And the other area of available land was along the base of the range of mountains on the north side of town. Condos and second homes had been built in those very places that in the past were considered unsafe because, in winter, they were known to be avalanche areas.

When I asked about this, I was told that Telluride had not had heavy snowfalls in the past years and speculators had quickly taken advantage of this.

The old town was still there, glamorized by first an influx of hippies who, in the 1970's, came to participate in

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the Colorado High in more ways than one, and second by later entrepreneurs catering to the tourist trade. The old store that, in my day, had been a storehouse for caskets was now a boutique. There were greeting card shops and crystal-filled windows, more boutiques, and the old Sheridan Hotel and Bar -- once run by my maternal grandmother was now modernized. The old bar, once the haunt of miners and true mountain people, now divided in half, was, in the back part, a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ restaurant specializing in ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Italian cuisine, and the front part a bar hangout for Telluride's nouveau clientelle.

Telluride is built in a box canyon, three sides of which consist of towering massifs, and one side, the west, a canyon that runs west and connects the town with the rest of the outside world. To the East, towering above Telluride is Mt. Ajax (13,). The town itself, nestled down in the box canyon, has an elevation of 8,756 feet, is built just below timberline, the upper limit of arboreal growth in ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ in the High Rockies. Telluride proper covers an area that at most is only a mile and a half square, most of the surrounding topography being unsuitable for building for one reason or another.

In today's advancing understanding of human psychology, one of the most important and sensitive times are the first few years in childhood. During this period, the child takes on the traits and values of the family and environment. This taking on is called "cultural imprinting," and the individual carries the sum of this imprinting throughout life, and all actions are to a large degree based upon its content. To some degree this cultural imprinting can be considered as a type of "programming" when it carries in it an overabundance of philosophical, religious and political overtones, and even more so when these intellectual overtones act in detriment to the child's acquisition of the basic survival skills necessary to negotiate life in general.

Somewhat as a blessing, I believe, I was not heavily conditioned as a child in philosophical, religious or political opinion, because ~~the~~ in 1933 Telluride had ~~only~~ a population of only 210 people, and any overly intellectual mentality of the community was non-existent. Mostly, they were hardy descendents of even hardier explorers and mining families that had preceded them during the fabulous boom years when the ~~High Rockies~~ gold and silver veins of the High Rockies seemed to offer instant fortunes to those strong and courageous enough to tackle the high peaks and precipitous canyons.

By 1933, of course, the silver and gold boom years of the entire area, including Telluride, were over with and the town was at its lowest ebb and population. The Great Depression had ~~been~~ brought along its quota of hardship, and the major subsistence available ~~to~~ was to be found in working in the formerly famous Pandora mine, digging and abundant processing now not/gold and silver but lead, zinc and tellerum ores. During the depression years, the Pandora closed down a number of times, and the inhabitants were forced to eke out a living where and how they might, or leave Telluride altogether.

Telluride was a town of miners, frequently unemployed, together with the few services necessary in supplying what population was left. There was no welfare to tide things over, no unemployment gratuities, and few pensions. People held on by tightening the belt, by severe economizing and wasting nothing. I don't recall that this life-style was considered as poverty, but rather as the hard life; and one and one's children had to be moulded in the hard-life category to survive.

There were no people of higher education except the few mining engineers who came into town for one reason or another, and although there was a high-school, many of the males never made it past the eighth grade. When my mother

from the twelvth grade with honors, her education was considered an achievement, which it was in her time and circumstance.

If all around the alpine and mountainous aspects of Telluride ~~was a beautiful and scenic area~~ were abundant in their ubiquitous and exquisite beauty, living amid that beauty was not without constant dangers the nature of which we all had to be alert. People were constantly killed by avalanches, mining accidents and bear maulings. Many fell to their death from the high cliffs and fatal car accidents were not uncommon. Lightening might strike down out of summer storms and there were cloud-burst floods. If Telluriders were somewhat innured to these fatal possibilities, visitors and tourists were not. Many succumbed to heart attacks brought on by the high elevation, others ate poisonous mushrooms gathered in the forests, and some could simply not negotiate their automobiles along the narrow mountainous roads. The inexperienced hiker in the Rockies might never be heard of again and the body never found. If you were stupid enough to hike alone, and broke your leg in a fall, you might not make it through the night, even in summer when the night-time temperatures often plummeted to freezing or below.

