



AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH, INC.

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THE A.I.P.R. NEWS

Premonitions (Part 1) by Kathleen Tornqvist

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Premonitions by Kathleen Tornqvist (pp. 1-3). In this three-part article, South Australian-born Kathleen Tornqvist, now living in Queensland, talks about her premonitory experiences dating back to her early childhood, through to her adult years.

UPDATE: The Poltergeists That Won't Go Away by Robb Tilley (p. 3). Robb Tilley (AIPR Public Officer) gives an update on the Poltergeist account featured in the last two issues of THE AIPR NEWS—see Vols. 7(2) and 8(1).

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MY NAME IS Kathleen Tornqvist (name changed) and I am 66 years old. I live in Queensland, Australia, but was born in Adelaide, SA. I was adopted at an early age and raised with four siblings by professional parents. My adoptive father was an academic with numerous degrees including a Ph.D. My natural parents were Swedish (mother) and English (father).

With only a little encouragement from my parents I learned to read at an early age and was reading books at the age of 4. It was from this early age—from as early as I can remember—that I 'knew things' and felt I was different from other people. I was an imaginative child and because of a severe asthmatic condition that frequently kept me home from school, I used to run out of reading material.

My father gave me books on Greek mythology that I consumed with relish, and he eventually found me books on veterinary medicine that kept me occupied for a few months. When I began to tell my parents of my 'feelings' or premonitions, they initially thought these were because of my very fertile imagination. They later realised that I was a bit fey. Many

years later they did say they'd always wondered how I 'knew' that danger lurked around a corner (i.e., a snake); that somebody was going to arrive at any moment, etc.

Unfortunately this early 'genius' didn't continue throughout life and I proved to be, much to my very brilliant father's disgust, intellectually average. I do not, have not, and would never dabble in the occult, fortune telling, palm reading or the

“... I suddenly see the accident that I am going to have the next day.”

like. However, I seem to have precognitive 'warnings'—premonitions—more than anything else. And these 'warnings' come as a sort of picture or 'flash' when I'm awake, or a vivid but short, early-morning 'dream', just before I wake up. The following reports are in chronological order, and represent some of the more profound premonitions I have had:

February 1967. Vivid premonition of accident I was to have the next day. Denver, Colorado: A car crash premonition happened when I was 17 at Golden, Colorado, in late Spring 1967. We had moved from Queensland to live in Colorado where my father had

accepted a professorship at the University. Our family consisted of my mother, father and 14-year-old sister.

I was sitting at my mirror putting giant curlers in my hair. I have arranged to drive the brand new family car (a Ford) to Winter Park and go skiing in the morning, taking my sister with me. As I am holding my arms up to put in a roller, I suddenly see the accident that I am going to have the next day. I saw the exact location where there

was mountain on one side of the road and a sheer drop on the other. I

had driven there before and the road had always been clear as it was early spring. But in my 'flash' I saw falling snow and an icy road. I saw myself spinning, I felt the car being hit.

Interestingly, the next morning my mother said she wasn't happy about me taking the car skiing this time and suggested we catch the train instead. But, in spite of my premonition of impending doom, I still insisted on taking the car. As my sister and I drove, the conditions seemed good until we got further up the mountain and it began to snow. It was early morning and the snow plough hadn't cleared the roads yet. But, I kept on going. As we neared the place in my dream, I told my

At My Desk

On a cold July Saturday afternoon, I decided to thaw out by my warm gas heater and watch a film, "Fire in the Sky" (1993), about two Arizona lads Travis Walton and Mike Rogers who, in November 1975, along with their work-mates, witnessed a weird glow in the night-sky on their way home from a day's work felling trees. Travis was napping in the pick-up truck at the time the strange light first appeared, but was roused by the din. Heading for the light, they then sighted a UFO. Walton jumped out of the truck, and ran over for a closer look, but was snatched up by a beam of light from the UFO and then thrown to the ground. Frightened by the events, the others fled, but soon returned to discover Travis missing. Five days later, a dishevelled Walton wandered into town. I suspect the party of five witnessed a collective vision (see Peter Hallson's related article in *Paranormal Review*, April 2014). Archetypally, such visions parallel those of a religious kind at Lourdes, Fatima, Garabandal, and Medjugorje. Some shared UFO/ET encounters (the famous Hill Abduction comes to mind) suggest that religious visions and UFO/ET encounters are, at a fundamental level, essentially the same—where they do differ tends to be at a cultural level governed by belief. My story doesn't end there; that night, I continued reading from *The Seven Crystal Balls* from my 'ancient' Tintin collection dating back to my teens. On page 32, Tintin is awakened by a screaming Captain Haddock who happens to be having the same graphic dream as Tintin! Bingo! I wonder if there's a rule at work here where synchronicity could be used to confirm our suspicions or, more broadly, to test scientific hypotheses.

