

The Ultimate Hutchison

By Tim Ventura, September 11th, 2005

Some of the stories that I write are about science; and others about experiences. This story covers a bit of both, but it's really about sharing, community-activism, and how one person can make a difference and inspire others to follow in kind. Get ready for a behind the scenes exposé on the remarkable work of John Hutchison, and how the media could get a story so incredibly wrong...

Camera crews show up from all over the world to film John Hutchison – teams from nearly every continent arrive on his doorstep to capture what's rapidly becoming known as one of the more remarkable mysteries of modern science. Thus far he's done 30 or 40 television shows – possibly more -- spanning a remarkable 20 years of captivating interest in alt-science around the globe. Last year it was Fuji & Nippon TV from Japan, and the year before that Peter Von Puttkamer's 'Gryphon Productions', shooting the Hutchison-Effect for 'Discovery Canada'.

As I pulled out of the covered parking garage in Redmond Town Center, headed for Canada, I was thinking about all of this media, and becoming a bit aggravated in the process. You see, while John captivates the camera in an eclectic manner that few inventors get the opportunity to do, he pays a heavy price for this, because few of the teams that show up to cover his work actually care about promoting his research. They appear with an existing agenda – and an existing plotline – and weave their interview around a pre-existing notion of how he's "supposed to act". What are these expectations based on? Glad you asked – in this case, other media: leading to a vicious cycle of self-reinforcing inaccuracy in not only how they portray the Hutchison-Effect, but more importantly, how they paint John on the canvas of public opinion.

I pushed my frustration about John's dilemma into the background as I accelerated out the mall parking lot and into the main-thoroughfare leading towards the distant freeway entrance. Redmond Town Center is a great place to visit – an upscale mall located in the heart of downtown Redmond, WA. It's the closest shopping center to what you might call "The Silicon Valley of the North", meaning that overpaid IT-workers from Microsoft, AT&T Wireless, and a hundred smaller tech-firms meet there for coffee, shopping, a night out at the restaurants, or to purchase expensive climbing equipment from the local REI. It's a new mall, well-lit and filled with the safety of wealthy people in large numbers.

I'd been to Redmond Town Center on plenty of occasions in the past – sometimes pleasure, and sometimes business: in addition to being a great place to shop, it's conveniently located about 100 yards away from the main AT&T Wireless campus, which we called "RTC" when I worked at the Fixed Wireless Project a few years ago. Sometimes I'd dropped by during visits to the main



John Hutchison: Legendary inventor and celebrity spokesman for alt-science & AG.

campus, and other times met there for “team-building” sessions with the Inteliant consulting-team that had been my bread-and-butter for most of 2000.

I hadn't been here today for coffee, but I'd purchased a 5-shot Venti-American at the Starbucks near the parking garage to help me ease my way into the morning. I normally met at this Starbucks every month to chat about gravity-research with Colby Harper, Mike Shafer, and Gary Stephenson – so when Mike Shafer had sent us an enthusiastic Thursday email about a spur of the moment trip to meet with the legendary John Hutchison, this seemed the logical place to meet.

So two days later, there we were – Colby and Mike had met at our predetermined 9am rendezvous time and were already on their second cup of coffee when I'd arrived. I'd been a few minutes late, but had a good excuse: I'm not used to having to actually be anywhere in particular that early on a Saturday morning. After a brief exchange of greetings and buying the coffee now sitting in the cup-holder in my dash-console, we'd piled into my shiny 2004 Pontiac Grand-Prix and begun what would ultimately turn into one of the more interesting journeys in my life.



Trip Preparation: Colby Harper (left) and Mike Shafer (right), ready to visit Hutchison.

Redmond's main thoroughfare is known to millions of IT-geeks around the world quite simply by the street-name, “Redmond Way”. It's become synonymous with the extravagance and wealth brought to the area by the Microsoft Corporation, which I passed without a glance as I pulled across 89th ave, and then over Rose Hill, finally connecting with the Interstate 405 entrance to begin the long haul up 405 and I-5 to Vancouver, Canada. Despite the bleak, grey skies of early September surrounding us, my sour mood began to mellow a bit as we entered the commuter lanes, and I started letting out the throttle a bit, taking the car up to a quiet, graceful 75 mph. It was because I'd been late that we were behind schedule, and while we hadn't given Hutchison an exact time that we'd reach his house, we had one more stop to make along the way...

Harold Berndt:

You know, the interesting thing about living in what's become the yuppie-scum capital of the universe is basically that it makes everything else look shabby in comparison. At least that's what I thought when we took the off-ramp nearly 100-miles up the Interstate onto the truck-exit in Blaine, Wa. It's a bit north of Ferndale where I grew up, but after 5 years of living in Seattle's 'upper Eastside', I feel a bit uneasy going back to the area, despite those deep emotional ties to the area from childhood.

Blaine's a neat little town, and it's pretty well-kept if you're used to small-town life, but once you've gotten used to a more expensive lifestyle, it's often hard to go back. That's what I attributed at least part of my nervousness too as we pulled into the “Yorky's Exxon” mini-mart about a half a mile south of the Canadian border. In Redmond, most of the gas-stations are well-kept and feature the latest accoutrements such as free automated car-washing when you pump a full tank of gas. Pulling into the small parking lot off to the side of the station, I saw quite a different picture than I'd see on the Eastside: a garishly-decorated faux-rock wall obviously built as a partial façade over what appeared to be a cracked whitewash up to the top of the building. It's not that 1960's architectural styles were returning – it's just that for this last bastion of fuel before the border, they'd apparently never left.

We'd had a pretty uneventful trip so far, but we were still nervously waiting to find the lynchpin to what could either be ultimately success or failure in finding Hutchison's house – our back-country Canadian guide, Harold Berndt.

Harold's a tall, trim fellow with a deep tan befitting a summer spent mostly in the car pursuit of his career as a real-estate agent. He picked up an interest in UFO's after seeing one in early 2004, and his zealous drive to uncover the truth had driven him rapidly into becoming the primary Canadian representative for Steven Greer's famed "Disclosure Project". After connecting with Berndt for a speaking engagement in Langley, BC in mid-July, we'd become friends...leading to my forwarding him Mike Shafer's impromptu Thursday email about heading to Canada to meet Hutchison.



Harold Berndt: Realtor, enthusiast, & UFO activist.

As fate would have it, we were in luck: Harold had read my email while checking for messages on his laptop from a WiFi-hotspot at the top of Mount Shasta. He'd spent the entire week on retreat with Steven Greer in the mountains looking for UFO's, and his schedule put him back in Seattle at nearly exactly the same time that Colby, Mike and myself had been meeting at Starbucks to begin our own trek north. The further north that we traveled, the further from our own area of proficiency we became – but the more familiar the territory became to Harold, who commuted on a daily basis around Vancouver. Since neither Colby, Mike, nor myself had much

experience driving in Canada, Harold had offered to escort us directly to John's house, readily bypassing the questionable directions that I'd printed out in triplicate from MapQuest the night before.

After waiting a few minutes for Harold to arrive, and realizing that the Yorky's restroom was permanently unavailable, we drove a block west to my parents' house, where Colby and Mike met up with Mom & Dad. It was a brief encounter, and after Mom showed them both her pottery studio, we finally received word via Mike's cell phone that Harold was pulling into Blaine. A few minutes later, at the local Chevron station, Harold pulled up in a mid-90's Chevy Blazer with a smile on his face, and we said our greetings and piled back into my car to finish our journey.

New Westminster:

I wouldn't have spent so much time describing the Redmond area if it wasn't a setup to contrast against our destination in New Westminster – or, as I've heard the locals call it, simply "New West". I haven't spent much time in Canada, but the few locations that I've been to up until this point have all been upper-middle class...such as the Langley area where Harold and I delivered a presentation on UFO technology, or Matthew Carson's expensive residence in the upper-class Vancouver hills.

I'd known in advance a bit about the area – firstly, that John doesn't live there because it's the best place on Earth. In fact, the location is nearly perfect for Hutchison in many ways: it's close to the Canadian navy-scrapyard where he buys surplus electronics equipment by the pound, and inexpensive enough to allow him to rent an apartment on an inventor's income to house the several tons of machinery & equipment that he's collected over the last few decades. In fact, I'd even seen a fair amount of footage shot in and around John's house, but never anything of the surrounding area –



Bryan Berndt: College Student & Statistician.

and if I can tell you anything, it's that the stuff that they don't show on TV usually gets cut for a reason.

New Westminster wasn't completely run-down, but as we followed Harold's Blazer through a complex maze of streets leading over the crest of a hill, I could see the face of the area changing in front of us. We'd left the middle-class neighborhoods behind, and entered a section of city that despite having a wonderful view of the Pacific Ocean seemed populated by 60's-era concrete apartment complexes, and a collection of low-income residents walking in poorly-fit clothes down cracked sidewalks. Eventually, midway down the hill, Harold pulled up in front of a well-worn looking apartment complex with dark-brown siding that I recognized from the Discovery Channel: we'd finally arrived at John Hutchison's residence.

They make movies about situations like this: children who grow up poor spend the rest of their lives running away from it, only to return during the plot-resolution to make a realization about themselves that inevitably broadens their depth of character. This thought echoed in the back of my mind as I pulled my shiny, new car into the last parking space on the street, directly in front of a dented, rust-coated 1980's Chevy Cavalier – but the thought was overwhelmed by a more pressing concern about the collection of street-thugs ambling up the sidewalk towards us, and the rather unsteady grip that the bag lady we'd just passed had on her shopping cart as she wheeled it towards the car in my rearview mirror.

We'd been on the road from Seattle for well over two hours, and despite a rest-break in Blaine, it had still been a long trip. Colby and Mike seemed a bit happy to exit the vehicle, and certainly didn't waste any time before stretching their legs, but I had the impression that they were just as nervous about our surroundings as I was. Both of them looked nervous, and after using the remote on my keychain to lock the car my suspicions about their worry were validated when Colby insisted that I open the car so that he could grab his jacket. This kind of worry becomes a thing unsaid – but I knew that it was warm enough that Colby wouldn't wear it; he just didn't want to leave his wallet in a brand-new car sitting in plain view in a bad part of town. It became a silent sign of recognition that when I opened the trunk, I made sure to put his cellphone into the coat pocket to ensure that he had all his effects on his person.