To a large degree, intuition and prediction carried great weight in Telluride, at least in so far as the elements were concerned. One had to read the signs as to what kind of a winter lay ahead. Wood and coal needed to be stocked in

for the entire winter, not just the week ahead. There were such things as "avalanche weather" and "cloud-burst skies" that people were sensitive to, /even when no sound of crashing rocks had yet reverberated through the peaks and the skys overhead were cloudless, and a natural sense of true north was valued because it served to correct the disorientation that might otherwise take place among the peaks and canyons.

Gnerally, the inhabitants were proud and confident as people must be in the face of daily and certainly annual misfortunes that might come ~~xx~~ down on them. I remember most of them as being fair, and fairness was considered necessary and worthy. They would all pull together in emergencies, and looking out for and the system of neighbour helping/neighbour was securely adhered to in my childhood.

My own cultural imprinting consisted in large part of these basic approaches to the hard life. But the frontier traditions deeply affected me also, as did the natural beauty and wonders of the mountain surroundings. If many kids, perhaps, took these wonders for granted, I did not, for reasons than can be better explained a little later when I will narrate the psychic circumstances of my birth.

I was born with a developed aesthetic sense, of the kind more normally found only in mature adults. As a very young child, I was fascinated and totally transfixed ^{with} ~~on~~ the beauty of Telluride and its surroundings.

Scenically, the western Rocky Mountain half of Colorado is one of the most remarkable divisions of North America. In the sheer expanse and heights of its monumental mountains, it is unequaled in natural wonders and beauty by any other locality in the Union, except California.

The dweller of the flat prairies or even of the U.S. East used to mountains gently rising in undulating ranges of a mere two-thousand feet or so has no idea of the pleasure and awe in store ~~for him~~ ^{or she} when he/visits the High Rockies for the first time. It has often been said that there is a special spirit of energy in mountains and they impart it ~~xxx~~ to all who approach them. This is true the world over. But in other parts mountains have become imbued with history, ancient events and archaeology and myths and legends, all of which somehow characterize the mountains' energies at some psychic substrate in human awareness.

This was not particularly true at the time of my birth ^{extremely high}
This was not particularly true of the/mountains around Telluride at the time of my birth. Save for the scars of mining operations, the mountains were pristine and raw for the most part and to a large degree had resisted much civilizing aspects that have now been imposed upon them in the form of sky resorts, motels, four-lane highways and airports, and the enormous transient tourism now made possible.

The spirit of the Rockies was composed of their massive folds of earth tilted upwards with peaks lifting to over fourteen-thousand feet, peaks sometimes snow-covered with crystal-clear air and the year round. At these elevations, ~~with~~ ozone and negative ions in plenty, the mountains are a natural energizer, stimulating thought and driving all to action. Early guidebooks from around the turn of the century often noted that a summer spent among these mountains put more backbone into a man than any other place.

Colorado, meaning literally "colored," has more red rocks (sandstone) than any other place in the nation. But there is also yellow sandstone bluffs and mesas, grey and white limestone cliffs, massive peaks of colored and tinted granite, green, blue and lavender. There are vast outcroppings of rich iron ore that rust and stain mountains several colors Beneath turquoise and azure skys, of orange. /Snow packs ~~are~~ gleam white, stained at sunset into pinks, reds and purples. Beneath the peaks and through the canyons are the forests, vast areas of blue and white spruce and pinon pines, stands of mountain aspen with white bark and emerald leaves that turn lemon yellow in autumn. There was always the murmur or roar of canyone streams and thundering rivers and at every turn were leaping/waterfalls.

Night - 2/10/53

On the delicate side of things, there are flowers. Mountain lupine, blue and purple, the Colorado columbine, pink, white and yellow, wild daisies, wild roses, red Indian Paint Brush, yellow buttercups, and as the sun begins to sink intensely in the west, thousands of/fragrant mountain primroses open their velvet-soft white and pink petals. There are wild berries in profusion; choke cherries, sarvice berries, strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, and jams and jellies made from these make all commercially-produced products taste like watered sugar.

