

# Tesla's Words

*A Stunning Utopia of the Future*

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*Written by Ellis Oswalt*

*with*

*Art by Jina Park*

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Dedicated to Nikola Tesla  
July 10, 1856 – Jan. 7, 1943



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# INTRODUCTION

In his prime, Nikola Tesla was one of the most famous people alive. In stark contrast, only a few years after his death, he was completely forgotten for decades to follow. His name was absent from the history books used in American classrooms and to this day, most people continue to use his inventions on an hourly basis without knowing his name.

Tesla came to New York City from Europe and transformed the ways in which the entire world uses electricity. Despite his importance, most people today are still unsure of what, exactly, Nikola Tesla actually contributed to technology. Most people associate his name with the electric car company made famous

by Elon Musk. The auto company was named after Nikola Tesla because their cars are powered by Tesla's induction motor, but Tesla himself never ventured into the automobile business.

Tesla invented the first wireless remote control devices, radio, and the earliest usable forms of neon and fluorescent lighting<sup>1</sup>. The unit for measuring the strength of a magnet or magnetic field is even called a "Tesla." You might also call Tesla the "Grandfather of Robotics." He built a large toy boat out of steel that he could control with a remote. It was the first of its kind when he showed it to the world in 1898 at Madison Square Garden. Within a

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<sup>1</sup>On neon and fluorescent light:

Tesla invented a similar style of lighting almost a decade before Peter Cooper Hewitt patented the mercury vapor lamp widely considered to be the first successful fluorescent light. Tesla's invention was not the same as a modern fluorescent light, but Tesla's "phosphorescent light" was the first usable lightbulb that operated without using a filament, like Edison's famous incandescent lightbulb. It was a precursor to modern fluorescent light.

Scholars dispute whether it was at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 or in 1899, but Tesla displayed ornate lighting in long, skinny tubes that had been bent into artful shapes and spelled words. Once lit, these lights glowed in a rainbow of colors and existing photos show their resemblance to modern neon lights. Tesla's display was years before neon lighting was patented in 1915 by Georges Claude. Tesla's early neon lights may or may not have been the same as Claude's, but it is clear that Tesla beat him to the punch for building the first working concept.



period of just a few short years, the techniques he produced made electricity not only safer, but affordable and accessible to the masses.

Tesla's system of alternating current made electrical use possible on a large scale, but he still wanted to go much bigger with his ideas on how to distribute electricity. At the height of his popularity, Tesla's wireless lightbulbs were a well-known achievement. Tesla first publicly demonstrated his lightbulbs at the Chicago World Fair in 1893. It was an advanced technology that continues to remain unavailable to most of us today, one hundred years later.

All our wireless products eventually need to return home to a wired connection in order to be recharged. In addition, these products rely on batteries that wreak havoc on the environment once replaced and disposed. Tesla's technology for wireless power meant that electricity would flow from a transmitter and float invisibly through the air, flowing straight into a device to provide power.

Imagine your television, toaster, microwave, floor lamp, and stereo all turned on and working without ever having to plug them into a wall outlet, and without ever charging a battery. Imagine never having to charge your cellphone. This was Nikola Tesla's vision.

Tesla used wireless lightbulbs to show the world his larger idea of building a society free from wires. The bulbs only produced a small fraction of heat compared to traditional bulbs, and they could be held in-hand when lit, which Tesla loved to use for dramatic purposes. The wireless electrical energy used to power the bulbs was sent through the air directly into the bulb.

Tesla gave private lectures about this technology at Columbia University and the Royal Institute of Great Britain, among many other institutions across the United States and Europe. This world tour of lectures about his wireless technologies is one of the most important yet forgotten details about the story of Nikola Tesla and his legacy. Using a lightbulb was a simple and effective visual aid to show the world the possibilities this new

technology could offer. In today's terms, Tesla offered a way of creating Wi-Fi—but instead of internet access, a single router would supply wireless electrical power to every appliance in your home.

