

Investigating UNSEEN REALITIES

By Bob Fountain, Spectral Tech

Over the years, I have been a guest on a few podcasts and interviews, and almost without fail, one of the first questions asked by the host is: “What got you into this field? Why do you do this?” It’s a valid question, and one I even find myself asking students when I hold paranormal classes.

The desire to explore the paranormal can be prompted by a single intense encounter, a buildup of events over time, or just simple curiosity.

This is my defining moment ...

How it Began

My first paranormal encounter happened when I was 11 years old. My mother had just divorced, and we had to find somewhere to live. She found a residence in an old part of Toledo that consisted of a two-story building. The front of the building was a store that sold picture frames, with an artist’s studio upstairs. The back of the building was a residence consisting of two stories and a basement that occupied the back half of the building.

When we went to look at the place, being a curious kid, I asked the landlord why he didn’t show us what was behind one of the doors on the second floor. The landlord told us that it was the entrance to the artist studio and was locked and off limits. He didn’t elaborate why and quickly changed the subject. My mother couldn’t believe the rent was so low for such a nice place and quickly signed the lease papers.

When we moved in, my mother decided that my bedroom would be in the room next to the door leading into the studio on the second floor. The door to the studio was 16 inches off the floor because there had previously been a step there that led into the studio; the step had been removed. From my bed in the morning, you could see the light coming in from the skylights in the studio as it shined through the one-inch gap at the bottom of the door.



I was pretty much a bookworm at that age and spent most of my waking hours in my room reading. And sometimes at night, I would get out a flashlight and read in the dark under the sheets.

A few weeks after we moved in, I began to notice at night what appeared to be a flickering light coming from under the door to the studio and faint sounds of moaning. My mother, of course, said it was my imagination and to quit reading whatever it was that was making my imagination run wild. My reading mainly consisted of science topics, dinosaurs, and space. Ghost stories seemed silly and not worth wasting my time on, so scaring myself was not an issue.

Since my five-year-old sister was a real pain in the neck, I claimed a small room in the basement as my “study,” simply because she was scared of the basement



A few weeks after we moved into the two-story building in Toledo, I began to notice at night what appeared to be a flickering light coming from under the door to the studio and faint sounds of moaning.

and said it was a bad place. I remember that there were times in the basement that a cold chill would envelop me and I felt like I was being watched. Again, my mother said it was probably my imagination, or rats.

As the weeks passed, the flickering lights seemed to grow brighter and the moaning got louder. I also could sense someone was watching me whenever I went into the basement. I was still adamant that someone was in that locked room by my bedroom.

Late one night, when my mother came in to check on me she finally saw the flickering lights and heard the moans. She asked the landlord if someone had rented the studio and how were they getting in if the door in my bedroom was the only way in. She got a curt NO about any new tenant, and the landlord ended the conversation.

My mother then asked the elderly couple who lived next door if they had ever seen lights coming from the studio at night.

Cause and Effect

Mr. and Mrs. Coricki came from Poland, and I remember him playing a mandolin in his backyard every night and crying. I innocently asked why he cried when he played at night and what the numbers tattooed on his arm meant. He said he played in honor of his family who had died in Germany. He said he survived because

some bad people liked his music, but the rest of his family died. He said that some day I would understand. The point of this is that this couple was not prone to fantasy and baseless rumors.

So, when my mother asked the Corickis about the studio, they responded by saying, "Haven't you heard what happened up there?"

Now, nothing good is coming following those words. They told us that the old man who lived there was a photographer. When his wife died, he became overcome with grief and severely depressed. Finally, he decided to end his life in his studio where he had several pictures of her from their time together.

He apparently didn't really think it through and started by cutting his wrists, which didn't work. He next covered himself with some flammable fluids and set himself on fire. The pain was so great that he finally shot himself with an old handgun he had from the war. But he lingered on, falling to the floor and slowly burning to death.

These neighbors had seen the studio floor where a large section of the flooring had burned away. The studio was locked up and never used again. They said they had also seen the lights in the studio and believed it was the old man reliving his death. They told us that most tenants never stayed in this building for very long. They were right. We moved out the next day.



Unseen Realities

This experience opened my eyes to the possibility that we had no idea what the world was all about. It also made me believe that some things should be left alone.

Needless to say, my worldview changed over the years and rather than leaving these phenomena alone, I actively search them out. I have spent years researching literature on the paranormal and metaphysical. I have met and talked with the late Bud Hopkins about abduction cases he had researched.

After a lecture by Dr. David Jacobs about aliens, some of us were invited by the host for a private get together and sat until 3 a.m. discussing the Alien Agenda. I went several times to a spiritual church with a Wiccan girlfriend and watched first hand as they gave readings about things they couldn't have known.

Each encounter strengthened my belief that the majority of the human race is oblivious to the unseen world around them.

Recently, I was asked again by a group of people why I investigate the paranormal. After telling them about my youthful encounter I described above, I decided to find out more about the building I lived in six decades ago.

Going Back

After a quick tour of my old neighborhood with Google Earth, I was lucky enough to not only find the building we had lived in, but a phone number of the business now occupying the building.

I called the business and talked with the owner for over 30 minutes and found out that he had been in the building for at least 30 years. I also found out that the residential portion of the building had been gutted by a fire

before his time and there was a dance studio in the old studio for a time.

He did mention that a person who lived upstairs after the studio had been converted to an apartment had hung himself at the top of the stairs. He now uses the upstairs, basement, and the old residence area for parts storage.

When he said he never had any problems during his time in the building, I asked if he meant he never had any paranormal experiences. He said he did hear voices upstairs from time to time, but it was no big deal and he just ignored them.

Unanswered

Was the fire gutting part of the building tied to the old man trying to burn himself to death? Was the person that hung himself a result of being possessed by the depressed and suicidal old man that still was in that studio?

Did that spirit try to influence me whenever I went into the basement? Did my five-year-old sister sense this entity when she said the basement was bad?

These are things I will most likely never know.

Is it Really Pseudoscience?

My experiences are far from unique. Those dedicated to paranormal investigation know about the countless hours of going over data collected in hopes of gleaning some truth about what is considered paranormal.

What I almost find amusing is the view given by some mainstream scientists who frequently call paranormal investigation pseudoscience, paranormal investigators deluded, and our detection gear nothing more than toys. Of course, these are the same people who often use their "toys" to work with energies and matter so small even they cannot see it but expect us to accept their findings without exception, simply because they are scientists. They will tell you that they have proof captured by their gear but dismiss an EVP or a lit-up K-II Meter as invalid without even looking at the data.

My gut feeling is that many of these scientists have closed their minds about these topics because of the spiritual aspects of this field, and it scares them and what they believe. They will never actively search for answers.

Whether you're from Tennessee or California, the activity is all around us. Some investigate for the thrill, others for the truth. Some use the newest tech gear available; some find a recorder, pencil, and paper sufficient.

But as to why we do this, the simple answer just might be: "Because somebody has to do it." ♦