On the heavy side of things are the massive cliffs and peaks that seem ~~xxxx~~ literally to groan and throb with energy in their push upwards. Telluride was never silent, even at its most peaceful. Storms brought ~~the~~ thunder ~~of~~ ~~lightning~~ and the crackle of lightening which echoed several times throughout the peaks and canyons. There was always the roar of falling water and the frequent crashings of rock of snow avalanches. At all times was the gentle or fierce rush of winds groaning through the pines or clattering in the aspens, mountain music that ^{pervaded and inundated} inundated one's deeper being.

The aesthetic rapture of these awesome surroundings was especially significant for me as a child; but it was commonly shared by all around me and eagerly participated in driving excursions, through the many/picknicks, hikes, berry expeditions, hunting safaries and fishing trips of family and frèinds. It was not unusual for those of appròprieate aesthetic bent to have a definite sense of the cosmic either installed or renewed in them by all this natural magnificence. In spite of living among the continual beauty by a mixture of endurance, fortitude and careful courage, it was easy enough to feel -- as the sourroundings frequently reminded us -- that humans were only a delicate and mortal intruder into the spirit of these mountains, a spirit that seemed immortal and destined for^a/permanance that only a profound concept of geological aeons can evoke in the mere human mind.

That my basic cultural imprinting was deeply marked by the manifold aspects of this intense natural beauty cannot be denied. Whereas the cultural imprinting of most of the world is formed of man-made factors in all their variety, my own cultural fundamentals were of a raw, nearly unblemished Nature that bore hardly any taint of human superficial orientations, or at any rate which seem superficial when compared to the cosmic geology and natural magnificence that marked my childhood.

It was this natural magnificence, together with its unpredictable dangers and calamities, I believe, that installed in me a perpetual sense of struggle and survival-triumph, and built within me a preference for the heroic, the cosmic and the profound and the natural beautiful. I believe that cultural imprintings are vibrations that, once set in motion in childhood, never can leave the spirit-body combination out of which we are all developed. This cultural imprinting set my basic tastes. To name here but a few, the/heroic music of Wagner/ or Straus for whatever other intonations ~~xx~~ they might carry, ~~xx~~ are pure cosmic mountain music. I can appreciate the comparatively delicate music of Vivaldi or Scarletti, but these are intellectual and related to self-achieved mind, intensely human in nature. The beat and tempo of city-originated music, the blues, jazz and its rock descendents are, more or less, totally lost on me, or at least don't stick and pervade my sensibilities.

But my cultural imprinting has several layers on the human side of things, which, in my retrospection now at the age of fifty-two I can see as somewhat diametrically opposed to to the heroic-cosmic-profound imprinting. As children, we cannot help but take on the values, for better or worse, of our family and the people around us, their hopes, aspirations, prejudices and goals~~xxxxxxx~~ and traditions. However opposing some of these many factors might be, the child eventually makes a synthesis of them, a synthesis that might be benevolently comfortable and constructive or a mess and defeative in the long run, or anywhere between these two extreme poles.

The Telluride of 1933 was a decade or two past its former grandure of its past boom-town status; but the melodies, hopes and aspirations that characterized the boom-town lingered on, and people still felt that yet another mother lode of gold or silver would be discovered returning it to importance and wealth.

The American explorer, soldier and political leader,
on TV
John Charles Fremont (synchronistically being played/by
Richard Chamberlain as I write these pages) had barely mapped
-1848
part of the High Rockies in 1842/when the first Colorado Territory
gold lode was discovered on Gold Run on January 15, 1859,
followed by an influx of some 40,000 people from all over the
United States.

In Leadville, not far north of Telluride, the gold and huge silver finds there in 1878 brought yet another/influx many of whom began to be immigrants from Europe. Soon, virtually every probable spot, no matter how inaccessible, was populated by intrepid prospectors who scaled the mountains with burros, packtrains and guts.

The 1916 census for Telluride records a population of only 1,800, the 1900 census showing 2,446, a far cry from the mere 210 people present there at my birth. But in its heyday precensus as a boom-town, Telluride boasted of 13,000 souls living in quickly-built pine-board houses and hundreds and hundreds of tents. Soon the slopes and canyons of the San Miguel and Uncompahgre mountains were crisscrossed with trails and tortuously twisting paths hacked and blasted out of sheer cliff. Laden with ore on the down trip and supplies on the up trip, braying burros echoed between the peaks . Everything from tins of chew tobacco to gigantic cables and iron shaft wheels was delivered by pack trains. Cabling for hoists destined to reach down into the heart of the mountain mines was carried up the near vertical precipices in one continuous piece, the record being 4,000 feet of unbroken cable hung on the saddles of fifty-two burros.

