

July 18, 1974

Dear Millie:

Have finally gotten up enough energy from that tremendous trip... to climb upstairs and write you a report on it. Will mail a package to you in the morning. Contains three fine burglar alarms which you can put around in your place...and nobody, but nobody, can pick your locks and come in on you without the alarm being given. /Also, if you travel, tuck a couple of them in your suitcase to use in your hotel rooms. Also in the package...a purse I thought you'd like, and a necklace I know you'll like...picked them up on the trip in a small, quaint shop...while was thinking about you. The stones in the necklace are genuine...coral, jade, etc. At least that's what they told me. Gorgeous.

Now, as I wrote from Paris...the mission to Paris was even more successful than I had dreamed, though not in the way I thought it would be. But... that is the way the SI's work, obliquely. Oddly enough...when I got back and found your letter...stating you'd help the SI's and me further with the [REDACTED] it was exactly what was needed...almost as if you knew the communications they'd given me at Limoges (and I haven't even told you yet).

From the first...my mind was in sort of a state of shock when I returned from seeing you and training you in California...shock from realizing a ~~XXXXXX~~ plan frustrated for about ten years, thanks to your thoughtfulness and help. I immediately took a bus to New York and spent three days there, getting ready for the trip. Went to Cook's Travel Agency and tried to get a freighter there. Mr. Heim at Cook's sent me to an agency that handles freighters...but I was told that all freighters were booked up in advance for a year...and besides, freighters will not take children because there are no doctors aboard. So went back to Cook's, and he told me the only ship coming up, available, was the S.S. France. I had never heard of it...but found out that it is the best there is. I concluded the ship arrangements with him and got the tickets. (Was afraid to leave Martha and the kids at home...so was taking them.) Next, I went around and bought clothes for Martha and the kids. (Here in this tiny town in the country, they have no clothes to speak of. Beau wears a pair of beat-up tennis shoes, and Martha and the baby just wear tattered old stuff. That suit I wore when I saw you, is my only claim to genuine clothing...the rest of the time I wear floppy, safari-type clothes. So it was a case of starting from scratch, since I was sure that they'd hardly fit onto the S. France in what they had. Also the SI's had instructed me to pick up a special camera...which I did. I knew they'd once given me photos of them (in my book) and figured they'd give me something else of great value in the way of photos (and they may have...am having the rolls developed now...will send you copies of all the photos when they are done.) Indeed, the camera probably was for me to get just a few seconds of photos...the castle... which will tell you about later in this report.)

Returned to Cape Charles and had to go through a whole lot of red tape to get a group passport for all of us. Finally we all got onto a bus and went to New York to get onto the ship. Now here is a funny thing. The agency, Cook's, told us the day we'd leave on the ship was the 26th. And it was on all the bulletins, etc. But I told Beau and Martha a week in advance that it would be the 27th. Sure enough, on the 26th they put up a sign at the dock that the ship was delayed and would be a day late..would leave on the 27th. We stayed at the Sheraton, right at the water's edge where we could look out and see the ship itself.

All of this, of course...step by step...was costing a barrel of money.

None of us had ever been to Europe, or been on a luxury ship, either. The Si's had been strangely quiet...only communication I'd had from them was to get the camera. But I could tell they were watching, watching.... Now, I'd bought the most inexpensive cabin on the ship, for four...but you know what? They gave us an "outside" cabin, with portholes looking out on the ocean...one of the best cabins...at the same inexpensive price.

Don't ask me why...maybe someone made a clerical error. We were supposed to have a "cheap" inside cabin (\$1500) with no portholes; boxed-in, you know...so we got a real break right there! The outside cabins cost about a thousand more, to give you an idea of the break we got.

Now, before we sailed...I instructed my "gang" to talk to their Sub and alert it that the balance cones in our head would be upset by the motion of the ship...and to take the necessary steps to correct it.