* * *

Got something to say about the paranormal? Submit to: Dr. Lance Storm, School of Psychology, University of Adelaide, SA 5005

or e-mail me at:

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Enjoy this edition of *The A.I.P.R. News!*

—Lance Storm

Premonitions (Part 1) by Kathleen Tornqvist

sister to buckle her seatbelt and lock her door. I did the same. (Note that the fastening of seatbelts was not mandatory in 1967 and also wasn't something that my family or I customarily did.)

We continued on, very slowly because of the slick road. As we were driving on the stretch I had dreamt about, and going downhill, I was driving very cautiously. But a car came up behind us at great speed and must have braked heavily because they began to spin and hit the back of our car. We too began to spin and I could see that we were going to go over the edge into the ravine, so I accelerated and put the car into another spin towards the mountain

side of **“The small plane that I refused to board crashed on the road. I calmly**

its trip back to Toowoomba.”

did this three times until we ploughed into a bank of snow on the mountain side of the road.

The whole time I calmly told my sister that we'd be okay and not to worry. My driver's seat was on its side almost on top of my sister because the car had been hit on my door.

The police said that if I hadn't locked the doors and fastened my seatbelt I would have been killed as all the metal had been torn around the lock which had held. The car was 'totalled'—bent frame and crushed on three sides. I should have heeded the very graphic warning I had the night before, but if I hadn't had it, I wouldn't have taken any precautions, and my sister and I most likely would have gone over the side of the mountain and been killed.

February 1974. Reno Nevada intruder: I know when I am in danger. I'd arrived at Reno, Nevada, with my husband to spend the next day visiting friends and the casino. We'd found a motel, and as soon as I entered the room, I felt scared. But it was just an ordinary motel room that had

the typical door to the adjoining room. I checked the door, and it was locked. I told my husband I wasn't happy and wanted to go to another motel, but he said the town was pretty much booked out and we were lucky to get the room we had. He said I was being ridiculous.

So, we went to bed, and I finally got to sleep, but something made me wake up with a start. When I woke I found a man's face looming over mine, gazing at me. Naturally I screamed bloody murder—I flew at the man, and he escaped through the door to the adjoining room. It was just very weird that I somehow knew something was going to happen hours before it did.

1975 or 1976: Plane Crash, near Caldecott Tunnel, Oakland, California: I had an early morning 'dream' that was very realistic—a passenger plane was going to crash near the San Francisco Bay Bridge. On my way to work I listened to the radio news, but nothing had happened and I put it down to a dream. But on the way home after work I found myself stuck in a traffic jam on the freeway. I listened to the news on my car radio and learned that a small plane had crashed into the hill that the Caldecott Tunnel goes through, which was on my way home. I'm not certain, but I think people were killed. It was a long time ago—around the time I left USA and returned to Australia to live.

July 1983: Plane flight, Toowoomba to Sydney: I flew from Toowoomba to Sydney on a small plane and was absolutely terrified. I felt we'd never get there because the plane didn't feel 'right'. We were supposed to fly back from Sydney to Toowoomba with the same small airline (I

think in the same plane), and I refused. Instead we flew with a different airline on a larger plane to Brisbane. The small plane that I refused to board crashed a short time later on a flight from Toowoomba to a country town killing all on board.

September 15, 1984. Concern for a friend and discovering her mother had died: I seem to 'know' when people with whom I have a close relationship are distressed. I was driving from Brisbane with my family to our home in the country when I got this very urgent feeling that something was wrong with my closest friend, Susan.

I asked my husband to drive faster and said that I really needed to phone Susan as soon as we arrived home because something was wrong. When we arrived home I immediately phoned Susan. Her husband answered the phone and told me that Susan's mother had died suddenly and unexpectedly at 4:30 PM, which was about the time I felt something was wrong.

January 1994: I told a friend that I knew or 'felt' my husband was dying. I could feel him being 'pulled away from me': I knew my husband was dying. It was January, and my husband and I had just finished a game of golf with friends. I was in the kitchen with my friend, making coffee and a snack for the men. I said to my friend: "You are going to think I am mad, but I am sure that Chris is dying".