Inventor's Perspective:

If you're reading this and have the impression that I'm looking down on John Hutchison because of where he lives then you're making a big mistake. I don't look down on John at all – he's a legendary inventor, an alt-science role-model, and practically a national landmark in Canada, as attested to by the streams of media from all over the globe swarming into this broken down plot of land in British Columbia to film his experiments, and that's why seeing this situation is so frustrating.

To begin with, Hutchison isn't the only inventor that I know: so let's start out with the type of inventor who gains financial reward through their work. This person might be similar to Brian "RocketGuy" Walker, who made enough cash designing cheap amusement park rides and plastic children's toys to buy himself a ranch in Northern Oregon and enough raw materials to build a working prototype rocket-ship & launch-platform. Flaunting the wealth of these inventions catapulted him to fame on Coast to Coast AM in 2002 when he announced that he'd beat the X-Prize at their own game using a Hydrogen-Peroxide based rocket...and he still had enough disposable income left over to buy a ride on a Mig-37, just for the fun of it.



RocketGuy: Walker takes a joyride on a Russian Mig.

Walker's a great person, but like most commercial inventors, he seems content with the "easy-money" wins that come from placing safe-bets on repackaging existing technologies, and he's not alone in this regard. Again, one of the hallmark traits of commercial inventors is that they make money & achieve fame by playing the system –and while the market validates their products, those products are usually based on incremental advances and marginal utility – not on real breakthroughs created by real visionaries.

John Hutchison is one of those visionaries...and meeting him in front of the sliding glass door to his girlfriend's downstairs apartment only confirmed the image that we've all seen on TV. John's a tall man, dressed in denim jeans and a jean-jacket only partially revealing a well-worn T-shirt underneath. The finishing touch to his casual, eclectic attire was the brown fishing-cap that he wore, probably to keep his long, wavy hair out of his eyes while working. John was barefoot, and as we entered the disorganized apartment I began to realize that one of the aspects of his life that the media had never mentioned was how apparently close to the financial edge he seemed to live.

Media Failure & Culpability:

You won't really understand John Hutchison until you understand the media, because the odds are that the only things you'll ever see about him will be filtered either through somebody's camera or their word-processor. From what I've already described, you've probably already learned a few interesting tidbits about his situation, but I want more than this: I want to show you not only how he's been mischaracterized, but also why it happens – and this is something that takes a bit of explanation.

In the course of building American Antigravity into the breakthrough-technology clearinghouse that it is today, I've done a lot of media work. Thus far, I've had 10 television crews come over to my house in Kirkland and shoot footage to air on Discovery, Nippon & Fuji-TV, the BBC, and a variety of other well-known venues around the world. I've been written about in Jane's Defense Weekly, and I've done about 30 or 40 Radio Shows, including Jeff Rense, Lou Gentile, and 3 separate appearances on Coast to Coast AM (one with Art Bell, two with George Noory). In 2003, Wired Magazine did a 4-page special edition article on my research with Lifters, which was the result of prior exposure in 2002 from Slashdot & Wired online. In short, I know the media – I know how they think, I know how they work, and I know how they produce their material.



The Media: Discovery UK filming AAG's Lifters, 2003.

So the media loves John Hutchison, but they don't really understand him, and they don't really want to. The person that you see on TV-specials really just a caricature of a much more complex and intelligent individual. Unfortunately, 30-years of traveling the world researching alt-science doesn't fit into a 1-hour network segment, and since these segments are produced to match a 12-year old's educational level, the final result works like this example from my own life:



Japanese TV: The Fuji team during AAG filming.

In 2003, I got a call on my cellphone from a Japanese producer in New York City interested in doing a story on Lifters. She was a network executive, meaning that she'd already worked with a team of writers to block out an hour-long segment on Nippon TV to showcase the Lifter technology. I agreed to the interview, and after having a staging crew drop by the next week for an introductory interview, they agreed to produce the final version of a show about American Antigravity's research. She told me in advance that there were going to focus solely Lifters, despite the fact that my research

was moving into new territory with inventions like the Vortex Thruster, which I could also demonstrate, and stories on the Searl Effect and Marcus Device, which I could describe & contrast with the Lifters. It was entirely new world of ideas and concepts that I could introduce to the world, but in this case I wouldn't get the chance: the writers had decided that Lifters were all that they wanted to show.

Two months later the crew shows up: they're wonderful people, and in this case almost completely removed from whatever production work was going on behind the scenes at the NYC headquarters for their American affiliate to Nippon TV. The camera team included a producer and four cameramen who'd been flown from Japan to film my research, and they been given two additional items to bring with them. Firstly, the NYC headquarters had blocked out a list of scenes for them to film, including the humiliating "open the door and pretend you're meeting us for the first time" shot. They'd also been given the responsibility of babysitting two 18-year-old morning show hosts, dressed in outrageously colorful attire, and decked out with multi-colored hair and an apparent case of Attention-Deficit Disorder.

At this point in time, I'd already done several TV shows, and the Wired Article had just come out, so you can understand that I was a bit worried about some of the PR aspects of this film experience. The 18-year-old morning-show hosts patiently waited for me to get the Lifter into the air, and began excitedly gesturing at it while literally jumping up and down and screaming in Japanese directly into the boom-microphone. Meanwhile, the hosts and cameramen were both competing to see who exactly could position themselves closest to the Lifter while it was in operation, which resulted in me literally stopping filming twice to have the English-speaking production assistant translate the phrase, "50,000 volts is very dangerous!"

The hosts, the crew, and the production assistant were all very nice, but they were also constrained by the NYC studio. I didn't realize this until they told me that I was absolutely required to perform the "open the door and greet us" scene, which is a stock-scene that every show apparently uses when filming an inventor. Even after explaining to them that I'd done this several times in the past, they insisted, and eventually told me that neither the production team nor hosts themselves had any creative control over the show: the executives had decided months in advance exactly what they would film, how they would film it, and how they'd eventually spin that footage into a plot of their own choosing once it reached final-production.



Real Expertise: JDR's Nick Cook & Alex Hearl during November 2004 AAG filming.

I'm not using the Nippon-TV example to pick on Japanese television, because in reality they're one of the better networks out there...the sole reason that I mention them is because John and I have many of the same crews visit us, and they'd been at his house in Vancouver only a day

beforehand. In fact, in contrast to American TV-crews, the Japanese are very polite, very gracious, and they insist on reimbursing you for time-lost from the day job, which nobody in the states seems to have considered.

So what's this mean for the Hutchison-Effect? Here's the dilemma: unless you're an avid alt-science fan, the most that you're ever going to see for John is basically a brief introduction of him showcasing video of the Hutchison-Effect captured in the 1980's. When the media shows up at my house, they want Lifters – when they travel to his, they want the H-Effect, and quite literally nothing more.

Probably the best filmmaker to tackle the Hutchison-Effect was Peter Von Puttkamer, himself a resident of the Vancouver area, who in addition to filming John's work became a hearty advocate for scrounging-up funding to get John into a more effective work environment. Puttkamer's done shows on a number of topics, and if I was to comment on his biggest strength, I'd have to say that it was his camera work: he does absolutely stunning camera work, which tells a story in itself. Nonetheless, Puttkamer's work was limited by time-constraints and studio-requirements on just how much of Hutchison's story he could tell without losing the audience in the details. The final result was a great show, but unfortunately traditional in terms of the plotline and story progression: which is why I mentioned a vicious cycle earlier in the piece.



Peter Von Puttkamer:
During 2003 AAG filming.

Quite simply, the cycle is this: Hutchison is typecast at the studio-level, which has a destructive self-reinforcing effect as filmmakers cannibalistically cut story lines from shows that they see on TV. They see a show, they write a script: the character of the show is typecast from the moment that they see it, which then goes into the show that they produce. Why produce something new when you can base your story on something that's been successful on another channel?

With rare exceptions, these people don't care about his research, and they don't care about whether it can change the world – all that they care about is that they can show his H-Effect footage on-air, which means that filming John himself becomes a setup to portray him as a simple, eclectic inventor who's found something that he can't explain: and nothing could be further from the truth.

What the Media Missed:

Like almost everybody else, my first real exposure to John Hutchison was through Television, meaning that I'd picked up all of the usual stereotypes about him that you see scattered throughout the online newsgroups. Sure, I'd seen a few papers that talked about the effect beforehand, and I'd even had some idea of how Bearden's scalar-electrodynamics could create the H-Effect, but I was pretty naïve about Hutchison himself. Fortunately, this ended in 2003 when I first talked to him on the phone, revealing him to be a character of complexity that I think few people realize exists.

Unlike most of the filmmakers who show up with scarce notice on John's doorstep, I'd brought with me a secret-weapon: a prior relationship with him on a professional level. I've interviewed John twice, and talked with him for probably a total of 10 hours on the phone over the last 3 years in addition to the interviews. Also, we exchange email quite regularly, and I've kept abreast of his situation in Vancouver, albeit without completely knowing the details.



Gryphon: Puttkamer's camera & sound team.

Also, I knew something that none of the filmmakers had known: while they may have heard a bit about Hutchison's one-time involvement with the military, I've actually talked to a few of the people involved with researching him for the US Department of Defense in the 1980's – and more importantly, I've talked to the people that reviewed the research findings. You might say that intellectually, despite not bringing a set of questions with me, I was nonetheless armed to the teeth, and brought with me a considerable agenda to open minds and hopefully help John find his funding. Part of knowing how to sell a story is knowing how it's currently accepted, and I'd had more exposure to the way that mainstream & military science regards his work than anybody else I've met so far.

After the five of us situated ourselves in his girlfriend's downstairs apartment, we started a conversation with John, and I began brainstorming how I could put my agenda into play. Yes, I can be a bit calculating at times, and this time it was more than mitigated by being a bit tired from the drive, and a bit distracted by the surroundings. Colby, Mike, Harold and myself were sitting in Corrine Tyson's living-room surrounded by the usual accoutrements of a house that hasn't been cleaned in a while, and while Harold was warming up John with anecdotes about his UFO experience at Mount Shasta, I began warming up my camera – and brainstorming how I wanted to approach this interview.

Harold and John were both seated in chairs, at eye-level with each other in the cluttered living-space of the single-bedroom apartment. I hadn't paid much attention to the décor on the way in, but it included simple furnishings, and every square inch of living space seemed covered with a miscellany of papers and other materials – things that you might find in any home, but normally tucked neatly away. John pulled a large ashtray towards him from underneath some papers on a cluttered coffee-table, and pulled a cigarette out of a half-full box of home-wrapped cigarettes on a ceramic platter near my foot on the floor.