They didn't...and all three got deathly seasick. I did...and wasn't the least bit sick the whole trip; enjoyed my cigars, matter of fact. You'd have laughed and laughed, Willy...at me striding around the ship, puffing on a cigar, clouds of smoke drifting...and the other passengers looking at me with horror, then running for the nearest rail! After

caught on to this I stopped the practice...so as not to make any more of them sick. The food on the ship, I was surprised to hear...was said to be the finest cooking in the whole world. And it most certainly was, as far as I was concerned. Beau and Teddy ate in the Children's Dining Room. Martha and I ate in the Main Dining Room. Another peculiar thing happened. The first day at our table we had a grouchy, sour waiter. When we got back to our cabin I told Martha good lord, wish we had a cheerful waiter...to go with the wonderful food. Well, the next meal we were assigned not one, but two cheerful, friendly waiters for the rest of the trip. Any ship that can read your mind in your cabin...then make an appropriate change...is indeed quite a ship. Another peculiar thing... I don't know how many people there were in our dining room, on our deck... my guess, 100 or so. They were all jammed in at their tables. Martha and I, the whole trip...had a table for seven...all by ourselves! Another passenger asked me (green with envy) "how come you and your wife get that big table all by yourselves?" I told him I didn't know.

We arrived in Paris on July 4. Now, on the ship I had an idea we were in trouble...because on the ship itself no one spoke English. All French. Luckily, regardless of the fact the only subject I ever flunked was French...I still remembered lots of words...and could communicate enough. Also...I discovered to my surprise that by "probing" with telepathy, deliberately...I could understand what they were saying and meaning, without knowing what words they were using, to a great extent. (In Paris, later, I got a small French-English book with the words...but scarcely needed to use it, I got so good at the lingo.) Anyway, we struggled off the ship with all of our bags and cases...through the Customs...and had to take a train from there (Le Havre) to Paris. When we got to Paris we came out in a huge railroad station. There we stood, mouths open, a mountain of bags and cases at our feet...and no where to go. Book's had tried to get me to take rooms in advance at the Hotel Grand...but something told me not to. One thing that told me not to was their price...\$75 a day! At this point another peculiar thing happened...a woman strolled by, turned, said "you looking for a place to stay? There's a nice, small hotel about two blocks that way." And she moved off. Believe it or not, it cost ten dollars to get our stuff into a cab and two blocks to the hotel. It was then I found out...this was the way it was going to be. We got to the hotel...and the owner immediately moved us into a fine, large, roomy apartment fronting on

the street. (This was the Hotel D'Athones, on the Rue d'Athones. Means Hotel of the Greek, I think.) Cost about \$25 a day; very cheap in Paris. But of course...we were to quickly learn the cost of cabs, food, etc. A single meal for us four came to \$10 to \$15 every time. After about four days I tried getting bread, milk, juice and cold cuts and eating at our room...but the kids and Martha couldn't stand this...so had to give it up.

I communicated with the SI's and asked them to give me some guidance. Every soul we saw jabbered French at us. I only met one person there in the two weeks...that spoke English adequately, and that was Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria...but tell you about that later. Well, the SI's told me to go to Le Figaro, the big newspaper in Paris...and try to get them to write me up...so that interested persons might help me with the "Project Millie"...help me find the castle; then help me get there. We had no car...and to rent one costs \$15 or \$20 a day...so couldn't afford that, to get out into the country. Even if I could, had no idea where to go. Needed the French Government, really, to help on that end. Why not? All the governments of the world should turn to...and help me with this special project, since the results will benefit them tremendously if I am successful!