There would be no need to plug your toaster into the wall; Tesla's proposed device would collect energy from a nearby power station and send it wirelessly to your electrical appliances at home. Again, imagine never having to charge your cellphone. Imagine having an electric car that is always charging from a nearby radius. By touring the world with his wireless lightbulbs, Tesla showed us that this could all become the reality of the future.

If all of this is true, how is it possible that this man's story was so easily forgotten? Maybe some of that can be explained by sheer bad timing. Just months after his death, the U.S. Supreme Court in 1943 finally ruled in a long-standing court battle that Nikola Tesla, *not* Guglielmo Marconi, should be credited as the inventor of radio. Marconi had filed the first radio patent and years later won the 1909 Nobel Prize in physics for it, a Nobel Prize this

evidence suggests may rightfully belong to Tesla.

The long-standing disputes regarding what Nikola Tesla actually did and did not invent only adds mystery and myth to his story. Legitimate historians, biographers, and other reporters from reputable institutions find themselves with confusing and contradicting information about the man. The past isn't always easy to decipher, and it is as if Nikola Tesla fell through the cracks of history. The story of his life takes one bizarre turn after another and it's no wonder why so many reporters have chosen to leave out controversial parts of his story.

In his autobiography, Tesla describes his final project, which he never finished due to financial constraints. As early as 1891, Nikola Tesla was dreaming up ideas of building the world's first internet; it was his last great project. Using the technology from his wireless lightbulb, he described a worldwide system that could be built to transfer photographs, letters, voice, music, and more, to and from any point around the globe in an instant. It would have also functioned as an

early form of GPS-like navigation system and, furthermore, it would have replaced the existing electrical power infrastructure with a completely wireless one. In other words, no power lines would be needed, and every home would receive electrical power wirelessly at a low cost sent from large antennae. His dream was to give free power to every home.

During the six years that followed his performance at the Chicago World's Fair, Tesla was busy building his enterprises in partnership with George Westinghouse. Tesla eagerly waited for his chance to return to the idea of wireless power, but other commitments kept his hands busy. Not only was he managing his first business, his fame had launched him into a social life amongst high society. Tesla was thrilled to live among the elite. But in 1899, he fled his ballroom lifestyle in New York to set up a laboratory in Colorado Springs, where he could seclude himself in experimentation without distractions and with much more space. Tesla stayed in Colorado for a year, keeping a detailed journal of his daily experiments and their results.

Tesla then returned to New York and gathered the necessary funding from his close financial backer and friend, J.P. Morgan. He began to build the world's first wireless power transmission station on Long Island. Tesla was building a station with the promise to Morgan that it would enable private wireless communication across the Atlantic Ocean. However, when Tesla revealed to Morgan the station would also provide abundant wireless electrical energy to the surrounding area at no cost to consumers, Morgan pulled his funding from the project.

Morgan and Tesla had been close friends. Morgan would often reserve a seat for Tesla at the table with his family on Thanksgiving Day. As close as they were, Morgan never wasted a moment of his attention on Tesla again after the tower at Wardenclyffe on Long Island, New York. He was offended Tesla would do something so counterintuitive with the money he had invested, and Tesla in turn was furious that Morgan had no interest in making the world a better place simply because it affected his bank account. The matter ended their friendship.

Morgan was the only person in the United States wealthy enough to fund the venture, and Tesla never recovered once Morgan pulled his funding. Tesla spent the following decades of his life in financial struggle, having thrown all of his poker chips into one pot, and having lost. It wasn't Tesla's first large financial mis-step, but it was his last. He spent the rest of his life living on credit while staying in a room at the Hotel New Yorker, paid for by the Westinghouse Corporation. Once Tesla lost the confidence of J.P. Morgan, he spent the next few decades trying to pursue the only other entity that could afford to fund the project—the United States military.

