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UK: U.S. Use of 'Psychic Spies' Reported (Take 4 of 5)

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TEXT [FBIS Transcribed Text] Lt P- recovered, and remains on active duty but Stubblebine retired from the Army in 1984 to become an executive at BDM Corporation a Washington-area defence and intelligence contractor. He left BDM a few years ago, and now lives in New York, where he is married to Rima Laibow, a controversial *psychiatrist who has claimed that she is a UFO abduction victim. But the damage had been done. "Bert gave remote-viewing a bad name, because of all the other stuff he was involved in," says a former senior Pentagon official who knew him. And although the unit never left its offices at Fort Meade, by 1985 it had been expelled from the Army. It still had its supporters, notably Jack Vorona, chief of the DIA's science and technology directorate, who had since 1978 been the overall head of the remote-viewing programme. The DIA took the Fort Meade unit under its wing, the project was renamed Center Lane, and later, Sun Streak, and Vorona now exerted more direct control of the Fort Meade unit. For the remote-viewers, this was a fortunate development. Vorona was a man who was widely respected throughout the intelligence community, and with him watching over it, the unit seemed safe from outside threats.

But what of inside threats? Although Stubblebine was gone, his spirit lingered, and in the mid and late 1980s, the unit seemed to take on a garish tinge. In its first few years under DIA management the unit included the "witches", two women called Angela Dellafiora and Robin Dahlgren. Dellafiora eschewed remote-viewing and instead "channelled" her psychic data through a group of entities with names like "Maurice" and "George". Dahlgren practiced tarot-card reading.

In the eyes of Ed Dames and Mel Riley, Angela achieved an undue influence on the unit when she began to give personal channelling sessions, featuring advice on the most intimate matters of their lives, to Jack Vorona and other officials. "Jack Vorona would sit at one end of the table, and Angela at the other," recalls Dames. "She would say, 'Good morning, Dr Vorona. Maurice says hello!'"

"Their eyes would be shining when they came out of those sessions," recalls Riley. "They were told all the nice things they wanted to hear, which reinforced Angela's position within the unit."

"Psychic blowjobs," says Ed Dames, referring to the activities of Angela and Robin. To witness them, he told me, and the other antics of "the witches", was "too much to bear for professional military officers". But Dames as much as anyone was caught up in the transformational dynamic of remote-viewing.

A linguist - his forte was Chinese - and former INSCOM intelligence officer, Ed Dames was one of the group that had been trained in the early Eighties by Ingo Swann at SRI. With his blond hair, California accent, and preternaturally boyish face, he looked more like a teenage surfer than a soldier. Although widely considered intelligent and creative, he also seemed, like

Stubblebine, to have an impulsive streak. "Everybody sort of looked at Ed as a loose cannon," says Mel Riley. "I was in trouble all the time, anywhere I went," agrees Dames. "I was always pushing the envelope."

Certainly, despite his professed distaste for the New Ageishness of Vorona and the "Witches", Dames was frustrated by the increasing

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scarcity of operational taskings. In his ample spare time at the unit, he began to use remote-viewing techniques to exercise his own spiritual and extraterrestrial interests. "Under the guise of 'advanced training,' he says, "I began to see what [remote-viewing] could do. You know what I mean?" Dames's advanced training "targets" included apparitions of the Virgin Mary, the demise of Atlantis ("it's at the bottom of Lake Titicaca," says Dames), the Loch Ness monster ("a dinosaur's ghost"), and a great many flying saucers. "He would tell me a lot of things about Martians," remembers Dames's now estranged wife Christine. "I didn't want to hear about it."

While Dames was at the Fort Meade unit, stories began to circulate about certain "unusual experiences" during remote-viewing sessions, particularly those engaged on "advanced training" targets. "I think he had some kind of experiences, some kind of disturbances from unknown spirits," remembers Christine Dames. "But he didn't care -- he welcomed the challenge."

"We thrived on adventure," Dames remembers proudly. "You get men of action -- we're not satisfied with sitting around and twiddling our thumbs year after year," says Dames. "Unless something happens, you're going to lose our interest. But there was enough happening in there to hold our interest."

Dames left the unit in 1989, and formed a company, Psi Tech, to make commercial use of his remote-viewing skills. But his clients were few and far between. He separated from his wife and moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, believing that the nearby deserts harboured a hidden Martian civilisation. A wilderness prophet for our time, he predicted to the local media that in August 1992, the aliens would arise from their desert dwellings, shocking the world. When I saw him in 1994, Ed Dames was almost out of money.

MOST OF the remote-viewers I've talked to are willing to admit, when pressed, that their craft does have its psychiatric hazards. As with any prolonged and forced alteration of consciousness, it promotes altered states and a general mental instability, and thus can be dangerous for those who are inherently unstable. They also point out that in the absence of regular independent verification, remote-viewing can quickly become a generator of idiosyncratic fantasy. As Mel Riley says, "Without feedback, your remote-viewing turns to shit."

And without proper oversight, it seems, the remote-viewing programme turned foul, too, slowly strangled by its own isolation.

Following the Irangate scandal of 1987, Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci had instituted a wide-ranging review of potentially embarrassing Pentagon programs, and in 1988, a Defense Department Inspector General's (IG) team descended on the remote-viewing unit's offices, demanding to see the files.

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