I was seated cross-legged in what had appeared to be an invitingly uncluttered patch of matted carpet – once a greenish/brown deep-shag, but worn with time into a mottled color complete with water stains, probably the result of being in the main traffic area in from the back door. My vantage point on the floor was twofold: the first reason I'd picked it was to sit as close as possible to John, as I was worried about getting quality audio-footage from the camera's built-in microphone. The second reason was more practical: it gave me a clear, unobstructed view of John's head, serving to remove most of the clutter pinned to the cork-bulletin board behind him.



Up-Angle: Tim on the floor getting shots of John.

I was feeling a bit left out of the conversation for the first few minutes: everyone else had rapidly introduced themselves, but I had a prior relationship with John, having interviewed him twice for American Antigravity...and yet it was my first time meeting him in real life. I worried that I might seem emotionally disconnected, but realized that everyone around me had far more to learn about Hutchison than I did, so it seemed to be an opportunity to stay

quiet for a minute and let them build a rapport with him. Speaking pragmatically, I'd also neglected to preload a DVD-Rom into my camera, meaning that it took a minute to get the disc loaded and ready for filming.

Listening to Harold engage John in conversation was a wonderful way to snap a few surreptitious still-photos with the camera before switching it over to video mode. John's face looked excited, interested, and driven – but also weathered, with red bags under his eyes suggesting that he hadn't been sleeping well. It was interesting to see both the combination of excitement and exhaustion on his face, and while he occasionally glanced over at me to see me

snapping photos, his primary focus was on Harold, who'd moved from the topic of UFO-spotting over to an idea closer to his heart: an open-source lab concept similar to a rent-a-bay car-shop that he'd worked on his vehicles in as a teenager.

My eyes darted from John around the room and back again – I could see Mike, sitting in a chair to my left, and Colby standing on the other side of the chair, watching intently. Mike had pulled out his digital camera at the same time I had, and had been already been filming video for several minutes. Colby's apparent hesitation at being in this strange environment seemed to have disappeared, and he watched John and Harold talk expectantly, no doubt hoping to engage in the conversation when a polite lapse in dialogue gave him the opportunity. Behind Harold sat Brian Berndt, who'd met us at John's house after Harold had called him to indicate that we'd arrived.

As I watched the scene unfold, I began to see pieces of the real John Hutchison emerge – the man that you'll never see on television, because he's too complex to easily define for a TV-audience. On TV, I've always seen John as a mysterious eccentric, wrapped up in his own ideas, but never sure exactly where they'll take him. The man sitting in front of me looked very different indeed: perhaps a bit of a tragic character; a genius trapped in the stereotype of eccentricity; a strong, humble, well-spoken, and highly-educated man crying out for intellectual stimulation in an environment offering only a simplistic vision of himself and his research in return.

The John Hutchison that you see on TV is the one that the camera crews bring with them – the real Hutchison is a good listener, and spends a good deal of the conversation considering the ramifications of what he says before speaking. From our phone conversations, I'd already known that he was a genius – but what I saw in front of me was also someone concerned about saying the wrong thing, in the realization it had been used to stereotype him again and again. Hutchison is a man always on his guard, but not out of paranoia: indeed, he has very real demons to fear, and they usually bring cameras...



Up-Angle Shots: Hutchison sitting in a chair, chatting about alt-science and AG.

John Hutchison has given lectures on his research around the world – he's done research in North America, Europe, and Japan, and along the way met with some of the top-minds in breakthrough physics research. His work has been courted by millionaire princes in Europe, and has earned him a ticket even into Hollywood, where he associated with celebrities that you and I will likely never meet. The real John Hutchison is anything but simple: he's capable of discussing his research not only in the conventional terms of Quantum Mechanics or Relativity Theory, but also in the obscure syntax of researchers such as Tom Bearden, who remains a firm supporter of Hutchison's work. Hutchison may appear to be simple to some, but only in that he doesn't overwhelm people with his knowledge – to know Hutchison you have to ask the right questions, and patiently work towards understanding the answers.

Psychic Phenomenon:

“That’s government talk ... it’s an NSA thing to say that, because it nullifies the research, and makes it dull,” John responded to my question about how he’d counter the critics who claim that his research is simply a psychokinesis-effect that’s somehow amplified by his high-voltage equipment. He continued, “It’s the type of thing that Colonel John Alexander would say – or something that the aerospace guys would say – and in fact have said on TV. To say PK drops the entire thing down to being the level of a curious story, but precludes serious research into the science behind it. That’s why Ken Shoulder’s demonstration with charge-clusters is so intriguing, because it validates some of the effects in an outside environment.”

Still sitting quietly on the carpet, camera in hand, my question about psychic-effects had been one of the first I’d asked. The reason was simple: it’s the primary reason that the scientific community hasn’t put more time and energy into studying the Hutchison-Effect. John’s response was completely correct – from the aerospace, defense, and military officials that I’ve talked to, every single one of them is absolutely enthralled with his results, but ultimately skeptical about understanding an effect that for them has been categorized as “psychic”.

The team originally responsible for categorizing Hutchison’s effects as psychic was led by Col John Alexander of the US Army’s Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM). The team was comprised of two groups – the first group being Pharos Technologies, a company dedicated to promoting the Hutchison Effect consisting of Hutchison, Hathaway, and a South African gentleman named Pezzaros. The rest of the investigatory team consisted of Col Alexander, two scientists from Los Alamos National Labs, a rep from the Office of Naval Research, and an Army R&D specialist. They conducted an exhaustive 4-month study of Hutchison’s effects, and eventually reached the conclusion that it was very real, not a hoax, and apparently also not able to be duplicated by anyone other than Hutchison himself – leading to the speculative conclusion that Hutchison was psychic.



Col. John Alexander: Controlled the 1980’s INSCOM investigation of Hutchison’s research

I’m bothered by the “psychic” characterization for a number of reasons, so I’ll list off a few that have put me in the opposite camp. Firstly, when I conducted an audio interview with retired Col. John Alexander in 2004, I specifically asked him about the Hutchison-Effect. His response wasn’t an enthusiastic “it’s definitely psychic” – in fact, when I asked him about it on-air, he responded with a despondent sigh and slowly added, “well...it must be psychic.” That in itself was an indicator to me – a real ‘tell’ – that Alexander didn’t seem completely confident in the analysis that this was an irreproducible effect that required Hutchison to operate. He seemed to buy into this analysis as an act of desperation – and the note of dejected failure in his voice at having to accept this analysis was the real first indicator that he didn’t want it to be psychic, but he had to support the existing party line.

Secondly, John Alexander’s degree is in sociology & education – he’s certainly an intelligent man, and more than capable of understanding in-depth scientific research, but this supports his involvement in the 1970’s and early 80’s with Hal Puthoff and the in-depth military research into psychic powers undertaken at the Stanford Research Institute (SRI). Fans of Art Bell can

recount scores of shows featuring retired Major Ed Dames, who participated in the military's remote-viewing projects, of which Alexander was associated.

The reason that I'd asked Hutchison the question was because I was positive that Alexander's team had been all too familiar with psychic research, and quite possibly even specifically looking for psychic-effects in the first place...something that would have placed Hutchison's research well within the funding domain of the SRI projects of the day, and would have also been a feather in the cap for anyone involved with researching psychic powers.

Now in the case of Hutchison, the speculation isn't that he's psychic in the same sense that Uri Geller's spoon-bending is claimed to be. I want to differentiate here to help you understand how difficult this determination would be to make. Hutchison can't do these "psychic-effects" at will: it requires him to be operating his precisely-tuned high-voltage equipment, consisting of tube-driven amplifiers, Tesla-Coils, and a Van De Graaf generator to provide a high-voltage DC offset.

In Hutchison's case, the final Army report on his work suggested that he was using something called a "Mind-Machine Interface" – which basically meant that the high-voltage fields were being tuned to create the classic Hutchison-Effect by his very own mind. Supposedly, they arrived at this conclusion after Hutchison would setup his equipment to create initial effects, and then the scientific team came along later being unable to recreate any effect at all. Thus, the only variable changing on the equipment was John, suggesting that it was his willpower supposedly creating these effects, and not simply an effect of the equipment.



Levitation: A milkshake begins to flow upward.

Without going into details about this, my first complaint about this explanation is that it's simplistic. Assuming that John's using psychic enhancement to create levitation and turn steel bars into jelly at room temperature, then how is he doing it? Nick Cook even cites evidence of transmutation of elements, as one end of a high-carbon steel rod transmuted itself into lead. Unburned wood was found in the middle of an aluminum-bar, and levitation effects occurred for metals, plastics, water, and even a milkshake at one point.

These effects aren't manifesting themselves in intuition – they manifest themselves in the real world, meaning that at some point, if they were psychic, there would need to be a real, measurable force doing work. At present, science doesn't have any explanations for what the manifested force would be – especially in light of the complex nature of events such as levitation or transmutation. I might guess that a powerful psychic effect might push an object towards or away from the originator of the effect, but levitation acts at great distances, and usually at right-angles to the observer. There's no clear indication this involves the observer at all, because the reference frame seems independent from John's position...these effects have been noted to occur up to 300 feet away from the lab, often behind walls, doors, levels of a building, etc...



Psychic Interface: INSCOM claimed that the levitation of this saw was a psychic effect

My other chief complaint about the diagnosis of John's work as being psychic is simply that it was founded on some very primitive ideas about the nature of the way the mind works, which were still in vogue in the 1970's and early 80's. The concept of the "mind machine interface" was largely based on the popularity of biofeedback machines, which in essence allow a person to

modify their brainwaves, heart-rate, and blood-pressure by focusing on an analog-readout of these values from monitoring equipment. This led many to create inventions like the “Hieronymous Machine” – a device that supposedly functioned in a low-power mode to allow someone to access remote and/or hidden information by coupling a person into the circuit.

I’m not suggesting that malice was in any way involved with labeling John’s work as being psychic in nature, but instead that based on the mistaken ideas of that time, it would have been considered a plausible explanation, despite our now knowing that mind-machine interfaces require far more precision than previously assumed. Was Alexander’s team actively looking for something of this nature? The idea is supported by an Aviary document referencing a paper by Alexander to the US Psychotronic Association supporting Bearden’s claims about mind-machine interfaces, which again supports the notion of a belief about enhancing the powers of the mind using electronic systems.