Tesla never secured any contracts with the Department of Defense, but as soon as he died of natural causes at the age of 87 in 1943, the FBI raided his hotel room in fear that any ideas he had been offering to sell to the U.S. military could fall into enemy hands. Tesla had spoken in newspaper interviews about a particle beam weapon that could vaporize solid material and about missiles that could be fired from across the planet to a faraway country. At the time of Tesla's death, the U.S.

was heavily involved with World War II. Dr. John Trump, the uncle of the 45th President of the United States, was the engineer tasked with analyzing all of the documents found in the hotel room seizure. Dr. John Trump made a public statement days later saying that nothing of use was found among the papers and personal belongings of Nikola Tesla.

Although interest in Tesla's life has resurfaced in the last few decades, his actual writings have largely gone unnoticed. The six chapters that make up his autobiography were originally published in *Electrical Experimenter Magazine* as part of an ongoing series. Now these writings are in the public domain. You can find well-preserved copies of these magazine editions online, just look for Tesla's face on the cover as you search the online archives of *Electrical Experimenter*.

Tesla's autobiography is a dusty old book that still holds a lot of relevance. It is infinitely strange to hear Tesla personally tell you the story of his life. Pretty quickly, he gets comfortable enough to confess living a life filled with regular hallucinations. As he tells us about his personal life, the story builds into a



seemingly science-fiction vision of the future that involves self-driving vehicles and infinite amounts of energy to power them wirelessly.

For the same reasons that almost no one will read a work of Shakespeare at leisure, most people would not enjoy reading Nikola Tesla's autobiography. It is literature from the past that cannot be understood at a glance. It's not something modern people read for enjoyment, but rather a classical work that requires study in order to understand the language and context.

This edition is a simplified version for a 21st century audience. Tesla will speak to you personally and share all the details of his rise and fall. Some of Tesla's story will always remain a mystery, and I make no attempts to produce answers to those mysteries. I fill in some small gaps with a heavy amount of research and a tiny bit of artistic license, but you are essentially reading everything Tesla wanted his audience to know.

Finally, one last note. Tesla was well educated in engineering and world literature. He could read and speak eight languages. He

alluded to obscure biblical figures, ancient Greek philosophers and other classic allegories every chance he could get in his writings, most of which I have omitted for simplicity. While most of his writing may seem dull for a 21st century audience, there are genuine flares of poetry scattered throughout his writing. I've included some of Nikola Tesla's most interesting written and spoken words **IN BOLD** throughout the chapters, easily identifiable to the reader as Tesla's actual quotes. These are *Tesla's Words*.

*“Why Shouldn’t truth be stranger than fiction? Fiction after all, has to make sense.”*

—Mark Twain

# Tesla's Words

*A Stunning Utopia of the Future*

# PART ONE

It has been my supreme pleasure to live life as an inventor of the highest status. The inventor's purpose is to accelerate society evermore towards the idea of utopia. I am honored and blessed to be categorized as one of the most successful inventors to date, amongst a very short list. I have done my part, and when I leave this beautiful Earth, I will have already left humankind in a much better condition than when I entered into this world. My life has been a magnificent journey of the type that almost none have had the privilege to experience. I have watched my own ideas become reality on such a grand scale that they have transformed societies across the globe and they will continue to do so when I am gone.

I suppose it is necessary to start at the beginning, isn't it? Well, I was born in the

small village of Smiljan<sup>2</sup> to wonderful parents in a beautiful country home. We had horses, arable land, and a handful of hired servants. I have fond memories of the fresh air, flocks of geese, and other sights and senses of the countryside. Growing up in such a place was truly the best way imaginable to nurture my creative young mind. I have always felt gratitude for my homeland.

At a very early age, I became awfully shy. One contributing factor to this pattern of behavior began when I witnessed my older brother's violent death from being pummeled by one of our horses. The horse was startled by the thunder and lightning of a sudden storm. I still remember the loud crack my brother's breaking bones produced, and some nights still, I recall what I saw that night as my arm hairs stiffen upwards. In my memory, the snap of his breaking bones still rings as loud as the thunder that startled the horse.