So I went to Le Figaro...and a Madame Kitty sent me to a Mr. Barrat at Paris/Match (this took several days; everything in Paris, it seems, is manana...just like Mexico City). Barrat was amazed by my material I had brought...had heard of me...and was greatly excited. He's a big executive at Paris/Match. He called his wife to leave home and come to his office to meet me...she speaks some English, and his English is poor. She came over...and I did a psychometric reading on her...she said it was 100% accurate...and they were both greatly excited. He closed his office and they took me to lunch, lasting several hours...with Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria (a fine oil painter...I understand her oil paintings have been in Life and Newsweek) and her husband, Byron Janis, a famous pianist. Finally we all went to the apartment of Byron and Maria...up in a penthouse, with guards guarding the guards. And here is where I made one big blunder. Just before going into the Janis apartment, I asked Barrat if I should take my cigar inside. He told me, in a hushed voice, that the Janis's didn't smoke...so I put my cigar up on top of the outside of the Janis front door, to smoke when I left. It was a darn good cigar, and had only just lighted it, and in my country way didn't want to waste it. Maria stood watching me with amazement, put that cigar up over her front door. But that, I feel, was a booboo. Anyway, once inside, Maria made us expresso coffee...then I showed them my books, papers, etc. Maria exclaimed when she saw the cover of my book with the oil painting of the ~~XXXX~~ entity on it. She ran over to a corner of the apartment and brought over a painting she'd painted just that morning...before she even knew about me. Know what? It was an exact exact duplicate of the entity on the cover of my book! Same slit eyes; same form exactly. Only difference was...she'd split the head in half. And as I recall each half was a different color. (This to match my brain; half human, half alien?) Anyway, for an hour or so we chatted...and Maria and Barrat's wife were eager to learn the SI System...and it was set up for the coming Saturday and Sunday for me to teach them. (Oh...Barrat had meanwhile gotten me through to Dr. Poher at Toulouse, head of the French NASA, rocket research and all that...and I was to leave that night for Toulouse to see Poher. Then after getting back...was to pick up with the Barrats and the Janis's.) Well, the Barrats insisted on taking me back to the hotel and meeting Martha and the kids. Here was another shocker.

Because, while Martha and Beau and Teddy are precious precious humans... believe me, they will not fit into any social setting that you can name or might be familiar with. And the French...particularly these Barrats... are sticklers for form; manners; dress; everything we aren't. Ha ha...when Barrat saw Martha and the kids he recoiled about two feet. His wife, however, was crazy about Teddy (everybody is, at sight)...and she held him for a bit. Then they took me to the rail station to catch the train to Toulouse. Before the train, they took me to a restaurant... and another odd booboo occurred. We sat down at a table with the Barrats across from me. Here I must mention that Mrs. Barrat is quite beautiful...he is 57, I think he said, and she's 30...about the same age set-up as Martha and I. I am 54; Martha is 36). Anyway, his wife got up from his side and came over and sat beside me real chummily. Barrat got an awful look on his face, and excused himself...and didn't come back for awhile while we sat and had a coffee. But the whole thing did not escape my notice...and I thought...oh oh.

I took the train to Toulouse...and it wound through hills and mountains and valleys south into France, almost to the border of Spain. Upon arriving I took a hotel room immediately, then took a cab to find Dr. Poher. It couldn't. After half an hour of trying, I directed the cab driver to the gate of the rocket complex and asked simply for Dr. Poher...the guard told us to go to a big hospital at an address. So off we went. At the hospital told us there was no Dr. Poher there. Back to the rocket complex where, after half a dozen guards and people conversed excitedly in French...we were finally guided inside and around and around to the building where Dr. Poher worked. I paid off the cab driver and the guard with us...couldn't find Poher's office. After ten minutes of looking, he finally found it. (This is the way the whole trip went, I might mention.) Poher and I talked for about an hour. I tried to show him my documentation and papers, etc., but he brushed them aside and said, "to me those are just papers." I must have some Irish in me, because at that my hair almost stood up on end...remember, I'd sweated blood for years to get those documents; and literally accomplished miracles to do so. Then he demanded I do something in the room, with a sweep of his hands. I told him that wasn't what I demonstrated; not what I did. He said that Uri Geller did it. I pointed out that I did not bend spoons; but could bend countries. He asked what I wanted of him. I asked him to get the French government to set me up for a week at a castle (here let me say...before taking the trip; for years; the SI's had shown me an old, abandoned castle in my mind...that they wanted me to go to...and on the train down from Paris I had actually seen the very very same castle! On the side of a mountain, about five minutes by train south of Limoges. So...I knew now where to go!)

He said if he did that...set me up for a week from midnight till five in the morning at the castle...then what? I said then I'd repeat the process in England; then in Germany. (His English didn't seem too good; that is, he spoke correctly...but I had a feeling he did not understand what I was saying adequately. Perhaps am wrong on that.) Well, he didn't like that, and would have none of it. Then he showed the only real spark of interest during our meeting...he pointed to my wrist and said "what is that?" I told him it was a wrist-watch, with amazement. A Pulsar, given to me some time ago by a pupil...and quite common in America. I was aghast. Here was the head of the French NASA program who didn't know a Pulsar watch when he saw one! My lord. Then how could he comprehend other-dimensional force, entities, etc?