Simply put, the brain at that time of these experiments was believed to operate using primitive analog waveforms, which consisted of our thoughts, feelings, and desires. It wasn’t until the 1990’s that the idea of the brain as a neural-network evolved, leading to the more complex idea that the waveforms were aggregate patterns representing the overall activity of large clusters of massively-parallel neurons – and not a straight-through analog pattern. These neurons fire in bursts, like a thunderstorm – and depending on the state of mind that you’re in, the rate at which they fire ends up looking a bit like an analog waveform, but that’s only because we see the average rate of activity, and not the individual pathways that it travels along. Unfortunately, the foundation work allowing the development of true mind-machine interfaces wouldn’t be completed until the 1990’s – resulting in, at present, the world’s most advanced interface, currently implanted in the brain of a California quadriplegic man, allowing him to move a cursor on a screen.



Mystery Force: An unknown force grips and crushes this empty, sealed plastic jug on film

Furthermore, contemporary (post-2000) research by the Global Consciousness Project and Dr. Dean Radin’s research at the Noetics Institute seems to take us in a very different direction: their findings would indicate that psychic powers are a low-power, ELF-effect used to transmit information across massive distances. These findings would work against the idea of Hutchison’s mind controlling anything, since the output-power would be far too low to interfere with the operation of a high-voltage, high-power system: it would be quite the opposite – the high-voltage would most likely interfere with John’s psychic abilities, if he has any to begin with.

In short, what I’m stating rather unequivocally is that the Hutchison-Effect simply can’t be the



Classic Effect: A broom captured on film taking off.

result of a mind-machine interface, because quite frankly no interface exists. Is it possible that an interface like this could be built? Certainly – but it would look more like something out of the Matrix, and involve wiring a sensitive computer-system into the central nervous system at key neuronal junctions throughout many locations in the brain. In John’s case, there’s no more of a mind-machine interface at work than there would be if you stuck your finger into a light socket: and at the voltages he’s working with, any kind of electrical or field-based interface would probably have the same result.

In any case, assuming that he was connecting to these fields somehow, it invariably leaves the question unresolved as to exactly how these effects are occurring, since they defy conventional physics. Alexander's team may have used the term "psychic", but based on what I've read, they were mistakenly thinking "magic" – and the remainder of my interview with John only confirmed that he agrees with me on this point.

Outdoor Interlude:

Our conversation was prematurely interrupted when a heavysset man appeared at John's doorway, and suggested that somebody had parked in a loading area, and might get their vehicle towed as a result. John introduced the portly fellow as Richard Reed – a local resident and former television journalist that he'd become friends with over the last few years. As it turns out, the vehicle that Reed mentioned was actually Harold Berndt's Chevy Blazer, and as Harold began walking to move the vehicle, our party began to disband a bit – I took the opportunity to follow Harold outside while he moved his vehicle, and we then walked along the sidewalk to the side of the apartment complex to get a few of John's lab from outdoors.

At first, I didn't see John's balcony – a tree had been obscuring it partially from view, requiring me to walk nearly in front of it to get any kind of view. The balcony is covered with Navy scrap-yard castoffs: including some of the heavier stuff that John couldn't fit inside the apartment itself, such as a 20mm anti-aircraft gun and a radar-dish apparently sitting non-functional to the side. John's balcony is famous in alt-science circles: Coast to Coast AM even posted a photo of it online, which led to a petition-drive in 2004 to save it from mandatory removal by the New Westminster city council, who'd considered it an eyesore.



Outdoors: Harold Berndt surveying the balcony.



The Balcony: The famous balcony, crowded with John's collection of surplus Naval gear.

Eyesore it was, but if there was one saving grace, it must have been the flat-gray color paint covering all of the items on the balcony. I'd imagine that it was the Canadian navy paint, and since these were all externally-mounted equipment, they'd have the same coat of paint. Be that as it may, John's apartment was eye-catching enough to elicit a question to Harold from an elderly-lady pushing a metal shopping-cart down the sidewalk. It started with a simple question about the apartment balcony, but led to even more questions about who Hutchison was and why he was so well-known. I felt bad for Harold, who was trying very hard to both be polite and courteous to this elderly woman, while still trying to wrap up his conversation with

her so that we could loop around back into John's apartment. A few minutes later, with several additional still-photos on my camera, we returned around the front –just in time, apparently, as John was getting ready to show everyone inside of his upstairs laboratory.

The Famous Hutchison Lab:

As we gathered our equipment to move from Corrinne's apartment upstairs to John's famous laboratory on the second story of the apartment complex, I could sense an atmosphere of anticipation building – not only within myself, but also from the hurried, muffled comments of the other five visitors as we got ready to follow John upstairs. I'd expected that we might walk out the same sliding glass door in the back of the apartment that we'd originally come in, but John indicated otherwise – we'd be going out the front door, to take one of the apartment's stairwells.

Leaving Corrine's apartment, we found ourselves in a corridor lined with the same featureless 1960's-era popcorn-textured walls that had seemed so hidden by clutter in the apartment we'd just been in. The only real features in the hall were dark wood-grain trim lining the dark-colored doors set at the entrance to each apartment. Somehow, holding the door open to help the others exit the apartment, I'd ended up being last in our procession, and as we entered the stairwell to the second story, I tried to get a few still photos of the people in front of me walking up the stairs. The stairwell itself was dark – covered in deep shadows resulting from only having a single lightbulb shining down from high above the second story. The bulb itself had obviously not been meant to illuminate such a large area, and the shadows contrasting the walls and steps created what I felt was an appropriate transition between the daytime lifestyle of John Hutchison, and the darker, more esoteric research that he conducted after-hours.



Stairwell: The laboratory location is on the 2nd story.

After tripping on the steps and nearly losing the camera in the process, I realized that I should focus more on following the group up the stairs and a bit less on getting photos. Within a scarce few seconds, we'd arrived at the top of the stairwell, with John already holding the door to his lab open for us. If the first story of the building had seemed confining, standing with 5 others in front of a door with a giant "Pentagon" sticker in the middle of it seemed all the more claustrophobic, but I had yet to realize what feeling confined might truly be. The door to Hutchison's lab had more than a single decal on it – in fact, it was covered in stickers, including a massive CIA logo directly below the peephole, a Darpa sticker, and a dozen others that I didn't have time to read in the confusion...if nothing else, these served fair warning that what lay beyond was very different than what we'd just seen.



The Door: Government agency sticker collection.

You know, a lot of TV crews have filmed the interior of John's lab – and most of them have done a pretty fair job in the process. However, there's a distinct limit to depth-perception as shown on TV, and the scale that's conveyed in most programs serves to make John simply look bigger, instead of portraying the truly cramped size on the inside of his lab.

I'd thought at first that the traffic jam of people at John's doorway was the result of somebody holding up our procession by gawking at the interior of his lab, but I was only partially correct – they were holding it up alright, but not by gawking. In truth, the entryway itself was only wide enough to allow us entry in single file, and even then just barely. I didn't see the first two to enter the doorway, and quite frankly I wasn't paying attention. The entire scene itself had changed so dramatically that I'd forgotten to keep track of what

exactly was transpiring, and focused instead on merely getting into his lab, and trying to capture video & still photos in the process.

If it helps to convey the cramped quarters that comprise John's work area, I guess that the best comparison to use is this: the entire lab is setup inside of a single-bedroom apartment in the upstairs of the apartment complex, giving it only one window through which light can enter. As I passed through the doorway, the popcorn-textured walls of the hallway gave way to rows and rows of machines, and I instantly became sandwiched in between machines on either side and people in front of and behind me. Hutchison's lab contains a crawl-space that's wide enough for a full-grown man to walk through, but only if he turns to his side at a few points along the way. At most, you might have 3-feet of space to walk through, but at many points protruding machines block everything but a crawlway 1.5 feet wide.

I'd like to run through a simple list of the machines populating his lab space, but the list would be enormous – again, this is an entire apartment filled with machines, to the point where even movement is several restricted. Near the doorway to the apartment, I came first across the single largest uncovered area of floor – a simple sleeping mat like the kind that hikers use to pad their sleeping bags inside a tent, but without the bag on top. A roll of rolled foam at the end appeared to serve as John's pillow. After this sleeping area, located only about 5 feet into the apartment, the path forward was blocked, and I was forced to take a right-angle turn to move further into a maze of mostly unidentifiable machines, and after a quick look around, was surprised even further to see John sitting on the floor in a tight-bundle, beneath a low-hanging periscope that prevented standing above 3 feet in height.



Lab Interior: Lots of equipment and not much space to move in this 1-bdr apartment.

With a few more apologies I squeezed past a metal pipe standing floor-to-ceiling wrapped in duct-tape, and sat on the other side of what appeared to be a black-painted machine-gun still coated with packing-grease across from John's position on the floor. While his small area had enough space to actually sit, the area that I was in didn't – so I was forced to kneel down with one leg at an angle, and began checking my camera to ensure that I could squeeze in just a few minutes of solid footage on the disk that I'd been using thus far only for pictures.



The Door: Colby surveys the lab's equipment.

I'd come here to learn some things that the media had missed, and in this complex maze of machinery, offset by the constant apologies of cramped visitors trying to squeeze past each other into what they hoped would be at least a single square foot of empty space to stand in, I did in fact see something that everybody else had missed: I began to see how John thinks, and what he values.

First of all, I want to preface this part by suggesting that this is nobody's opinion but my own, but I'd begun to get the feeling after my first minute in the lab that John's set it up specifically to convey an impression to visitors that he's a crowded, disorganized person. The reason that I got this feeling was twofold, but started with the type of machines he stored.

John Hutchison is an electrical/electronics inventor – he's not famous for working with guns, Navy Equipment, nor most surplus electronics, and if I was in his financial position I wouldn't

waste the time moving them up a flight of stairs and into an already cramped apartment if I knew that I wouldn't use them...and as an inventor, I knew that John wouldn't.

To elaborate, I've been in the private shops and labs of many inventors, and one thing that you rarely see is fully-assembled equipment. In the case of friend and local colleague Merlin Del Orion, his shop is filled with the half-disassembled guts of dozens of electronics systems that he's pulled apart to collect only a few useful components from. Most inventors can't bear the thought of throwing away useful parts, so they set the scavenged remains of their scrap aside in the hopes that one day they'll use the rest.