My friend had already experienced some of my 'weirdness' and responded that if somebody other than me made that observation she would think they were mad, but coming from me, she thought not and asked me why I thought this. I told her: "I can

feel him being pulled away from me.” My husband was very fit, healthy, and well at the time.

In May, we had driven down to Canberra to attend a dinner and the budget at Parliament House. Before we left home, I was, for some reason, very agitated and visited our solicitor to make sure that our Wills were in order. I had a feeling of impending doom. But, the trip went just fine and we arrived home safe and sound. But still I had the feeling of impending doom. But, the trip went without incident.

Not long after, we were driving from our country home to Toowoomba and the song *Tears in Heaven* by Eric Clapton came on the radio. As I listened to the lyrics I experienced sudden painful grief and was suddenly in tears. I just ‘knew’ I was going to lose my husband soon. But still, he seemed very well.

It was in mid-June that he developed headaches. He went to the doctor who told him he had migraines and medication was prescribed. The headaches got worse, so I went to his doctor and insisted they weren’t caused by migraines. The doctor told me I was overreacting and prescribed valium for me. I waited another couple of days, and my husband’s headaches became worse and he seemed to be having difficulty driving the car straight, walking straight, and was having some confusion and coordination problems.

So, I phoned his doctor again and said that I didn’t care if we had to fly to Sydney, but he was going to see a neurologist that afternoon. At my insistence, we managed to get an appointment with a specialist in Toowoomba that afternoon. A CT scan was taken, and a huge brain tumour was revealed. My husband had surgery and was told he had 9 months to live. He died 9 months later. But . . . it gets a bit weirder. . . Ψ

(cont’d March 2015)

UPDATE: The Poltergeists That Won’t Go Away by Robb Tilley

FURTHER TO Colin Mitchell’s articles in past issues of THE AIPR NEWS (see Volumes 7[2] & 8[1]): Colin Mitchell’s Poltergeist Case has been ongoing now for 14 years—ever since Susan’s psychic opening experience first occurred, coupled with her ‘spiritual emergence’. Susan’s husband John financed my trip to Melbourne to help put an end to the poltergeisty. I met Colin at their home. I feel Susan has brought all this on herself.

She is enjoying the attention, and is both fascinated and frightened by the phenomena.

She said to me that she had no right to tell the poltergeists to stop tormenting her, and she believes that if she keeps offering help and kindness to them, they will behave themselves! I sensed that Susan

has no idea of personal boundaries and cannot get angry at anyone, so she is an agreeable target victim. She won’t ask for help to stop it; she is ‘contrary’.

enjoy tormenting and bullying her; she doesn’t stand up for herself, or get angry at them. This situation encourages them, and things will only get worse. Clearing hauntings and poltergeists is easy to do if the victims are absolutely clear in their mind that they just want it to stop and cease altogether. In situations like this, I have the victims express their anger using very strong language for emphasis to make it very clear to

poltergeists who are not blessed with any compassion and little intelligence.¹ Ψ

Notes:

1. R. Tilley, “Poltergeist Disturbances and Hauntings Brought to a Lasting Successful Conclusion (Some Failures Too),” *Australian Journal of Parapsychology*, 2(2), (2002): 127-160.



Public Domain image (courtesy Wikimedia Commons)

I suggested she get transpersonal counselling, or join a spiritualist church group to help—she has done neither.

You can’t help those who won’t help themselves. The poltergeists at her home (and there are a dozen of them)



The *Australian Journal of Parapsychology* features research articles on ESP (extra-sensory perception), PK (psychokinesis), and the afterlife.

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(see page 4)

The Australian Institute of Parapsychological Research is a non-profit community association. Based in Sydney but with a worldwide membership base, it was established in 1977. The aims of the organisation are:

- To collect, assess and disseminate factual information about claims of psychic (paranormal) phenomena.
- To support and encourage parapsychology (the scientific study of paranormal phenomena).
- To undertake or promote activities (e.g., fundraising, social activities, etc.) in support of the above.

Looking for information on the paranormal? The AIPR has fact sheets on:

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- Apparitions, ghosts and hauntings
- Out of body experiences
- Near-death experiences
- The human aura

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Quid Nunc by Hannah Jenkins

On the Cards

With all the Wikipedia edit wars going on it is easy to blame the Internet for degrading the popular conception of parapsychology. But the edit wars were very much in evidence even before the dominance of online resources.