In the narrow reach of the basin of the San Miguel River Valley, telluride was established, at first being called Columbia, as a supply camp for the mines in the above-timberline mines above it. Fronted with rude clapboard buildings (saloons, general stores and whorehouses), the main street was constantly crowded with wagon trains and a mass of serious men all of whom packed guns and used them frequently. By 1882 the town could claim some ninety business houses, the most popular being the Silver Bell, the Senate and the Pick and Gad, only three of the twenty-six parlors called home by more than 175 frontier ~~men~~ prostitutes, whose madams were proud to claim that no man had to wait in line.

The town stank of sewage and outhouses, and the roads were a constant mire of mud and mule and horse droppings. A man's town and a male world, like all the boom-town mining camps in the area, all inconveniences were overlooked in the lust for gold. Claims were jumped, and claimholders were frequently murdered. A half-filled bag of gold dust was worth a man's life, to say nothing of those who did find a lode of free gold in an outcropping of feathery white crystal.

Somewhere along the way, as the town's population continued to swell, and the camp took on the aspects of a town, someone suggested that Columbia's name be changed to Telluride after the fact that tellurium ore was plentiful in the streaks of silver laced through the mountains. About 1890, two ~~men~~ men who had made it big financing prospectors to lucky grubstakes decided that the camp lacked quality. They put up the Sheridan Hotel to offset the notorious houses of desrepute run by Jew Fanney and Diamond Tooth Leona. The Sheridan was a three-story stone and brick hotel with high ceilings, regal staircases and long narrow hallways that characterized such buildings of the time. The cherrywood bar was imported from London. There was a musicians loft that opened over the bar, a dining room panelled in a dark wood, green velvet walls hung with moose and dearheads, and a large ballroom. The bar gleamed with mirrors, stained glass partitions and brass spittoons. My maternal grandmother was eventually to lease the bar and hotel, and I had my first paying job at the tender age of nine washing dishes and glasses for the bar and restaurant.

In the hotel's three front opulant ~~suites~~ suites comprising a private bath, a bedroom and a sitting room, stayed many luminaries of the day. Lillian Gish and Sarah Bernhardt stayed in the suites when they came to Telluride to play in the town's new opera house, conveniently connected to the

Sheridan by a passageway on the Hotel's second floor. It was in this opera house, converted into a moving pictures house, that I first saw the Wizard of Oz. William Jennings Bryan also graced the Sheridan with his presence when he came to Telluride to convince the silver miners of Telluride to fight for the maintenance of the silver subsidy.

Telluride hit the skids in 1901 when in May the miners of Telluride, in a dispute of the fanthom system, demanded a return to daily wages, and became part of the newly labor union formed/~~organized~~ Western Federation of Miners. The manager of the combined Smuggler-Union mines refused arbitration and highered non-union men from out of town, reopening his struck mines. Some 250 enraged miners strapped on pistorls and attacked the scabs as they came out of the mine. Three were killed and six were badly wounded as men leaped for cover among the crags of rock. The scabs were run out of town. and smelters Telluride's mines/were struck again in 1903. This time the state militia instituted martial law and the strikers were deported at the point of bayonets.

Many of the great mines in the area around -- the Smuggler, the Ophir, the Rico, the Alta, the Silver Bell, the Gold King -- began to play out and the boom days of Telluride were over, but only in retrospect could this be seen. It was thought there existed yet more mother lodes, and those in search of fortune still continued to arrive, among which were my

paternal grandparents, recent immigrants from Sweden and my father, his sister and two brothers were born amid high hopes that my grandfather would somehow be part of a new gold strike, which was not to be.