Merlin's case is an extreme-example: he goes a step further and actually unsolders useful transistors to categorize them by IEEE lookup codes from components catalogs, but his methodology nonetheless fits with mine as well as that of every hands-on tinkerer that I've ever met. In my case, since I work with balsa & foam for aerodynamics testing, you'll see something equally unique as Merlin's disassembly shop: I keep piles of odd-shaped balsa strips and foam around because I hate the thought of actually throwing it away if there's even a remote possibility that I'll ever use it again.

However, what I saw in John's shop was subtle enough that even the most sharp-eyed reporter in the world wouldn't notice it, but was obvious enough to me as an inventor that it stood out like a sore thumb. Despite being incredibly packed with equipment – to the point that John had knocked out walls in the apartment, and even removed the bathroom fixtures to only allow a covered toilet to remain, I realized the sharp and stunning truth: it was too well organized. He didn't work here.

What I mean is this: John's shop isn't real – it's just a show, a demonstration, or a McGuffin to promote an image that I believe he may have resigned himself to as a result of circumstances beyond his control. Whatever the case may be, once I started looking for it, the signs were all over the place. Firstly was the equipment: most inventors collect scrap, but John went for scrap that looked pretty – no matter whether it was functional or not. Nobody would collect things like old reel to reel recorders if they took up valuable space that could be used by other items, but John had it all – and most of it was utterly useless to even the most desperate inventor.

Also, all of John's scrap was in perfect condition – and while John left most of it turned off while we were in his lab, what I'd realized from his many TV-shows is that he was actually able to power most of it up, because most of it actually worked. For an electrical inventor, that was unusual – again, from my own experience I'd found that only the critical, expensive pieces worked. As an inventor, if you don't think you'll ever use it, you end up taking it apart – but in his case, it appeared that he kept and positioned them for show, not for utility.



Inside: A close-up of Tim getting a view of the lab.



Compass Collection: One indicator of a very-well organized 'eclectic' presentation.

Now that I'd started looking, I noticed another thing that bothered me: the perfection with which the pieces of John's shop were placed.

As we'd come in the door, most of us had recoiled a bit at the tight quarters that we had to squeeze through, and ignored the actual components themselves for the most part, but upon closer inspection I realized that many of them had been slightly modified for exact placement in an intended location.

For instance, John has several collections of ship's compasses on his walls – a few of the larger ones reside in big metal containers in the back, but for the most part I'm talking about small, brass compasses that you'd find on a ship. The fact that John purchases these isn't surprising – their beautiful once you've polished them up a bit, and since he buys surplus naval equipment it's the type of thing you'd expect him to have. What I didn't expect was the find them mounted on a precisely cut piece of plywood, positioned perfectly to showcase the best of them on top, with the smaller pieces below. The compasses weren't the only thing on plywood – most of the machines were suspended or reinforced on sections of new, expensive marine plywood by shiny, new steel chains and thick, shiny steel anchor bolts. Some of these machines were literally hanging from the ceiling, which was another indicator of John's precision in building this lab. He'd found the studs in the ceiling as he put them in, meaning that he'd had to know in advance where most of them would go, and how much load each section could stand. This wasn't the product of a simple eccentric: in fact, it was quite the opposite – the calculating product of a genius meant to convey the dramatic impression of a simple eccentric.

My gut had gone from the feeling of disorganized confusion at seeing such a mass – a virtual sea – of machinery, to the feeling that I was inside of some kind of theme park: precisely designed showcase to convey and effect, and to possibly distract the viewer from what else was going on behind the scenes, which led me to my first question: "So tell me, John – where's the equipment you used for testing?". John pointed towards a wooden Van De Graaf center standing in the center of what had once been a closet – one of only two sections of flooring actually illuminated by overhead bulbs. I'd seen it on my way into the lab, but in the kneeling position that I was now in, all that I could see where the bottom-torsos of Colby, Mike, Harold and Brian, with a glimmer of the oak-kegging style wood that the generator was built from peaking out from behind their pants.

John also pointed me towards his Tesla Coil – positioned scant inches away from his Van De Graaf generator, and easily lost among the crowded confines of the closet area. It stood at least 3-feet tall, and had a 6-inch brass ball on top of it. I could tell by the size and materials that it had been hand-wound, although the wires were perfectly placed in rows all the way up the 3-foot sides. John told me that he'd used a lathe to wind it, again reinforcing the idea that he was more than a tinkerer – he was in fact a precision machinist...which is why I think that his lab's largely a hoax. The equipment, the machinery, the antique guns and surplus x-band radar dish at the front of his lab, all of it. A hoax – a fake, or worst, a deliberate misdirection.

The real Hutchison Effect resides inside of a man, but not as a psychic power...instead, as a store of knowledge capable of taking surplus equipment and tuning it to produce effects never before seen by modern science. The Hutchison-Effect has profound and dramatic results, but has very



Tesla Coil: One of the 'real' components used in creating the Hutchison Effect.

subtle origins, and I was convinced that the Van De Graaf generator and Tesla-Coil that he was pointing towards had very little to do with it.

The Real Hutchison Effect:

I don't know the precise origins of the Hutchison-Effect, and I'm not sure that John himself does: during our interview, shot across a scarce 3-foot gap in a poorly-lit lab using the Infrared mode of my handycam, he spoke about initially seeing strange effects during experimentation with his collection of high-voltage equipment in the 1970's, and gradually refining it through trial and error to arrive at the now contemporary definition for the Effect.

As I mentioned before, while John and I were positioned in one part of the cramped lab – he being seated and I kneeling across a grease-coated antique machine gun – I could hear quiet talking and a few whispered chuckles coming from the closet area housing his equipment. Mike, Harold, and Brian were talking quietly amongst themselves, with occasional sharp barks of laughter that I worried would drown out John's soft voice. I rapidly glanced back towards them, and saw Colby in a semi-crouched position behind me, trying to listen to John speak. He turned and made a whisper motion towards them, and the noise once again subsided into whispers. My interview continued ...



Lab Interview: An Infrared close-up of John due to the lab's poor lighting.

I'd asked John about the actual collection of effects associated with the Hutchison-Effect. This is the really interesting part of the phenomenon, because unlike most scientific anomalies, it's not a single, unexplainable effect – instead, it's a bit more like playing wheel of fortune: the actual effect varies from occurrence to occurrence, but always seems to include one of the following events:

The Hutchison Effect has been documented on a variety of visual media to include the levitation of materials – metal, plastic, glass and liquid, of varying compositions and weights, which usually take off straight up at high speed. At first glance it might almost appear that this is somehow faked, using a camera-booth that can be flipped upside down to give the impression that gravity has been negated, but this isn't the case. Hutchison's levitation has been filmed in close quarters, but also in wide panoramic shots too large for fakery, and witnessed on many occasions by scientists such as the INSCOM team mentioned earlier, in addition to scientists, camera-crews, and the occasional lucky member of the general public.



Interview: Tim & John discussing the H-Effect.

During levitation, sometimes the sample items will lift off slowly – and sometimes they will dance in the air for a while, maybe returning to the ground many times before lifting out of the frame entirely. The effect has been capable of levitating a variety of items, seemingly without regard to any type of composition or materials properties, including sample weight or properties of electrical conduction. In one video clip, a plastic bowl rolls in circles on the

floor several times before quickly shooting straight up into the air: in another, a distance shot of a table shows an iron pair of pliers stand up on end while a 70-pound lead cannon-ball begins to walk up the side of the wall. This levitation property is the most well-known component of the effect, because it's been the most investigated for potential use in propulsion applications.

Imagine being able to harness a true Antigravity force for propulsion that appears to provide the same lift no matter what the input power or vehicle weight actually may be...

The Hutchison-Effect is more than just levitation, though – it also includes materials effects. This is a poor explanation for this subcategory of effects, but that's partly because there are no descriptive terms to define them precisely. The transmutation of materials has been documented on several occasions: the most notable of which being one end of a solid-steel bar transmuting into lead, which was then tested in a lab to confirm its composition. On several occasions, metals of various types have disintegrated at the molecular level into powders, leaving behind only the pitted ends of what started out as a solid bar of copper, brass, or steel.



Close Quarters: Colby & Mike during the interview.

In other cases, sometimes even more startling events happen: Hutchison recorded the disappearance of a piece of metal on camera on one occasion, which is captured slowly re-appearing on film scarce moments later. Wondering if Hutchison was faking these materials effects by some unknown cause, Col John Alexander decided to provide John with the ultimate test in 1983: a piece of 6-inch by ¼-inch molybdenum allow, with a sag temperature of 3,700 degrees centigrade. Alexander marked it to prevent substitution, but Hutchison returned the exact same piece to him only days later, bent effortlessly on the molecular-level without heating into an S-shaped curve.



Molybdenum: Col. Alexander's sample was melted at room-temperature into an S-curve.

The molybdenum example is part of a much larger category of what have been referred to as "Jellification Effects" in metals – an effect in which metals of all compositions turn into a jelly or putty, oftentimes spontaneously melting into puddles or twisting into deformed shapes, and then rehardening later when the fields are removed: leaving little evidence of the effect itself, other than a seemingly impossible task accomplished with no observable cause. One such sample was cut one to show a piece of unburned wood melted into the middle, and another cracked in half to reveal a Canadian Penny protruding out of the crack, still semi-merged with the cracked aluminum.

Nearly every conceivable test has been performed to see if John is faking these effects – on many occasions, they happen at least several feet from him during the performance of the test, with John off to the side adjusting dials on equipment, oftentimes unaware himself that anything is occurring. The Hutchison-Effect can change a substance on an atomic level, and sometimes on a molecular level, and usually leaves permanent and unexplainable results in its wake. Tests were performed using equipment to see if some new type of inductive heating might be involved, but it wasn't: the Hutchison-Effect occurs at room temperature, with no observable explanation as to the how or why it happens.

Many skeptics have tried to take a stab at Hutchison's work over the last 20 years, but all of them have failed miserably in trying to explain it. For instance, you could make the case that high-current induction is causing levitation in metals, except that it would require a coil underneath the metal, which John doesn't use – and his levitation affects all manner of substances, not just conductive ones. You could make the case that John is somehow bending these materials by hand, except that the samples shown bending on their own volition on film have been analyzed to show unique molecular structures in the aftermath. It's almost as if these

effects occur in some other time and space and then propagate back to our own, which may be closer to the truth than much care to believe...