My brother's death shattered my parents and I imagine it was the reasoning behind their continual gloom for many years after his

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<sup>2</sup> In modern day Croatia.

death. This may also be the reason I developed a shyness. I always struggled to cheer them up. I tried and tried for months and years. There was nothing I could do to lift their sadness. During that time, whenever I did anything worth noting, they would continue to be sad. I think seeing my vivacious childhood made them feel their loss even more. The impact of my brother's death on our family stunted my self-confidence during those critical years of early development.

I very much do not want to talk about my family because family is so deeply personal and private. But when I was asked to write the story of my life as a series, I started to consider that I must reveal these intimate details of my life. They are necessary to give a true account. So next, I will start with my mother, whom I miss dearly.

She was an astounding and brilliant woman. My mother came from a long line of inventors on her father's side and would have easily become a successful inventor herself had she decided to remove herself from the small town life. Out of both of my parents, it was she who passed down to me the blood of

an inventor. Her father and grandfather had made many commonplace improvements to daily life and agriculture with their inventions. She was highly creative and a true workhorse who followed in their footsteps. With her bare hands, she made all sorts of tools and little gadgets to help with her labors. She was constantly building and crafting.

She designed beautiful garments from cloth she herself wove and spun. If that wasn't impressive enough, she made the clothes all the way from planting the seeds in the soil, harvesting the plants, and then plucking the fibers before she would spin them into wearable, dashing clothes. She even hand-built the looms and other tools used in making the clothes. Her clothing was the envy of all the other women in the village. She made clothes for everyone in the family, including my four other siblings. She even made most of the furniture. She worked endlessly from sunrise to late into the night. She was a true force of nature and a prolific nurturer until the end. **When she was past sixty, her fingers were still nimble enough to tie three knots in an eyelash.** I have been



so lucky to have her and I could not have had a more amazing mother.

My father was a priest of the Serbian Orthodox Church, and since my birth, he intended for me to be a clergyman to follow in his footsteps. This put me under a considerable amount of stress because I desperately wanted to be an engineer from a young age. The dream seemed so impossible. If I were ever to even bring up the subject with my father, he would erupt into a fit. I never at that time imagined I could actually become an engineer when I grew up. It was practically forbidden.

Although my father was a priest, he had received a military education before choosing the path of teaching the Holy Bible and performing sermons every week. His father had also been a military man who served with the rank of officer in Napoleon's grand army. You can imagine the rigid nature of his personality. He was a highly intelligent man as well. His mind was always searching for answers to the difficult questions of philosophy.

My father was a poet and writer as well. He had a robust memory and would regularly burst into reciting literary works in many languages. His face would form a sly grin as he would often say to us that if the classics were lost, he could rewrite some of them from memory, word for word. He was a truly well-beloved and well-known preacher for many miles, adored for his powerful sermons.

He was as stern a father as they come, but he did have a soft side full of intelligent humor. Once, I was with my father as he was taking a friend on a carriage ride. The friend had unknowingly allowed his expensive fur coat to come into full contact with the muddy carriage wheel. As my father witnessed this he said to him flatly, **“Pull in your coat; you are ruining my tire.”**

To give you another example of his humor, I remember my father once said a funny quip to one of our hired servants. This particular servant, Mane, suffered from cross-eyed vision and was employed for outdoor labors. One day as Mane was chopping wood, my father became startled at the reckless chopping as he stood nearby. He said, **“For**

**God's sake, Mane, do not strike at what you are looking but at what you intend to hit."**

It was commonplace to find my father talking to himself or even passionately arguing with himself. He would speak in several different funny voices to represent the opposing arguers as he debated his own thoughts. He was just as stern as he was gentle and he was just as smart as he was odd.

Although I fully credit my mother for handing down any hereditary inventive prowess I obtained, my father played a large role in my development. He gave me many daily exercises in my early life to train my mind, and they surely had an impact on my growing brain. He would have me repeat long sentences, perform mental calculations, and would even sit down with me as we carefully looked into one another's faces, guessing each other's thoughts as an exercise in empathy and perception.