Telluride of 1933 was certainly a dwindled docile remnant of the exciting, challenging boom days; but the attitudes of the glory period still clung. Prospectors and mining engineers continued to arrive, many staying at my grandmother's boarding house. Some would salt old mines with gold and sell the claims to neophytes who came too, hoping yet for a big strike at a mother lode. But enough real gold was found to keep hope alive. In the early years of my childhood, the town still had three legitimate not far from the old ice house whore houses/on the lower side of town in whose doors hung their sign, a constantly glowing red light bulb. As children we used to sneak down to them and meditate upon what went on inside, sometimes gathering the daring to throw a rock through a window, mean as we were.

In my days in Telluride, life was not particularly bawdy, but the legends of gunfights, whoring, drinking and the challenge of the peaks still infused expectations. Although dead and gone, the names of Kit Carson, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and William Cody (Buffalo Bill) were still reminisced, the name of and/Bat Masterson, scandalously run out of Denver by the police as a dangerous drunk in 1900, still had currency

whenever a ~~xxxxxx~~ extravagant type hit town and fired a shot
the window of
or two through/the Silver Saloon. On Memorial Day, when we
went, as a family, to decorate my grandfather's grave, we
toured the gravestones, and listened to tales of this or that
person died in a mine accident, when a waggon fell over a
cliff, of consumption, or in a shoot out/ for claim jumping.
Memory of all
still lingered, and the legends were told and retold to
country music from new/juke boxes and old player pianos.
The only really new elements in town were Dodge and Ford
automobiles and the products of Hollywood.

How deeply I was affected by all this relived tradition
is hard to say; but it was deeply enough. Our cultural
imprinting sinks into the unconscious as we grow up and is
overlaid with new values/ from
where, unknown to our conscious
awarenesses, it ~~xxxxxx~~ invokes a sort of hypnotic influence
over many of our preferences and actions throughout life.
Yet it is clear enough to me that there is a yearning in me
for the old boom days life I so frequently vicariously
experienced through the retelling of its drama, tragedies,
excitement and hell-bentness. This dream world, never
again to be reexperienced literally, was to be/ fictively
reinforced
at intervals through novels and the cinema. As a teenager,
I hung on every word Zane Grey ever wrote and when I first
saw High Noon and Clint Eastwoods Fist Full of Dollars, I
felt "ressurrected." in a sense,

It was thus into this cloistered mountain paradise that I was born in the early morning hours of September 14, 1933, ~~The delivery took place~~ ^{ed by the town doctor} in an upstairs bedroom of my maternal grandmother's home. It was only years later that I realized a memory of the birth sequence existed somewhere within me, a recall of an intense pressure, dark, distorting the whole body, painless, then a burst of light exploding in the head. A light that was nothing more than the light bulb hanging in the room, but to the blank brain and its light-sensitive synapses, ^{it was} a flood of painful brilliance, the eyes for the first time processing light signals. Too much light so suddenly; when perhaps babies should birth into semi-darkness to prevent such intense light flooding.

For my mother, it was, I later learned, an ordeal. I was a little late in coming and was a big baby, weighing in at nine pounds. It was an event, for I was the first grandchild on both sides of the family, born into a clan of various aunts and uncles all of whom had grown up with each other in the small confines of Telluride, a clan that was to lavish attention upon me for the years of infancy. Both grandmothers were to say I was spoiled rotten, especially when my childhood volatile ^{independent} temperament began showing. This certainly must have been true. I was assured that everything I wanted I got, from one relative or another, leading to an expectation on my part of having my will fulfilled.

While the spoiled child syndrome^e has its negative aspects, it is also true that every child is indelibly marked by how it is treated as an infant. This marking is almost irrevocable. In my case, this spoiling gave me an ingrained estimate of self-worth which, naturally enough, was to undergo many challenging refinements as I grew up and matured. But self-worth is not altogether undesirable, especially when compared to those attributes that come from the deprived-child syndrome whose self-worth values may remain quite low^{and fragile} throughout life.

Quite possibly, the middle line between spoiling and depriving the child might be the best approach; but few families can pull this off, and the familial tendency tends to the extreme of one or the other.

also

Besides being the first issue, the spoiling/came about for another reason. Although born a healthy nine-pounder, the little body had a physical defect that was to be the source of trauma for years to come. I could hold no milk in the stomach, a problem that was not resolved for the first three months of my life. But by then the little body had suffered horribly from malnutrition followed by the almost immediate onset of rickets, a softening or faulty ossification of bone due to the lack of calcium. This condition was most probably hypertrophic pyloric stenosis, which is an overgrowth of tissue between the stomach and duodenum. But in practical terms, it meant that no mother's milk could be retained -- starvation.