As John sat there under the suspended periscope telling me about these effects – many of which I'd already seen on TV – I asked him about the scare story: the one that he rarely tells. This section of the lab was dark, but he was illuminated by the IR bulb in my camera, and I could see on my LCD screen that his eyes widened a bit as he began to describe the effect. Given his description of the Hutchison-Effect being more active in water than on solid substances, perhaps he felt lucky in that he'd only had one such scare during his research, but he proceeded to tell me about it in a straightforward manner.



Scare Story: John shown describing the experience.

I'd heard this story before – in fact, it had been part of an hour-long audio interview that I'd done with him in 2004, which is precisely why I asked him. Eyes wide, he stretched out his arm and began to speak, “Well, you know – it was kind of a transparent band around my arm...I was adjusting a dial on the machines, when it literally just encircled my arm and began to tighten. I could feel a force, and I could see the light bending – a bit like maybe wearing a bracelet of mercury or something. I've never felt anything like it before, and it scared me enough that I pulled my arm back sharply, and then it let go.”

This was all that he said, and as my own luck would have it all that I had time for – I had to take a break, as kneeling next to the machinegun with my leg sharply crooked to the side had put my entire lower torso to sleep. I slowly stood up, shut off the camera, and waited a full ten-minutes as I finalized the disk and waited for the pins & needles to subside throughout my body. I knew that when this disk was finished finalizing, I still had two mini-DVD's left to shoot with, and more than enough time left in the day to hear about John's remarkable effects...

Theoretical Tangents:

I'd mentioned earlier that Mike Shafer's Thursday email had started our trip off to visit Hutchison, but I could have turned him down. John had made me a standing offer to visit his apartment & lab after our mid-2004 interview, and I'd had several acquaintances try to corral me into taking him up on it so that they could tag along. I'd been waiting though – and not for the right time. In the case of Hutchison, what I needed to take along with me was the right theory.

In my case, that theory had emerged in October of 2004, and taken me a full 3-months to research and document into an article I'd co-written with SARA Defense-Scientist John Dering. It had been a paper entitled, “Einstein's Antigravity”, and it had concerned work that both Dering and Dr. James Corum had performed into applying Einstein's lost Unified Field Theory towards the process of manipulating gravity.



USS Eldridge: From the Philadelphia Experiment.

The long and the short of it was that Corum had become interested in the story surrounding the Philadelphia Experiment, as written by author William Moore. What had interested him was that despite Moore's focus on a basically modern-day ghost-ship tale involving a World War II Destroyer-Escort, the DE 173 Eldridge, many of the story's details involved a basis in a factual retelling of physics rooted in Einstein's Unified Field Theory, which Corum himself had translated earlier in his career from German to English.

In Corum's case, the compelling evidence came from the fact that a 1950's sailor named Carlos Allende had come forward to talk at length about speaking with a scientist who'd participated in the experiment, which Allende claimed to have seen himself. Despite some dispute about whether Allende had actually seen the experiment or was merely retelling another sailor's drunken indiscretion, the claims about the project's goals – and more importantly, the physics beneath them – rang all too true to seem fabricated to Corum.

After several months of careful research to eliminate potentially career-damaging mistakes, Corum, who's résumé includes scientific research for the NSA as well as a teaching career as a PhD in Electrical Engineering, published a paper through the Tesla Historical Society claiming that not only had the Philadelphia Experiment actually occurred, but that he'd recreated the original project goals of making iron invisible to x-band radar occur in a scale-model demonstration, facilitated by simple impedance-matching.

Corum then went one step further, and suggested that the Unified Field Theory that Einstein himself had used while participating in the Philadelphia Experiment in 1943 suggested non-linear effects. This means that while low power-levels may have indeed facilitated radar-invisibility, the higher test-levels used on the Eldridge could have also included true visual invisibility, as well as the classic effects described by Allende: men melting into decks, deformations of the hull, profound time & space warping in the vicinity of the ship, and numerous other occurrences coming directly from the uneducated 1950's sailors claims.

Corum worked for a period of time in the 1990's at SARA, which coincidentally was how John Dering had become involved with the story. Dering's background is a bit more mysterious than Corum's, and includes high-energy laser work for TRW during the 1980's before his present job as a defense-contract researcher at SARA. Dering extended the story of Einstein's Unified Field Theory to include a description for the effects present in the Nazi Bell that Nick Cook found while speaking with Polish defense journalist Igor Witkowski: including profound Antigravity effects, the transmutation and disintegration of substances on both atomic and molecular levels, occasional bouts of invisibility, incredible damage to nearby biological & organic samples, and numerous other effects.



The Bell: Igor Witkowski shown posing at the secret Wenceslas Mine test-site.

Witkowski had found the Bell Project in 2000 after following up on a local Polish legend about a scary WW-II Nazi test-site in occupied Poland, and had followed the origins of the Bell Project back to being originally a proposal for a “war-decisive weapon” by famed Nazi scientist Dr. Walther Gerlach, who, by no coincidence, had been the colleague whom Einstein had worked on the Unified Field Theory with in his native Germany for nearly a decade before fleeing to America during the second world-war.

All of the pieces for this theory fit perfectly, and to make it even more perfect came the realization that even if Gerlach hadn't been able to propose the project because of Einstein's origin in “Jewish science”, he could have easily passed it off as being rooted in the theories of Dr. Burkhardt Heim, a famous German scientist and World-War I veteran who'd taken Einstein's Unified Field Theory in a different direction, but arrived at many of the same conclusions.

Corum and Dering possess far more expertise in this theory than I do, but one of Dering's claims was that Unified Field Theory effects could create transmutation and Antigravity as bulk-matter

effects, meaning that they would occur in a non-linear fashion at much lower input power than you would require to see anything like this in a conventional nuclear-reactor.

Where Dering and I disagreed was primarily on the likelihood that these effects would ever be seen by accident: Dering's been steadily working on a computer-model for these effects for the last few years and claims that it's the only way to model them, but he also admits that there's a well-known inventor who's work seems strikingly remarkable to the claims from both the Philadelphia Experiment and the Nazi Bell: in this case, none other than John Hutchison.

The Materials Samples:

At present, John Hutchison is restricted from testing the H-Effect, and as I sat outdoors on the concrete slab sitting in front of Corrinne Tyson's apartment, I realized how profoundly tragic this situation truly is. When our group had arrived only a few hours earlier, we'd walked through the small area of concrete on our way into the apartment without noticing it, other than the mild annoyance at having to step over a raised cement-divider filled with bleached summer-grass fencing in the small concrete area.

The area I was sitting in measured only a few square feet, and while Harold & Brian sat on the concrete-walled earth-burn directly in front me, I'd again preferred to be positioned on the ground – this time in order to properly examine, setup, and photograph a number of metal samples that John had brought down from the second story lab to let us photograph in the brighter lighting to be had outdoors.

From my vantage point looking west, I could see above the roofs of the adjoining buildings of this multi-unit apartment complex to see the disc of the sun beginning to set, despite the fact that it mostly obscured by a haze of grey skies, promising months of fall weather soon to come. Colby and Mike were again off positioned off to the side, but this time Colby was seated next me in an outdoor patio-chair that served as his vantage point to view Hutchison's samples.

Harold again engaged John in conversation, but this post-laboratory chat was a bit more relaxed, and a bit more casual than during our first sitting...instead of launching directly into a focus on John's research, Harold this time cued into some of the locations that John had mentioned from his childhood, and then began a discussion with John about many of the shared experiences, figures, and areas that they'd both seen while growing up in Canada. I took Harold's conversation to be a sign that the focus had shifted to some type of male-bonding ritual, and while I participated by casting inquisitive looks around the group during the conversation to show that I was paying attention, my mind was intently focused on the samples positioned directly in front of me.



Gap Ad: John begins to describe a few samples.



Samples: Tim shown outside getting close-ups of the samples while John talks.

Before we'd left the lab, John had indicated that he'd let me get a few photographs of his famed "materials effects" samples. Personally, I had somewhat mixed feelings about this task as he pulled a Fed-Ex box filled with heavy items wrapped in cardboard out and we helped him to carry it down the stairwell towards Corrinne's apartment. The mixed feelings were a product of the realization that most of the people I'd be showing this footage too would be more interested in photos of the samples than of anything

else – however, I also felt that since these were samples that had been photographed hundreds of times, and from hundreds of angles, there really wasn't a lot of justice that I could do by taking a few more shots. In fact, my greatest hope in photographing the samples was simply the possibility that shooting in Infrared-Mode might show something previously missed, or that I might be able to zoom in on features with the telephoto lens that had possibly been neglected in the past.

Now, seated on the concrete, I began gingerly picking up the samples that John had extracted from the box and examining them more closely. He'd carefully laid them out on an overturned-magazine to prevent from from scratching on the rough concrete floor, but the dark blue cover of the magazine's back proved a difficult surface to photograph against. I delicately began picking them up, placing them on a cracked portion of the concrete, and photographing them in the hopes that the grey skies, grey-concrete, and metallic colors of the samples themselves would provide at least marginally useful resolution.



Aluminum Bar: A close-up of the classic Hutchison 'Jellification Effect' in aluminum.

The collection of samples that John had wasn't nearly as comprehensive as his complete collection – which he'd indicated were actually down in the cellar of the apartment complex, bolted into massive 50-gallon drums to prevent them from being taken by trophy-hunters, and to prevent damage over time from moisture and humidity. The collection in front of me were a representative few, he'd said, and weren't even the best ones – they just happened to be obvious demonstration pieces that remained light enough in weight to be easily transported.

First came two sections of what had originally been a lengthy piece of aluminum-bar. It had measured approximately 2-by-2-inches on each side, and had the engraving for the aluminum-smelt stamped into the side as a measure of either the pieces origin, quality, or both. This bar had been separated at what appeared to be near the middle of the sample into what remained: two aluminum bars approximately 2-feet in length with wildly-jagged spikes on the middle end of each. This piece was an example of the jellification effect, but judging from the material now resembled, it hadn't quite been what the term "jellification" might entail. The aluminum appeared to have been semi-melted, and then pulled apart to leave ends of goopy-metal that almost resembled the stringers of cheese clinging to the side of a steaming-hot piece of pizza, or possibly thick strings of rubber-cement that would occur if you separated two pieces of paper before the cement had dried. I took several shots of these bars from different angles, and put my hand over the light for some infrared-shots as well. I finally zoomed the camera in on both samples and began shooting at closer and closer range – the camera remarkably kept the picture in focus, even at 3x-zoom, until I finally realized that I was actually pushing the lens of the camera into one of the jagged metal ends, and backed it away a bit before it damaged the lens.