Perhaps the primary reason for my early shyness, and a much more significant one, was due to a strange and frequent health condition, for lack of a better term, of body and mind. I would see things: ultra-vivid and

lifelike hallucinations. Floating images and great bursts of flashing light would strike me without notice at all hours of the day. **In some instances I have seen all the air around me filled with tongues of living flame.** I can remember my teeth chattering uncontrollably out of fear many times as a child.

The condition was very hard to handle in those early years of my life. When I was being spoken to and an object was mentioned by name, just hearing the words would very often trigger my brain into hallucinating the objects mentioned in the conversation. The hallucinations seemed to always be connected to whatever thoughts were floating through my mind. So, if my father asked me to fetch his boots, it would turn out to be a more difficult task than he knew.

I would look towards the coat rack, see a pair of boots, then reach my hand outwards towards the boots only to find myself empty handed as I reached for boots that did not exist. I was unable to distinguish which objects I saw were real and which ones my brain had created. It made parts of my

childhood very troubling. I practically had no one with whom I could confide about this, and it made the pain of losing my brother so much more unbearable because I was told he may have had similar issues. It would have been a relief to share that confusion with someone who could understand.

I still have the hallucinations, although the attacks were by far the worst during my childhood and early adulthood. I have never met an expert in psychology or biology who could come up with a sound answer as to why they occur. According to their responses, it would seem that I am the only person on God's Earth to have ever suffered these peculiar experiences. I don't know how that could be true.

I realize this all sounds like nonsense. Please believe me, these hallucinations are not to be associated with what you might call a psychotic disorder, such as schizophrenia. I have always been in possession of a sound and healthy mind, free of delusions. My mental faculties have never failed me and these have never been the type of

hallucinations that come with extreme mental illnesses. I assure you, I am well.

At first, and for a long time, the hallucinations were only of things I had actually seen in real life. The hallucinations would very often be associated with something I had a strong emotional response towards, or whatever I happened to be thinking about at that specific time. For example, once I had attended a funeral with my parents. It was probably my first funeral, making it a new experience for me. I was more alert and aware of my surroundings, just as any person tends to be when having a new experience. The stimulation was a perfect recipe to trigger my hallucinatory responses.

I was surrounded by people mourning and chatting at the funeral; there were speeches and a sermon. The sight of the old dead man's face lying there in his open casket left only a small impression at the time. Later than night, however, I was thinking deeply upon the ideas of death and mortality for the first time as a child. As my thoughts tended to materialize into a hallucination, I was given a much deeper impression of his face yet again

that very evening. I was truly terrified as I continued to see his lifeless face wherever I looked upon the walls and ceiling.

When the images scared me, my only defense was to try to think of something else. If my mind could just let go and think of other things and objects, I would hallucinate about those things instead. This is much easier said than done, however. Believe it or not, once an idea took hold of my mind, it was very hard not to think about it. It took me years to master this simple act.

One day, I was having trouble doing just this. An image that bothered me was appearing everywhere I looked. I simply couldn't focus my mind to think of something happy that could replace my uncomfortable hallucination, so I walked outside. Maybe a walk would help calm me, I thought. After all, a walk would change my view and my immediate visual field.

Going for sudden walks to change my mood was a great turning point for me. I slowly gained control over these hallucinations. Soon, I found if I was not

anxious and I approached my hallucinations with calmness and a positive outlook, it became very fun for me. Oh, what a time! When I began to do this, I no longer hallucinated only the things I had seen before—I began to hallucinate things I had never seen. When I learned to just let go and enjoy my thoughts, I was taken for quite a ride.

My only explanation is that somehow the part of the brain which creates vivid, never-before-seen images while dreaming was somehow connected to my waking brain. It is truly fascinating to me and I believe that in years to come, scientists will make striking discoveries about the complexity of the human brain. Perhaps one day there will be a machine that can connect to the human brain that will show projections of our working thoughts in the form of moving pictures.