My mother recalls that she rejected a surgical attempt to correct the condition because the doctor warned her that three out of four babies died from the attempt. In a short time, I was a bag of bones with the distended stomach of the starving child on the verge of death. This condition was finally corrected when it was found that I retained bananas and apples, but I feel that this unfortunate condition interrupted the hormonal growth pattern. I was to be frail and small throughout my childhood unable to hold a physical position when it came to the rough and tumble play of boys my own age.

My physical inability to respond to rough games of boys simply larger and stronger led naturally enough to some intense introversion and a tendency to hide from a few rowdies who liked to terrorize the smaller kids. Kids can be very cruel to each other. And I am sure that the inferiority complex I was driven into could have had more disastrous results had it not been for the spoiling process that did, in all events, assure me of self esteem. After all, what could the clan of aunts and uncles do but to hold and cuddle the little dying baby, and then give it everything it wanted when it did survive the death that once seemed almost inevitable.

I remember my mother holding me almost constantly, and my father, and my grandmothers, memories not normally accessible, but there for me due to the fact that during this terrible ordeal the "I" part of me was not within the declining little body, but outside of it watching and experiencing all the vast amounts of emotion and love that were poured in at it. I can say I remember numerous details from this trying period, the color of blankets in the small crib on wheels my mother pulled through the house to keep me near her at all times, the two strings of beads, one blue, one pink, she used to entertain me, the warmth of the stove in the kitchen and the one between the dining and living room.

Of course, no one else suspected this out-of-body condition, and I had no real understanding of it until some thirty years later when I was finally able to understand it for what it had been. This out-of-body component was to erupt and become problematical to all concerned barely two and a half years later when I could talk enough to begin tell of to ~~xxxxxx~~ the out-of-body experiences to a totally unsuspecting and my family and clan family. Telluridians/might have been prepared for the hard life, but they were not prepared for a clairvoyant child who began to narrate the fabled out-of-body condition to them, perplexing and confusing all involved.

And so passed 1933. I was named Ingo Douglas Swan. demoralizing The ~~xxxxxx~~ effects of the Great Depression were still heavy on all and in Germany, far away from Telluride and of little real concern to its inhabitants, one Adolf Hitler had come who was destined to stop the world in its tracks. into power/ But I had survived, solely and only because of the abundant love of my parents and the clan and their spoiling of me. It is so very clear to me that this was the case. While we may be marked and imprinted * by traumas, and these can go into creating out personas, it is only love that creates the psychic energy that sponsors survival even in the most terrible of times. Love gives a psychic energy that even mother's milk, bananas and apples, by themselves, can not.

conscious

While some might doubt that one can have/memories of one's own birth and the first three months of life, these memories exist in deeper levels of our psychic structures where the effects are much the same, whether the memories are consciously accessible or not. This is generally accepted now in psychology, and there is even a clear reality that and is marked by -- -- the child experiences/many things /emotions and events/while still being carried within the mother.

All this implies, I think, that there is something we should call the psychic environment, a telepathic environment that exists along with the physical realm. It is into this psychic environment that love creates energy and underwrites positive the many/expressions of life that follow because of it. Regardless of whatever tribulations that existed in my childhood, I had no doubt at all that I was loved, even if I was spoiled rotten as a result.

For the most part, life on planet earth is lived out
chasing fantasies or believing in them; it is only the
fallout from these that
bring about the realities; and most
of these are suffering and pain. Wars are a good example.
When you think of it, all the wars have arisen out of
someone's fantasies; the pain and miseries of the people
dragged into the wake of the fantasy was real, and the
fantasies never.

The cultural fronts of New York have never, if anything else, been impartial. What was "in" was simply that, in, and what wasn't in was OUT. Beginning in the 1920's, the cultural fronts in New York - art, and literature especially -- were, in effect, taken over by Jewish intellectuals and Marxists, and by the mid-1950's their influence and theories had saturated the arts. These statements might give the cultural mafia indigestion and outrage, but the facts are plain enough to see. The world of painting, in particular, was dominated by Jewish gallery directors, museum curators and critics along with their syncophants. Their opposite numbers, conservative Christians, were not creating culture in New York, but were busy defending their control of Wall Street, pleased only to fund museums and appear at glamorous functions ~~the~~ whose trends and directions were being set
activist
by the/Jewish-Marxist consortium.