Jellified: Turned to putty, but re-hardened later on.

I can't tell you exactly what had happened to this aluminum bar, but I can tell you what didn't happen: there were no marks indicating any kind of tooling, but the separation and crevices in these samples were intricate enough that it hadn't taken a zoom lens to realize that this wasn't cut, chipped, sandblasted, or otherwise shattered. Quite simply, there was no tool or process that I was aware of that would have created this effect – even melting, which wouldn't have left the type of artifacts in the metal that I was now seeing. Another thing also intrigued me, which was the granularity of the metal in the

stringers: it had large grains, almost like the kind you'd see in a piece of broken pot-metal, which surprised me since the spiky-metal strings had a nearly organic look to them on a larger scale. I'd imagine that if this sample had been melted, the surface of the spikes would have been relatively smooth, but I could see that these grains were actually quite jagged, almost as if it had separated along faults in the metal's crystalline lattice.

I moved on after a time to the next sample, finding two pieces of a high-carbon steel rod about 3-inches in diameter that contained giant, gaping holes in a pattern that nearly reminded me of water-erosion in iron that sits under water for a few years. There was a bit of rust on the surface, but I could tell that the thin-film surface rust partially covering the sample wasn't what had caused the pitting – it was instead the result of decades of handling by the sweaty palms of reporters and the humid Vancouver climate. I noticed that the erosion in both pieces of the bar again appeared to be near the center of the overall sample, and when I put them end to end, I could see how they'd fit together into a much longer overall bar, minus an inch of two of material in the center that appeared to be missing.



Steel Rod: A close-up of the remainder of a steel-rod, shown disintegrating on TV.

John's eyes had been focused mostly on Harold, but he glanced over to see me positioning the pieces of the bar like a jigsaw and said, "You know Tim, the center of that turned into a powder and exploded out that gap in the side – that's why they don't fit together perfectly." Then I remembered – I'd actually seen that erosion of powdered material fall out the side of the rod on film before, and remembered the bar on the right begin to roll a bit on an uneven surface after separating from the left half of the now disjointed bar.

My next sample was a kitchen-knife that had melted into a block of aluminum at room temperature, and had become somehow fused with the metal. It was quite intriguing to look at – although a bit harder to get detailed shots of, because of the long knife-handle stick out the end. This sample was a reminder that John was in fact an expert machinist, as he'd literally cut the entire block of aluminum in half lengthwise to show how the knife was embedded – and literally sheared off one side of the metal knife in the process. What remained was obviously fused



Rod: The center had been pulverized into a powder.

somehow to the metal, but I was unable to see the actual joints joining the two – the knife could have just as easily been sealed in a block of candle-wax, except for the metallic color of the aluminum block and the lines that had been left by whatever cutoff-saw John had used to perform the cutting. I didn't see any indications of heating on either the knife or the block itself, and as I couldn't see how it was joined, I was literally unsure what this sample meant, and inevitably moved on.

After that came another block of aluminum – this time having been obviously cut in half to show an unburned piece of wood stuck in the middle of it. Using the telephoto lens, I was able to zoom in quite closely, and noted that the sample had been literally fused with the metal – but without the scorching that would obviously have accompanied this effect under normal circumstances. According to John, a witness had

seen the wood sink into the metal, and after they'd turned the machinery off they'd been able to find it in the center of the large metal block.

One of the last, and most interesting samples was a thick brass bar that had been severely warped, gouged, and pitted – and in this case, contained a large circular gouge in the center at almost appeared as if a steel rod had been driven through it, in addition to a split running several inches up one end as if it had been attacked with an axe. John assured me that this sample hadn't been machined at all, and that the deformations were all a product of the Hutchison-Effect. Once again, I turned the piece over, photographing it from a variety of angles, and keeping an eye out for tool marks that might somehow indicate foul play. The brass was nearly the opposite of the aluminum bar in this regard: the soft-metal was pitted by large gouges, but when I zoomed into them with the telephoto lens, I couldn't see any of the color-changes that would have come from erosion by an arc-welder, nor scratches, scrapes, or fine lines that would have been left by any kind of tooling that could have produced these semi-spherical microcavities in the metal – and once again, the major distortions had occurred near the center of the bar.



Brass Bar: Highly-deformed and with severe erosion at room-temperature by the H-Effect.

I'd wondered before we arrived if close-up zoom photos of the metals would ultimately reveal some type of foul play, but I'd already finished examining the larger samples and had still not found any signs of tampering, other than the scrapes on the knife & wood samples that were obvious relics of a simple cutoff-saw.

One the one-hand, these samples were profoundly disturbing to view, but holding them I'd also been struck by how mundane they were in many ways. Whatever the effect had been that had changed these materials was gone – left when the power had been turned off at the end of each test, or at least when the effect had moved from one sample to exert completely different effects on unrelated items in the lab during the heyday of John's research in the 1980's. These materials were changed, but still remained the same – the aluminum-samples still had the heft and texture that you'd expect from aluminum, and the iron sample was obviously still close to what it had originally been – the surface rusting on the high-carbon exterior had served witness to that.



Brass: Close-up view of massive surface erosion.

It was a shock not only to see that these samples were so uniquely deformed, but also that they were real samples – not figments of someone's imagination, and not cheaply-painted foam studio props that you might expect to see on TV. They were real, solid, and visceral, and that was the most disturbing thing about them – similar in many ways to watching my first lifter take flight, and realizing that this ungainly piece of aluminum had actually been floating in front of my eyes, and then the more subtle realization over time that no matter how unrealistic it may have appeared to be, it was a real effect...with real, lasting results to mark its existence.

A New Chemistry:

Having handled the samples, my mind wandered again in search of a simplistic explanation for something – anything – that could have created these uniquely inexplicable effects. While the Unified Field Theory that Corum and Dering have been promoting serves as a good basis for explaining these effects, it's by no means a practical guide to creating them. How exactly was John accomplishing these effects – what was it about his equipment, his expertise with electronics, and his experience with machining that could give him the ability to create effects like this, no matter which theory provided a basis in physics for their existence? My mind jumped to the work of inventor and medical-research Ted Gagnon, who'd provided me with a good explanation for the Hutchison-Effect in mid-2004.

Indy-inventor Ted Gagnon lives in Southern California, and is probably the last person that you'd think would have any advice on physics for John Hutchison. I'd been introduced to Gagnon in early 2004 by friend and alt-science colleague Michael McDonough, who'd given me a rather vague explanation of Gagnon's research: apparently involving a new form of homeopathic therapy, which meant little to me other than to resurrect childhood memories of Mom taking me to the health-food store for herbal elixirs to cure the rampant food-allergies that had cursed me as a child.



Aluminum Bar: The massive crack in the center is from a partial-jellification effect.

I'd taken months to actually contact Gagnon, because I literally didn't have a topic to interview him about. I hadn't wanted to admit to McDonough that I didn't know much about homeopathy, and the explanation that McDonough had given me was vague to begin with...but when I finally called Ted in mid-2004, I realized that I had a lot more learning to achieve before I could even feel comfortable in a conversation with him.

I'd like to say, "in contrast to Hutchison", but they don't contrast sharply against each other. Essentially, Gagnon and Hutchison both have more in common than they do differences – both are thoughtful, soft-spoken, and have traveled to Europe, Asia, and Japan to escape the restrictive scientific politics of the United States. Both men are really geniuses, and both are pursuing their own independent fields of study without regard to whatever aspersions the mainstream scientific community may cast their way. Hutchison interviews a bit better – I'd found out the hard way during my first interview with Gagnon that his soft voice was hard to record effectively without a professional mixing system.



Extrusion: Close-up view of the deformed aluminum

When Gagnon first explained his research to me, it hadn't made a lot of sense, but I owed McDonough a favor and interviewing Gagnon was one way to help a friend of a friend get some exposure for what had been ultimately a 30-year research process in alternative medicine. My interview with Gagnon had been about his company, Cellatroniks, and in the process of setting up the interview, we'd first covered what homeopathy was, and then how he'd modified it.

Essentially, the homeopathic medicine that Gagnon had initially been interested in involved a process of diluting down a drug, hormone, salt, or other biologically-active component in water to the point where it no longer existed. The idea is that if you dump and aspirin into water, it dissolves into a concentrated solution that has a predictable painkilling effect on the body. Homeopathy extends this idea to say that if you dump the same aspirin into a swimming-pool full of water, the drug solution becomes so dilute that the effects should be too weak to notice – but homeopathic research seems to indicate that the body still reacts to the solution, no matter how weak it is.

The research is a branch of alt-science all it's own, and without getting lost in the nitty-gritty of things, I'd have to say that Gagnon began analyzing exactly why the body reacted extremely dilute solutions—and found that the aspirin has a resonant frequency that it imparts on the water. When you think about it, this makes a lot of sense – after all, chemical reactions are really just near-field electrical effects, and one of the best ways for measuring extremely dilute solutions is by seeing how the near-field electrical effects modifying the spectrum of a laser spectrometer shown through the clear liquid. If the laser can detect the field effect, why not the body?



Penny: Melted into the center of an aluminum bar.

Gagnon's work involved measuring the change in the frequency of water when a drug was dissolved in it, and then applying the same frequency through low-voltage electrolytic equipment into a distilled, pure sample of water, temporarily imparting the chemical properties of an the drug-solution to the pure sample. After 30 years of doing this, Gagnon's become an expert at making it work, and has lots of interesting claims about making athletes stronger, faster, and more pain tolerant in Japanese laboratory tests as a result. I still didn't see the connection, but fortunately Ted did...

The common-link between Gagnon's research and Hutchison's is that shared belief that every element, every atom, molecule, and substance has a unique electrical frequency associated with it. Again, laser-spectroscopy supports the idea that not only do these frequencies exist, but that they can be measured. In addition to measuring them, Gagnon & Hutchison also agree that by constructively or destructively applying the same frequency, the substance itself can be changed in the process.



Wood: Melted into the center of an aluminum bar.

Sitting on the ground and looking at Hutchison's samples, the idea behind my own secret postulate was beginning to solidify: Hutchison has developed a new form of electrochemistry, based in part on Unified Field Theory Effects, and based in part on what I believe is quite literally an idea called "simulated matter".