For instance, the 1985 edition of *The Penguin Dictionary of Psychology* defines parapsychology as a “more or less (with the emphasis on less) accepted branch of psychology concerned with paranormal phenomena.” The tone set, it wraps up with: “Finally, many of the sceptics wonder why those persons who claim to have these extraordinary capabilities don’t simply hie themselves off to the nearest casino or race track and put them to good use. If nothing else, they could use the profits to fund further research in parapsychology.”¹

When I first read this as a newbie Masters student, I was perturbed. The snide tone stood out in what is an otherwise well-edited and composed publication. Plus, to think, this was a Penguin publication no less. Penguin! I made a note of it in

the thesis as an example of the bias that is apparent in the representation of parapsychology in works that should have the editorial clout to be more objective. Turns out, I was subsequently forced to remove mention of it (long story, but don’t worry it ended up in my PhD). It remains a fine example of how laissez-faire editors are when it comes to matters psi.

Now, though, I am beginning to wonder: why the hell didn’t I see it as sage advice? Jokes aside, why not extrapolate and consider utilising psi to fund psi research? It is not as if the business model is unprecedented. Use the output of studies to make money to fund research into more science. Duh! Medical institutes do this all the time.

All these years down the track, I find myself siding with at least the idea behind the dictionary entry: Why *hasn’t* the community of psi researchers put up or shut up? If psi can really be utilised to obtain information that should not otherwise be available, surely this would provide an advantage in all sorts of moneymaking arenas. In fact, shouldn’t there

already be a significant source of funds?

As always, the answer is more complex than you might first think. Some in the psi research community have already tried. We have, of course, the now long-cited examples of the Mobius group using ARV to make significant gains on the stock market. And there are anecdotes of successful strategies that increase the odds at casinos and, even, the lottery. Like most radical action in psi research, these activities were more prevalent in the 1970s. Among this seasoned group of researchers it is apparent that now the idea of using psi to gain funds, even with the best intention to plough the money back into psi research, can have a negative effect. In particular, it takes attention away from the aim to use science to understand and explain psi.

On the other hand there are those, like myself, who are coming around to thinking ‘surely it is worth a shot’. Most of my attention is already taken away by the need to obtain an income in an unrelated field. This is a frustrating scenario, which means I have two compromised careers, and the increasingly overwhelming feeling that something just has to give. The biggest thing I think we need to address is the fear that using psi somehow increases the already elusive nature of the phenomena. No one wants to chase fool’s gold.

A counter argument could run: but gains in acceptance of psi research should be obtained by breaking into the mainstream where funding and publication sources are not as restricted; part of getting psi research accepted is making it acceptable to normal sources of funding, like any other area of science. What they mean is: we just need to bang on the door loudly enough and finally they’ll let us in. I get it. I just don’t think it is going to happen any time soon.

The comment in the *Dictionary of Psychology* was no doubt intended to create a demeaning image: look what they should resort to for funding: gambling and hanging out with low-lives,

how uncouth compared to us in our shiny labs. So, should we consider, even *if it is possible* would the fact that funds had been obtained in such a fashion demean the research that followed? Some might, but I think not. We have a prime example here, in Hobart, of a group of people who applied their mathematical (non-psi) smarts to obtaining large (and I mean *really* large) sums of money by betting on horse races. What one of them subsequently used the funds for is now a hub for forward thinking artistic endeavours. MONA, which stands for Museum of Old and New Art, supports all sorts of art, music and even some scientific projects mainly focussed around the themes of sex and death (alas, not psi). It also provides the space for the brewing of tasty beer, fermenting of grapes and pretty much anything its founder, David Walsh, cares to turn his attention to. He is proof of what extraordinary things an individual can do with funds procured from the track.

So, what next? Is it time to hang up the lab coats, get all dolled/tuxed up and head off to the track or casino? Well, I don’t think it necessarily has to be limited to these two options, but I do think it is high time we tried to create a source of funds by utilising psi to provide money for further research. This would have a two-fold benefit. First, it would provide a source of funding which those involved would have complete control over (imagine! no snarly gate-keepers or bureaucracy). Second, what a PR coup that would be. Entries for parapsychology in the likes of the *Dictionary of Psychology* might just read something very different should that day arrive. And even if they still scoff, at least there will be money for research. Any takers? Ψ

Notes:

1. A. S. Reber (Ed.), *The Penguin Dictionary of Psychology* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1985), p. 517. Astonishingly, when I went to double check this reference, I discovered the exact same entry in the 2009 online edition. Twenty-four years on, nothing has changed.

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