This is not a negative or back-biting criticism. I believe that the frontier or the front belongs to those with the energy, resourcefulness and guts to claim and hold them, and I accept now, as I did in the 1960s that this is how life is. Possession is the power. Conservative Christians, by the definition of conservative, assume that they need not be energetic activists in any cause, because they trust in their leadership to set trends and directions, even in the arts.

I was not Jewish and could not be Marxist, and had little sympathy for the reigning cultural philosophy of the 1960s, that of the theme of alienation.

When I displayed a painting of Jesus at the 1964 World's Fair, my fate was sealed. A petition for the removal of this (and two other suspect paintings) was circulated and presented offending to Robert Moses, who ordered the/painting removed.

Censorship.

I could not change my name to Sol Heim, for example.

TWO EARLY OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES

Telluride had a hospital, a squarish building made of blocks of sandstone and brick. Behind it was an incinerator with a tall chimney. It belched black smoke when, so the rumour went, the amputated arms and legs of miners crushed in accidents were burnt up.

When I was two and a half in the late winter of 1936, I was taken to this hospital to have a tonsillectomy. Scared to death already, I was concerned that the extracted tonsils would end up being cremated in the same incinerator along with arms and legs. This morbid ~~thought~~ topic was avoided by my mother and her sister who had come along for moral support.

Instead, they talked of other items of interest; the probability of a coming war and the possibility that King Edward VIII would actually marry the scandalous Wallis Simpson. While we were waiting for the energetic Dr. Parker, a nurse came along and tried to distract me by giving a couple of lollipops (we called them suckers).

After a wait, finally I was taken into the small room that served as an operating chamber. It was, to me, gloomy and full of threat. It had a tall wainscoating nearly black, and above that the walls, once white, were darkened into a yellow-greenish hue. There was a side board, holding various medical equipment. In the middle of the room, in front of the windows, was the operating chair, sort of like a dental chair, covered with a white sheet.

I recall I was quite convinced that I didn't like all this, and when the nurse tried to put the ether mask over my nose, my little resistance erupted in full force. Drawing screaming and kicking, on a supernormal strength, I successfully fought off the nurse, the doctor and my mother who tried to hold my legs down. They retreated and came back with a red balloon half blown up, or so it seemed. The doctor bet me I couldn't blow it up full, and he was right. For when I tried, I was shortly under. The balloon had ether in it, and for each breath I blew into it, a little of the ether escaped and was inhaled by me.

Shortly I was subdued enough for the ether mask to be put over my nose. When I realized the trickery, I was enraged. But it was too late. Yet I did not go out. I recall quite clearly that my point of perception simply floated upwards, and that I was looking down on the scene. The walls of the room were now not dull and dark, but glowing with scintillating rainbow colors.

The doctor did his work quickly enough, but the scapel did cut the tongue and he uttered the forbidden word "shit." Out came the two little tonsils which were plopped in a small jar with fluid in it. The nurse carried ~~them~~^{it} over to the side board and hid ~~it~~ behind two rolls of toilet paper.

I came to quickly enough. My perspective just simply changed from the out-of-body state into that where the scene was again being seen through the eyes. I giggled at the doctor and accused him of saying the naughty word, which suprised him. And then I asked if I could have the tonsils to take home. The nurse said that they had already been thrown away. I responded that they had not, that they were on the side board behind the toilet paper. When told that this was not true, I threw one of my great tantrums. Everyone got involved in this incident. Finally the tonsils were d taken from their hiding place, but it was explained to me that they were "dirty things" and had to be disposed of.

So I lost this battle for possession of the tonsils, and I was ever to suppose that they ended up in the incinerator. Dr. Parker spent a little time with me explaining that I could not possibly have seen the hiding of the jar; but I retorted that I had and described the whole incident to him. Mom and her sister were in tears. What had started out as a simple tonsillectomy had turned into a very strange event, one of the many that were to characterize my infancy.