I went on countless journeys experiencing dream-like travels simply by staring out into space. As a restless teenager, I would sit in a chair and just take a few breaths. I would look upon the wall for many minutes until the smooth surface would begin



to form gentle waves. As I continued to gaze, eventually the wall would cave in completely and then morph into another world. I met people inside these “awake-dreams.” I went to places, cities, and countries I had never known before. These were not real places, of course, but as real to me as the typewriter I see before me now. I had conversations and overheard stories and experienced an entire world separate from our reality.

Because it was so fun, I did this constantly until I was about seventeen. Right around that age, I began to realize these images I saw were truly a gift from God. This was because I was becoming passionate about inventing for the first time. So, to my inexpressible joy, I had harnessed my abilities and could control the hallucinations by that point. *I could see what I wanted to see.*

For my inventions, I did not need to produce models or draft drawings, and many times, I did not even need to conduct experiments. I could imagine all the tiniest details of my inventions and literally see a manifestation right in front of my eyes as I looked out into space. I could imagine the

inventions and they would appear before me in midair. I could lift my arm and outstretch it, watching my hand pass right through the object I was hallucinating. I was born to be an inventor.

## PART TWO

Now that you know the specific strangeness of my life, I can be completely honest with you. I am positive that I would have lived a life dedicated to science even without my divine blessings, but to what extent, I do not know. It is an understatement to say that I approach the creation of new ideas and concepts far differently than any other inventor. My power of visualization is a tool that makes my inventive work fly by all the more quickly.

You can't imagine how frustrating it is for me to sit by and watch other people work to design a machine the typical way. If I had to waste all my energy into papers, schematics, drawings, drafts, scale models, and the like, I would probably need to walk out of the boardroom and let out a scream several times a day. Gladly, I do not have to put up with any of that. My way of creating machines and inventions is, simply put, more highly evolved.

There is no need for me to quickly spring into action in my work. When I find an idea, I simply let that idea grow within my imagination. I stare ahead into space, and before my eyes, I watch my idea play out, making changes and improvements as I please. It is almost like watching from a film projector. I can take any invention in progress and rearrange the structure, or flip it around completely to examine the backside. I do this all without exerting myself, or dealing with actual tools and machines.

**It is absolutely immaterial to me whether I run my turbine in thought or test it in my shop. I even note if it is out of balance. There is no difference whatever; the results are the same. In this way, I am able to rapidly develop and perfect a conception without touching anything.** I work this way until I can see no more room possible for improvement, and then I begin construction. **Invariably, my device works as I conceived that it should, and the experiment comes out exactly as I planned it.** I am now 63 years of age. In the past 20

years, I have not made a single mistake creating new inventions with this method.

The possibilities are limitless. **There is scarcely a subject that cannot be examined beforehand, from the available theoretical and practical data.** We have our physics, calculus, and geometry. An infinite number of inventions are waiting to be created with these existing tools. If you take these tools and spend time with them, a truer view of the natural world will come into focus.

My hallucinations as a child were scary, but these days it does not bother me one bit to see a hallucination. However, that early trauma from my gifts helped me develop a strong sense of reality that I have difficulty expressing to other people, at least with little success. **The incessant mental exertion developed my powers of observation and enabled me to discover a truth of great importance.**

I am referring to the automatic nature of the brain. Eventually, it dawned on me that all the hallucinations I suffered in those early years followed my seeing of actual things. I

would remember significant moments, and it was an automatic response for my mind to return to those images again throughout my life.

I think this happens with all people, except I hallucinate the memories that grab my attention throughout the day. The point being, this is an automatic response. We are triggered to think certain thoughts when we have certain physical experiences, like memories returning to us from a smell or a taste. It is automatic and unstoppable.