I caught the train back to Paris (a six-hour trip) and it was then that the SI's communicated with me...for the first time in full. They instructed me to have the special camera ready...and take photos of the target castle on the way back (only seconds to do it, because the train is fast...I'd estimate it travels 70-80 miles an hour, and tunnels, trees and things block the view. I'd only have a few seconds to point that camera and photo the castle.)

They told me...it had been of the greatest importance for them...for me to go to this (Paris, Toulouse) geographical area...to use my eyes and ears and brain.

They told me...it had been of great interest to them...to observe any surveillance over me during my trip which, they said, was a "trial run" type of thing. But what they meant was...they wanted to see if I was being followed by CIA or other US Govt. Agents; French agents; or whatever. And only by bringing me over to Europe to the location...could they find out.

They told me...to bring the Barrats and the Janis's down to the castle to spend three nights there with me, and THEY WOULD COME DOWN TO US.

They said to get Barrat to arrange it.

(I was greatly excited by all this, and jotted it down on a card...which is before me now.)

They told me...that for purposes of their own (having nothing to do with the castle plan) it was quite important for them to have me come to France. (I sensed that it was necessary for some kind of zeroing-in they want...with my alien brain.)

They told me...that since the French government needed some proof (other than spoon-bonding) that they would instruct me later on what kind of demonstration to give the French government.

So I got out the camera and prepared it for instant action. Waited for several hours. Finally spotted the castle and managed to get two quick shots at it before the train slid into a tunnel out of sight of the castle.

Now when I got back to Paris, to the hotel...I got a real shock! A letter from Barrat was there...completely reversing his position and his stand. A rather rude letter, really. Everything was off, that had been planned. He said he had, however, some scientists who wanted to test me, and to call a number. I gave the crumbly letter to the hotel owner, to KKKKK call the number Barrat listed...but the owner wasn't able to get any answer to the number.

Here was a dilly of a mess! The SI's would come down...I'd found THE castle...had the man who could arrange the renting of a car and pushing it through...and the man, for reasons unknown to me...had disassociated himself from me, scuttling, in effect, the whole thing!

(At this point let me say...that since I predicted over a live radio show months ago, to Texas by phone hook-up in Virginia...that Nixon and Kissinger would be murdered by the "rich gang"...several key contacts have mysteriously reversed themselves a la Barrat...and I have a hunch that a Segretti-type operation is in effect. I.e., am under surveillance...and as fast as I line up something "key" or somebody "key"...these sneaky surveillance characters pull out impressive cards and convince my key contacts...that I am not to be worked with, for whatever reason.

Well...at this point money had run very very low. I'd kept a couple thousand to get back on, tucked away...and was almost down to it.

And it would take that, to return.

I communicated with the SI's...and filled them in. (They monitor me, but I do not know how much they pick up, or how they pick it up...so always, to be on the safe side, I telepath to them...using words and other devices to pass on the intelligence to them.)

They told me...to return to the U.S. immediately, since I had been rejected both by the French Government (represented by Poher and by the French people (represented by Barrat)...and then to give some world-shaking demonstrations for the French government and French people.

They said to repeat the "Cleveland Miracle," with a slight variation. That is...to use my mind to cause drought in France...around Paris and Toulouse, especially.

To also cause tremendous storms...accompanied by lightning attacks (my symbol)...and floods.

To cause power blackouts.

To make and direct hurricane winds at France.

And they told me something they'd never told me before...that they were going to cause a RING OF STORMS in the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf...around the U.S. Tremendous winds; high waves; lightning; hurricanes perhaps.

I.e., this would be a JOINT demonstration by me and the SI's combined!

Not to hurt anyone...but to show the French Government that far from being a "Uri Geller"...I can might as well be a 5th World Power, because of the infinite power that I have connected with the UFO's!