I learned two things from this incident. Grownups, even proper grownups such as Dr. Parker, said "shit." In Telluride, the doctor had tremendous elevation, and in the future, whenever I used that naughty word, and got chasticized, I simply said that if the doctor can say it so could I. The other thing I began to learn was that I had experienced something that fell into the category of things that were not to be discussed.

At the time all this took place, I could by then talk quite well. But I had had another similar, but quite different experience earlier, before I could talk and begin to make intellectual sense out of what was going on within and around me.

I remember quite well that one evening when I had been put into the crib in the small room off the kitchen of our house, instead of drifting into a soft, dark sleep, something else happened.

The walls slowly turned transparent. A pink light seemed to come over everything, and I just sort of floated. I wasn't surprised by all this, but I was suprised to find another house just next to ours where there really was none, just a small vacant lot with dandylions and weeds in it. In the street were figures of people, themselves transparent. They were dressed in dark clothes, and of the few women among them they were dressed strangely, in a mode that I later leared learned was from the bustle period when women wore a pad or framework expanding and supporting the fullness and drapery of the back of a woman's skirt. In the street were not Fords of Dodges, but horses and carts, and the air was laden with the smell of horses and their droppings.

The people in the street were not all walking on the ground; some of them were walking in the pink air. None of this was frightening, and I sort of decided not to go farther from the house, and floated back into the bedroom. I looked in the direction of the kitchen and just managed to see the form of an owl and a little black and white dog before I encoutered something else that scared the shit out of me -- a sudden wall of hot burning flame. I started screaming and mom and dad both rushed in from their bedroom to see what was the matter.

It was many years before I could make any intellectual sense out of this infant experience. But I was eventually able to understand that it falls into a rare category of out-of-body experience that contains also time transcendence, a viewing both into the past and into the future.

When I was about four or five, I found an injured owl in the back yard. We brought it into the kitchen and let live in the bathroom while its wing healed. It was a wonderful little creature, and I spent hours just gazing into its large yellow eyes. It got quite tame, and would sit on my arm and shoulder. But when it ~~wasn't~~ started flying through the house, my father put it on the back porch. It flew up into an eave of the garage in the back yard off the alley where it made its home for a short time. In the evening it would often ~~fi~~ swoop down from its hole in the eave and sit on my outstretched arm. One day it vanished, never to be seen again.

My first pet had disappeared, and I would not be consoled. Shortly thereafter, my father brought home a very tiny black and white Boston Bull dog. We named him Jerry and he eventually took the place of the wild owl.

One afternoon, when I was six, and we were down at the ballpark having a picknick, the fire bell of Telluride rang out. We could see the smoke, coming from the direction of our house. When we got there, the fire had been put out by neighbours and the fire truck. But the ceiling in our kitchen was totalled.

We spent that night at my grandmother's house, just next door to our own home. About two in the morning, we were all awoken^{ed} by a brilling light coming in the windows. It was our house, this time a boiling inferno. The fire from the afternoon had festered away in the rafters, and suddenly exploded into a vast ball of flame. By the time we could get outside, the entire back of the house was blazing with flames a hundred feet high, including the little bedroom I would have been sleeping in.

I recall the terror and horror I experienced at seeing the massive ball of flame; if I had probably by then forgotten the strange experience of a few years earlier, it now came back in full images, a sort of terrifying deja vue of having there been/or seen this all before -- the first of hundreds that I have since experienced, as have many other people.

This experience, and others that have come along since, have convinced me that the deja vue experience is real, something that takes place, most probably, in us while we

sleep. Not a dream, but an actual event that happens to us when part of us enters the time stream in an out-of-body state during sleep. If we remember ~~them~~ these events when we wake, we tend to ~~combine them~~ interpret them as dreams, for our culture is not trained in discriminating ~~between~~ among the many different kinds of sleep phenomena. But for the most part, we remember them not at all, and only upon occasion encounter an event or place that seems familiar to us. This we call déjà vu, and no one has explained it very well even today.

world of the occult



unbelievable power trips

Soul/spirit - describe

soul, a fragile thing

spirit, a strong energy, even if dampered down like the coals in the furnace, or the pile in an nuclear reactor.

spirit is energy, soul is the values the energy has formed around it, like the heatx from a flame, but the heat is transient and burns only as long as spirit is balzing a particular kind of fire.