

TRIBUTE TO EILEEN J. GARRETT

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One of the extraordinary aspects of speaking about Eileen Garrett is that the words go not only to this audience of her friends, but to Eileen. With her characteristic twinkle of skeptical belief, and her equally charming appreciation of blarney she would be the first to say, "But how can you be sure?"

That was perhaps the theme of her life—How can you be sure? She had a fierce integrity about this quest for certitude which she relentlessly pursued all of her life. If she thought that an investigator had any common sense and some small idea for an experiment, she never turned down an offer to be personally investigated. She never really wanted to know about the details of any experiment, and she never broke experimental conditions. Her confidence in her psychic ability made her fearless and she never showed the slightest doubt about the reality of her psychic world in action. But take her out of the arena of doing and place her in the arena of academic discussion, and she became the greatest doubting Thomas of them all—doubtful of her powers, in doubt of her controls and of all other pretenders to psychic powers. Which is not to say that she did not have friends among psychics—she certainly did. It was simply a case of self-doubt at a discussion level being extended to all other psychics.

In 1948 I took two years off from my work in medicine in order to find out if telepathy really existed. I was about to give up my quest when I met Eileen. She willingly offered herself as a subject for my Faraday Cage experiments, and proved to me that telepathy did indeed exist and on my own terms. I owe my subsequent efforts in psychic research in great part to this initial experience with Eileen, and her continuing friendship and encouragement.

She always had heroic qualities in all aspects of living. If she was your friend, it was a bountiful friendship. If you were an enemy you had better beware. Being a great judge of human nature she often became overconfident about the loyalty of her friends. She assumed that her big-heartedness and loyalty would always bring about re-

ciprocation in kind. It was one of life's great cruelties to her to be wounded by a betrayal of trust. I can still see the head-light blue quality of her eyes beseeching me, "Why, why would anyone betray my friendship?"

I give these contradictory aspects of her character because in fact her character was made up of the dynamic tension of many such oppositions, and when summed up became her greatness. I do not for a moment doubt her place in psychic history. But if I know Eileen at all, I know that she did not stop her work when her heart stopped beating. Her indomitable will to aid and elevate humanity through knowledge of the psychical and the spiritual has really just begun. I have never made a prediction before, but I will make one now. Eileen will speak, and her best works are yet to come. Truly, she always lived as if to die tomorrow, but she learned as if to live forever.