You know, Millie...Edgar Cayce didn't bend spoons like Geller, and neither do I. Yet Cayce was a far greater psychic, IN HIS WAY, than Geller. And I am a far greater psychic, in my own way, than Cayce or Geller. But...some cannot comprehend this.

At any rate...a small thing like Barrat changing his mind...has sprung loose all of this dynamo of powerful phenomena which will take place in the weeks and months to come.

So...in my hotel room, after the SI's had told me how valuable my coming to France had been, and how pleased they were (I was crestfallen because of not being able to get at the castle right then and there) I wrote you and told you mission accomplished in Paris, according to the SI's, anyway.

Being wiser by now...and having learned the ropes of going to Europe and coping...(necessary for future travels) I got us onto a jumbo jet and we flew back to New York, thence by bus home. And we all collapsed! For several days I've been absolutely worn out...only until today did I have the energy to go up stairs and write this report for you.

Before closing the book on the Paris trip...I will tell you one of the funniest things that happened there. Any time we'd go into a restaurant to eat, Teddy would scream and kick and cut up. Now, Paris people eat quietly...and do not like being disturbed. It isn't like here in the U.S. A couple of times when we went back to a restaurant, they'd look at Teddy and wouldn't let us in. Well, this one day we went to a restaurant and I told them all, look, fellas...this time sit quietly. Beau, don't play with Teddy. Martha, watch Beau and Teddy and keep them quiet, now.

And they did, indeed, all three sit there, nice and quiet. I thought, wonderful...and ordered the meal from the waiter, who was fixing us with a stern, anti-American gaze (as they all did). He brought the water to the table all around, prepared the napkins and plates...and I had to go downstairs for a minute, so told Partha to watch it...and went downstairs. Just then I heard a tremendous crashing noise and thought, oh, no! I rushed upstairs...and Teddy had kicked the entire table over! Glasses of water, silver, napkins...all over the floor. This, in a spotless, stern, no-nonsense French restaurant. The waiter was ~~purple~~ purple with rage...and jabbered wildly in French at the woman owner of the place. He jumped up and down, waving his arms. She went over and argued with him for about ten minutes. All during this time the French people in the place were watching these uncouth American tourists with raised eyebrows, and shrugging their shoulders at each other as if to say, "Well, Americans...what else?" It was so funny, really...sort of like a Marx Brothers comedy. Anyway, the woman owner finally got the waiter under control and he got things put back and we finished.

When we got back and I found your letter...that you intend to help me continue...then I understood what the SI's meant when they told me the Paris trip had been a "trial run".

Maybe if I am able to continue soon enough...before the "French Miracle" Demonstrations are to take place...the SI's will not be so rough on the poor French.

Oh, yes...I told Madame Kitty I would make it rain on Paris (on a bright, sunny day. Also, I worked on the sky with PK from Maria's and Byron's penthouse apartment (same bright and sunny day) and told them that within days Paris would have a rainstorm. Several days later it clouded over and poured rain down on Paris! A very nice little demonstration, if I do say so myself. Madame Kitty had begged me not to do it, but I had to show her, and the Janis's, that I could.

Now...as soon as your new help comes...I'll get some security here for the family (have a man have just found who can watch over them) and will fly back to Paris, take a train to Limoges. Will hire an interpreter and rent a car...then will drive down to the castle and make arrangements to stay there for a five-day period from midnight until 5 AM, to give the SI's their approach to me that they want. Then will take the train, or fly, to London; will hire ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ a guide...someone who knows where everything is...rent a car...~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ and go to a site I already have picked out. A dandy. The SI's have already designated the site. Then will fly to Germany; hire an interpreter...search out a castle...and repeat the process. Once this chore is down for the SI's...will give lectures in all the major European cities, by interpreter, re the SI's...which, as you recall, the SI's want done. Then will fly to Australia and do that, too...lecture...the SI's want this, because for some reason Australia is important to them. Finally, will return home. Unless they want me to do Mexico City. I will keep a day to day diary on all the above, when I do it...to fill you in on when I get back. (And when I return, the SI's will have further modify my brain, they tell me...I will be a different person.)

You'll have some very fine photos soon, my friend...including one of Maria and the picture she painted alongside a book! Best...
Ted *Swens*