When I realized the automatic nature of our brains, it changed the way I managed my hallucinations. When I was young and under a dark hallucinatory spell of seeing things that terrified me, it prompted me to take some time to think about where and when I had originally seen the objects in real life beforehand, and simply trace my memory for the events and conditions that sprung me into a terrible thought-trap. I would consider the social conditions, my own emotional state, and any other psychological factors. **After a while, this effort grew to be almost**

**automatic, and I gained great facility in connecting cause and effect.**

Free will as a concept slowly revealed itself to be an illusion. I realized that all of my thoughts, all of my hopes, all of my cravings were not truly my own. **Soon I became aware, to my surprise, that every thought I conceived was suggested by an external impression.** The rich colors and smells, as well as everything else that acts upon the senses in the world outside of our brains, are all stimuli that drive our choices for us. As far as I can tell, chemical reactions can sometimes govern my decisions more than I myself do.

We do not choose a favorite food or favorite color. We do not choose to like or dislike something. These things choose us and we have no control over their power to possess us. We cannot access the part of our subconscious mind that is drawn to make these choices for us. Though, perhaps there is free will in the ability to recognize our own behavioral patterns and work slowly to change them.

**In the course of time, it became perfectly evident to me that I was merely an automation endowed with power of movement responding to the stimuli of the sense organs and thinking and acting accordingly.** We are machines, and much of our behavior can be described as robotic programming.

**The practical result of this was the art of telautomatics which has been so far carried out only in an imperfect manner.** In the future, there will be no need for human workers to perform hard labors. **I believe that mechanisms can be produced which will act as if possessed of reason, to a limited degree, and will create a revolution in many commercial and industrial departments.** Because of my inventions, machines will be able to follow our commands, and life will be unrecognizable from the way we currently live.

I formulated these ideas throughout my life as a direct result of the many hallucinations I experienced. All my life long I have had haunting visions and strange gifts



and flashing lights that seize my body in a spell of hallucination.

I was about twelve years old the first time I was able to eject an uncomfortable hallucination from my sight through sheer willpower. However, I have never had an ounce of control over seeing the erratic flashes of light of which I have also mentioned. These were possibly my most confusing episodes and they usually happened when I was very excited or found myself in danger.

The strength of these episodes became gradually stronger as I aged and reached their highest strength when I was around the age of twenty-five years old. The hallucinations finally became less frequent as I matured. I am completely at their mercy. When they strike, I can do nothing but surrender to them.

While I was living and working in Paris in 1883, a well-known French businessman in manufacturing invited me along to an expedition, and I gladly took him up on the offer. I had been spending entirely too much

time working in dusty factories. I was thrilled to explore nature.

The adventure had a deep effect on me. Usually, that would be a good thing, but soon my brain was buzzing anxiously with too many thoughts. Soon, it became much worse. **On my return to the city that night, I felt a positive sensation that my brain had caught fire. I saw a light as though a small sun was located in it and I passed the whole night applying cold compressions to my tortured head.** The flashes from this episode did not relent for almost a month and when I was invited to their next expedition, my answer was a stern and fast “No thank you.”

**These luminous phenomena still manifest themselves from time to time, as when a new idea opening up possibilities strikes me, but they are no longer exciting, being of relatively small intensity. When I close my eyes, I invariably observe first a background of very dark and uniform blue, not unlike the sky on a clear but starless night. In a few seconds, this field becomes animated with innumerable scintillating flakes of green, arranged in several layers**

**and advancing towards me. Then there appears, to the right, a beautiful pattern of two systems of parallel and closely spaced lines, at right angles to one another, in all sorts of colors with yellow, green, and gold predominating.**

Just afterward, the lines become brighter and the entire scene becomes engulfed with tiny specks of flickering starlight dancing together in a thick crowd. The scene moves from the left side of my field of vision to the right until it fades away completely after ten seconds or so, leaving only a gray backdrop, until the images repeat themselves for another round. When I lay in bed to sleep, this is what I see every night.

If I close my eyes for long enough, I eventually see images of people and objects appearing in my vision at some point after the light-show. This is always an indication that I am just about to fall asleep. If people and objects do not make an appearance, I know I am in for a night of bad sleep.

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# Tesla's Words

*A Stunning Utopia of the Future*



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