The idea isn't completely new: Eric Drexler proposed in his 1986 best-seller "Engines of Creation" that groups of atoms could be arranged using nanotechnology so that their combined outer-shell electrons would simulate the field-arrangement of a 3rd atom, which might not even be present in the sample...an idea that was proven by IBM in 2001 by using Gold-atoms to create a "quantum-dot" with unique chemical properties not found in gold itself...due to the valence electrons from several separate gold atoms combining to form a unique valence shell that could simulate an atom or even a complex molecule.

All chemistry involves the sharing of valence electrons, right? This is basic chem-101, using a base-8 system of outer-shell electrons that assumes that they simply stay in a single place on the exterior of the atom, waiting to be shared with other atoms that have a valence surplus or deficit

to allow sharing. Pull out a chemistry chart: the easiest are on the ends, such as Sodium (+1) and Chlorine (-1) that combine to form common table salt...all through the magic of shared valence electrons.

Quantum Mechanics complicates this idea a bit, stating that the valence electrons aren't literally held in place in the exterior of an atom, but instead that they're constrained into "orbitals" which are literally areas in the valence shell where the electron is likely to be found. What it tells us is that the electrons themselves have unique "orbital frequencies" – and that by applying either the direct or perhaps harmonics of these frequencies, we can reposition these electrons so that valence-sharing either doesn't happen, or happens more than it otherwise would.

In other words, by modifying electron-orbitals using resonant frequencies and harmonics, we've gone from incredibly mysterious and complex means of creating Hutchison's materials effects to a simplistic explanation that fits with conventional physics. Why hasn't anybody discovered this on accident? The reason is simple – these orbitals are very high-frequencies, and very difficult to hit, and furthermore require a strong electromagnetic signal, such as the kind from a Tesla-coil to impart enough energy to change their properties.

Thus, by applying these resonant frequencies, Gagnon sold me on the idea that you could use the equipment that John Hutchison experiments with to accomplish some interesting feats: you could make a chemical bond stronger, enhancing the overall material's strength and durability – or you could make the bonds weaker, perhaps turning a block of iron into a powder at room temperature. It also meant something else: that by applying the appropriate set of frequencies, you could make a substance of one type behave as if it was a substance of another type, or perhaps something that I've never seen proposed to date: the simulation of atoms, elements, and compounds that have never before existed in nature.



Steel Rod: An extreme closeup showing the molecular changes in the crystalline structure



Wood: An extreme close-up shows that the wood has been 'welded' into the metal!

If and when mainstream science begins to seriously experiment with the Hutchison Effect, this concept of frequency-dependent chemical simulation should be something that they seriously pursue, as it fits with at least the material-effects data that we've seen from the Hutchison Effect... at least for the most part. Even more interesting, it means that sitting there looking wildly deformed blocks of aluminum, brass, and steel, I knew that the this approach to simulating chemical properties would dissipate immediately when the field creating it was removed, meaning that if you didn't know what to look for, the only remaining result would be an obvious disruption to the molecular structure of the material, with otherwise

normal chemical properties. Since these chemical properties define a number of things, such as conductivity, heat-resistance, tensile-strength, ductability in metals, harnessing the Hutchison Effect through Gagon's research is a really big idea, leading inevitably to a new branch of science.

Back to Reality:

The hazy cloud-cover prevented a clear indication of how low the sun actually was, and in any case we'd been operating more on the subjective-time of interacting with John Hutchison than any real timekeeping standard...maybe a bit reminiscent of the way that you'd measure time while stuck under the hood of a car. Not an accurate standard, but it had nonetheless begun to illustrate the need for us to begin wrapping things up...and my best guess told me that we were nearing twilight anyways, probably in more ways than one.

As we became more comfortable in the realization that all things come to an end, the topic of funding had begun to be addressed in earnest. Mike Shafer, who worked days at Microsoft on the MS-Office team as a project manager, began to address some of the efforts that he'd made internally to begin making connections to some of the well-financed Microsoft employees who might be able to make a difference. "You know", he said, "I'm only two doors down from Paul Allen's office, but it's still been a real challenge to get through to the guy."



Group Photo: John busy showcasing the samples.

I concurred: Hutchison's funding issues were representative of many of the problems in emerging science, in that in our contemporary 2005 environment, there wasn't much R&D money to go around, and what little was given out by both major and minor funding organizations often ended up in long-term pork-barrel projects. Jim Corum's ISR had been one of these, and as a credit to Jim's integrity, he'd quit the organization once he realized how poorly they actually spent their income – mostly accrued from government contracts and corporate grants.

Colby had been discussing a variety of methods for financing & managing projects with John, but I'd been so lost in the metal samples that I'd literally ignored a better part of the conversation. It's not that Colby wasn't making excellent points, but that many of them remained dependent on Hutchison first establishing a clear funding-channel to make things work.

"Prince Hans Adam Lichtenstein," John had replied, "has been a firm European advocate for my research for quite some time. We've exchanged numerous faxes and emails, but he hasn't yet been able to come through to support this research in a firm manner." Colby's reply had been simple, but meaningful – he'd suggested that unless a firm funding plan was in place, there might have simply been a disconnect between the two, preventing more in-depth support. Perhaps this might be something that we could follow up-on in the future to assist John with



Colby & John: Discussing funding & other avenues to finance John's future research.

Colby had touched upon an interesting point – which simply was that despite the public's love for Hutchison's research, they nonetheless hadn't been actualized into a solid game-plan to actually help fund or manage his work.

I personally believe that Hutchison's research should be studied in-vitro, similar to the manner in which you might study a new form of life. In many ways, Hutchison's research literally is a new form

of life – at least in the sense that it's the basis for an emerging science, bringing with it new ideas and the promise of new abilities for mankind to interact with and control our physical environment. Thus, as you might expect, the possibilities for this research are so vast that despite global public interest in this research, few people would likely know how to actually approach studying it.

I believe that the required key to understanding the Hutchison–Effect comes from establishing an environment in which John can complete his research unencumbered by the normal restrictions of scientific reporting & analysis, but nonetheless filled with monitoring, observational, and scientific equipment to maintain a detailed record of what John is actually achieving. In other words, creating a lab for him, and filling it with camera & remote sensing-equipment to ensure that whatever effects he creates are captured in detail of film for future processing. This paradigm of remote sensing could be extended further to include electromagnetic frequency analysis and a variety of spectrum analysis – resulting in an ability to measure the classic Hutchison Effect in a new way, never before recorded by science.

Our conversation wrapped up about an hour after I'd finished photographing the metal-samples, if nothing else from sheer exhaustion. John had indicated that he had several more samples in the containers in the cellar that I could return to photograph, and I told him that I would take him up on the offer to return – perhaps with better questions, more disks to film on, and a bit less confusion to complicate our conversation. Bidding John a long farewell, our group piled into our vehicles to begin winding down the day's events.

Wrapping Things Up:

There wasn't much talk in the car on our way past the border into the United States. Colby and Mike were tired from spending the day with John, and all three of us were mentally exhausted from processing the remarkable journey that we were just returning from. The light conversation drifted into mundane talk about different aspects of the day, but none of them really ignited any real conversation – sometimes the events that we witness don't translate well into words, no matter how powerful the experience may have been.



End of the Day: John's busy putting the samples away after a long, busy day.

We'd invited John out to dinner at the Old Spaghetti Factory located down the street from his house, but he'd declined – his claim was that he was on a minimal calorie life-extension diet consisting of coffee, cigarettes, and vitamins, and after pressing him a bit to join us I'd realized that he was serious about not wanting to leave the apartment. We'd said our goodbyes and followed Harold to the nearby restaurant, where after a few minutes of waiting to be seated, Harold had talked to the manager and found us nice seats at a large table – in this case, seating for six.

Dinner becomes an afterthought at an event like that: we sat and talked, and after the meal we realized that the long twilight had turned to dusk – making it a clear indicator that we were out

of excuses for not beginning our long drive home. Within half an hour, we'd made the border crossing, and taking Interstate-5 down towards Seattle contemplating the days' events.

I drove purposefully through the inky-blackness as we traveled South down the road that would eventually lead us back to Redmond, with an eye on the patch of pavement in front of my lit by the headlight's glow as we neared our destination. Letting Colby and Mike out in the parking garage, I once again pulled the car onto Redmond Way, this time headed home.

Conclusion:

History is replete with the stories of inventors and innovators, who just like John Hutchison, often struggle for decades only to have their work lost, stolen, or worst yet, simply not understood. Sometimes these inventors are successful, resulting in profound change for the better of humanity, but more often than not they fail for lack of public acceptance and not having the resources to complete their vision.

Hutchison's story is unique, in that he's presented enough data to confirm that an effect is indeed occurring, and yet he remains largely ignored by mainstream science, who acknowledge the existing of the Hutchison-Effect but remain largely unable to fit it into the narrow vision of today's scientific models.

Equally unique is the dysfunctional love affair that the media has with his story: with a core interest in molding his personality into a hollow-shell to serve as some type of harmless, ignorant spokesman for an effect that he himself discovered. One of the most profound realizations that I've made is just how complex both his character and intellect truly are, giving me a sense of profound sadness that he often isn't given the opportunity to share his true knowledge with a public that could benefit greatly from it.

Hutchison is one of the first truly great inventors to live in the age of media, and yet the media has done him nearly as much harm as good: it has inspired interest in his work, but on a shallow level that doesn't engage the public to participate in research that will ultimately benefit humanity.

As a scientist, writer, citizen of humanity and a friend, I ultimately have the same choices & questions regarding Hutchison's genius that the rest of us are faced with: are we to stand by complacently and let his research languish through lack of support in the face of such compelling evidence, and if not, then how are we to help him?

The most compelling feature of John Hutchison's story is that unlike the inventors that have come before him, the final pages in his story have yet to be written. His story will ultimately become our story, as we have the power to change history by helping him to write that final chapter of his research. Let's not let his work lapse into obscurity when there's still time to help history write the tale of the Hutchison-Effect as a success story leading to some of the biggest advances in the history of science...



Having Fun: John does a jig for friend Richard Reed.

Tim Ventura is the Founder of the American Antigravity, a 501c [3] non-profit dedicated to community space activism and support for breakthrough technology development. You can learn more about him online at <http://www.americanantigravity.com>